LITERATURE AND LIFE

BOOK FOUR

GREENLAW-MILES

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BOOKS ONE to FOUR

Each year's work is contained in one volume as an organized unit of study.

Each volume is related definitely to the program as a whole. The effect is therefore cumulative.

Introductions and reviews serve to tie the whole structure together by pointing out the dominant ideas of the course.

Notes and questions are concrete and designed to help the student to form his own critical judgments.

The subject for study is the great Book of Literature itself. All other topics -- such as literary history, literary types, and literary criticism -- are subordinated, but not neglected, for they are brought in naturally and effectively as a part of a definite plan.

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The Barrel Organ

Barr el

Page, 765

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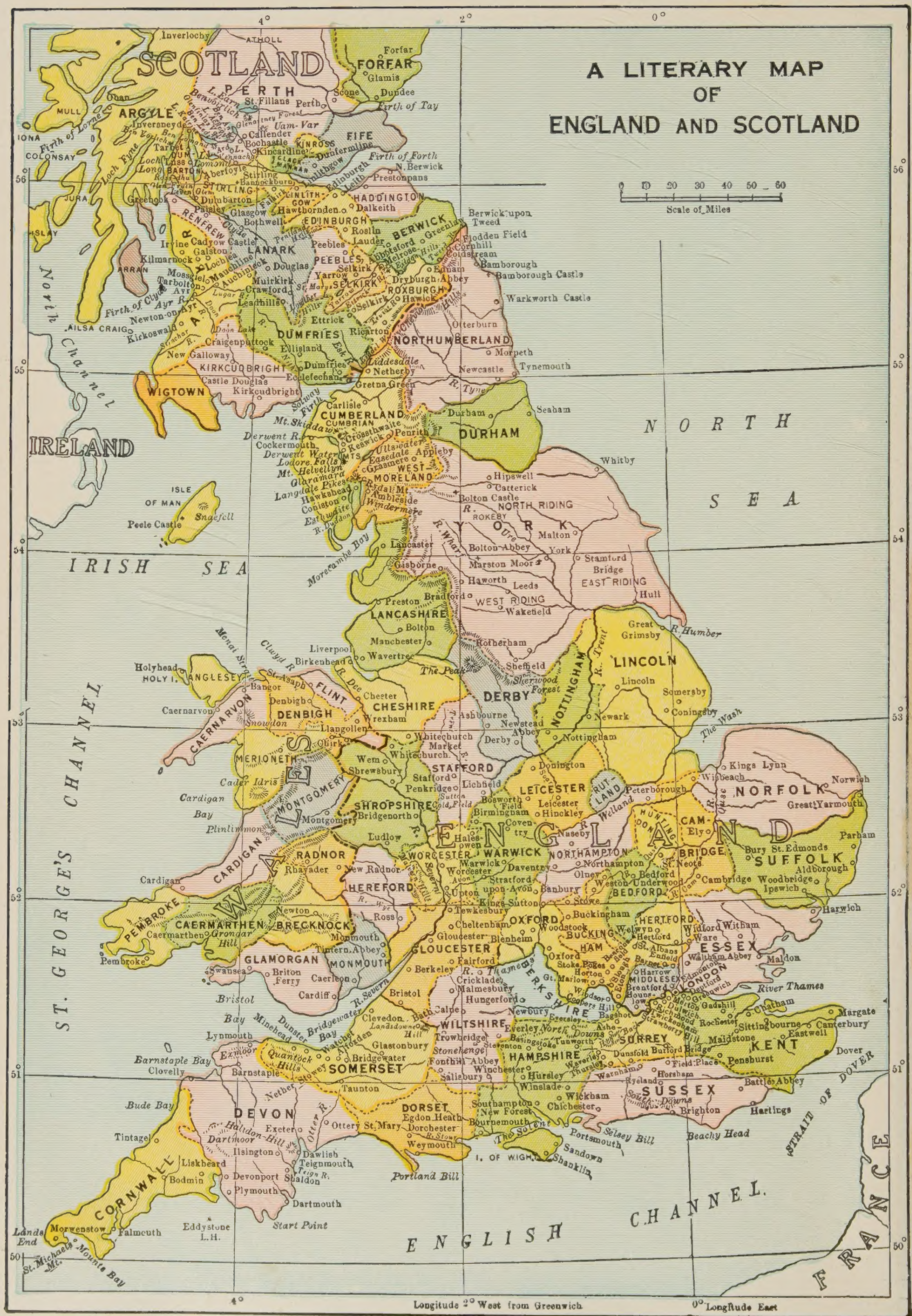
Alfred Noyes

A LITERARY MAP OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND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Dalkeith
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Irvine
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Galston
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New Galloway
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Liddesdale
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Coniston
Esthwaite
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Hastings
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Portsmouth
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Barnstaple
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LITERATURE AND LIFE

BOOK FOUR

by
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and

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Head of English Department, The Evander Childs High School
New York City

12
YEAR
Reading-
Literature
PROGRAM

1930

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1924

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PREFACE

The present volume is designed for the last year of the secondary school course in literature. It has been prepared in accordance with certain principles that have governed the entire series, and, like the other volumes, is the result of many years' thought and experience. The books in the series are not merely anthologies, in which selections have been inserted according to gradation or type or any other casual plan, but seek to gain results that are quite beyond the scope both of the usual volume of selections and of a course based on editions of separate classics. A re-statement of the principles of choice and organization is suggested by the completion of the series.

1. The course in literature in the secondary school should not be technical, planned by scholars for those who are to be experts in literary history, linguistics, or criticism, but humanistic, the chief means for supplying that introduction to the mind of the past that is necessary to a well-rounded education. In the secondary school, as in the college, modern tendencies toward specialization carry possibilities of evil as well as good. Not only has the number of subjects in the curriculum increased enormously, but it has become the habit of each specialist to look to his subject-matter rather than to his pupils for the determination of his method. In the case of literature this means that many editions of the classics are prepared from the point of view of the specialist and stress technical erudition rather than the needs of youth.

2. Those who avoid the evil of technical scholarship may fall into the error of supposing that literature serves no other purpose than that of pleasure or aesthetic enjoyment, thus losing entirely the discipline of humane letters. With the loss of the influence of the classics, we need something that will represent to our generation what earlier periods found in Latin and Greek. Now the liberalizing effect of classical humanism consisted in the fact that it helped prepare the way for the modern idea of progress; it showed men that they could recover the achievements of past ages and build on these foundations a modern civilization. Out of the philosophy, history, and literature of the ancient world came the intellectual awakening that was the prelude of the Renaissance. Translated into present-day conditions, this means that in literature in the English tongue, both that which is native English and that which has been translated from other languages, we have even richer stores to draw upon than those who lived at the time of the revival of learning. We have our own great tradition; we are not limited to the tradition of Greece and Rome. Literature, therefore, is not an aesthetic and pleasure-giving subject alone, any more than it is a field for philological and historical learning alone. Rightly used, it supplies a humane discipline fit to take the place of the old classical scholarship.

3. A third error is to regard the classics, ancient and modern, as out of date and remote from present interests. There has been a tendency to make the popular magazine, the newspaper, and contemporary one-act plays take the place of all other

writings except perhaps the dramas of Shakespeare. But the true attitude toward contemporary literature is to see that, where worthily done, it is a manifestation of the same impulse that produced Shakespeare's dramas and Milton's epic. We do not outgrow literature as we outgrow the scientific knowledge of past generations. Whether it was written yesterday or a thousand years ago, literature is an expression of the changeless soul of man. Contemporary literature should find an important place in the course of study, but not as a dessert or as a sop to take the curse off Addison and Wordsworth. Neither the course that stops with Browning nor the course that begins with Kipling can meet the requirements.

4. The course in literature set forth in these books had its origin in the query as to what ends should be kept in view by those who wish to make literature a vital element in a liberal education. The pupil was the first consideration, not the philologist or literary historian or critic. Plato's scheme of liberal education was designed for those who were to be what he called "the future rulers." For these future rulers of our American democracy we should supply through literature as well as through other subjects the training set forth in Plato's ideal. This training, it has recently been said, sought to "develop power of independent thought, open up the secrets of the universe, and teach the intellectual love of God." In such a program the wholesome recreation that comes through reading, and the interest and pungency of contemporary writing, should find large place, but not at the expense of an intellectual discipline that can be gained only through our modern humanities.

5. It was found that the experience of teachers had gathered a fairly large body of representative literature that the great majority agreed should be drawn upon for the course. It was also found that emphasis was correctly placed upon this literature, not upon books about literature. The chief difficulty was in the organization of the material to be read. This material must be abundant, and it should be presented in such a way as to give something of the definiteness of method to the study of literature that has been developed in other subjects, such as science, mathematics, and English composition. That is, the loosely planned course in standard literature, in which the pupil could not possibly have any adequate idea about the reasons for the choice of books and lacked all means for testing his own advance, must give place to a course in which progressive method is apparent. Abundance of choice material is also of importance because of the lack in too many homes of the proper amount and quality of reading matter for eager young minds. It has been, therefore, a definite purpose of this series to supply even more material than can be studied in detail in class. Chosen carefully, and presented in attractive guise, there is no need for fearing that it will not be read.

6. The organization of the course is made clear by a number of devices. First, the business of the pupil is to learn to read. This he is helped to do through special introductions that direct his attention to the value of reading and the methods by which skill may be attained, and by numerous exercises that train the power of observation and of independent thought. Second, the subject of study is the great Book of Literature itself. What this means is explained in many ways, in all the volumes making up this series. The selections

themselves are chapters or paragraphs or songs in this greater volume, the product of the human spirit in all ages, a chief source for opening up the secrets of the universe. This means that in the earlier parts of the course we are less concerned with literary chronology and history and even with biography than is the case with a course based on a manual of history or a succession of separately edited masterpieces. Types of literature, lives of authors, characteristics of great literary periods all have due place, but knowledge of these is built up gradually, is fixed through cross references and reviews, and is made easy of acquisition because the plan of distribution through the four years was thought out in advance.

In the present volume the fruits of the systematic preparation will be apparent. The chief purpose, here, is to set forth the great tradition of our literature. History and chronology and the evolution of great periods are necessary elements. But what would be a very difficult task is here made easier through what has gone before. Teachers who have tried it know the futility of the plan of imposing on fourth-year pupils textbooks of literary history for which they have not been prepared in advance. For the history of literature differs from political history in a very important respect. In the ordinary history of the United States or of England the subject is complete in itself; there is nothing for the pupil to do but to learn the facts set forth in his text and to interpret them as best he may. But with the history of literature the case is altered. There is very little, if any, value in memorizing dates of publication, lists of books and poems, and facts of the lives of authors, unless this material is supplementary to direct contact with the books and poems that make up the body of literature. To require memorizing of such facts without the accompanying study of the literature is worse than futile, for it is based on an entire misapprehension of the problem involved.

For this reason we have placed the history of American literature in the second year, following the usual extensive study, in the upper grammar grades, and the first year of the high-school course, of selections from American authors. We have thus cleared the way for a preparatory study of the development of the more complex and longer English literature in the third year, to be followed, in this fourth book, by a more formal and orderly treatment accompanied by an abundance of illustrative material. In such a way, and only in such a way, may the history of literature become a vital element in the training of the high-school pupil.

The cumulative nature of the treatment of literature in the four books of the series may be illustrated in still other ways. In earlier books of the series, types of literature like the ballad, the novel, the essay, the epic, the drama, have been studied. Representative works of a considerable number of great authors have also been studied. Thus, various aspects of Shakespeare's genius have been presented in each of the preceding books. This progressive study of Shakespeare has taken the place of the usual repetitions of the biography in separate editions of the plays, so that the pupil is now ready for a much more mature presentation of Shakespearean tragedy than would otherwise be possible. Again, great periods, such as those of chivalry and romance, the English Renaissance, and the eighteenth century, have been studied in Book Three, though from a wholly different point of view from that of systematic history, and this acquaintance with the literature of these periods is here drawn upon to make the more intensified study of the present book possible and fruitful. In other words, the pupil is now ready to study the history of our literature and a body of representative masterpieces in a way that will prevent mere memorizing of second-hand information.

Accompanying the history, prepared in accordance with the views already set forth, will be found, first, the masterpieces required for intensive study by the Conference plan; second, a much larger body of material, chronologically arranged, to give further richness and meaning to the story; and third, the continuation of the story to the present time with a liberal selection from contemporary material of undoubted beauty and excellence. In this volume, as in its predecessors, proper attention is given to American literature; the story is of literature in English, not of British literature alone. Thus also is driven home the conception of a great tradition, the interpretation of a life that is living, not dead, continuing at the present time.

In the book will be found editorial apparatus that has proved its value in preceding volumes. The questions and notes are designed for the pupils, to help them in their home study. They may be used or disregarded during the class hour, at the option of the teacher. Intelligent preparation of the assignment is the object that has been sought, not interference with the teacher's own individuality in the class discussions.

As in the preceding books, abundance of material has been supplied. Not all of this can be studied in detail in any one school year. Opportunity is afforded for the abler pupils to do more outside work. Opportunity is also afforded for the teacher to make her own course by indicating at her pleasure which chapters or selections are to be studied intensively and which are to be omitted, read rapidly, or reported on by selected pupils. As in the previous books, the selections are presented without abridgment except in a few cases that are specifically indicated in the Contents. All the masterpieces necessary for intensive study in the Conference plan are here presented, without abridgment, and with editorial apparatus that is effective because the classic is here viewed, not as a subject for the display of editorial erudition, but as a part of a completely organized course. In this Revised Edition of 1929 Carlyle's *Burns* is given complete, it having been substituted, in the latest Conference plan, for Arnold's *Wordsworth*, which is now omitted. Thus this series continues fully to meet the College Requirements.

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A Literary Map of England and Scotland (inside back cover)

THE VALUE OF STUDIES

AN INTRODUCTION

I

Life is divided into chapters, like a novel. Your high-school course is one of these chapters, and this year you are to complete an interesting portion of your life story. It is natural, when some experience is soon to come to an end, to look back over the events that have composed it, and to give a thought to the experience that is to follow. At the end of a vacation trip we think of pleasant happenings and perhaps of some misfortunes, of some things that we should have done differently or should have omitted altogether, and of some in which we find complete satisfaction. It is the same if we move from one house to another, or to another town, or spend a summer vacation in learning a trade.

By no means all of your thoughts about your high-school chapter will be concerned with your studies, but among other things you will think about what is sometimes called the "curriculum." Now the word *curriculum* originally meant a race-course or a place for running. The race horse has to do with a curriculum, though he doesn't realize it, and the boy who contends for honors at the track meet also follows a curriculum. Perhaps your pursuit of the course of study has seemed a race. We speak of pursuing the study of Latin or mathematics as though we were hunters in full chase of an elusive fox. Sometimes we come up with our quarry; sometimes it escapes us.

At any rate, whether you chose the arts course or the science course or some other plan of study, you are now in a position to think more clearly about the value of the studies that have been mileposts in this race.

We are apt to estimate these values, rather roughly, as "practical" or "not practical." Thus, banking may seem a practical subject, while Shakespeare, though interesting, perhaps seems to have no direct bearing on what you are to do for a living. That is, with a knowledge of banking you probably could make a living, perhaps a fortune, but a knowledge of Shakespeare would, it seems, not earn you a cent. So we might draw up a double column outline of all the school studies, putting music, for example, in the "not practical" column along with geometry and Latin, while book-keeping or shorthand would go in the other column.

To be sure, you would have trouble in placing some of the studies, for what is practical in one occupation is not in another, and some studies, such as composition, would seem useful in any sort of career, although one could not, perhaps, earn much money thereby.

Perhaps a better classification would be "liberal" as against "vocational." The liberal study makes you more intelligent; the vocational study gives you training by which to earn your bread and butter. One deals, you see, merely with earning a living; the other with living itself. If you are going to be a banker and nothing else, banking is the only study for you. If you are going to be something more than a banker, you will wish to add to your bread and butter knowledge something that will enlarge your sympathies and your interests even though you may not use this knowledge during banking hours.

The discussion as to the value of studies is a very old one.

Plato, a Greek philosopher, had much to say about a liberal education. His ideas have been summed up as follows:

> To develop in the future rulers the power of independent thought, to open to them the secrets of the universe, and to help them as they increase in knowledge to be filled with the intellectual love of God.

Plato didn't bother about banking and insurance, because in his day there were no great banks and insurance companies or railroads and steel mills. It is right that we should learn about these things, for we live in a time when great business enterprises command the thought and devotion of large numbers of people, and serve us all. But it is also right that we should give thought to Plato's ideas about the value of studies.

You are to be the "future rulers" of this country.

You will need, in order to rule, the power of independent thought.

You will find that the course of study, in the high school, in the college, and in the great University of Life, has for its subject, "the secrets of the universe."

And the purpose of all your study is that you shall be filled with the love of God.

II

In the time of Shakespeare, the discussion about the value of studies often took the form of comparing history, philosophy, and poetry. History was held to be valuable because it contained the record of men's achievements on earth. Philosophy dealt with the precepts of conduct. Poetry seemed to some men superior to either. The historian, these men said, has to write about events as they happened. Often the good man was persecuted or failed, while the wicked man prospered. And philosophy was dry and abstract, filled with moralizing, like a sermon. But the poet could imagine an ideal world in which virtue would be rewarded and vice condemned. Poetry excelled philosophy because it could illustrate the principles of conduct through delightful stories—that is, it is much more pleasant to base our lives on the lives of the ideal persons we read about than on the rules of a philosopher with his "do's" and "don'ts."

In a little essay by Francis Bacon, written about the time when Shakespeare was writing *As You Like It* and his other great plays, we find some further comments on the value of studies.

"Studies," says Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." The delight we find in them is personal, to be gained through our own efforts, "in privateness and retiring." The ornament comes from the impression which the educated man makes upon others. He is superior to the untrained man, and has greater influence. By "ability" Bacon means practical value, the use to which we can put our learning in getting position and income. He ranks some of the studies, thus: "Histories make men wise; poetry, witty; the mathematics, subtle." There is no weakness in the intellect that may not be corrected by the appropriate study: if a man cannot concentrate his mind, let him study mathematics; if he wishes to excel in debate, let him study logic and rhetoric. "Crafty," or practical, men condemn studies; simple or foolish men wonder at them; and wise men use them. They perfect or complete the natural gifts of the student, and are perfected by the experience of life.

Now all these comments on the value of studies are alike in their emphasis upon the relation of study to life.

Literature, science, history are practical subjects in a far deeper sense than that of immediate commercial value. Rightly used, they give you the power of independent thought, they open up the secrets of the universe, and they teach the love of God. There is nothing mysterious about the way in which they do this. You do not master the secret through memorizing anything—magic formulas such as you heard about in the story of Ali Baba. You do not master it through learning some trick—such as rubbing a magic lamp like Aladdin. Nor does it come through acquiring skill in doing something, as in learning a trade.

What you have to do is to learn to read.

Many centuries ago, long before America was discovered and the modern world had come into being, men had a way of expressing the value of studies that is curious and interesting. One must learn to read, they said, in the Book of God's Word, and also in the Book of God's Works. By the first, of course, they meant the Bible. By the second, which they sometimes called the Book of the Six Days' Work, they meant the book of nature, the volume on whose pages are spread the record of the history of the world and of its creatures. Both kinds of reading, they thought, led to an intelligent love of God.

Since that time the Book of Works and Days, to use another curious old title, has expanded into many volumes. It now includes all the sciences, through which we learn the wonders of external nature. It also includes the records of human history, the slow evolution of our present civilization. To it belong studies in the relations of men to each other today, such as the political and social sciences. And in the group of studies is also one that interprets them all.

John Bunyan, who lived in England in the seventeenth century, was a poor man whose life outwardly was not very successful. He spent twelve years in Bedford jail because of religious persecution, and while he was in jail he read a few books, meditated deeply on the secrets of the universe and the love of God, made tagged laces for the support of his family, and wrote one of the best-loved books in the world.

In this book, which he called *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Bunyan described in the form of allegory the course of a man through life. One of the incidents in the story relates how the hero, who represents every man, came to the House of the Interpreter. In this house there was a master who showed the pilgrim a number of scenes representing various incidents in human life. Through the interpretation of these scenes the pilgrim learned the meaning of his life and gained courage for the work that he had to do.

Through Literature, you enter the House of the Interpreter.

Literature interprets the mind of the past, because the best thoughts and sayings of men of past times are preserved in it.

Literature also interprets the life of today for us, not only through what men now living write about our present life but also through the truth and beauty expressed long ago.

Men have grown in knowledge in the centuries that have passed, but the human soul that looks out, sometimes wistfully and sometimes in triumph, through the windows of the eyes upon all the phenomena of the world, has not changed. Empires change, and dynasties; civilizations come and go, and the generations of men are as the flower of the field. But the spirit of man abides in all ages. This spirit has made life what it is today. It is expressed, not merely in battles and constitutions and the material progress of civilization, but in song and drama and story that pass judgment on these things and interpret their meaning.

This interpretation, or meaning, that we give to life is a part of education. It is not confined to one study, or to school or college alone. It represents a process that goes on constantly, involving our reactions to men and events, to politics and religion, to the joys and sorrows of life, and to our conception of what makes a life or a career successful.

Emerson speaks of the perpetual balance between that which goes on inside the soul and that which goes on in the external world. There are two laws of life, he says, that are separate from each other and even antagonistic to one another—

> There are two laws discrete,
> Not reconciled—
> Law for man, and law for thing;
> The last builds town and fleet,
> But it runs wild,
> And doth the man unking.

Building towns and fleets, occupations of the world of finance and industry, may run wild unless held in check by another law, the law of man. This law of man is superior to the law of thing, and should dominate its rival. The man is greater than the lawyer or the banker or the manufacturer.

You do not read *Macbeth* in order to be amused or to be made sorry, to study the technique of drama or the relation of the drama to Shakespeare's career, to be able to recognize quotations or to converse at the dinner table about literary topics. You read *Macbeth* because such reading, if intelligent, helps you to understand the conflict between law for man and law for thing that went on in his soul, and the tragedy that results when any man lets the law for thing run wild.

III

The value of literature, we have seen, is not "practical" in the sense that it gives us knowledge that we can immediately convert into money. A man may make a very good living with no knowledge of literature at all, while with all the knowledge in the world he may be a hopelessly incompetent person so far as winning worldly success is concerned. The place of literature is that of an interpreter. It is right that you should give attention to the everyday business of making a living. It is also right that you add to your equipment the power of thinking about the meaning of this business of living.

Now the most wonderful thing about Bunyan's story of the House of the Interpreter is what we are told concerning the method of the master. You remember that the pilgrim was shown a series of scenes representing various phases of life. He saw "a brave picture" and then a very large room that was full of dust, where at first a man began to sweep diligently and then a damsel came and sprinkled water and "the room was cleansed with pleasure." These and other similar things the Interpreter explained. But there followed a series of scenes that were in effect little dramas: the valiant man who entered the palace, a man in an iron cage, a man who told of a terrible dream. Such scenes as these the pilgrim did not at first understand, so he asked the meaning. "Do not ask me," said the Interpreter; "ask him." And so the pilgrim asked questions of the characters that appeared in the scenes, and was satisfied, and a little later, when he had left the House of the Interpreter and had gone on his way, the Burden that he had carried on his back during all his pilgrimage loosed from off his shoulders and he continued on his way a free man.

In the House of the Interpreter you are to ask questions.

You are not merely to stand idly by and gaze at the picture and scenes.

Where you need help the Interpreter will give it, provided that you coöperate with him by using your own intelligence.

And when you have mastered the meaning of the scenes through asking questions and through your power of independent thought, a Burden will be loosed from off your shoulders, and you will be free.

You are now about to enter this House of the Interpreter. The masters in the house are men who have been gifted above their fellows in their power to realize the truth and beauty that surround human experience. They will present to you a thousand scenes in which various aspects of the meaning of life are pictured. Some of the rooms in this house are full of merriment; others are filled with human tragedy. In one of the scenes a company of pilgrims is journeying along an English road on the way to Canterbury. In another is presented a fair field full of folk, with a plowman who tells where Saint Truth is to be found. In a third an ancient Scottish king wins his throne by bloodshed and pays dearly for his ambition. So they follow, these scenes that seize upon some bit of life, lift it out of the mists and darkness of the past, and set it before you surrounded by supernatural light. In between are songs.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Much of your study of literature heretofore has been of selections chosen because of their relation to each other or to some theme, or because of some interest or value in relation to the author's work, not in relation to the history of literature. Incidentally, you have learned many things about great authors, and you probably know when a considerable number of these authors lived and what they wrote. This is an interesting method of increasing one's acquaintance with literature, and it is one that you should never give up. If you happen to be interested in a long narrative poem by Tennyson, that interest may lead you to find other long narrative poems, perhaps by one of the older authors like Scott, or by a man who is writing today, like John Masefield. Interest in Shakespeare's plays helps you to read with pleasure the plays of Sheridan or Goldsmith, written in the eighteenth century, or the plays of Bernard Shaw, who belongs to our own time. If you find nature essays by Burroughs attractive, they will lead you to older writings on similar subjects by the American author Thoreau or by the English author Gilbert White of Selborne, and you will find, perhaps, that some of the most fascinating work of this kind ever written was produced by W. H. Hudson, who died only the other day.

But this method, excellent as it is, needs supplementing by another.

In this book is presented the story of a great literature as it has developed through more than twelve centuries. This story is a commentary or explanation, designed to help you to interpret the literature that is your true subject of study. As you read it, you will fit in the many books and poems that you have read in previous years. When you come to Tennyson, for example, you will do this; you will also read some new poems by him, and thus you will be prepared to do further reading, on your own account, and to relate Tennyson's work to that of other writers of his own time and writers in other periods of English literature. You will also make new acquaintance through reading some of the things written by authors who have not been represented in your study in previous years.

Thus the purpose of your study is twofold. You will gain a systematic knowledge of the history of English literature, and this outline you will enrich not only by a large body of new selections but also by recalling all that you have learned earlier in your course. The outline is not an end in itself, but only a means for arranging your knowledge of the subject in an orderly manner. Not only what we know but the command we have over our knowledge is important. Miscellaneous information is one thing; systematic knowledge is quite another.

Your great danger will be that of depending, or trying to depend, on memorizing facts. It is necessary to deal with facts, to remember them, and to cultivate a habit of scrupulous accuracy. But there are several ways of dealing with facts.

One way is to try to convert the mind into a sort of encyclopedia. You just memorize everything. But such a method is wasteful, because no one can hope to master the whole of knowledge, and no one needs to. The well-informed man is not the man who has made of himself a walking encyclopedia, but the one who knows the chief things and knows how to collect further information on any topic when need arises. On the other hand, the well-informed man does not resort to guessing or imagining or to hearsay. He knows. One sort of person is an animated fact-bag. Another is a sort of human jelly-fish, open to new impressions, new theories, but with no intelligence or power of testing for himself. He is spineless.

Neither the animated fact-bag nor the human jelly-fish has any mastery of knowledge. It is a high compliment we pay a man when we say of him, "He knows what he is talking about." "He *knows*."

Your study of this book, like your study of other subjects in this last year of your high-school course, should do much to make you well-informed. "Informed" is a spiritual as well as a mental state. It involves your character, your personality; it is a quality that possesses you rather than a mass of material that you possess.

In order to assist you in the use of literature as a means for making you a well-informed person, many exercises and studies are distributed through this book. Some of these are questions designed to guide your reading of a selection. Some of them are questions or topics that relate these selections to the story or commentary. Others send you to books in the library, or to selections used in previous years. In all of them a report, oral or written, is implied.

Skill in making a report is one of the highest tests of your intelligence. Some reports are merely paraphrases or condensations of articles in books of reference. Such condensation, if well done, is excellent training in the power to convert the dead facts of the book into such form as to be of use to you and to the person to whom you make the report. It is badly done if you merely take fifty words out of a hundred that the author used, or three sentences out of ten. You will need to make an entirely new essay, clothed in your own language. In taking notes, you will not copy complete sentences, or even parts of sentences, unless the statement is one of great importance on which you desire the advantage of expert opinion. In every case where you copy the words of the author, you will use quotation marks and you will state the author, book, and page which you use.

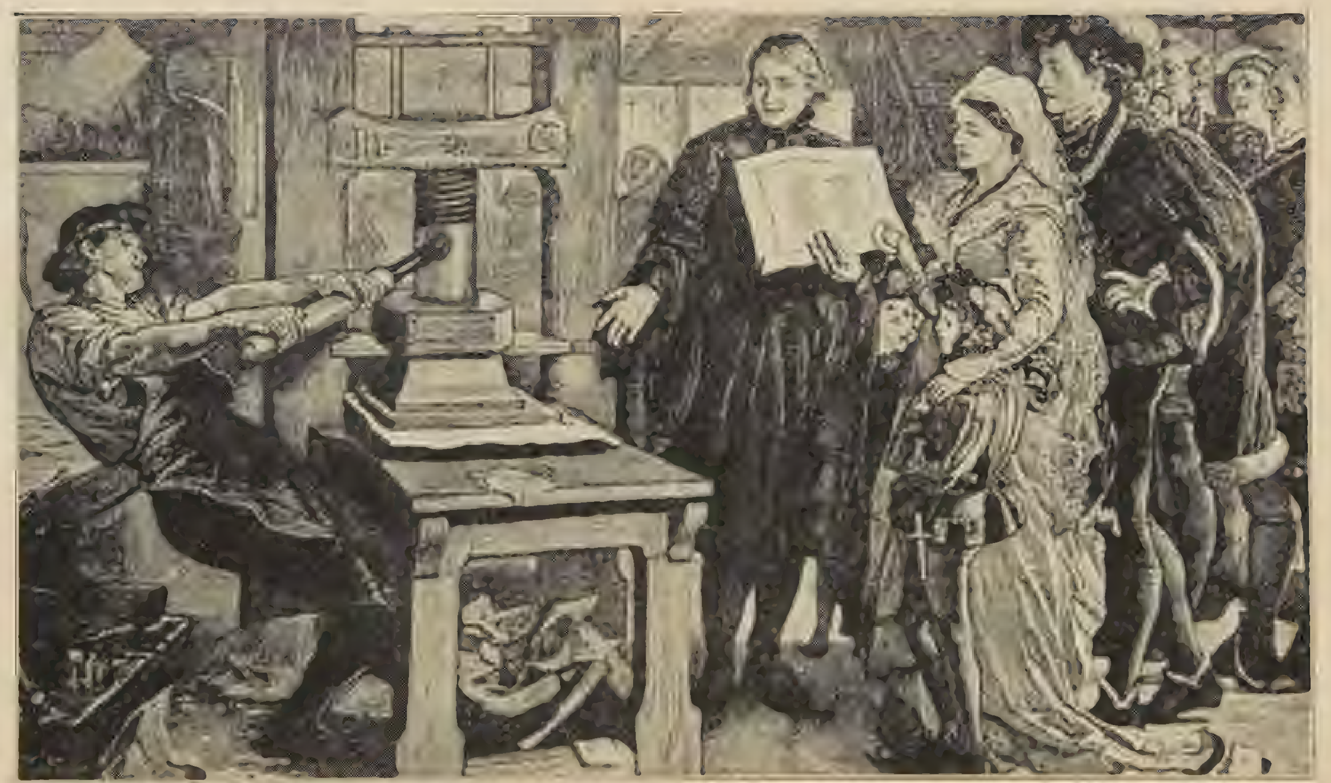
A different sort of report is one in which you must collect your material from various sources or from your own observation. In such a case it is best to use small cards, putting only one item on a card, with careful references to the sources of your information. These cards may be arranged according to subject-matter or their relations to the main heads of your report, and will then be ready for use in an oral report or for the writing of a paper.

Accuracy in every detail, scrupulous care in giving the source of every statement that you make, and skill in arranging your material so that your presentation is clear and interesting, are the tests of a good report.

PART I

FOUNDING THE ENGLISH TRADITION

Mindful of verses,
Stored with sagas and songs of old.
—Beowulf



Reproduced from "Harper's Weekly" for July 21, 1877

WILLIAM CAXTON, THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINTER, SHOWING A SAMPLE OF HIS PRINTING TO FRIENDS

CHAPTER I

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Making of England—The Slow Growth of National Feeling—The Beginnings of Literature.

BEOWULF: The Oldest English Epic; The Story of *Beowulf*—Structure and Art of the Poem.

OTHER PRE-CHRISTIAN LITERATURE: The Fight at Finnsburg—*Widsith*——Old English Folk Superstitions.

OLD ENGLISH ELEGIAC POETRY: Life and Poetry—*Deor's Lament*—*The Seafarer*—*The Wanderer*.

POEMS FROM THE CHRONICLE: *Brunanburh*—*Maldon*.

CHRISTIAN LEARNING AND LITERATURE: Pagan Religions in England—The Coming of Christianity—Religious Elements in Early Literature—The Poet Caedmon—Bible Story in Old English Verse—Cynewulf and His Followers.

OLD ENGLISH POETIC STYLE: Alliteration—Kennings.

OLD ENGLISH PROSE: Sermons and Homilies—King Alfred—Summary.

The Making of England. England was the dwelling place of men long before the dawn of history. The earliest of these followed hard upon the retreat of the ice and the lifting of the mists from the fens of the new land. Some of them left traces that have lasted to our own day—monuments, graves filled with rude implements, a few inscriptions. In the course of centuries—we know not how many—they were exterminated or absorbed by stronger races, sweeping in waves from the continent—the Celts, the Romans, and, later, the hordes of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. During these centuries, earlier civilizations, in other parts of the earth, rose from barbarism, attained wide dominion, and lapsed again into barbarism. There is little to connect the founding of England with these ancient civilizations; the old Greek and Roman culture was long in reaching the races that were one day to form the nations of modern Europe. It is true that Britain was a colony of Rome from Caesar's invasion (55 B.C.) to the withdrawal of the Roman legions at the beginning of the fifth century (407-410 A.D.); yet a few Latin words in Old English, and a few monuments, are all that remain to tell of centuries filled with the activities of colonizers who drained marshes, built great roads, reduced waste lands to the uses of agriculture, built up a great export trade. When the Romans left, they were forgotten by the Celts, who swarmed back from Scotland and Wales, themselves to be dispossessed once more, in the last half of the fifth century, by the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes who were at last to lay the foundations of the English nation.

WARRIOR AND MERCHANT OF ANCIENT BRITAIN

The Slow Growth of National Feeling. In this period of migrations and the clashing of rival tribes, there was little national feeling or culture. All these tribes had their ballads and legends, raw material from which literature was one day to be made, just as all of them had their tribal customs and their primitive modes of government. From these old stories we may learn much concerning tribal ideals of life, but they are racial rather than national in theme. Beowulf, for example, was not an English hero; the action of the poem does not take place upon English soil. Even in later times, we find the most complete development of the romance of Arthur, not in Britain, where he is supposed to have lived, but in France. The oldest Norse and German heroic literature tells the exploits of racial, not national, heroes. We hear much of kings and their realms, but loyalties are to individuals, not to nations, and adventurous men sought fame wherever it might be found, not through identifying themselves with the fortunes of a single kingdom. There were no books; wandering minstrels visited the various tribal centers, praised in song the prowess of the reigning chief, and compared his exploits with those of heroes in other places.

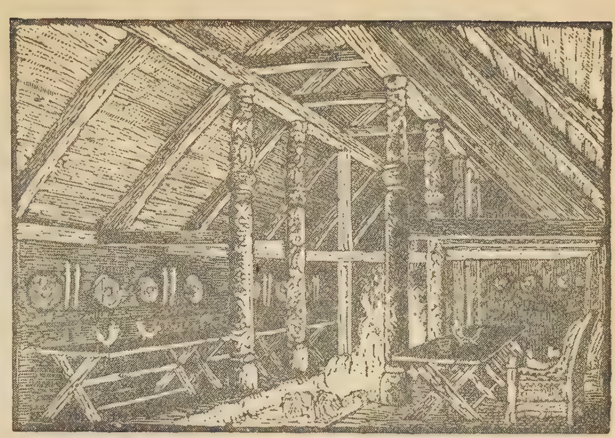
The Beginnings of English Literature. From all this it is evident that we cannot fix on some definite date, or some poem, and say that here English literature was born. Many influences went into the making of this literature. Celtic legends, partly pagan and partly Christian, influenced the development of the story of King Arthur and his knights. Anglo-Saxon legends make up the texture of *Beowulf*. The Romans brought Christianity, brought learned men who were forerunners of chroniclers and historians and of the learning that was one day to influence deeply our civilization. The English language itself is composite, showing Germanic influence, and Latin, and Celtic, and Norse, and, later, the influence of France. Folk-customs and legends—the mistletoe, the Harvest-home, May Day, Halloween, the legends of Robin Hood and of the Christmas plays of later England, some of them well known today—show how the texture of our thought about life is woven of a thousand strands. Some of these exist only in tradition; others have found their way into ballad and romance and drama; the history of English literature is not merely a chronicle of authors and their works. Thousands of songs have perished; only a few books have survived.

BEOWULF

The Oldest English Epic. The oldest English poem that has come down to us preserves some traces of the remote period when tribes migrated from place to place in northern Europe before peoples and nations as we know them had emerged from the darkness of their origins. The manuscript dates from the tenth century, but the poem itself is probably three hundred years older, and parts of it must have been folk traditions brought to England by the tribes that conquered it in the fifth century. We find in it references to historical persons and events in the early sixth century, when (512 A.D.) a king of the Danes who plays a part in the action raided the lower Rhine and was defeated by the Franks. The main interest of the story for us, however, is not in these shadows of history faintly glimmering on a darkened screen, but in its preservation of some of the old folk tales of our ancestors, in its record of a primitive civilization, and in its love of heroic deeds and of song.

The Story of Beowulf. The story consists of incidents brought together by the unknown author from many sources. These sources, perhaps, were lays, or songs. Men of old paid high honor to the *scop*, or minstrel, who made such songs. Our poem speaks of these minstrels with respect, and some examples of their work are introduced into the poem itself. But these lays were traditional, like the ballads, while the poem as we have it is very far from being a primitive poem; it has many of the characteristics of a literary art thoroughly mastered, and the life which it records is one of dignity and beauty.

The first of the three "adventures" of the poem tells how the hero heard of a monster named Grendel that was ravaging the court of the Danish king Hrothgar. With a band of trusty followers Beowulf sails to the Danish coast, wins the confidence of Hrothgar's coast guard, and makes his way to Heorot, the lofty hall of the king. The poet describes the beauty of this hall and the happiness of the noble king and his retainers save for the terror caused by the monster. Beowulf is welcomed by the king, who bids him to a seat at the banquet. The meal is conducted in a very ceremonious fashion. A henchman bears a carved cup among the retainers; minstrels sing of heroic deeds; the queen passes among the warriors to give her personal welcome to the strangers. A suggestion of ruder times is introduced through the *flyting*, a sort of wit combat dear to our ancestors, which the retainer Unferth forces upon Beowulf. He suggests that the young prince is not all that he pretends to be, and mentions a swimming match in which Beowulf had been defeated. The visitor makes a spirited reply, telling that in the contest he had overcome many uncanny creatures of the sea and had won the race. At length the king and queen retire, leaving Heorot tenanted only by the warriors and by Beowulf and his companions. Then



From Gudmundsson's Den Islandske Bolig

THE BANQUET HALL OF HEOROT

*Through wan night striding,
Came the Walker-in-shadow . . .
Under welkin he walked, till the wine-palace there,
Gold-hall of men, he gladly discerned,
Flashing with fretwork.

He seized one of the thanes and devoured him, then reached for Beowulf. But the hero was ready. A terrible combat ensued; the hall was filled with the din of battle; at the end Beowulf triumphed, for he tore off the arm and shoulder of the monster, and sent him death-marked to the marsh.

Next day the warriors rode out to the mere, where they saw the thick waters red with Grendel's blood. As they rode back, joyful because of their deliverance, some of them raced their horses, while others listened to a song:

*From time to time a thane of the king
Who had made many vaunts, and was mindful
of verses,
Stored with sagas and songs of old,
Bound word to word in well-knit rimes,
Welded his lay; the warrior now
Of Beowulf's quest right cleverly sang,
And artfully added an excellent tale.

On their return to Heorot, Hrothgar thanked the hero in stately words, and Beowulf responded in the same formal fashion. Then they prepared for the evening's banquet, when splendid gifts were presented to the hero and his men. Songs of heroic deeds by earlier champions were heard in the hall, and epecially the story of the feud at Finnsburg, about which we learn further details in another epic fragment. After this the queen appeared and gave to the hero a magnificent present, asking his favor for her sons, the young princes, if need should arise. At length the revel ended, and Heorot once more was still.

But the happiness of the Danes was brief. The mother of Grendel, a monster more fell than he, comes in the night and slays a trusted retainer to avenge her offspring. The king says that he had heard before that there was a pair of march-stalkers, wandering spirits, huger than human, who had sallied from the dim forest to war on the settlement. Heorot was on a narrow strip of shore. On one side was the sea, changeful, lovely, treacherous to men. On the other was the impenetrable forest, filled with marshes and tarns, peopled, not by savages, but by evil spirits. From this dark realm Grendel and his mother had issued.

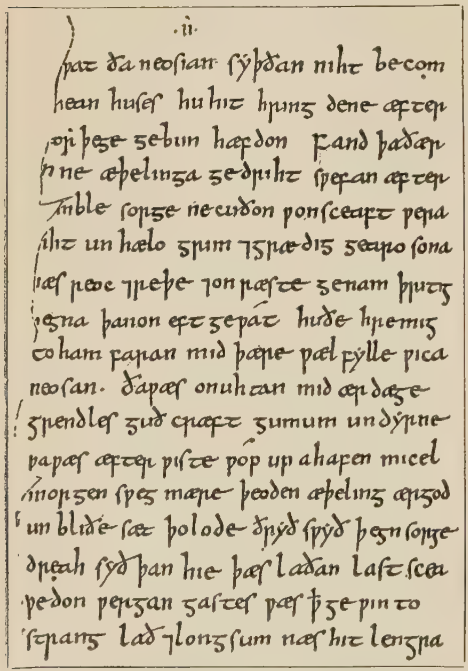
*Untrod is their home;
By wolf-cliffs haunt they and windy headlands;
Fenways fearful, where flows the stream

---

*Reprinted from Gummere's *The Oldest English Epic.* By special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

From mountains gliding to gloom of the rocks,
Underground flood. Not far is it hence
In measure of miles that the mere expands,
And o'er it the frost-bound forest hanging,
Sturdily rooted, shadows the wave.
By night it is a wonder weird to see,
Fire on the waters. So wise lived none
Of the sons of men, to search those depths!
Nay, though the heath-rover, harried by dogs,
The horn-proud hart, this holt should seek,
Long distance driven, his dear life first
On the brink he yields ere he brave the plunge
To hide his head; 'tis no happy place
Thence the welter of waters washes up
Wan to welkin when winds bestir
Evil storms, and air grows dusk,
And the heavens weep. Now is help once more
With thee alone! The land thou knowst not,
Place of fear, where thou findest out
That sin-flecked being. Seek if thou dare!

Beowulf accepted the challenge and sought the tarn, where after a dreadful battle he won victory.



From a manuscript in the British Museum

LINES FROM BEOWULF

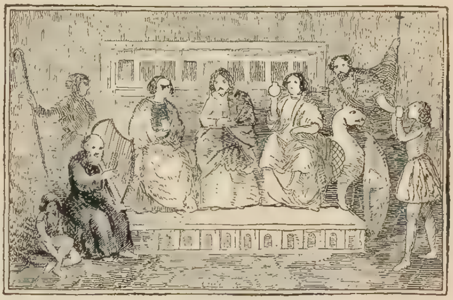
Only through brief episodes, hints of events that must have been familiar enough to the first hearers of the saga, do we learn of his life between his return from Hrothgar's court and his last great adventure. For a time he was the trusted counselor of his king, defending him in battle and winning renown. Later he served the young prince who succeeded, scorning the suggestion that he should seize for himself the throne. At length he became king and ruled long and wisely. When he was an old man, word was brought of the devastation caused by a fire-drake, a supernatural guardian of hidden treasure, who sought revenge because his horde had been disturbed. The dragon flew over Beowulf's realm, dropping fire that destroyed farm houses and villages. So the old hero set about to deliver his people. He had warred in his youth on the monster of the under-sea; now he had to save his subjects from the monster that brought terror by night. With eleven of his warriors he went to the barrow in which dwelt the enemy. He reviewed his life, as folk-defender, and then went into the grim place alone. Against the fiery power of the drake his great sword availed not. In his time of peril, Wiglaf, a thane, unable to endure the suspense, rushed bravely forward just in time to help his master give the final fatal blow to the monster, but Beowulf, mortally wounded, died by the barrow.

Structure and Art of the Poem. Something of the structure of the epic, the conscious art with which it is put together, is apparent even from this brief summary. The action begins well along in the story. Despite the fact that only three major adventures are given—remaining details of the hero's life being introduced by indirect means—the final effect is that of a unified story. Beowulf may be compared with Ulysses or Aeneas, the ideal hero of a race. It is true that we do not have here, as in the Greek and Roman epics, the theme of the founder of a people; Beowulf is less important as a sovereign and law-giver than as a man who shrinks from no danger. But indirectly we learn much about the life of those who were to become the founders of England. Life at Hrothgar's court is not primitive save in its sincerity. There is a stateliness and dignity about the characters that mark them as men of massive qualities. Without any of the gaudy trappings of the court life of later times, their life is nevertheless far removed from that of savages. The story of Grendel, a supernatural monster, is based on folk legend, but it is fitted into the structure of the poem so deftly that it seems no more of a nursery tale than the witches in *Macbeth* or the ghost in *Hamlet*. Pagan superstitions are found, together with traces of Christian theology; nevertheless, we are not in the realm of mere superstition, but of an ordered conception of life and man's destiny. Wyrd, or fate, is the ruler of life; the happiness of man is to be found not in external possessions but in duty and especially in service to others. While there is much the same sense of external forces of evil that we find in the later Puritanism, Hrothgar and his men do not live narrow, joyless lives; still less do they find consolation in the thought of happiness in a life that follows mortal existence. The gathering of king and king's men at the banquet, with songs on lofty themes and courtliness and kindness of manners—this is the symbol of a life stern in its foundations and primitive in its institutions, yet far removed from barbarism.

OTHER PRE-CHRISTIAN LITERATURE

The Fight at Finnsburg. While Christian elements were introduced into *Beowulf* and other early poetry by the men who revised and wrote them down, the heart of this oldest literature is pagan. Besides *Beowulf*, parts of a few other epics have survived. The best of these is the one called "The Fight at Finnsburg." The story is several times referred to in *Beowulf*, and it is possible to reconstruct the plot. It seems that Finn, king of the Frisians, had carried off Hildeburh, and in the pursuit which followed, her father had been slain. Twenty years or so later, the younger brothers of Hildeburh invaded Frisia to avenge their father's death, and one of them was slain. A peace was arranged, but it was not destined to last. The fifty lines of the fragment tell of the night attack in which the feud broke out afresh. The passage begins abruptly, and ends with an incomplete line; something of its spirit may be gained from the opening lines:

. . . "Are the gables not burning?"
Boldly replied then the battle-young king:
"The day is not dawning; no dragon is flying,
And the high gable-horns of the hall are not burning,
But the brave men are bearing the battle line forward,
While bloodthirsty sing the birds of slaughter.
Now clangs the gray corselet, clashes the war-wood,
Shield answers shaft. Now shineth the moon,
Through its cover of clouds. Now cruel days press us
That will drive this folk to deadly fight."



MINSTRELS IN THE GREAT HALL

Widsith. Somewhat like the epics that have been mentioned is the poem called "Widsith." As the name (Far-Wanderer) indicates, it is the tale of an imaginary traveler, who enumerates tribes and the heroes whose stories he loves. From it we learn more about the custom already illustrated in the story of Beowulf, by which the scop, or minstrel, sang at the banquet of doughty deeds. The closing lines tell us of these wandering minstrels and their lays:

Thus wandering widely through the world there go
Minstrels of men through many lands,
Express their needs and speak their thanks.
Ever south and north someone they meet
Skillful in song who scatters gifts,
To further his fame before his chieftains,
To do deeds of honor, till all shall depart,
Light and life together; lasting praise he gains,
And has under heaven the highest of honor.

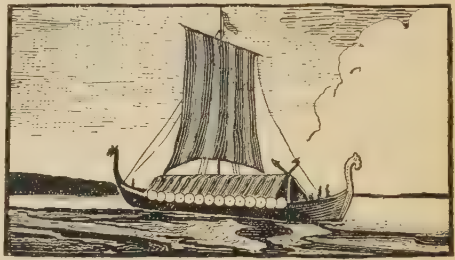
Old English Folk Superstitions. Thus far, we have been considering heroic poetry, but among the fragments that have come down to us are some that reflect the superstitions and the fancies of the common people. There are, for example, some charms that illustrate the old pagan religious ideas. If the fields did not produce good crops, perhaps because some enemy had used sorcery or witchcraft to destroy their fertility, the farmer is told to take, before daybreak, four pieces of turf from the four corners of the field and to put with them oil and honey, together with yeast and milk and pieces of trees and herbs. This part of the ceremony is purely pagan, but what follows indicates that the formula was written down after Christianity had been introduced, for the farmer is directed to take his turfs to the church and to have the priest say four masses over them. At sunset they are to be carried back to their original places and a spell is to be laid upon them:

Hail to thee, Earth, of all men the mother!
Be goodly thy growth in God's embrace,
Filled with food as a favor to men.

Also belonging to the folk are the riddles, of which several examples are given at the end of this chapter. These are of unknown authorship and probably belong to about the eighth century. The themes come from folk-songs; they are filled with nature-worship, and they describe the scenery and some of the occupations of the England of their time.

OLD ENGLISH ELEGIAC POETRY

Life and Poetry. Old English poetry often reflects the griefs and changes of life. Few men in those days had settled homes; whole tribes migrated from place to place; at any time a horde of invaders might drive from their settlements men who had planted what might have become a nation. Expeditions of the Norsemen to Iceland and to the New England coast and the adventures told in Longfellow's poems "The Skeleton in Armor" and "The Last of the Vikings" are examples of this spirit of wandering. Even a man who was not moved by any predatory spirit, Beowulf for example, sought a career, not through developing a great ranch or building up a business enterprise, but through a long journey to a distant realm where his strength and courage might win him fame. Nature, too, was not kindly to these northern races as to the inhabitants of more temperate regions. The cold was long and intense; the sea fascinated but was treacherous and ready to send men to their doom; famine was ever near at hand.


A VIKING SHIP

These circumstances had an effect upon the naturally stern and gloomy northern races. Wyrd seemed to rule man's destiny; only the supremely good man, the strong man, according to Beowulf, could hope to overcome this fatal circumstance. Thus the oldest of our poetry is often elegiac, or mournful, in nature, filled with memories of a happier past.

Deor's Lament. A good example of this strain in our early poetry is found in "Deor's Lament." It is remarkable because it is written in stanzas, each ending with a refrain, like a ballad. It is apparently autobiographical; the poet seeks to encourage himself in his present misfortunes by reminding himself of the sufferings of others. Various events are recorded: an old Norse tale of cunning and revenge; a story about a tyrannical Gothic king whose people suffered long; then comes the personal application—a man may endure sorrow for many years, thinking that no end will come, but there is a chance that happiness may eventually come to him:

I may say in truth
That I was happy once, as the Heodening's scop,

Dear to my lord. Deor was my name.
Many winters I found a worthy following,
Held my lord's heart, till Heorrenda came,
The skillful singer, and received the landright
That the proud helm of earls had once promised
to me!
That has passed over; so may this depart.

The Seafarer. That this sense of threatening fate and the hardships of life did not dampen the courage of these sturdy people is proved by their poetry as well as by their deeds. In the poem called "The Seafarer" the speaker is apparently an old sailor who describes the dangers and privations of his life, but draws a sharp contrast between a peaceful and prosperous life on land and the stern joy that thrills one who has surrendered to the mystery of the sea:

He ever has longing who is lured by the sea.

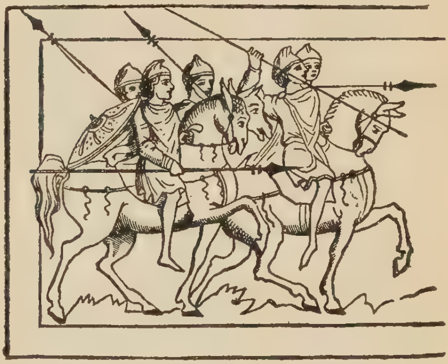
English poetry is filled with splendid passages describing this longing for the wide stretches of the waters, but there is none more thrilling than this early English song of the sea by a poet whose name has not come down to us.

The Wanderer. The exile path and the deep melancholy of the song of the scop are reflected once more in "The Wanderer." The singer tells of his travels in many lands; he trails the track of the exile; no treasure he has but heart-chilling frost, no fame upon earth. In such a mood he falls asleep and seems to see, in his dream, his long-dead lord. When he awakens, nothing is before him save the fallow waves, with the sea-birds bathing and beating their wings, frost and snow falling with freezing hail. No man is sage who knows not his share of winter in this world:

Where are the horses? Where are the heroes? . .
Alas the bright wine-cup! Alas the burnie-
warriors!
Alas the princes' pride! How passes the time
Under the shadow of night as it never had been!
Over the trusty troop now towers full high
A wall adorned with wondrous dragons.
The strength of the spear has destroyed the earls,
War-greedy weapons, Wyrd inexorable;
And the storms strike down on the stony cliffs,
The snows descend and seize all the earth
In the dread of winter.

POEMS FROM THE CHRONICLE

Brunanburh. In the *Chronicle,* a prose record based at first on monastic accounts but made more systematic by King Alfred, and covering the years from 60 B.C. to 1154 A.D., are some poems of high quality. One of these is the account of the battle of Brunanburh which appears under the year 937. The poem celebrates the victory of Athelstan, king of Wessex, over the Danes and their allies. While much of it is made up of figures and phrases common in the older heroic poetry, the work has been done so skillfully as to give a most spirited effect. It is best read in Tennyson's famous version, which is printed at the end of this chapter.



SAXON WARRIORS

Maldon. This poem, which is incomplete, appears in the *Chronicle* under the year 991. It is interesting to us because it treats of an actual English hero who fell in battle against a foreign invader. It is less conventional in phrasing than "Brunanburh" and reflects the intense love of the poet for the patriot whose death he commemorates. There are many vivid pictures: of the young earl laying aside the chase and hurrying with his men to repel the Danish invader; of the two armies drawn up on opposite sides of the stream; of the challenge of the Danish envoy—"Bold seamen sent me to thee, bade me say to thee that thou must quickly send rings for thy protection, and better is it for you that you buy off this spear-rush with tribute than that we should deal out strife so hard." But the earl answered with equal spirit, uplifting his shield and brandishing his spear:

Dost thou hear, O seamen, what our heroes say?
Spears they will send to the sailors as tribute,
Poisoned points and powerful swords
And such weapons of war as shall win you no
battles.
Envoy of vikings, your vauntings return,
Fare to thy folk with a far sterner message,
That here stanchly stands with his steadfast
troops,
The lord that will fight for the land of his fathers.

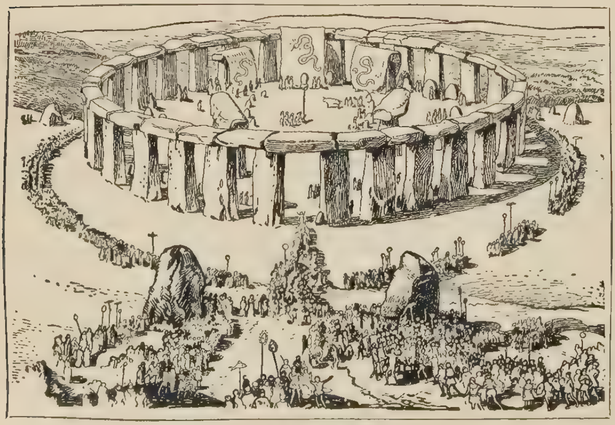
Then follows one of the great battle pieces of our literature. The leader is slain, and some of his men flee in terror. But a little band remains, spurred on by the determination to die with their lord. One of them, an old man, exclaims: "Thought must be the harder, heart the keener, courage the greater, as our might lessens." And in these words speaks the spirit of the race.

Christian Learning and Literature

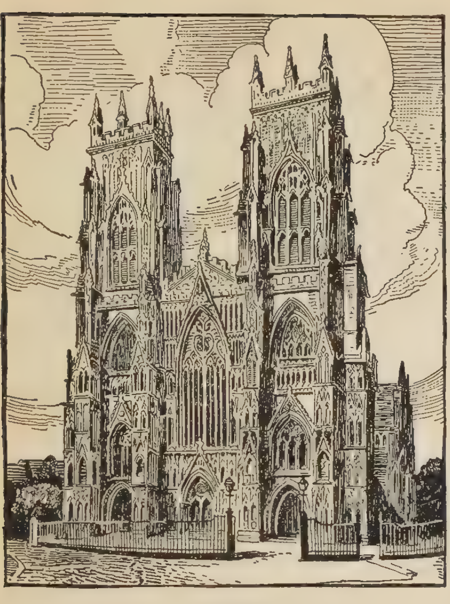
Pagan Religions in England. The ancient Celts, or Britons, believed in a form of nature worship which assigned deities, both good and evil, to places and things. Their most important men, called Druids, were both priests and statesmen. To be a member of this class, long and patient preparation was necessary. Great quantities of verse, containing religious and political matter and tribal legends, had to be memorized. The Druids had charge of the sacrifices, and were consulted on all important matters; they were also seers, or prophets. Some elements of this old faith are reflected in later English literature, and will be cited as this story proceeds. The oak and the mistletoe were sacred elements in their worship, and the holly and mistletoe associated with our Christmas preserve traces of this old pagan faith.

The invaders of Britain who came from northern Germany and drove out the Celts and their religion brought with them the old Teutonic faiths. Odin, or Woden, was their chief god; his name is preserved in our "Wednesday." Another powerful deity was Thor, god of rain and thunder, whose name remains in our "Thursday." Other Teutonic deities have given names to our "Tuesday," "Friday," and possibly "Saturday." These Germanic religions had many other heroes or lesser gods, such as Balder, for example, and legends about monsters (Grendel, the fire-drake), witches (the witches in *Macbeth* go back to old Teutonic superstitions), and goblins and fairies. Some traces of the old faith are found in the *Riddles* already cited, and in such customs as Harvest-home (Thanksgiving), May-day (associated with Easter), and the like.

The Coming of Christianity. In the year 597 a Roman priest named Augustine came to southern England with a band of missionaries and began the work of converting the English to Christianity. Canterbury became the center of this movement, which gradually spread throughout the land. Thirty years later Paulinus came to northern England, and a similar center of Christian teaching was founded at York. These two places became the capitals, or centers, of the English Church, and the names of Canterbury and York will often occur in this record and in the literature of England. The story of the conversion of Edwin, king of Northumbria, is told by Bede, a great historian of the early English church.



A DRUID CEREMONIAL



YORK CATHEDRAL TODAY

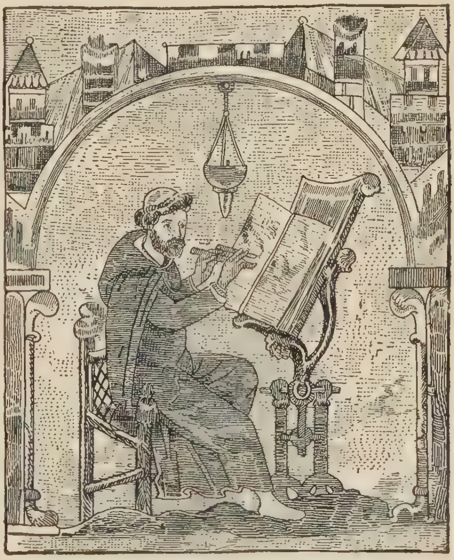
When Edwin had been in great peril, a stranger had appeared and promised him victory, taking from him a promise that he was to redeem when a sign should be given. Despite this favor, Edwin remained true to the ancient worship of Odin. At last Paulinus made the sign, and called upon the king to become a Christian. A great assembly of the wise men (witan) was called, and speeches were made on both sides of the question. At last an old counselor spoke the following words:

> The present life of men upon earth, O King, appears to me, in comparison with that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through your hall, where you, with your ealdermen and thanes, sit by the fire, at supper, in winter. The hall is warmed; without are storms of wind and rain and winter's snow. The sparrow passes swiftly in at one door and out at another, gaining awhile a short safety from the wintry blast; but soon after a little calm he flies once more into the unknown, passing from winter to winter again. So this life of ours appears for a moment, but whence or whither we are wending we know not. If, therefore, this new faith can teach us aught more sure, it seems truly to deserve to be followed.

This took place in 627; northern England became Christian.

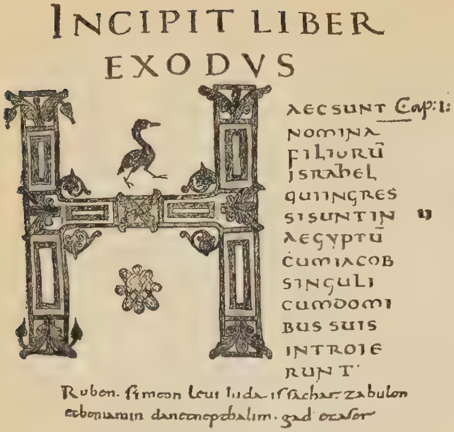
Religious Elements in Early Literature. Since the remains of Old English literature that have come down to us were written in manuscripts after the advent of Christianity, it is impossible to draw a sharp distinction between pagan and Christian literature. *Beowulf* and most of the poems mentioned earlier in this chapter certainly belong to the pagan period, but the texts that we have were either written for the first time or revised after the conversion of the kingdom, so that we find many Christian elements along with relics of older faiths. With the coming of priests from Rome, however, who were scholars as well as missionaries, a great impulse was given to learning and to the writing of poetry and prose based on the new faith.

Alcuin, one of the most learned of these early scholars and teachers, tells of the daily life at York. The bishop of the province spent the morning in teaching the young students; at noon mass was celebrated, followed by dinner and the discussion of matters pertaining to learning; in the evening each student knelt before the bishop to receive a blessing. Grammar and rhetoric were taught, the elements of law, and some classical literature. Learn-



From a manuscript in the Bodleian Library

MONK COPYING A MANUSCRIPT



INCIPIT LIBER
EXODVS
AEC SUNT Cap: I:
NOMINA
FILIORŪ
ISRAHEL
QUI INGRES
SI SUNT IN
AEGYPTŪ
CUM IACOB
SINGULI
CUM DOMI
BUS SUIS
INTROIE
RUNT
Ruben. simeon leui iuda issachar zabulon
et beniamin dan et nepthalim. gad et aser

From a manuscript in the British Museum

AN INITIAL LETTER FROM ALCUIN'S BIBLE

ing on the continent had almost disappeared, but the English churchmen collected and copied manuscripts, founded libraries, taught eager young men. Travelers and merchants presented costly manuscripts brought from Europe to the monastic libraries; by the end of the eighth century the library at York was nearly equal to that at Rome. King Alfred was a translator, and took deep interest in promoting learning. Bede, one of the greatest of the scholars of his time, refused high office because he could not bear to leave his beloved manuscripts. For thirty years he studied the Bible, wrote treatises, perfected himself in learning. At the end of his great *History of the English Church* he records the scholar's prayer: "And I pray Thee, good Jesus, that, as Thou hast mercifully granted to me sweetly to drink in the words of Thy knowledge, so Thou mayest grant me of Thy goodness some day to come to Thee, Fountain of all Wisdom, and to appear continually before Thy face." As he lay dying, he dictated the last chapter of his translation of *Saint John*, interrupting the labor to bestow upon his friends his few treasures—pepper, napkins, and spices. Little else he had to give, save his love, and the gracious memory of a long and unselfish life. The boy Wilbert, who was writing from his dictation, said to him, "Beloved master, yet one sentence remains unwritten." The venerable scholar replied, "Well, write it." A little after, the boy said, "Now it is finished." And the master replied, "Good! it is finished; thou hast said the truth. Take my head in thy hands, for it pleases me much to sit opposite my holy place where I was wont to pray, that so sitting I may call upon my Father."

The Poet Caedmon. Bede lived in the eighth century, and his history of the church is as valuable as the Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle* for the information it gives of these early times. It covers the period from the coming of the Romans to 731 A.D., and was written in Latin. In it are many stories about poets and learned men, among them being an account of the poet Caedmon, who had been a servitor at the monastery at Whitby in Northumbria. He had no learning, and his evenings were spent with companions who used to sing to the accompaniment of the harp. When it came his time to sing, he would leave, partly because, according to Bede, "he could never make any frivolous or empty poem." One night he went to the cattle-shed and there went to sleep. In a vision an angel came to him and said: "Caedmon, sing something." He protested that he had nothing to sing, and that for this reason he had left the company. The angel insisted, telling him that he should sing "the beginnings of created things." In his dream the words of the famous hymn ascribed to him were put into his mouth, and so vivid was the dream that when he awoke he could remember every detail:

Now shall we praise the Warden of Heaven,
The might of the Maker and his manifold
thought.

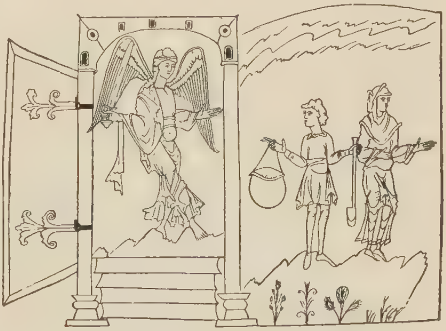
The nine lines of this hymn he recited to his companions, who brought him into the presence of the abbess. Here, in the company of many learned men, he told of his vision and sang his hymn. They told him some portion of the sacred history and bade him render it in song. Next morning he returned and through the same divine inspiration he was able to render what had been told him in excellent verse. So the

WHITBY ABBEY TODAY

race of God was recognized, and the lowly servitor was taken into the company of learners, where he received instruction in the sacred stories. And he, "by ruminating and meditating like a clean animal," converted into sweetest song all things whatsoever he could learn by hearing, and by the very sweetness of his song he made learners of his teachers. His theme was the creation of the world and the whole story of Genesis and of the sojourn of Israel in Egypt and their entrance into the Promised Land. He sang also of Christ's life and passion, of the coming of the Holy Ghost and of the apostles, of the terror of the Judgment and of hell. Many others, Bede tells us, made songs after him, but none could equal him, for he learned not of man, but through divine inspiration.

Bible Story in Old English Verse. Many centuries after the death of Caedmon and his biographer, an Old English manuscript was discovered which contained poetic versions of large parts of the books of *Genesis*, *Exodus*, and *Daniel*. It was natural to suppose that these were the poems by Caedmon of which Bede spoke, but they are not by him. Parts of the poems are very dull; other parts are intensely dramatic, such as the account, in *Genesis*, of the fall of Satan and his angels. In *Exodus*, the story of the passage through the Red Sea and the destruction of the Egyptians is told with great vigor and imagination. The style of these Biblical paraphrases is often heroic, like *Beowulf* and the battle pieces in the *Chronicle*, and as we read them we are more often reminded of other Old English poems than of the phrasing of the Bible as we now know it.

Cynewulf and His Followers. The authorship of another group of religious poems is identified by the presence in them of old runic characters, belonging to a primitive alphabet, spelling the name Cynewulf. Of the man we know little besides what can be inferred from his poetry. He evidently possessed deep and passionate religious feeling, and his style is eloquent and imaginative. He lived in Northumbria in the eighth century. His four poems are as follows: *Christ*, which has been called "the epic of salvation," its themes being the Advent, the Ascension, and the Last Judgment; *The Fates of the Apostles*, stories of the travels and missionary work of the apostles; *Elene*, the story of the finding of the true Cross by Helena, mother of Constantine; and *Juliana*, a saint's legend. Several other poems, like these in subject-matter and style, were formerly ascribed to Cynewulf, but they may have been written by other poets under the influence of his style and thought. Among these are *Andreas*, a spirited account of the wanderings and death of St. Andrew, written in heroic style, and with an unusual sensitiveness to nature; *Judith*, the apocryphal story of the slaying of Holofernes; *The Dream of the Rood*, a poem filled with mysticism telling of a vision of the Holy Cross; and *The Phoenix*. A part of



From a Caedmon MS. of the 10th century

ADAM AND EVE DRIVEN FROM EDEN

The Dream of the Rood, in old runic characters, appears on the Ruthwell Cross in Scotland; this cross has been standing since the days of Cynewulf and Caedmon. *The Phoenix* uses the old legend about a bird which after living five hundred years is consumed by fire and then is reborn from its own ashes. It is an allegory of the death and resurrection of Christ and the Last Judgment, filled with descriptions of the happier and lovelier aspects of nature, and, like the other poems of this group, with personal reflections on the way of salvation.

THE RUTHWELL CROSS

OLD ENGLISH POETIC STYLE

Alliteration. The leading characteristic of Old English versification is the use of alliteration instead of rime. Each line has a break, or caesura, in the middle, and contains four stresses, or accents. Two or three of the accented syllables begin with the same consonant, or with some vowel. Examples of this accent-alliteration may be found in the opening lines of *Beowulf*, or in the translated passages given earlier in this chapter. It will be noticed that Old English verse is not characterized by a regular sequence of stressed and unstressed syllables, like most modern verse; it therefore cannot be classified as iambic, trochaic, dactyllic, etc. The number of syllables in a line varies; there must be four stressed syllables, but there may be any number of syllables that do not receive the special stress which, as we have seen, is further emphasized by the alliteration.

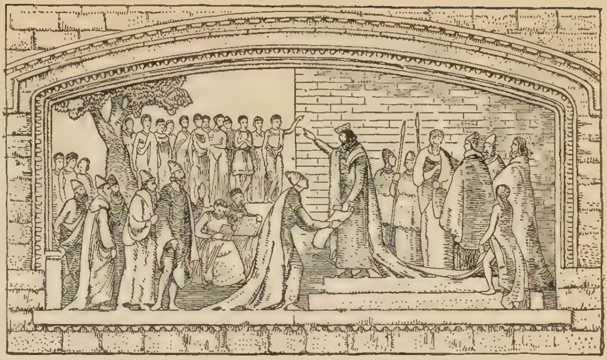
Kennings. Old English poetic style is further marked by the frequent use of what are called "kennings," or metaphors, in which the name of the thing is replaced by a compound word or phrase describing one of its qualities. Thus, the king is called the "ring-giver"; the sea is the "whale's road" or the "gannet's bath." The ship is the "seawood," and Heorot, the hall of Hrothgar, is called the "wine-palace" or the "gold-hall." Other illustrations of this poetic figure may be found in the passages translated in the text, or in the selections at the end of this chapter.

OLD ENGLISH PROSE

Sermons and Homilies. Besides the church history of Bede and the Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle*, already cited, there was little other prose of importance to our story. A considerable number of religious narratives, consisting in part of stories told for purposes of instruction, in part of Biblical and church history, may be found in the *Blickling Homilies*, a collection of sermons belonging to the tenth century, and in the homilies of Aelfric, who lived in the same period.

King Alfred. This famous monarch, who ruled Wessex in the ninth century, was not only a statesman and military genius who warred successfully on the Danes but also a man remembered for his great services to English learning. He sought in every possible way to develop a truly national spirit. The literature and learning that had flourished so brilliantly in the north were now utterly destroyed by the Danes, and all England seemed about to lapse into barbarism. Alfred found time, amid the great and perplexing problems of his heroic life, to become a humble learner himself, to arouse the spirit of learning in others, and to establish schools. He gathered about him a group of scholars, and they busily translated into the English tongue many books of history, philosophy, and geography.

Summary. Such, in brief, is the story of our literature in its earliest period. The language is strange to us, though a little study of it reveals that it is indeed intimately related to the language that we speak today. The versification is not less strange. Rime and stanzas we do not find. Alliteration, as we have seen, takes the place of rime, and in place of the regular arrangement of accents found in most



From a mural frieze

KING ALFRED INSTITUTING TRIAL BY JURY

modern verse we find what seem to be great irregularities. But the verse is heroic, martial, with a sturdy rhythm that was suited to those strong, simple men, the pioneers of a great race. Both because of its grave beauty and because it is the foundation on which English literature has been builded, students should know something about this fine old epic. To understand the spirit that permeates English literature one needs to understand the spirit of Beowulf. This noble epic was the first great poem in English, the forerunner of the splendid pageantry of English literature for twelve centuries.

The world today needs more than ever the indomitable spirit of service and hatred of cruelty and tyranny that we find in Beowulf's words as he went forth to his last battle:

> *I have lived through many
> Wars in my youth; now once again,
> Old folk-defender, feud will I seek,
> Do doughty deeds, if the dark destroyer
> Forth from his cavern come to fight me!

---

*Reprinted from Gummere's *The Oldest English Epic.* By special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (54 B.C.—1066 A.D.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE	OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
	54 B.C.–410 A.D. Roman Period in Britain
	449–1013. Saxon Period
	597. Augustine in Kent
	635–665. Conversion of Northumbria
665. Caedmon	
731. Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*	
700–800. Old English Literature: *Beowulf* written down; *The Fight at Finnsburg; Deor's Lament; Widsith, The Seafarer, The Wanderer*	
Genesis, Exodus, Daniel	
Cynewulf's works: *Christ; The Fates of the Apostles; Elene; Juliana*	
Andreas, Judith	
800. Charlemagne Emperor	849–901. Alfred
850. Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle*	
	900. Song of Roland
	1013–1042. Danish Period
	1042–1066. Saxon Restoration
	1066. Battle of Senlac (Hastings); Norman Conquest

SELECTIONS FROM OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE

RIDDLES

Dough

In a corner I heard a curious weak thing
Swelling and sounding and stirring its cover.
On that boneless body a beautiful woman
Laid hold with her hands; the high-swelled thing
She covered with a cloth, the clever lord's daughter.

A Bookworm

A moth ate a word. To me that seemed
A curious happening, when I heard of that wonder,
That a worm should swallow the word of a man,
A thief in the dark eat a thoughtful discourse
And the strong base it stood on. He stole, but he was not
A whit the wiser when the word had been swallowed.

A Swan

My robe is noiseless when I roam the earth,
Or stay in my home, or stir up the water.
At times I am lifted o'er the lodgings of men
By the aid of my trappings and the air above.
The strength of the clouds then carries me far,
Bears me on its bosom. My beautiful ornament,
My raiment, rustles and raises a song,
Sings without tiring. I touch not the earth,
But wander a stranger over stream and wood.

A Shield

A lonely warrior, I am wounded with iron,
Scarred with sword-points, sated with battle-play,
Weary of weapons. I have witnessed much fighting,
Much stubborn strife. From the strokes of war
I have no hope for help or release
Ere I pass from the world with the proud warrior band.
With brands and billies they beat upon me;
The hard edges hack me; the handwork of smiths
In crowds I encounter; with courage I endure
Ever bitterer battles. No balm may I find,
And no doctor to heal me in the whole field of battle,
To bind me with ointments and bring me to health,
But my grievous gashes grow ever sorer
Through death-dealing stroke by day and night.

A Bible

A stern destroyer struck out my life,
Deprived me of power; he put me to soak,
Dipped me in water, dried me again,
And set me in the sun, where I straightway lost
The hairs that I had. Then the hard edge
Of the keen knife cut me and cleansed me of soil;
Then fingers folded me. The fleet quill of the bird
With speedy drops spread tracks often

Over the brown surface, swallowed the tree-dye,
A deal of the stream, stepped again on me,
Traveled a black track. With protecting boards
Then a crafty one covered me, enclosed me with hide,
Made me gorgeous with gold. Hence I am glad and rejoice
At the smith's fair work with its wondrous adornments.
Now may these rich trappings, and the red dye's tracings,
And all works of wisdom spread wide the fame
Of the Sovereign of nations! Read me not as a penance!
If the children of men will cherish and use me,
They shall be safer and sounder and surer of victory,
More heroic of heart and happier in spirit,
More unfailing in wisdom. More friends shall they have,
Dear and trusty, and true and good,
And faithful always, whose honors and riches
Shall increase with their love, and who cover their friends
With kindness and favors and clasp them fast
With loving arms. I ask how men call me
Who aid them in need. My name is far famed.
I am helpful to men, and am holy myself.

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

Alfred Tennyson

Athelstan King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hewed the linden-wood,
Hacked the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammered brands.

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their grandsires—
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

Bowed the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews,
Doomed to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flowed, from when first the great
Sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God,
Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious creature
Sank to his setting.

There lay many a man
Marred by the javelin,
Men of the Northland
Shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman
Weary of war.

We, the West-Saxons,
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated.
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone
Fiercely we hacked at the fliers before us.

Mighty the Mercian,
Hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of
Those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the
Weltering waters,
Borne in the bark's bosom,
Drew to this island—
Doomed to the death.

---

12. **crafty**, skillful.

Battle of Brunanburh. 1. **Athelstan.** See Explanatory Note 1 on this poem, page 28.

11. **shield-wall**, overlapping shields. 12. **linden-wood**, i.e., shields of linden-wood. 14. **Edward**, king of the West Saxons (reigned 901-924). 29. **Glode**, obsolete preterit of *glide*. 43. **Mercian**, the soldier of Mercia, an ancient kingdom of central England.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong earls of the army of Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

Then the Norse leader—
Dire was his need of it,
Few were his following—
Fled to his warship;
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the King in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

Also the crafty one,
Constantinus,
Crept to his North again,
Hoar-headed hero!

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—
He that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had
Fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son, too,
Lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels,
A youngster in war!

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive—
Traitor and trickster
And spurner of treaties—
He nor had Anlaf
With armies so broken
A reason for bragging
That they had the better
In perils of battle
On places of slaughter—
The struggle of standards,
The rush of the javelins,
The crash of the charges,
The wielding of weapons—
The play that they played with
The children of Edward.

Then with their nailed prows
Parted the Norseman, a
Blood-reddened relic of
Javelins over
The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyflen again,
Shamed in their souls.

Also the brethren,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxon land,
Glad of the war.

Many a carcass they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow skin,
Left for the white-tailed eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibbed raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—
Hapt in this isle since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshmen, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

THE SEAFARER

I will sing of myself a song that is true,
Tell of my travels and troublesome days,
How often I endured days of hardship.
Bitter breast-care I have borne as my portion,
Have seen from my ship sorrowful shores,

---

63. **Constantinus**, king of the Scots, who after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan allied himself with Anlaf. 78. **glaive**, sword. 93. **nailed prows**, poetic for "clinker-built boats."

98. **Dyflen**, Dublin. 110. **weald**, forest. 116. **Hapt**, taken place. 124. **gat**, got.

Awful welling of waves. Oft on watch I have been
On the narrow night-wakes at the neck of the ship,
When it crashed by cliffs. With cold often pinched
Were my freezing feet, by frost bound tight
In its blighting clutch. Cares then burned me,
Hot around my heart. Hunger tore within
My sea-weary soul. To conceive this is hard
For the landsman who lives on the lonely shore—
How, sorrowful and sad on a sea ice-cold,
I eked out my exile through the awful winter
. . . . . . deprived of my kinsmen,
Hung about by icicles; hail flew in showers.
There I heard naught but the howl of the sea,
The ice-cold surge with a swan-song at times.
The note of the gannet for gayety served me;
The sea-bird's song for sayings of people;
For the mead-drink of men the mew's sad note.
Storms beat on the cliffs 'mid the cry of gulls,
Icy of feather; and the eagle screamed,
The dewy-winged bird. No dear friend comes
With merciful kindness my misery to conquer.
Of this little can he judge who has joy in his life,
And, settled in the city, is sated with wine,
And proud and prosperous—how painful it is
When I wearily wander on the waves full oft!
Night shadows descended; it snowed from the north;
The world was fettered with frost; hail fell to the earth,
The coldest of corns. Yet course now desires
Which surge in my heart for the high seas,
That I test the terrors of the tossing waves;
My soul constantly kindles in keenest impatience
To fare itself forth and far off hence
To seek the strands of stranger tribes.
  There is no one in this world so o'erweening in power,
So good in his giving, so gallant in his youth,
So daring in his deeds, so dear to his lord,
But that he leaves the land and longs for the sea.
By the grace of God he will gain or lose;
Nor hearkens he to harp nor has heart for gift-treasures,
Nor in the wiles of a wife nor in the world rejoices.
Save in the welling of waves no whit takes he pleasure;
But he ever has longing who is lured by the sea.
  The forests are in flower and fair are the hamlets;
The woods are in bloom, the world is astir.
Everything urges one eager to travel,
Sends the seeker of seas afar
To try his fortune on the terrible foam.
  The cuckoo warns in its woeful call,
The summer-ward sings, sorrow foretelling,
Heavy to the heart. Hard is it to know
For the man of pleasure what many with patience
Endure who dare the dangers of exile!
  In my bursting breast now burns my heart,
My spirit sallies over the sea-floods wide,
Sails o'er the waves, wanders afar
To the bounds of the world and back at once,
Eagerly, longingly. The lone flyer beckons
My soul unceasingly to sail o'er the whale-path,
Over the waves of the sea.

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7. **wakes**, watches. 33. **corns**, grains.

54. **summer-ward** (summer-watchman), a kenning for *cuckoo*. See page 20.

BEDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE POET CAEDMON

In the monastery of this abbess [Hild] was a certain brother especially distinguished and gifted with the grace of God, because he was in the habit of making poems filled with piety and virtue. Whatever he learned of holy writ through interpreters he gave forth in a very short time in poetical language with the greatest of sweetness and inspiration, well wrought in the English tongue. Because of his songs the minds of many men were turned from the thoughts of this world and incited toward a contemplation of the heavenly life. There were, to be sure, others after him among the Angles who tried to compose sacred poetry, but none of them could equal him; because his instruction in poetry was not at all from men, nor through the aid of any man, but it was through divine inspiration and as a gift from God that he received the power of song. For that reason he was never able to compose poetry of a light or idle nature, but only the one kind that pertained to religion and was fitted to the tongue of a godly singer such as he.

This man had lived the life of a layman until he was somewhat advanced in years, and had never learned any songs. For this reason often at the banquets where for the sake of merriment it was ruled that they should all sing in turn at the harp, when he would see the harp approach him, he would arise from the company out of shame and go home to his house. On one occasion he had done this and had left the banquet hall and gone out to the stable to the cattle which it was his duty to guard that night. Then in due time he lay down and slept, and there stood before him in his dream a man who hailed him and greeted him and called him by name: "Caedmon, sing me something." Then he answered and said: "I cannot sing anything; and for that reason I left the banquet and came here, since I could not sing." Once more the man who was speaking with him said: "No matter; you must sing for me." Then he answered: "What shall I sing?" Thereupon the stranger said: "Sing to me of the beginning of things." When he had received this answer he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the Creator, verses and words that he had never heard, in the following manner:

Now shall we praise the Prince of heaven,
The might of the Maker and his manifold thought,
The work of the Father; of what wonders he wrought,
The Lord everlasting, when he laid out the worlds.
He first raised up for the race of men
The heaven as a roof, the holy Ruler.
Then the world below, the Ward of mankind,
The Lord everlasting, at last established
As a home for man, the Almighty Lord.

Then he arose from his sleep, and all that he had sung while asleep he held fast in memory; and soon afterwards he added many words like unto them, befitting a hymn to God. The next morning he came to the steward who was his master and told him of the gift he had received. The steward immediately led him to the abbess and related what he had heard. She bade assemble all the wise and learned men and asked Caedmon to relate his dream in their presence and to sing the song that they might give their judgment as to what it was or whence it had come. They all agreed that it was a divine gift bestowed from Heaven. They then explained to him a piece of holy teaching and bade him if he could, to turn that into rhythmic verse. When he received the instruction of the learned men, he departed for his house. In the morning he returned and delivered the passage assigned him, turned into an excellent poem.

Thereupon, the abbess, praising and honoring the gift of God in this man, persuaded him to leave the condition of a layman and take monastic vows. And this he did with great eagerness. She received him and his household into the monastery and made him one of the company of God's servants and commanded that he be taught the holy writings and stories. He, on his part, pondered on all that he learned by word of mouth, and just as a clean beast chews on a cud, transformed it into the sweetest of poetry. His songs and poems were so pleasing that even his teachers came to learn and write what he spoke. He sang first of the creation of the earth, and of the origin of mankind, and all the story of Genesis, the first book of Moses; and afterwards of the exodus of the Children of Israel from the land of Egypt and the entry into the Promised Land; and many other stories of the Holy Scriptures; the incarnation of Christ, and his suffering and his ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost and the teaching of the apostles; and finally he wrote many songs concerning the future day of judgment and of the fearfulness of the pains of hell, and the bliss of heaven; besides these he composed many others concerning the mercies and judgments of God. In all of these he strove especially to lead men from the love of sin and wickedness and to impel them toward the love and practice of righteousness; for he was a very pious man and submissive to the rules of the monastery. And he burned with zeal against those who acted otherwise. For this reason it was that his life ended with a fair death.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Beowulf

Questions and Topics. 1. In the brief translations given in the story of Beowulf in Chapter I, observe the characteristics of the verse. Which words alliterate (begin with the same consonant or the same vowel)? Are the alliterative syllables always stressed? How many stresses are there in a line? A division, called caesura, comes near the middle of each line. Find it, and ascertain if there is any difference between the first half line and the second. Summarize the differences in form between Old English poetry and that of modern English in the form of a report to the class. For suggestions on preparing such a report, see the general Introduction, pages 5 and 6.

2. Using a translation of the complete poem, mark passages which show a sense of the beauty or the terror of nature. Are there many such passages? What aspects of nature seem to have made the greatest appeal to the poet?

3. What were the relations of the king to his men? Look up *comitatus* in the dictionary and note illustrations in *Beowulf*. Look up *feud*. What was the duty of the survivor, if a friend or relative were murdered? Was there any alternative?

4. Infer what you can of social customs at Hrothgar's court.

5. Was there any national spirit in the times represented by this oldest English poetry? Why, or why not?

Riddles

Explanatory Notes. The first two of the riddles here translated illustrate the somewhat rare humor found in Old English literature. The third is one of many illustrations of the love of nature. "A Shield" belongs to a group in which instruments of war (the sword, the helmet, the spear, the bow, etc.), are personalized. As war was the principal occupation, it is natural that its tools should seem intimate companions. Swords were often given names, as "Durendal," Roland's sword, and "Excalibur," the sword of Arthur. Beowulf's sword was named "Hrunting." "A Bible" is interesting for its account of the making of the manuscript book in days before the advent of printing. Medieval manuscripts were often gorgeously decorated, with marvelous initial letters, in color, at the beginning of chapters or other divisions. This little poem also testifies to the power of books to mold men's lives; it is our earliest praise of books.

Questions and Topics. 1. Note the suggestion in "A Bookworm" that not only the bookworm itself but perhaps the human reader may not be "a whit the wiser when the word had been swallowed." Point out other illustrations of wit or humor in the Riddles.

2. What attitude toward war is expressed by "A Shield"?

3. Explain the steps in the manufacture of the manuscript book as outlined in "A Bible." Look up the subject in a reference book, and report on "Books before Printing." Topics to be treated are: materials used in making manuscripts; the predecessors of the fountain-pen; ancient libraries. See if you can find anything about the *scriptorium*, a picture of it, perhaps. See pages 5 and 6 for suggestions on preparing a report.

Battle of Brunanburh

Explanatory Notes. 1. This poem belongs to the stirring times of Athelstan, a tenth-century English king. He was the son of Edward the Elder and a lovely peasant girl, and as a boy was handsome and a lover of adventurous deeds. He became king in 924, and preserved the unity of the English realm against the Danes, Welsh, and Scots. Two poems have come down to us which celebrate his exploits at Brunanburh, fought in 937. In one of them we learn how Anlaf, a Danish king, went disguised as a minstrel to spy out the English camp the night before the battle. When the firelight fell on his face, as he was singing to his harp, an English soldier recognized him, and his suspicions were confirmed when he saw Anlaf bury the money which the English gave him for his singing. After he had gone, the soldier told Athelstan that the gleeman was the king of the Danes, but that he had not betrayed him because he had formerly been in his service. The second ballad, presented here in Tennyson's version, records the victory of Athelstan next day.

2. The poem is not difficult to follow if you remember that Athelstan's realm consisted mainly of Mercia and Wessex, in central and western England; all the territory north of the Humber, and more, belonged to Danes and Scots.

Questions and Topics. 1. "Bracelet-bestower" (line 3) and "linden-wood" (line 12) are kennings. Explain the meaning of these kennings (see page 20 for definition) and find as many others in this poem as you can.

2. The verse of Tennyson's translation is not the same as that of Old English verse. Point out the differences. In what respects, however, does Tennyson gain some of the effects of Old English poetry? (For purposes of comparison, see the translations from *Beowulf, Finnsburg,* and *Deor's Lament,* pages 11-15). Study the relation of stressed and unstressed syllables. Is the verse trochaic or iambic in general type? Does it rime? What is the effect gained by the long lines?

The Seafarer

1. This translation preserves very accurately the alliteration and meter of the original. Review what is said (page 20) about the characteristics of Old English verse and find illustrations of alliteration (consonant and vowel); number of stressed syllables to the line; kennings, etc.

2. This poem is remarkable for its descriptions of nature. Find the best examples. What contrast is there between the beauty of the land and that of the sea? In the description of the sea, point out words and phrases that indicate the terror inspired, despite its beauty.

3. What do you learn about the personality of the man who wrote the poem?

Account of the Poet Caedmon

1. What parts of the Bible were translated by Caedmon into Old English verse?

2. Why was the abbess so interested in his gift?

3. What idea of the origin and nature of poetry is implied in this story?

Interesting Books

I. Beowulf

Child, C. G.: *Beowulf.* This is an excellent prose translation of the epic.

Gummere, F. B.: *The Oldest English Epic.* This is the best poetic translation, and the one from which the lines in Chapter I are taken. (This contains also translations of other epic fragments, such as *The Fight at Finnsburg.*)

II. History of the Literature

Brooke, Stopford: *English Literature from the Beginnings to the Norman Conquest.* Important chapters are II, Old English Heathen Poetry; V, Semi-heathen Poetry; VIII and IX, Caedmon and His School; XI and XII, Cynewulf and His School; XIV, Alfred.

III. Translations (not including *Beowulf*).

Brooke, Stopford: The appendix to *English Literature from the Beginnings to the Norman Conquest* contains several translations from early poetry.

Cook and Tinker: *Select Translations from Old English Poetry.*

Faust and Thompson: *Old English Poems.*

CHAPTER II

CHAUCER'S ENGLAND

From Alfred to Chaucer—Changes in the Language.

Literature of the Transition: The Chronicles—Courtly and Popular Literature.

The Romances: The New Political and Social Institutions—Chivalry—The Themes of the Romances—The Arthurian Romances—Classical Themes—English Romances—The Significance of the Romances.

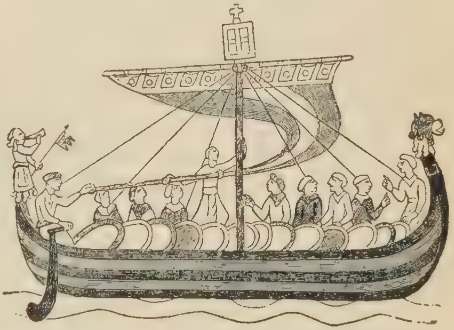
Religious and Didactic Literature: Religious Elements in the Romances—Contemplative and Active Life—*The Pearl*—Other Vision Literature—*Piers Plowman*—Wyclif.

Miscellaneous Literature: Short Narratives—Stories of Animals—Lyrics.

Life in Chaucer's England: Political and Social Conditions—London—"Merry England"—Summary.

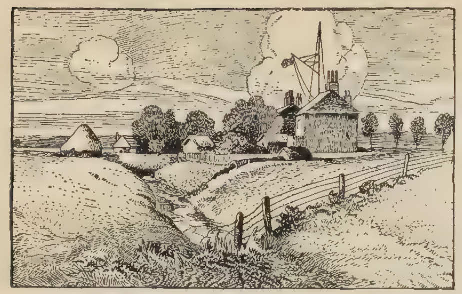
From Alfred to Chaucer. In the centuries that intervened between the death of the great Alfred in 901 and the birth of Chaucer, about 1340, England was transformed. In the earlier part of the period the Danes completed the conquest that Alfred and some of his successors tried valiantly to prevent. Alfred's vision of a united England, strong through just laws, the development of the pursuits of peace, and an education in which all might share, was not yet to be realized. The native English genius seemed incapable of achieving unity and order. Foreign enemies laid waste the lands ruled over by incompetent monarchs. Learning and literature fell to a low ebb. At times the old heroic spirit flashed out, as in the "Battle of Maldon," last of the great series of early English poems, which appeared in the *Chronicle* under the year 991. In individuals or in small groups the national spirit was strong; yet no leader powerful enough to weld all into one nation was at hand. So the Danes swept the country, and, as the year 1000 approached, men looked for the end of the world.

The end of the old world, the world of Beowulf and Caedmon and Alfred, came in 1066, with the triumph of William of Normandy over the English Harold at Senlac. The preceding conquests, after all, had left small trace. The conquerors were victorious in arms, but were absorbed by the conquered. In a sense this was true also of the Normans, for within a few generations after they came, they gave up their possessions in France, called themselves Englishmen, and applied their tremendous vitality, not only to developing the resources of their new home, but also to founding the stable government of the whole realm, a thing which had not been achieved before. In another sense, they transformed England. For they, too, had astonishing powers of assimilation. They had migrated from Norway to France. They were men of gigantic physical strength and high intellectual ability. They profited by contact with the civilization that France had developed. This



From a contemporary drawing

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR SAILING FOR ENGLAND



EBBSFLEET, WHERE THE NORMANS LANDED

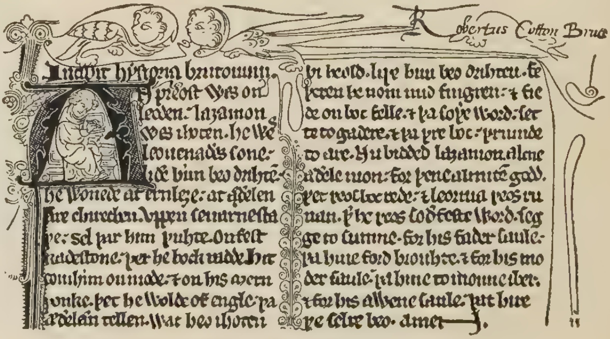
civilization they transplanted to England, and as a consequence of this blending of cultures, a new language, much nearer the English of today, came into being, together with new political and social institutions.

From this collision of the races that were finally to complete the making of England, new modes of looking at life, a new and more flexible mode of expressing ideas in language, and new literary forms were born. All these came to fine flower in the poetry of Chaucer. As a background for the study of that poetry we need some acquaintance with the literature and life of the period of transition from the Norman Conquest to the fourteenth century.

Changes in the Language. The effect of the collision of the two languages, French and English, was to break down some of the differences between them. Many new words found their way into our language, enriching it immeasurably. New verse forms, some of which had gained high perfection in France, modified greatly the style and rules of our poetry. Old English had been a highly inflected language, somewhat like German. The new English language became much simpler. Many of the inflectional endings disappeared altogether, or were modified into a final *e*; even this rudimentary inflection tended to disappear as time went on. What is more, the language varied in different parts of the country. Northern English was much more conservative than the language spoken in Chaucer's London, since the collision between the two languages was less marked away from the court. London became the literary center as well as the commercial and political center of the kingdom, and the London dialect therefore came to be the standard. For this reason it is much easier for the modern student to read Chaucer than to read a fourteenth century poem written in the north of England.

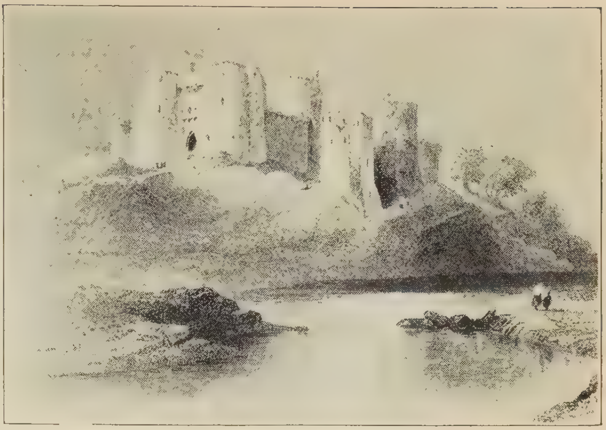
Literature of the Transition

The Chronicles. Early in the Anglo-Norman period, a number of chronicles were written. These chronicles interest the general reader today mainly for what they say about King Arthur, who became to English literature what Aeneas was to Latin literature and what Odysseus was to the Greeks. They also contain stories that were used by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists. Some of them were in Latin, such as the twelfth century chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey gives a highly romantic account of Arthur, taken, as he says, from an old "British book," in which Arthur appears as a world conqueror somewhat like Alexander or Julius Caesar. About the year 1200 Layamon wrote the *Brut*, a verse chronicle of Britain. It begins with the story of King Brutus, the legendary great-grandson of Aeneas, and extends to 689 A.D. The *Brut* was based on a French chronicle, and is interesting for its style, which combines some of the characteristics of the older Anglo-Saxon verse with the new French forms, and for its stories of Lear, Arthur, and other early heroes. It



LINES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF LAYAMON'S BRUT introduced the Round Table. To read it was no evening's pastime; it contained upwards of thirty thousand lines.

Courtly and Popular Literature. Many scholarly and religious books were written during these centuries; many lyric poems; many romances about Arthur and his Round Table. Some of these were in English; many were in French. In both languages they appealed to the better educated people of the court, but the common people had their ballads and went to see elaborate religious dramas which were played on festival days in all the larger towns. Some account of both these classes of literature, courtly and popular, will enable us to understand Chaucer and his works.



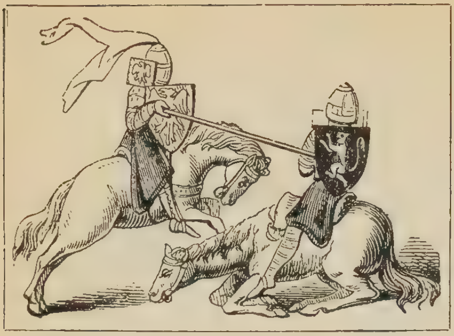
A NORMAN CASTLE

THE ROMANCES

The New Political and Social Institutions. The Normans introduced feudalism and chivalry into England. The nobles held great estates, granted by the king, and in return paid taxes and supplied forces for his wars. On their estates were castles, centers of brilliant social life. Leadership in the church and in intellectual matters belonged to these overlords, who lived according to French, rather than English, standards. Farm work, trades, and household service belonged to the common people, mainly of Anglo-Saxon blood. This system made it easy for the literary and social ideals of Europe to permeate English life and thought. People throughout the continent and England were divided not by national boundaries so much as by class distinctions. The courtly literature of France, therefore, was better known in an English castle than was any native production. A community of culture was also aided by the universal use of Latin as the language of diplomatic and learned correspondence, and as the language of the services of the church.

Chivalry. Accompanying feudalism was chivalry. The center of the system was the knight, the ideal gentleman of medieval times. He was of high lineage, and devoted himself to the search for individual distinction through his prowess at arms. He rode about seeking adventure, taking part in tournaments, winning the favor of ladies through his skill and devotion, rescuing those who were in distress. Admission to the order of knighthood was very formal, requiring long preparation, high character, and the favor of the king or some great knight. Readers of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and of Scott's medieval romances are familiar with the system.

The Themes of the Romances. According to a medieval French writer, there were three "matters," or sources of material, on which writers of the romances drew. The "Matter of France" dealt with Charlemagne and his knights. The "Song of Roland" was the most famous of these romances; according to an old account of the battle of Senlac, a minstrel named Taillefer rode before Duke William, "singing of Roland and of Charlemagne, of Oliver and the knights who died at Roncesvaux." We can well believe this, for the story is a thrilling one, told in verse that has a martial ring. The "Song of Roland" is one of about a hundred similar "chansons de geste," or "songs of history"; many of them were well known in Norman England.



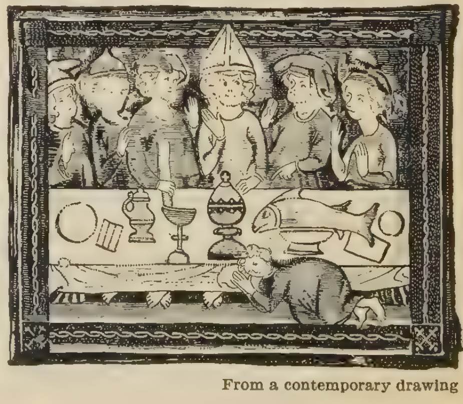
KNIGHTS JUSTING

The Arthurian Romances. The second "matter" was that of Britain. These stories, as the name indicates, are based on British (Celtic, not Anglo-Saxon) legends. The most famous of these deal with Arthur and his great knights. They reached their highest perfection in the writings of Christian of Troyes, in the twelfth century. In them, Arthur is less important than he had been in the verse chronicles of Geoffrey and Layamon; the main interest centers in the adventures of "the greatest knight in the world," an honor held successively by Gawain, Lancelot, Perceval, and Galahad. Certain elements were also added to the original story, such as the account of the Grail. Great cycles, or groups of stories, were built up around the adventures of these knights, and, as in the case of the Charlemagne romances, they were as well known in England as in France. They were a part of the entertainment and education of ladies and gentlemen of the court. Chaucer knew them well, and made many references to them. In the fifteenth century Sir Thomas Malory compiled a sort of prose epic about the life and death of Arthur and the deeds of the knights of the Round Table, basing his account on the famous French romances, and his work is the source of most of their influence on modern English literature, such as Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

Classical Themes. The third group of romances, dealing with the "Matter of Rome the Great," contains stories of Thebes, Troy, Alexander, and Aeneas. Greek and Latin poetry and drama were not so widely known in the Middle Ages as they have become in later times, but the more famous classical stories, changed in character and in subject-matter, had a sort of popularity through romances similar in many respects to those about Charlemagne and Arthur. That is, we do not find in them an authentic picture of old Greek and Roman life; they are colored by chivalry and medieval ideas; they show how the French writers drew on every conceivable variety of material in their search for plots.

English Romances. Some of the Arthurian romances were translated from French into English; separate stories, not belonging to the great cycles, were also used. The English versions were usually less courtly than the originals, and often combined popular traditions with the chivalric elements. The alliterative *Morte Arthure*, of the fourteenth century, is a remarkable poem which combines the old stories of Arthur's expedition against Rome with the account of his death later made familiar by Malory. *Gawayne and the Green Knight* (fourteenth century) was written in northern England, by an unknown poet, in the time of Chaucer. It tells a good story with animation and remarkable skill in portraiture.

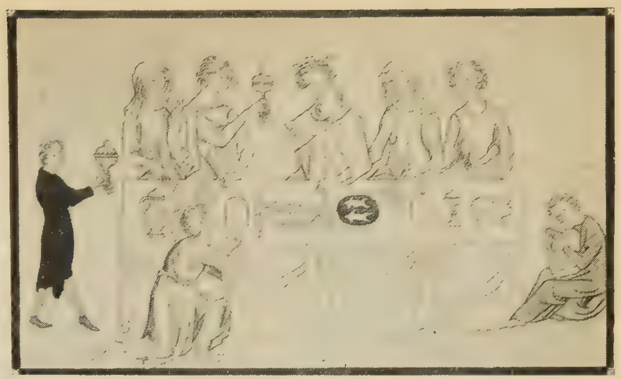
On New Year's Day Arthur and his knights were at dinner in Camelot. The feast was interrupted by a gigantic knight, clad in green and riding a green horse, who said that he had heard that Arthur's court was filled with brave knights and that he had come to test their courage. He proposed an exchange of blows, the condition being that the knight who accepted the challenge should meet him at the Green Chapel



From a contemporary drawing

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

in a year and a day to receive the return buffet. Gawayne accepted the challenge, and struck off the stranger's head with a single blow. The Green Knight picked up the head, held it in front of him, and rode off. A year later Gawayne, in spite of the protests of his friends, went to fulfill his agreement. At a castle he was splendidly entertained by a knight who made with him an agreement that at the end of each day they would exchange whatever of value each had gained during the day. The host went hunting, and at supper gave to Gawayne the trophies he had won. Meantime Gawayne had been entertained at the castle by the host's wife, a lady of surpassing beauty, who had made love to him; he gave to his host the kiss he had accepted from the lady. This was repeated for three days, but Gawayne hid a girdle that the lady had given him to protect his life against all attacks. On New Year's Day he went to the Green Chapel, where he found his adversary. He was complimented on his punctuality, and received three blows, only one of which wounded him slightly. Then the strange knight revealed himself as Gawayne's host, saying that the temptations had been planned as a test. Except in one detail, he had kept his word, so that Gawayne was wounded but slightly.


From a manuscript in the British Museum

A ROYAL FEAST OF THE PERIOD

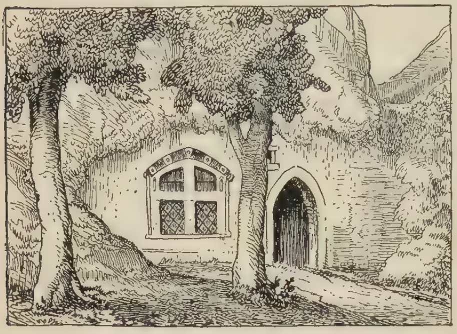
Thus the poem exalts the virtue of faithfulness to one's plighted word, and is a good illustration of the way in which the romances inculcated love for the chivalric virtues.

The Significance of the Romances. While the medieval romances profess to deal with matters of history, they give no accurate information about the early contest of the Britons with the Saxons and the Romans. They reflect, instead, medieval ideas of the gentleman, and Arthur became the ideal English hero. They were the novels of their day, read by ladies and gentlemen of the court, and they represent the aspirations of the time in matters of conduct just as Dante's *Divine Comedy* reflects the religious idealism of the same period. The great cathedrals of France and England also represent the desire of the soul to rise to something nobler than can be afforded by everyday life. Romance, divine vision, and cathedral are not transcripts of the facts of life, but the expression of the longing of men and women of all times for what is excellent.

RELIGIOUS AND DIDACTIC LITERATURE

Religious Elements in the Romances. Besides the unity given to all Europe by the spread of feudalism and chivalry, there was the unity of religious faith. One church, more powerful than any political authority, with a ritual uniform not only throughout a nation but throughout Europe, commanded the submission of all men everywhere. This common religious faith pervades the romances, whatever their language, taking various forms. The Charlemagne romances dealt largely with the wars between Christian and Saracen, and with the Crusades. The Arthurian romances are filled with references to the Church; to conform to all the observances of religion was an essential duty of knighthood. Some of these references are merely formal, but in stories like *Gawayne and the Green Knight* we frequently find religious idealism of rare beauty. In the later French romances, particularly those based on the story of Galahad and the quest of the Grail, the conventional situations and incidents take on allegorical significance; the quest for the Grail is mystic in its teaching of the power of the purified mind to attain a vision of heavenly truth and beauty.

Contemplative and Active Life. Throughout the literature of the time we see reflected, therefore, the dual forms of the perfect life. To some, the highest ideal was to be attained through action; the chivalric quest, substance of the romances, is the medieval interpretation of this ideal. To others, the highest perfection might be attained only through meditation and withdrawal from the world. Hermits were highly honored. Tennyson tells us, in "St. Simeon Stylites," of a holy man, typical of others in his time, who lived upon a platform raised high above the ground, in order to escape the contaminations of earth. Richard Rolle, an English mystic of the fourteenth century, lived in a little hermitage, practicing the life of contemplation, writing of the way by which the soul, even in this present life, may see God.



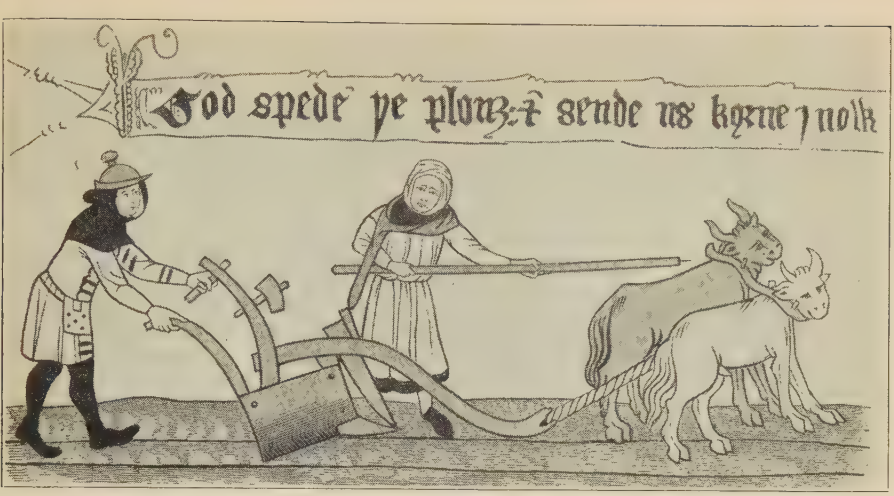
A HERMITAGE OF THE MIDDLE AGES
(This ancient dwelling is still standing)

The Pearl. Typical of this literature of religious idealism is the fourteenth century poem known as "The Pearl." Its author is unknown, and even the meaning of the poem is doubtful. To some readers it is an allegory of the religious life; to others it is the cry of a desolate soul for a precious friend lost in death's dateless night. Probably both views are correct: a father mourning for the loss of his daughter has a vision of her in Paradise and is comforted; such is the teaching of death to the Christian. The intense personal grief at first unsettles faith, but as time passes the suffering becomes idealized, and finally gives way to a new life of deeper vision and peace. Such was the experience of Dante, whose grief for the death of Beatrice, whom he loved, at first plunged him into doubt and despair but at length became the means by which he attained a vision of God. Such, too, was the experience of Lord Tennyson as set forth in *In Memoriam.*

"The Pearl" is a dream-vision. The poet had lost his daughter, his pearl beyond price; his treasure is fallen in the grass and he cannot find it, nor can he leave the place. In August, when the grain is being garnered, the pearl has been lost among the flowers of the field: gilly-flowers, and peonies, sweet to the sight, sweeter in their smell. He sees a forest, rocks shining in the sun; he hears the birds singing in the branches of the trees, and the song of the brook as it glides over pebbles that shine like stars when weary men sleep. In the midst of all this beauty he sees a maiden clad in white; to his joy he recognizes in her the lost jewel of his heart. So he follows to where she shows him the heavenly city.

Other Vision Literature. The medieval period was distinguished for its visions of the beauty that transcends the dull round of earthly life. Swept by plague and pestilence, preyed upon by famine and the slaughter of battle, loving the beauty of Nature, but as yet unable to use her to make life comfortable and safe, humanity found consolation in meditating upon the glories of the unseen world. The medieval cathedral, poem in stone, spoke this aspiration. The *Divine Comedy* of Dante clothed in words the same idealism. The poem of the "Phoenix," in the Old English period, and in the time of Chaucer "The Pearl," alike portrayed the right of the soul to find a beauty that surpasses the beauty of earth, mirror of the changeless beauty of the world beyond human experience. The vision of the Grail was the same in essence as Dante's vision of Beatrice in Paradise or the poet's vision of his Pearl.

Not only to religious idealism was the dream-vision applied. Love allegories were as frequent as the thousand interpretations of theological or Biblical truth. Most famous was the *Romance of the Rose,* written in France in the thirteenth cen-


God spede þe plouȝ: & sende us korne i nolk

From a manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge

PIERS THE PLOWMAN

tury, translated into English by Chaucer and others, and the model for many imitations. Love had his religion, his litanies, his ten commandments, his paradise, and his hell. The lover goes out into the fields on a May morning. After his wanderings he falls asleep, and in his sleep comes a vision of his lady and her attendants. Such was the beginning of many a poem which gave delight to youth in Chaucer's time.

Piers the Plowman. Wholly different from the vision of Christ and his saints or the vision of Love and his attendants is the story of a dream that came to a poet on Malvern Hill. It is a dream of "a fair field full of folk"; a vision of the world; all men and women everywhere; an attempt to sum up human experience. For long the poem was ascribed to one William Langland, but of late it has been shown to be the work of more than one man, and what part Langland had in it, if any, is uncertain.

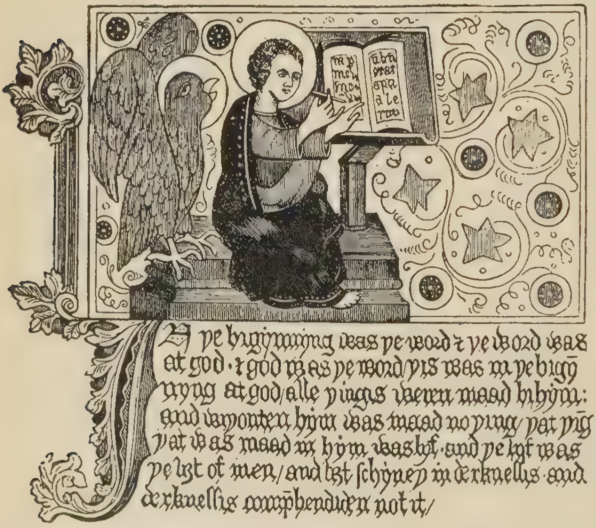
There are three versions of the poem, which belongs to the end of Chaucer's century. The first version is written in twelve sections, called *passus*, and contains nearly three thousand lines. The poet tells us that in his dream he found himself in a wilderness. Looking toward the east, upward to the sun, he saw a tower and, far beneath, a dungeon, with a deep ditch and dark and dreadful of sight. There between was "a fair field full of folk," all manner of men, the mean and the rich, working and wandering as the world expects. This first version contains the Vision of Lady Meed, a satire on the corruption in church and state; the Vision of Piers the Plowman, which describes the search for Saint Truth; and the Vision of Do-Well, Do-Better, and Do-Best. In most dream-visions, the figures that come to the dreamer take on the shape of personified abstractions, Truth, Love, Justice, Holy Church, etc., and talk to each other or to the dreamer. This constitutes the allegory. In *Piers the Plowman* such is not the case. The personages are real, they seem to live like the characters in a drama; there are many touches that indicate the poet's keen observation of life. Moreover, he introduces real English characters among his personifications. We have not only Lady Meed, Conscience, Reason, and the like, but Hick the Hackney-man and Hodge the Needler, Clarice of Cock Lane, and Griffon the Welshman. Even the abstractions are real. Thus, Glutton is on his way to church to hear mass but stops to see Betty the Brewster, who has good ale, pepper, and a pound of garlic, together with fennel-seed for fasting days. There is a party, with laughing and leering and "let go the cup." They sit until evening, and sing now and then, till Glutton has gulped a gallon and a gill.

The poet has no vision of the eternal world beyond this life; his theme is the fair field full of folk, the earth with its men and women. He has dramatic power. He has intense moral purpose. He would awaken all these people to the presence of evil and set them upon a pilgrimage to find Saint Truth. They crowd about a Palmer fresh from the Holy Land, but he has never heard of Saint Truth. Truth is not to be found by long pilgrimages to distant lands. Piers, the laborer, can show them where Truth dwells, but he will not go until he has plowed his furrow. To work, each man in his degree, is the best way to Truth.

Reproof of idleness and exhortation to honest work, whatever a man's position in society; reproof of the sins of the church and the abuses of authority; reproof of the insincerity that permeates the life about him—these things fill the poem of *Piers the Plowman*. It is saturated with a terrible indignation. The poet does not mince words or cover his satire with a light laugh. His work is literature of a high order, because of its sincerity, its passion, its concreteness in detail, its vivid portraits, its great vision of humanity, not as an abstraction, but as a multitude of individuals. It is literature applied to life in a way previously unknown in England. And the leader, the guide of a people in their search for Saint Truth, is not a scholar, not a great statesman, no conqueror or prelate, but a humble plowman, intent on finishing his furrow. He is the forerunner of democracy. Knights of chivalry must give way; the trappings of tournaments are to become but a spectacle for the theaters; a new force has appeared, ready to reshape society and politics and religion.

Wyclif. What Piers the Plowman saw in a vision is reflected in the work of John Wyclif, born about 1324 in a wealthy family, given every educational advantage, holder of high positions in education, state, and church, but preacher to the common people and interpreter of the new impulses that were to make them sovereign. At first he was a scholar, writing in Latin, devoted to his studies. Some of his sermons aroused opposition; he was accused of heresy; but his popularity as a defender of the king saved him. Certain "poor priests," adherents to his doctrines, preached in English villages. Wyclif himself began to write in English, directly to the people. That all might approach the Bible on an equal basis, he turned to the immense task of making an English translation. Part of it, the New Testament, he did himself; the work was completed by his followers. He wrote in simple language, striving to give the exact meaning; many of the phrases familiar in the King James version date from Wyclif's text.

Nearly two hundred manuscripts remain, a proof of the astonishing reception which the work received. Two centuries later, after printing had come in, more than three hundred editions of the Bible had been printed in English, most of them showing some remains of Wyclif's pioneer work.



In ye bigynnyng was ye word ⁊ ye word was
at god · ⁊ god was ye word/ yis was in ye bigȳ
nyng at god/ alle yingis weren maad bi hym:
and wiyouten hym was maad no ying/ yat yīg
yat was maad in hym was lyf · and ye lyȝt was
ye lyȝt of men/ and lyȝt ſchyney in derkneſſis · and
derkneſſis comp̄hendiden not it/

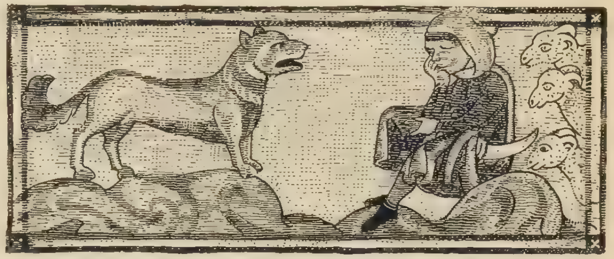
LINES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF WYCLIF'S BIBLE

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

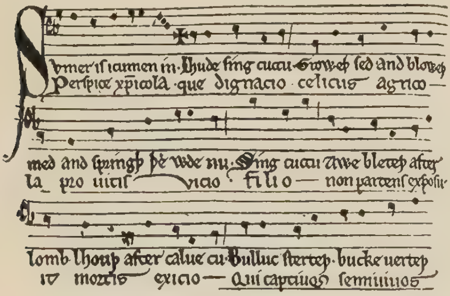
Short Narratives. Not all the literature of the period from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer was serious in intent. Stories, then as now, were in great demand. Besides the courtly romances were other fictions, popular in appeal if not in origin. Among them were the *exempla*, collections of anecdotes used by preachers to enliven their sermons. Chaucer was fond of them, and made use of some of them. They were on a great variety of subjects, and many of them were well told. Less edifying were the *fabliaux*, short tales probably of popular origin but sometimes written with great skill. They were satirical, realistic, often coarse.

Stories of Animals. Some of the oldest stories in the world deal with animals. Often they are satirical, often moral, as in the fables. In France the stories about the crafty fox, Renard, grew into a great cycle, a sort of vast romance in which many of the characteristics of the chivalric romances were imitated or burlesqued. Chaucer's story of Chauntecleer and Pertelote presents an episode similar to some of the stories in the Renard cycle. There were bestiaries, too, collections describing various animals—the lion, the eagle, the serpent, the ant. The descriptions are not scientifically accurate, and there is always an interpretation, *significatio,* making application to some religious precept. Thus the whale is so huge that he attracts other fishes to him that he may swallow them; he is like an island, and weary sailors anchor beside him and climb upon his back; they build a fire and prepare their evening meal, but he dives to the bottom of the sea and they are drowned. The *significatio* is that he represents the Devil, attracting men that he may destroy them; destroying all those who think to find any security in this life.

The Owl and the Nightingale, a brilliant long poem of the thirteenth century, belongs to the debate type of literature. The poet wanders in a hidden dell in the summertide. He hears the strife of two birds, at times soft, then rising to shrillness. The nightingale is perched upon the bough of a fair beech tree. All around her are flowers, mingled with blades of grass and green sedge. Skillful is her song, and sweet; one would have thought it came from harp or pipe rather than from a bird's throat. On an old stump, covered with ivy, is the owl. The nightingale pours scorn upon her ugly companion: she cannot sing, knowing that he is near by; his ugliness is manifold. All birds hate him; even the titmouse would gladly tear him to pieces. She gives details about his ugly bill, his staring eyes, his hatred of light, sure proof of his evil nature. After this long tirade, the owl replies that her name ought to be "chatterer"; a splint should be put upon her tongue; he himself is a person of silence and dignity, yet on occasion he can sing; his voice is bold, not weak; it rings like a great horn. So the debate proceeds, witty, clever in characterization, and interesting despite its twelve hundred lines.


AN ILLUSTRATION FROM A BESTIARY

Lyrics. Our review of Old and Middle English poetry has had little to say about the lyric. Narratives, both prose and verse, are older than poems which express an emotion or a mood. In a poetic narrative, the writer or singer expresses what he sees or imagines; the theme and its subject-matter lie outside the poet's self. He reports the feelings of others; he may feel sympathetically the emotions which he describes, but they are not in the strict sense his own feelings. In the lyric, on the other hand, we have a song expressing the thought or feeling of the singer. It is subjective, not objective. It is commonly composed in stanzas, because the stanza supplies the words for a short paragraph fitted to a single melody completely sung, but which may be repeated as often as desired. It is true that we have spoken of the minstrels who sang at Hrothgar's feast or who sang of Roland before Duke William at Senlac. But their songs were narrative chants rather than the repetition of a single melody such as we associate with the idea of a song. The older English poetry is filled with lyric elements, as in the elegies or dirges of which we have read. But the lyric in the narrower sense of a group of song-stanzas, with rime and refrain, fitted to a special melody which completes it, is a form of poetry that developed in England very slowly. From Chaucer's time there have come down to us a few lyrics of great beauty: the various spring songs, of which the charming "Cuckoo" is perhaps the best known; love-songs like the one called "Alysoun"; and many lyrics addressed to Christ and the Virgin. Chaucer himself wrote exquisite lyrics, imitations, some of them, of French lyrics of his time.


Sumer iſ icumen in · Lhude ſing cuccu · Groweþ ſed and bloweþ
Perſpice xpicola · que dignacio · celicus agrico—
med and ſpringþ þe wde nu · Sing cuccu Awe bleteþ after
la pro uitis vicio · filio — non parcens exposu-
lomb lhouþ after calue cu · Bulluc ſterteþ · bucke uerteþ
it mortis exicio — Qui captiuos semiuiuos

BARS FROM "CUCKOO"

Life in Chaucer's England

With all this literature—romance, religious allegory and homily, beast epic and fable, and much more besides—Chaucer was familiar. To his reading of this native English or Anglo-Norman literature he added a knowledge of French and Italian poetry and prose, thus bringing to the formation of his poetic style a great variety of themes, methods of treatment, and ideas of literary art. But before we take up his work in detail we need to get a view of the poet in relation to the time in which he lived.

Political and Social Conditions. When Geoffrey Chaucer was born, about 1340, the third Edward was king of England. Only a few years earlier, in 1328, the independence of Scotland had been acknowledged, fruit of the victory at Bannockburn. After the naval victory of Sluys (1340), Edward laid claim to the French throne, and the brilliant successes of Crécy (1346) and Calais (1347) made memorable the first decade of the poet's life. In the temporary peace which followed, English court life was brilliant with splendid entertainments at which knights and ladies and even priests frolicked in gay dress. Amid the revels the gaunt specter of the Black Death stalked unceasingly, until (1349) nearly two-thirds of England's population had perished. Then to the fresh troubles with Scotland and with France was added social discontent, culminating in riot and rebellion. Repeated visitations of the plague fanned this discontent to fury. The *Vision of Piers Plowman* (1362), appealing to the peasants by its incisive attacks upon the corrupt clergy and its crisp use of the imagery of the field; the eloquence of Wyclif, and the pitiable condition of the brain-sick monarch, all added fuel to the flame. In 1381 many outrages were committed on the landed estates of the nobility, and murder became a commonplace. A hundred thousand men, led by Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, crowded the highways leading to London. The young Richard, who had come to the throne four years previously, conferred with his subjects. But the relief he promised was long in coming; the leaders of the peasants were executed, and even Wyclif was forced into retirement until his death, in 1384.

London. The capital of the country was far from being a modern city. The streets were in wretched condition; there were no footpaths or walks, and the road was raised in the middle to allow the filth to run into the ditches at the sides. For obvious reasons no one was allowed on the streets after curfew, and on the highways in the country travel was so dangerous, because of the bands of robbers, that people often went by circuitous routes, over almost impassable roads. In London huge signs were everywhere, always at least nine feet above the narrow roadway in order to allow men on horseback free passage. The stores were commonly in small booths on the outside of the houses. Recently it had become the custom to add a second story, called a "solar," to the one room which in former times had constituted the house; this was used as a sleeping apartment, and was reached by a wooden or stone stair on the outside of the building. Sanitary conditions were bad enough, although pigs had recently been excluded from the streets. Filth diseases were common.

"Merry England." Yet in spite of bad roads, insanitary methods of living, terrible pestilences, and social discontent, it was a "merry England." The religious dramas, produced at important centers, attracted thousands of spectators. Often they introduced bits of comedy, based on English life, and these were appreciated quite as much as the more serious portions of the plays. More frivolous amusement was supplied by a motley crowd of peddlers, mountebanks, jugglers, and quack doctors. On holidays the village green was filled with countrymen who gave eager ear to the harangues of some dealer in medicinal herbs, who claimed to have a panacea for all diseases. Medicines were administered with great ceremony; to be most effective they were to be taken on holy ground, while the patient was repeating psalms and paternosters, and, if possible, were to be drunk out of a church bell. Chaucer's physician was an astrologer, careful of his "hours" and the "ascendent of his ymages." Even so great a man as John of Gaddesden, who was royal physician under Edward II, claimed to cure smallpox by wrapping his patient in red cloths and putting him on a red couch. The same learned man used such remedies as crickets and beetles, mixed with oil and pounded into a lotion.

Summary. To sum up, Chaucer's England was a nation just finding itself, composed of men and women eager to take part in adventurous deeds or to hear wonders from strange lands. It was an England torn by the dissensions and struggles which nearly always accompany a sudden and important development of national life. It suffered grievously in the efforts to establish habits of living suited to the rapidly increasing population, but it was, after all, an England fond of amusement and ready to develop means for the entertainment it craved. It drew away from the chivalric romances that no longer expressed the life of the people, and set about creating a new literature. To this literature Geoffrey Chaucer contributed no small part.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1066–1380)

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
		1066.	William crowned
1100–1200.	Chronicles	1100.	Henry I. Charter
		1135ff.	Tournaments
		1170.	Murder of Thomas à Becket
		1199.	John
1200–1300.	Metrical Romances		
		1215.	Magna Charta
		1264.	Oxford (Merton College) founded
		1240–1280.	*Romance of the Rose*
1300–1400.	Religious dramatic cycles		
		1321.	Dante died
1325.	Gower born		
1340?	Chaucer born		
		1346.	Crécy
		1349.	Black Death
		1380.	Wyclif's *Bible*

SELECTIONS FROM MIDDLE ENGLISH LITERATURE

From PIERS THE PLOWMAN

William Langland (?)

From THE PROLOGUE

In a summer season, when soft was the sun,
I arrayed myself in a garment, as if I were a shepherd;
In habit of a hermit, unholy of works,
Went I wide in this world, wonders to hear;
But on a May morning on Malvern Hills
To me befell a marvel, of enchantment, methought.
I was weary of wandering and went me to rest
Under a broad bank by a brookside;
And as I lay and leaned and looked on the waters,
I slumbered in a sleeping, it whispered so merrily.
Then did I dream a marvelous dream,
That I was in a wilderness, wist I not where;
And as I beheld into the east, on high to the sun,
I saw a tower on a hill-top skillfully made;
A deep dale beneath, a dungeon therein,
With a deep ditch and dark, and dreadful of sight.
A fair field full of folk found I there between,
Of all manner of men, the mean and the rich,
Working and wandering, as the world requireth.
Some put them to the plow, and played full seldom,
In setting and sowing labored full hard,
And won what these wasters with gluttony destroy.
And some put themselves to pride, appareled them accordingly,
In fashion of clothing came disguised.
To prayer and to penance put themselves many;
For love of our Lord lived they full hard,
In hope to have the bliss of heaven's kingdom;
As anchorites and hermits that hold themselves in cells,
Covet not in the country to roam about,
With luxurious food their body to please.
And some chose trade, to prosper the better,
As it seems to our sight that such men thrive,
And some mirth to make, as minstrels can,
And get gold with their glee, guiltless, I trow.
But jesters and buffoons, Judas's children,
Found for themselves fantasies and of themselves made fools,
And have their wits at command, to work if they will. . .
Askers and beggars fast about flitted,
Till their bags and their bellies brimful were crammed;
Feigned for their food, fought at the alehouse;
In gluttony, God wot, go they to bed
And rise up with ribaldry, these robber rascals;
Sleep and sloth follow them ever.
Pilgrims and palmers pledge themselves together
To seek the shrine of Saint James and saints at Rome;
Went forth in their way with many wise tales,
And had leave to lie all their lives after. . .
Parsons and parish priests complain to their bishops
That their parish hath been poor since the pestilence time,
And ask leave and license at London to dwell
To sing there for simony, for silver is sweet.
There lingered a hundred in hoods of silk,
Sergeants, it seemed, to serve at the bar;

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5. **Malvern Hills,** in Worcestershire. 6. **methought,** it seemed to me. 12. **wist,** knew.

28. **anchorites,** the most extreme of the religious recluses. 34. **trow,** trust. 41. **wot,** knows. 44. **palmer,** a pilgrim to the Holy Land, who brought back a palm leaf as a token of his visit. 45. **shrine of Saint James,** in Spain. 51. **sing for simony,** chant prayers for pay only.

Plead at the law for pence and for pounds,
Not for love of Our Lord unloose their lips once.
Thou mightest better measure the mist on Malvern Hills
Than get mum of their mouth till money be shown.
I saw there bishops bold and bachelors of divinity
Become clerks of account, the king for to serve;
Archdeacons and deans, that dignity have
To preach to the people and poor men to feed,
Have run to London, by leave of their bishops,
To be clerks of the King's Bench, the country to injure.
Barons and burgesses, and bondmen also,
I saw in that assembly, as ye shall hear hereafter.
Bakers, butchers, and brewers many,
Woolen weavers, and weavers of linen,
Tailors, tanners, and cloth-finishers, too,
Masons, miners, and many other crafts,
Ditchers and delvers, that do their work ill,
And drive forth the long day with "Dieu vous sauve, Dame Emma."
Cooks and their boys cry, "Hot pies, hot!"
"Good geese and pigs, go dine, go dine!"
Taverners to them told the same tale
With good wine of Gascony and wine of Alsace,
Of Rhine and of Rochelle, the roast to digest.
All this I saw sleeping, and seven times more.

From PASSUS VI

Now ride these folk, and walk on foot
To seek that saint in strange lands.
But there were few men so wise that knew the way thither;
They blustered forth as beasts, over valleys and hills;
For while they went after their own will, they went all amiss,
Till it was late and long, when they a man met,
Appareled as a palmer, in pilgrim's weeds.
He bore a staff, bound round with broad cloth,
In woodbine wise twisted around.
A bag and a bowl he bore by his side;
A hundred vials on his hat were set,
Signs of Sinai and shells of Galicia;
Many a cross on his cloak, and the keys of Rome,
And the vernicle in front, that men should him know,
And see by his signs whom he had sought.
These folk asked him fairly from whence he came.
"From Sinai," he said, "and from the Sepulcher;
From Bethlehem and Babylon, I have been in both;
In India and Assisi, and in many other places.
Ye may see by my signs that sit on my hat
That I have walked full wide, in wet and in dry,
And sought good saints for my soul's health."
"Knowest thou at all a saint that men call Truth?
Canst thou show us the way to where he dwelleth?"
"Nay, so God help me," said the man then,
"Saw I never palmer with pikestaff nor with scrip
Seek after him before now in this place."
"Peter!" quoth a plowman, and put forth his head,
"I know him as naturally as a scholar his books;
Clean conscience and wit showed me to his place,
And did bind me afterwards to serve him forever,
Both to sow and to set, while I work might.
I have been his follower these fifteen winters,
Both sowed his seed and followed his beasts,
And also cared for his corn and carried it to house,
Ditched and delved, and done what he ordered,

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57. **mum of**, a sound from. 71. **Dieu vous sauve, etc.**, "God save you," a popular song of the time. 75, 76. **Gascony, Rochelle**, in France.

Passus VI. 2. **saint**, Saint Truth. 7. **weeds**, clothes.

8. **broad cloth**, i. e., a broad strip of cloth. 11. **vials**, sacred vials. 12. **Sinai**, the mountain on which Moses received the ten commandments. **of Galicia**, from the shrine of St. James, in Galicia, Spain. 14. **vernicle**. See note 3 on this poem, page 46. 16. **fairly**, plainly. 19. **Assisi**, a town in Italy, the birthplace of St. Francis. 26. **scrip**, wallet. 35. **corn**, grain.

Within and without watched his profits;
Among these people there is no servant he loves more,
For, though I say it myself, I serve him acceptably,
I have my hire of him well, and sometimes more;
He is the promptest payer that poor men know;
He withholds from no servant his hire that he hath it not at even.
He is as lowly as a lamb, lovely of speech;
And if ye will wit where he dwelleth
I will show you well the right way to his place."
"Yea, dear Piers," said these pilgrims, and proffered him hire.
"Nay, by the peril of my soul," quoth Piers, and began to swear,
"I would not finger a farthing for Saint Thomas's shrine.
Truth would love me the less a great while after.
But ye that wend to him, this is the way thither."

From THE GOSPEL OF MATHEU

John Wyclif

And Jhesus, seynge the puple, wente up into an hil; and whanne he was set, hise disciplis camen to hym. And he openyde his mouth, and taughte hem, and seide, "Blessed ben pore men in spirit, for the kyngdom of hevenes is herne. Blessed ben mylde men, for thei schulen welde the erthe. Blessid ben thei that mornen, for thei schulen be coumfortid. Blessid ben thei that hungren and thristen rightwisnesse, for thei schulen be fulfillid. Blessid ben merciful men, for thei schulen gete merci. Blessid ben thei that ben of clene herte, for thei schulen se God. Blessid ben pesible men, for thei schulen be clepid Goddis children. Blessid ben thei that suffren persecusioun for rightfulnesse, for the kingdam of hevenes is herne. Ye schulen be blessid, whanne men schulen curse you, and schulen pursue you, and shulen seie al yvel ayens you liynge, for me. Joie ye and be ye glad, for youre meede is plentevouse in hevenes; for so thei han pursued also profetis that weren bifor you. Ye ben salt of the erthe; that if the salt vanysche awey, whereynne schal it be saltid? To no thing it is worth overe, no but that it be cast out, and be defoulid of men. Ye ben light of the world; a citee set on an hil may not be hid; ne me teendith not a lanterne, and puttith it undur a busschel, but on a candilstike, that it yyve light to alle that ben in the hous. So schyne youre light before men, that thei se youre goode werkis, and glorifie youre Fadir that is in hevenes. Nil ye deme that Y cam to undo the lawe or the profetis; Y cam not to undo the lawe, but to fulfille. Forsothe Y seie to you, til hevene and erthe passe, o lettir or o titel shal not passe fro the law, til alle thingis be doon. Therfor he that brekith oon of these leeste maundementis, and techith thus men, schal be clepid the leste in the rewme of hevenes; but he that doith and techith schal be clepid greet in the kyngdom of hevenes.

From THE PEARL

O pearl, for princes' pleasure wrought,
In lucent gold deftly to set,
Never from orient realms was brought
Its peer in price, I dare say, yet.
So beautiful, so fresh, so round,
So smooth its sides, so slender shown,
Whatever gems to judge be found
I needs must set it apart, alone.
But it is lost! I let it stray

---

44. **will wit**, wish to know. 48. **Saint Thomas**, Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, murdered in the cathedral in 1170. His shrine at Canterbury became the resort of many pilgrims. 50. **wend**, would go.

The Gospel of Matheu. 1. **seynge**, seeing. 5. **ben**, are. 7. **herne**, theirs. 8. **welde**, rule. 11. **rightwisnesse**, after righteousness. 12. **fulfillid**, filled. 17. **clepid**, called. 23. **yvel**, evil. **ayens**, against. 24. **Joie**, rejoice. 25. **meede**, reward. 26. **han**, have. 30. **overe**, besides. **no but**, except. 34. **me**, men. **teendith**, light. 36. **yyve**, give. 37. **schyne**, i.e., let shine. 40. **Nil**, do not. **deme**, think. 44. **o**, one. 45. **titel**, tittle. 47. **maundementis**, commandments. 49. **clepid**, called. **rewme**, kingdom.

Down through the grass in an arbor-plot.
With love's pain now I pine away,
Lorn of my pearl without a spot. . . .

Since in that spot it slipped from my hand,
Oft have I lingered there and yearned
For joy that once my sorrows banned
And all my woes to rapture turned.
Truly my heart with grief is wrung,
And in my breast there dwelleth dole;
Yet never song, methought, was sung
So sweet as through that stillness stole.
O tide of fancies I could not stem!
O fair hue fouled with stain and blot!
O mold, thou marrest a lovely gem,
Mine own, own pearl without a spot.

Once to that spot I took my way
And passed within the arbor green.
It was mid-August's festal day,
When the corn is cut with sickles keen.
The mound that did my pearl embower
With fair, bright herbage was o'erhung,
Ginger and gromwell and gillyflower,
And peonies sprinkled all among.
Yet if that sight was good to see,
Goodlier the fragrance there begot
Where dwells that one so dear to me,
My precious pearl without a spot.

Then on that spot my hands I wrung,
For I felt the touch of a deadly chill,
And riotous grief in my bosom sprung,
Though reason would have curbed my will.
I wailed for my pearl there hid away,
While fiercely warred my doubts withal,
But though Christ showed where comfort lay,
My will was still my sorrow's thrall.
I flung me down on that flowery mound,
When so on my brain the fragrance wrought
I sank into a sleep profound,
Above that pearl without a spot.

Then from that spot my spirit soared.
My senses locked in slumber's spell,
My soul, by grace of God outpoured,
Went questing where his marvels dwell.
I know not where that place may be,
I know 'twas by high cliffs immured,
And that a forest fronted me,
Whose radiant slopes my steps allured.
Such splendor scarce might one believe—
The goodly glory wherewith they shone;
No web that mortal hands may weave
Has e'er such wondrous beauty known. . . .

Yes, beautiful beyond compare,
The vision of that forest-range
Wherein my fortune bade me fare—
No tongue could say how fair, how strange.
I wandered on as one entranced;
No bank so steep as to make me cower;
And the farther I went the brighter danced
The light on grass and tree and flower.
Hedgerows there were, and paths, and streams
Whose banks were as fine threads of gold,
And I stood on the strand and watched the gleams
Of one that downward in beauty rolled.

Dear Lord, the beauty of that fair burn!
Its beryllíne banks were bright as day,
And singing sweetly at every turn
The murmuring waters took their way.
On the bottom were stones a-shimmer with light
As gleams through glass that waver and leap,
Or as twinkling stars on a winter night
That watch in heaven while tired men sleep.
For every pebble there that laved
Seemed like a rare and radiant gem;
Each pool was as with sapphires paved,
So lustrous shone the beauty of them. . . .

Then longing seized me to explore
The farther margin of that stream,
For fair as was the hither shore
Far fairer did the other seem.
About me earnestly I sought
To find some way to win across,
But all my seeking availed me naught;
There was no ford; I stood at loss.
Methought I must not daunted dwell
In sight of such a blissful goal,
When lo, a strange thing there befell
That still more deeply stirred my soul.

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15. **banned**, banished. 28. **corn**, grain.

More wonder still my soul to daze!
I saw beyond that lowly stream
A crystal cliff refulgent raise
Its regal height, and, dazzling, gleam.
And at its foot there sat a child,
A gracious maid, and debonair,
All in a white robe undefiled—
Well had I known her otherwhere.
As glistening gold men use to spin,
So shone that glory the cliff before.
Long did I drink her beauty in,
And longed to call to her evermore. . . .

But more than my longing was now my fright;
I stood quite still; I durst not call;
With eyes wide open and lips shut tight,
I stood as quiet as hawk in hall.
I weened it was some spectral shape;
I dreaded to think what should ensue
If I should call her and she escape
And leave me only my plight to rue.
When lo, that gracious, spotless may,
So delicate, so soft, so slight,
Uprose in all her queenly array,
A priceless thing in pearls bedight.

Pearl-dight in royal wise, pardie,
One might by grace have seen her there,
When all as fresh as a fleur-de-lis
Adown the margent stepped that fair.
Her robe was white as gleaming snow,
Unclasped at the sides and closely set
With the loveliest margarites, I trow,
That ever my eyes looked on yet.
Her sleeves were broad and full, I ween,
With double braid of pearls made bright.
Her kirtle shone with as goodly sheen,
With precious pearls no less bedight. . .

Pearl-dight, that nature's masterpiece
Came down the margent, stepping slow;
No gladder man from here to Greece
When by the stream she stood, I trow.
More near of kin than aunt or niece,
She made my gladness overflow;
She proffered me speech—O heart's release!—
In womanly fashion bending low;
Caught off her crown of queenly show
And welcomed me as a maiden might.
Ah, well that I was born to know
And greet that sweet one pearl-bedight!

"O pearl," quoth I, "all pearl-bedight,
Art thou my Pearl, the Pearl I mourn
And long for through the lonely night?
In weariness my days have worn
Since thou in the grass didst slip from sight.
Pensive am I, heart-sick, forlorn—
While thou hast won to pure delight
In Paradise, of sorrow shorn.
What fate has hither my jewel borne
And left me beggared to moan and cry?
For since we twain asunder were torn,
A joyless jeweler am I."

That jewel then, with gems o'erspread,
Upturned her face and her eyes gray,
Replaced the crown upon her head,
And thus my longing did allay:
"Oh, sir, thou hast thy tale misread
To say thy pearl is stolen away,
That is so safely casketed
Here in this garden bright and gay,
Herein forever to dwell and play
Where comes not sin nor sorrow's blight.
Such treasury wouldst thou choose, parfay,
Didst thou thy jewel love aright."

THE CUCKOO

Sumer is i-cumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu;
Groweth sed and bloweth mede,
And springeth the wde nu,
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu.
Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thou nauer nu.
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

---

117. **may**, maid. 120. **bedight**, adorned. 124. **margent**, bank of the stream. 127. **margarite**, pearl.

167. **parfay**, in faith.

The Cuckoo. 2. **Lhude**, loud. 3. **sed**, seed. **mede**, meadow. 4. **wde**, wood. **nu**, now. 6. **Awe**, ewe. 7. **Lhouth**, loweth. 8. **sterteth**, leaps. **verteth**, gambols. 9. **Murie**, merry. 10. **thu**, thou. 11. **Ne swik**, etc., nor cease thou ever now.

From ALYSOUN

Bytuene mersh and averil,
When spray beginneth to springe,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge.
Ich libbe in love longinge
For semlokest of alle thinge.
He may me blisse bringe;
Icham in hire baundoun.
An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,
From alle wymmen mi love is lent
And lyht on Alysoun.

From SPRINGTIME

Lenten ys come with love to toune
With blosmen and with briddes roune;
That al this blisse bryngeth.
Dayes-eyes in this dales;
Notes suete of nyghtegales;
Uch foul song singeth.
The threstelcoc him threteth oo;
Away is huere wynter woo,
When woderoue springeth.
This foules singeth ferly fele,
And wlyteth on huere wynter wele,
That al the wode ryngeth.

ROUNDEL

Geoffrey Chaucer

*Qui bien aime, a tard oublie**

"Now welcom, somer, with thy sonne softe,
That has this wintres wedres overshake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake."

Seynt Valentine, that art ful hye on lofte,
Thus singen smale foules for thy sake:
"Now welcom, somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres wedres overshake."

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;
Ful blisful may they singen, when they
wake:
"Now welcom, somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres wedres overshake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake."

1. **mersh**, March. 3. **lutel foul**, little bird. 4. **On hyre lud**, in her language. 5. **Ich libbe**, I live. 6. **semlokest**, loveliest. 7. **He**, she. 8. **Icham**, I am. **baundoun**, power. 9. **An hendy hap**, etc., a delightful piece of luck I have experienced. 10. **Ichot**, I know. 11. **lent**, taken away. 12. **lyht**, has alighted.

Springtime. 1. **Lenten**, spring. 2. **briddes roune**, birds' song. 4. **this**, these. 5. **suete**, sweet. 6. **Uch foul**, each bird. **song**, i.e., a song. 7. **threstelcoc**, thrush; **him threteth oo**, urges them ever on. 8. **huere**, their. **woo**, woe. 9. **woderoue**, woodruff, a sweet-scented herb. 10. **This**, these. **ferly fele**, wonderfully many. 11. **wlyteth**, etc., look back on their winter condition.

Roundel. ***Qui bien aime**, etc., he who loves well is slow to forget. 2. **wedres**, literally, weather; here, storms. **overshake**, overcome. 4. **on lofte**, above. 5. **foules**, birds. 8. **han**, have. **gladen**, rejoice. 9. **make**, mate.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Piers the Plowman

Explanatory Notes. 1. The first selection is from the Prologue. In the first canto of the poem, the author explains the meaning of the mountain, the dale, and the fair field full of folk. A lovely lady, clothed in linen, tells him that most people care for nothing but honor; they are all busy about vanity. Truth is in the tower on the hill; the dungeon belongs to Care. The lady's name is Holy Church, guide of men to the hill of Truth. In the next three cantos is the vision of Lady Meed, who represents Reward, sometimes in a good sense, but at other times in the sense of "graft." She is taken prisoner and is to be tried before the king. Various officials visit her, pledge allegiance, and receive gifts. The king offers her in marriage to Conscience, who refuses her. In the fifth canto Conscience preaches to the fair field full of folk. The Seven Deadly Sins acknowledge their guilt; a thousand men press forward, weeping for their sins.

2. The second selection is from the beginning of Passus (Canto) VI. This canto and the two following cantos, which complete the poem, emphasize the virtues of Love, Humility, Chastity, and the like. Many vivid portraits, drawn from life, are given. Piers will not show the way to these various searchers for Truth until he has completed his plowing. Each man must work in his own rank in society.

Questions and Topics. 1. The translation follows closely the meter and alliteration of the original. Record in your notebook your observations on these two points. What are the differences between the verse and that of *Beowulf?*

2. Note evidences of the poet's observation of everyday life.

3. In the second selection many details are given concerning medieval pilgrimages. For example, the palmer's vials, crosses, and vernicle (a representation of the handkerchief of St. Veronica in Rome) give evidence ("signs") of the shrines he had visited. If you have access to Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life,* prepare a report on medieval pilgrimages. If you cannot get this book, look up "pilgrimage" and "palmer" in a good encyclopedia.

4. What is the poet's opinion of pilgrimages? On what is this opinion based?

The Gospel of Matheu

1. Compare this extract with the King James version (1611) of the fifth chapter of *Matthew,* noting how closely they resemble each other in phraseology. Then compare the passage with that given in a modern version and note differences.

2. The Middle English plural of the verb ended in -n or -en, as in *camen* (line 3). Find other examples. Make any other observations you can concerning Wyclif's language as compared with modern English.

The Pearl

Explanatory Notes. For a discussion of the poem and its significance, see pages 34–35. The selection here given is from the first part of the poem. The original verse and stanza forms are retained in the translation.

Questions and Topics. 1. Describe the stanza: meter, rime, number of lines. Do all lines contain an equal number of syllables? What effects are gained by the variations?

2. Are the stanzas linked in any way?

3. Where is the poet when the dream comes to him? Where does he go, in his dream? Are the nature descriptions based on real scenes or are they imaginary? What do they represent? How do they differ from the nature descriptions in "The Seafarer"?

Cuckoo; Alysoun; Springtime; Roundel

Explanatory Notes. 1. For a discussion of lyric poetry in the Middle English period, see pages 37-38.

2. Pronounce *ou* as in *soup; e* as in *they; a* as in *father; i* as in *machine.* Read the verses so as to bring out the meter. To do this, pronounce all syllables, including final *e,* except that a vowel is to be elided before a following vowel. Thus, in "Springtime," line 4 is scanned:

′ × | ′ × |′ × | ′ × |
Dayes|-eyes|in this|dales.|

Again, in Chaucer's "Roundel," "sonne" is dissyllabic, as also "foules," and "longe." Exceptions are met occasionally. For example, a long word or a phrase may be slurred or pronounced hastily, as "beginneth" ("Alysoun," line 2), which is scanned "beginth," and "driven away" ("Roundel," line 3).

3. The roundel is a French lyric form constructed according to a definite pattern. The first three lines give the theme, or motif. Two of them are repeated at the end of the second stanza, and all three at the end of the third stanza.

CHAPTER III

CHAUCER'S LIFE AND WORK

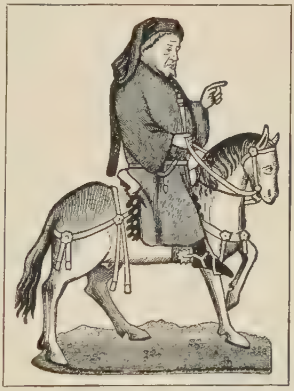
Chaucer's Active Life.

Chaucer the Poet: His Learning—The Early Works—Italian Influences—*The Legend of Good Women*—*The House of Fame.*

The Canterbury Tales: The Plan of the *Canterbury Tales*—The Prologue—The Pilgrimage.

Summary: His Vitality—His View of Life.

Chaucer's Active Life. Chaucer was both literary man and courtier. On the one hand he was a poet; on the other a diplomat, controller of the king's customs, and clerk of the king's works. Born about 1340 in London, he received what education his parents were able to give him in that city. There are few records of his early life. In 1359 he was in France, armed as an esquire, and was taken prisoner by the French. The following year he was ransomed by the king for £16. Since by 1366 he seems to have been receiving a small annuity from the king, he probably spent the intervening years in the royal service. By 1366, also, he was apparently married to the sister of Katherine Swinford, at one time governess to the children of John of Gaunt and later his wife. Some time after this he was promoted to the rank of Esquire in the King's Household.



From the Ellesmere MS.

CHAUCER

During the next few years Chaucer lived a busy life, with considerable travel, and with many marks of favor from the king. In 1372 he was one of three commissioners sent to Genoa to arrange for the establishment somewhere on the English coast of a market to which Italian merchants might bring goods for trade. Two years later he took a lease of a property above the gate of Aldgate, became Controller of the Custom and Subsidy of Wools, Hides, and Woolfells in the Port of London, and received a life pension from his patron, John of Gaunt. During the next few years he was abroad on missions to Flanders, France, and Italy. The new king, Richard II, confirmed him in his office of Controller of the Petty Customs. A short time after this, he was allowed a deputy for the performance of his duties, so that he gained the leisure that he needed for his literary work. In 1386 he was knight of the shire for Kent.

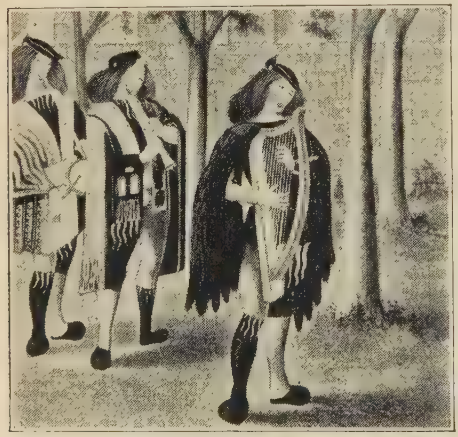
From this brief account it will be seen that Chaucer was what we should today call a successful man of affairs. In his last years he was often in financial difficulties, despite his office of Clerk of the King's Works, to which he was appointed in 1389. His salaries and pensions were not always paid, and when the new king, Henry IV, came to the throne in 1399 Chaucer addressed to him the famous "Compleynt to his Purs," which resulted in a new and larger pension. In the same year he rented a dwelling in the garden of St. Mary's Chapel, but he was not destined to live there very long, for on the 25th of October, 1400, he died.

Such is the outline of Chaucer's busy life, so far as its external relations are concerned. For the most part, our knowledge is based on old account books and government records, meager enough material for reconstructing the biography of one of the greatest of Englishmen. He held honorable positions, and enjoyed the favor of three monarchs and the patronage of one of the most powerful of English nobles. But useful as this life was, it would not merit our study today were it simply the life of Geoffrey Chaucer, sometime Controller of the Customs and Clerk of the King's Works. That which makes every scrap of evidence concerning him interesting to us is a side of his life which no doubt seemed to his friends, perhaps to himself, the least important; for the life and work of Chaucer, like the life and works of every great poet, teach the truth of the saying of Spenser:

For deeds doe die, however noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye.

CHAUCER THE POET

His Learning. It is probable that Chaucer had very little formal schooling. He entered upon his career as a courtier when he was very young. But this does not mean that he was a man of little learning; nothing could be further from the truth. In one of his later poems he speaks half-humorously of his habit, when his day's work in the office was done, of going home and sitting over his books as though he were a hermit. He was well versed in the science of his time, as references in his poems bear witness. His acquaintance with theological matters ranged from the "Sermon Books," or collections of *exempla,* to the most abstruse works. He translated a book entitled *The Consolations of Philosophy,* by the Roman senator Boethius, one of the most influential books of the Middle Ages. His works everywhere show acquaintance with the historians accounted authoritative in his day. He knew well the chief Latin authors, and the romances and other forms of literature popular in his time. In his first writings he was influenced by French models, and he knew personally some talented writers of that country. With the works of the great Italian writers, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, he was acquainted, though his knowledge of them was by no means complete.

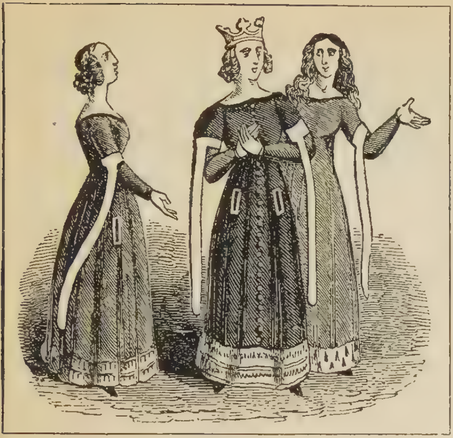


From a MS. of The Romance of the Rose

MINSTRELS

The Early Works. Chaucer's earliest poems show that he was studying the style and verse forms of contemporary French poets. He also translated the famous allegorical romance *Le Roman de la Rose.* This poem, as we have seen, exerted great influence because of its allegory of love, its use of a dream as the basis for a fanciful and highly elaborated vision, and its debates on love and courtship. In original poems, Chaucer showed the influence of this work on his own poetry. *The Boke of the Duchess,* cast in the form of a dream, is one of the few works by him that can be definitely dated, for it was written to commemorate the death of the wife of his patron, John of Gaunt, which took place in 1369.

Italian Influences. We may pass over several minor writings in order to consider a group of poems which did much to establish Chaucer's fame. Most of these are influenced by contemporary Italian writings. The first is *Troilus and Criseyde,* written somewhere between 1375 and 1385, a long and very dramatic poem based on an Italian work by Boccaccio, but two-thirds of it Chaucer's own. In 1382 he wrote *The Parlement of Foules,* in honor of the betrothal of Anne of Bohemia to Richard II. The poem shows the influence of Dante and Boccaccio, and is cast in the



WOMEN'S COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD

form of a dream, but it is also distinguished because of the appearance in it of Chaucer's genial humor. As the title indicates, the poem deals with an assembly of birds, on St. Valentine's Day, to choose their mates.

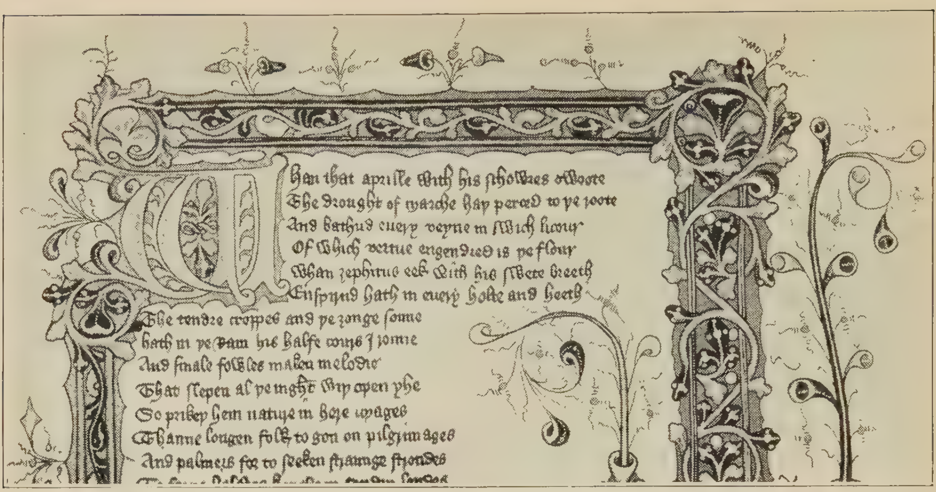
The Legend of Good Women. Legend, in the Middle Ages, referred to a story about a saint. Some time after 1382 Chaucer wrote a poem called *The Legend of Good Women.* The saints in this poem are those who are faithful to the god of love, and the poem consists of a series of stories about women who were "good" in this special sense. The poet begins by telling us that he loves books above everything else, except in the month of May, when "farewell my book, and my devocioun." He spends a day in the meadows, chiefly in observation of the daisies, and at night returns in a dream to the scenes of the day. The god of love appears, leading by the hand a beautiful woman who wears a crown of daisies. Following her are nineteen ladies scarcely less beautiful than their queen. The god of love reproves Chaucer for having written some things against women, as in his *Troilus,* and commands him to do penance by writing a "glorious legende" in honor of women faithful in love. It will be seen that here Chaucer has used a story-prologue as a frame for a series of distinct narratives, just as he did later in *The Canterbury Tales.*

The House of Fame. Before we pass to a consideration of his greatest work we must mention one other poem. This is *The House of Fame,* written at some time between 1379 and 1384. Once more he uses the dream form; in a vision he is borne to a magical temple on whose walls he sees depicted the story of Troy. Then an eagle bears him to the House of Fame, where the fickle goddess bestows favors without regard to deserts or consistency. To some she grants fame; to others who have performed the same works she refuses the boon. The story is told with a rather cynical humor, a kindly satire that marks the maturity of his style.

THE CANTERBURY TALES

Plan of the Canterbury Tales. Perhaps it was when he was growing tired of his stories of "good" women that Chaucer hit upon the plan of writing a series of tales, with a pilgrimage to Canterbury as the background which was to give them a certain unity. Throughout the medieval period, and long after, collections of tales were immensely popular. The ancient but ever modern *Arabian Nights* is an example of such a collection, united by means of a story frame that tells how the stories came to be related. In Chaucer's time, the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio was widely known, a collection of stories told by a company of Florentine ladies and gentlemen who had fled from the city to escape the plague. In this manner Boccaccio secured the framework for his collection, and bound the tales together by comments and conversation on the part of the listeners.

Thus, in a sense, Chaucer's plan of forming a collection of his favorite stories was merely a literary convention of the time. The novel, as we understand the term, had not yet been invented; it is the greater triumph, therefore, that Chaucer, through his genius, was able to bind together his stories in such a way as to suggest the unity of plot and characterization that we expect in a sustained fiction. We may read with interest almost any of the separate tales, but we shall miss much if we leave out of account the general framework, or plot, which serves to connect the stories. It was a stroke of genius that suggested to



Whan that aprille with his shoures soote
The drought of marche hap perced to ye roote
And bathud every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertue engendred is ye flour
Whan zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Enspired hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes and ye yonge sonne
hath in ye Ram his halfe cours y ronne
And smale fowles maken melodie
That slepen al ye nyght with open yhe
So priketh hem nature in here corages
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes

OPENING LINES FROM A MS. OF THE PROLOGUE

him the idea of describing one of the pilgrimages then so popular, working in the stories as if they were the means of whiling away the tedious hours of travel. By this means he gained an air of reality that is one of the never-failing charms of the *Canterbury Tales*. The work appears to be a transcript from life, and in a sense such is indeed the case.

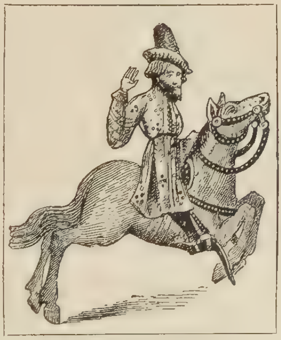
Pilgrimages of every kind were extremely common in Chaucer's time. They were made to satisfy vows taken in order to secure relief from diseases which the soothsayers and physicians could not cure, or in consequence of religious vows, or in expiation of sins. Sometimes, no doubt, such journeys were taken in order to secure change of scene, much as one goes now to the mountains or the seashore. The most famous of English pilgrimages were those to Walsingham and to Canterbury, but many people went to France, to Italy, and to Jerusalem. The student of Shakespeare will recall that Henry IV (the same who increased Chaucer's pension) planned to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem because he felt that he had not secured the crown by legitimate means. Pilgrimage towns were crowded with inns and churches, and the churches were filled with relics reputed to have the power of performing marvelous cures. Rich and poor went on these journeys. Caste distinctions were forgotten; the pilgrimage was a democratic institution.

The Prologue. In the Prologue to the *Tales*, Chaucer tells of a compact entered into by a company of pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket. After they have enjoyed their suppers at the Tabard Inn and have paid their reckonings, their good host, Harry Bailly by name, proposes that they beguile the tedium of the slow journey to Canterbury by telling stories. Each pilgrim was to tell two stories on the way to the shrine and two on the return journey; the host was to be the umpire, and the winner of the contest was to have a fine supper at the Tabard at the expense of the others. This plan, if it had been carried out, would have resulted in a collection of about one hundred and twenty tales; but only twenty-four were written. This number sufficed to cover the journey from London to Canterbury, and thus the collection is not altogether lacking in completeness.

The Pilgrimage. Not long ago an inn was still standing on the site of the Tabard in Southwark (see page 52), and no doubt part of the very road used by the pilgrims is still in use. The start was made at daybreak, and the best of the tales of the first day was the spirited romance told by the Knight about the love of two youths, prisoners of Theseus, for the fair Emily. The next day, entertainment was first provided by the Man of Law, who tells of Constance, of the false accusations directed against her, of wicked mothers-in-law, and of her happiness after she had been tried by suffering. Next the Shipman tells a rather disreputable tale, quite in keeping with his character, and in contrast the Prioress relates a story drawn from church lore and bearing upon the persecutions suffered by the early Christians. Afterwards,

Whan seyd was al this miracle, every man
As sobre was[1] that wonder was to see,
Til that our hoste japen[2] tho[3] bigan,
And than at erst he loked upon me,
And seyde thus, "What man artow?"[4] quod he;
"Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

Approche neer, and loke up merily.
Now war[5] yow, sirs, and lat this man have place;
He in the waast[6] is shape[7] as wel as I;
This were a popet[8] in an arm t'embrace
For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He seemeth elvish[9] by his countenaunce,
For unto no wight[10] dooth he daliaunce."[11]



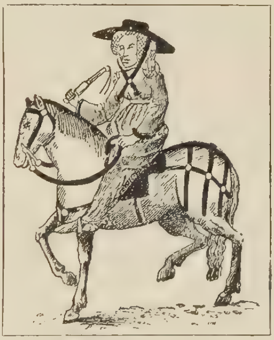
THE MERCHANT

Thus introduced to the company, Chaucer begins a delightful parody on some of the conventional metrical romances of the time, but he is not suffered to proceed; the host bluntly calls it "rym doggerel" and maintains that he does nothing but waste their time. After some protest Chaucer tells a long prose tale about Melibeus and his wife Prudence; after which the Monk recounts a number of "tragedies," or histories of men who fell from prosperity to bad fortune. These are so much alike, and so gloomy, that Harry Bailly once more loses patience and orders the Nun's Priest to entertain the pilgrims. The tale of the cock and the hen follows, and by the time it is ended they are near Rochester, thirty miles from London.

The story-telling is continued by the Pardoner, whose tale is followed by the Wife of Bath's story of a hideous damsel who afterwards became a beautiful maiden. The Friar's tale, next in order, reflects on the character of the Summoner, who retorts in kind. Next comes the tale of the patient Griselda, told by the Clerk, who is followed by the Merchant with the ancient eastern story of January and May. Apparently the next entertainer was the Squire, the one

. . . that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

By the time this story had been told, together with the Franklin's tale of magic and love, and the Second Nun's miracle story, the company had covered five miles since leaving Ospringe, forty-seven miles from London, where the second night had been passed.



THE WIFE OF BATH

The record of the last day is very incomplete. Besides the tales by the Squire, the Franklin, and the Second Nun we have only the stories told by the Yeoman, the Manciple, and the Parson. The Canon, accompanied by his yeoman, joined the company about five miles from Ospringe, but the servant is so talkative about his master's affairs that the Canon flees in shame. Then the coast is clear for the Yeoman's tale of alchemy, which exposes the villainy of his former master. By the time the Manciple has finished his tale of the talking bird, it is about four in the afternoon. The end of the journey is near, and the Parson quite appropriately delivers a homily calculated to bring their minds into a proper frame for the visit to the sacred town.

This hasty survey makes clear how far short Chaucer came of carrying out his

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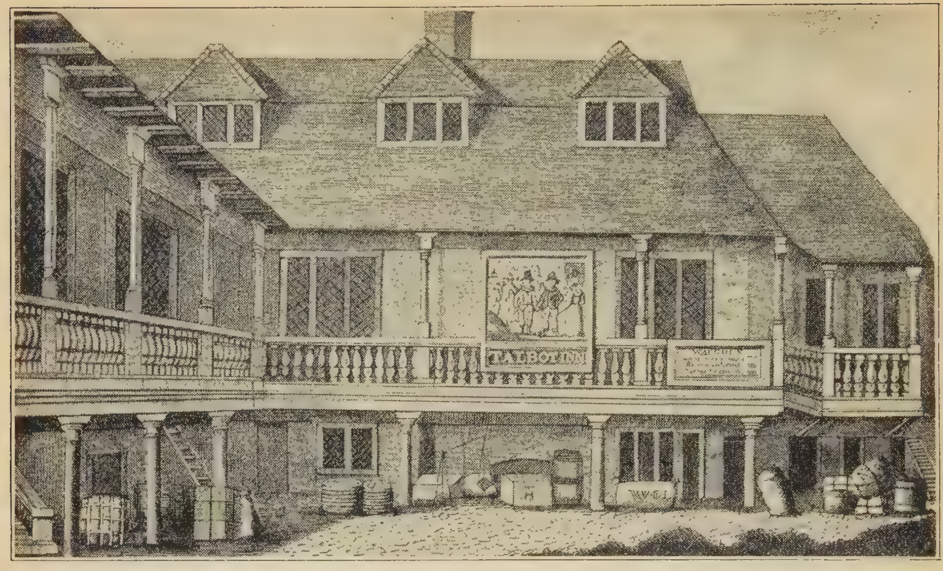
1. **As sobre was**, etc., was so serious that it was wonderful to see them. 2. **japen**, to jest. 3. **tho**, then. 4. **artow**, art thou. 5. **war**, make way. 6. **waast**, waist. 7. **shape**, shaped. 8. **popet**, doll (commonly spoken ironically to one who was corpulent). 9. **elvish**, wrapped in his own thoughts. 10. **wight**, person. 11. **dooth he daliaunce**, does he make jests.

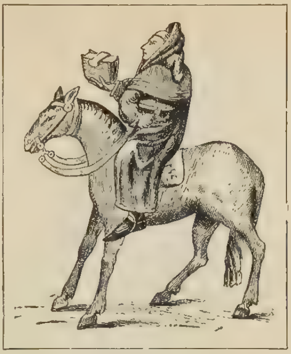

THE TABARD INN (LATER RENAMED THE TALBOT INN)

original design. We do not even have the two tales which each pilgrim was to tell on the way to Canterbury, to say nothing of the return journey. Neither do we have any account of the experiences of the company at the shrine, or any story of the award of the prize and of the supper that was served at the Tabard upon their return. But however incomplete the poem is, we cannot fail to appreciate the perfection of the plan. Through the Prologue and the connecting links we become acquainted with each pilgrim, and since these men and women come from all walks of life, the opportunity for skillful characterization is immense. So vivid are the portraits that it seems impossible not to believe that Chaucer had definite men and women in mind. Nowhere in our literature, before Chaucer's day, had there been such a transcript of actual life. Here was the true democracy toward which England was gradually working. Viewed through the mist of years, the march of the deathless nine and twenty becomes a stately progress. Knight and Squire and Shipman; the fat and complaisant Monk and the garrulous Wife of Bath; that rascally pair, the Summoner and the Pardoner; the meek and lovable Parson of a town—these and many more strike hands in a common fellowship, and they represent, in a way, the England that was to be. We know not their names, save Harry Bailly and the "elvish wight" who tells the story, but for us they live as truly as any characters we ever met in our literary journeyings. Thus to create is to give proof of the highest genius.

Summary

This account of Chaucer's life and work shows how great was the interest that he took in books and life. To an amount of reading, astonishing in extent, he joined keen observation of the life about him, a sense of the infinite variety of human personalities, and an abounding humor. In all these respects, he resembles Shakespeare.

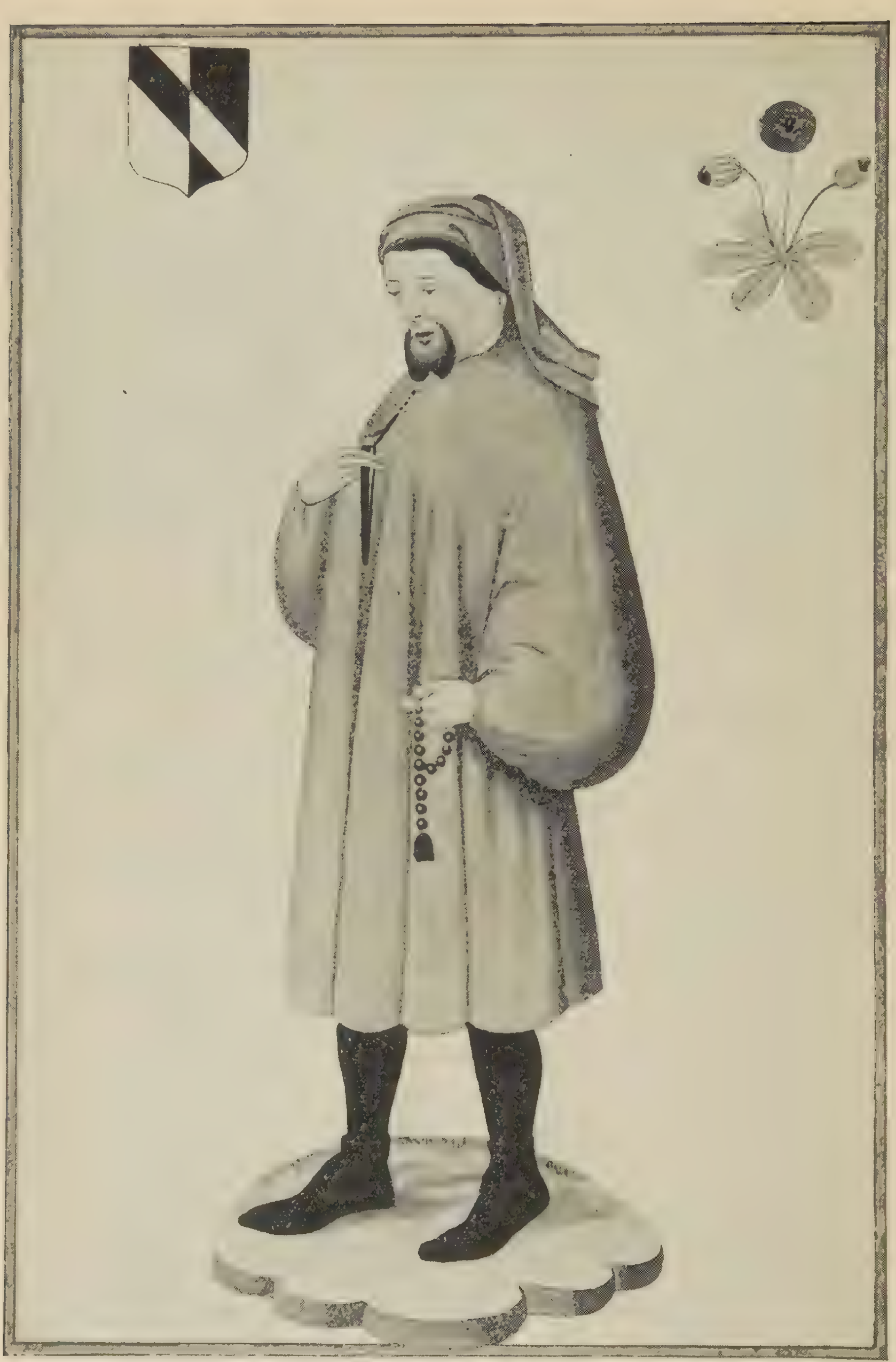
His Vitality. Like all the greatest writers, Chaucer is distinguished for his abounding vitality. He has the most astonishing exuberance. He makes the reader feel that there are no limits to his resources. When he is in full career, ideas and images throng upon him, so that he seems scarcely able to pour them out rapidly enough. Yet this abundant power is thoroughly mastered, after all. One is struck by the ease with which he writes. His very fullness guarantees the absence of strain. In part, his mastery is due to the evenness of his temperament. He has no violent passions; one is almost tempted to say that he never feels very deeply. Passages of genuine pathos, while not altogether wanting, are rare. For the most part, he avoids the tragic. He is the poet of merry England, distinguished for his wholesome and sane view of life.


THE CLERK OF OXFORD

His View of Life. Perhaps it is because of this easy-going temper that he shows so little indignation against the abuses of his day. His keen insight detects the evils in the church, the pretense of caste, the charlatanry of the science of his day; but he has no zeal for reforming the world. He is by no means a Wyclif or a Luther. The Puritans conceived life as a pilgrimage from this world to the next. So did Chaucer, but it is the scenery of the road, not the mysteries of life, in which he is interested. There are many ethical lessons, but they are incidental, to be extracted or left severely alone at the reader's pleasure. He is interested in this world, in its abundant life, in its infinite variety. He looks about him and rejoices, because he sees that life, on the whole, is good.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1327–1400)

ENGLISH LITERATURE	OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
	1327–1377. Edward III
	1338. Beginning of Hundred Years' War with France
1340? Chaucer born	
	1356. English victory at Poitiers
1369. *Boke of the Duchess*	
	1377–1399. Richard II
	1381. Peasants revolt under Wat Tyler
	1382. Winchester Public School founded
1382. *Parlement of Foules*	
1384? *House of Fame*	
1385? *Legend of Good Women*	
	1399. Henry IV chosen by Parliament
1400. Death of Chaucer	



From a portrait in the British Museum

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE PROLOGUE

Geoffrey Chaucer

Here Begynneth the Book of the Tales of Canterbury

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë—
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy, blisful martir for to seke
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke.

Bifel that in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night were come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree,
And eek in what array that they were inne;
And at a knyght than wol I first biginne.

A Knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out he lovede chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne

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1. **Whan that**, when. **shoures soote**, sweet showers. 2. **droghte**, drought. **roote**, root. 3. **swich licour**, such sap. 4. **Of**, by means of. **vertu**, strength. **flour**, flower (subject). 5. **Zephirus**, Zephyr, the west wind. **eek**, also. 6. **Inspired**, quickened. **holt**, wood. 7. **croppes**, twigs, shoots. **yonge**, so called because the sun, whose yearly course was supposed to begin in March, had just completed the first of the twelve signs of the zodiac through which he must pass. This makes the time of the pilgrimage about the middle of April. 8. **Ram**, Aries, the first constellation of the zodiac. **y-ronne**, run. 9. **fowles**, birds. 10. **yë**, eye. 11. **priketh**, incites. **hem**, them. **hir corages**, their hearts. 12. **Than**, then. 13. **palmer**, originally a pilgrim to the Holy Land who brought back a palm leaf as a token of his visit; in Chaucer's day the word meant a pilgrim to any foreign shrine. **straunge strondes**, foreign shores. 14. **ferne halwes**, distant shrines. **couthe**, known. 17. **blisful**, blessed. **martir**. See note on line 48, page 42. **seke**, seek. 18. **seke**, sick. 19. **Bifel**, it happened. 20. **Southwerk**, Southwark, a suburb of London, on the south bank of the Thames; now a part of the city proper. **Tabard**, an inn whose sign was the tabard, a short, sleeveless coat.

22. **corage**, heart. 23. **hostelrye**, inn, lodging-place. 24. **Wel**, full. 25. **aventure**, chance. **y-falle**, fallen. 29. **esed atte beste**, made comfortable in the best manner. 30. **shortly**, to make a long story short. **to reste**, at rest, set. 31. **everychon**, every one. 32. **That**, so that. **of hir felawshipe**, taken into their fellowship. **anon**, at once. 33. **forward**, agreement. 34. **ther as**, where. **devyse**, tell. 37. **acordaunt**, suitable. **resoun**, reason. 38. **condicioun**, character. 40. **whiche they weren**, etc., what sort of people they were and of what rank. 45. **riden out**, ride in search of knightly adventure. 46. **fredom**, liberality. 47. **werre**, war. 48. **ferre**, farther. 49. **hethenesse**, heathendom. 51. **Alisaundre**, Alexandria, taken in 1365. The other campaigns (ll. 54-66) took place a few years earlier. At this time it was a common thing for knights to seek employment in foreign countries which were at war. 52. **bord bigonne**, sat at the head of the table.

Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce;
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree.
In Gernade at the seege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramyssene
In lystes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthy knyght hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
Agayn another hethen in Turkye;
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meeke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray, parfit, gentil knyght.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors weren goode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gipoun
Al bismotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere, and greet of strengthe.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the monthe of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.
So hote he lovede that by nyghtertale
He sleep namore than doth a nyghtingale.
Curteys he was, lowely and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.

A Yeman hadde he, and servaunts namo
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecok arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily,
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly;
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe.)
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharp as poynt of spere;
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by Seynte Loy;

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53. **naciouns**, i.e., the knights of other nations. **Pruce**, Prussia, where the English knights went to fight against the heathen of Lettow and Ruce (Lithuania and Russia, l. 54). 54. **reysed**, campaigned. 55. **degree**, rank. 56. **Gernade**, Granada. **eek**, also. 57. **Algezir**, Algeciras, and **Belmarye**, Moorish kingdoms in northern Africa. 58. **Lyeys**, Ayas, in Armenia. **Satalye**, Adalia, in Asia Minor. 59. **Grete See**, Mediterranean. 60. **armee**, disembarkation of troops. 62. **Tramyssene**, in Asia Minor. 63. **lystes**, lists, i.e., tournaments. 64. **ilke**, same. 65. **Palatye**, in Asia Minor. 66. **Agayn**, against. 67. **sovereyn prys**, great renown. 69. **port**, bearing. 70. **vileinye**, unbecoming word. 71. **no maner wight**, no person of any kind. 72. **verray**, true. 74. **hors**, horses. **gay**, gaily dressed. 75. **gipoun**, short, tight-fitting coat. 76. **bismotered**, spotted. **habergeoun**, coat-of-mail. 77. **viage**, journey. 78. **to doon his pilgrymage**, i.e., in order to give thanks for his safe return. 80. **bacheler**, an aspirant to knighthood. 81. **crulle**, curled. **in presse**, in a mold. 83. **evene lengthe**, medium height. 84. **delyvere**, active. 85. **chivachye**, cavalry expeditions.

86. **Artoys, Picardye**, ancient provinces of France. 87. **as of so litel space**, considering his short experience. 88. **lady**, lady's. 89. **Embrouded**, embroidered. 91. **floyting**, playing on a flute. 95. **endyte**, compose. 96. **Juste**, engage in a tournament. **purtreye**, draw. 97. **hote**, hotly. **nyghtertale**, nighttime. 98. **sleep**, slept. 99. **servisable**, obliging. 100. **carf**, carved. **biforn**, before. 101. **Yeman**, yeoman. **he**, the Knight. **namo**, no more. 102. **him liste**, it pleased him. 104. **pecok arwes**, arrows with peacock's feathers. 105. **thriftily**, neatly. 106. **coude he dresse**, etc., he knew how to keep his implements in order. 107. **lowe**, worn-out. 109. **not-heed**, closely-cropped head. 110. **coude**, knew. 111. **bracer**, arm-guard, to protect the sleeve from the friction of the bowstring. 112. **bokeler**, small shield. 114. **Harneised**, equipped. 115. **Cristofre**, an image of St. Christopher, which was supposed to shield its owner from hidden danger. **shene**, bright. 116. **bawdrik**, belt. 117. **forster**, forester. 119. **coy**, quiet. 120. **Loy**, Eligius (588-689), a bishop of France who had refused to swear by sacred relics. To swear by St. Loy was, therefore, to swear mildly or not at all.

And she was cleped Madame Eglentyne.
Ful well she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she withalle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille upon hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muchel hir lest.
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene
That in hir coppe ther was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous
She wolde wepe if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed,
But sore wepte she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal and therto softe and reed,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed—
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes gauded al with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

Another Nonne with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and Preestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An outridere that lovede venerye;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable;
And whan he rood men mighte his brydel here
Gynglen in a whistling wynd as clere
And eek as loude as doth the chapel belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seynt Maure or of seynt Beneit,
By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen
That seith that hunters been nat holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is recchelees,
Is likned til a fish that is waterlees;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an oystre.
And I seyde his opinioun was good.
What sholde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
Or swynken with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn bit? How shal the world be served?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;

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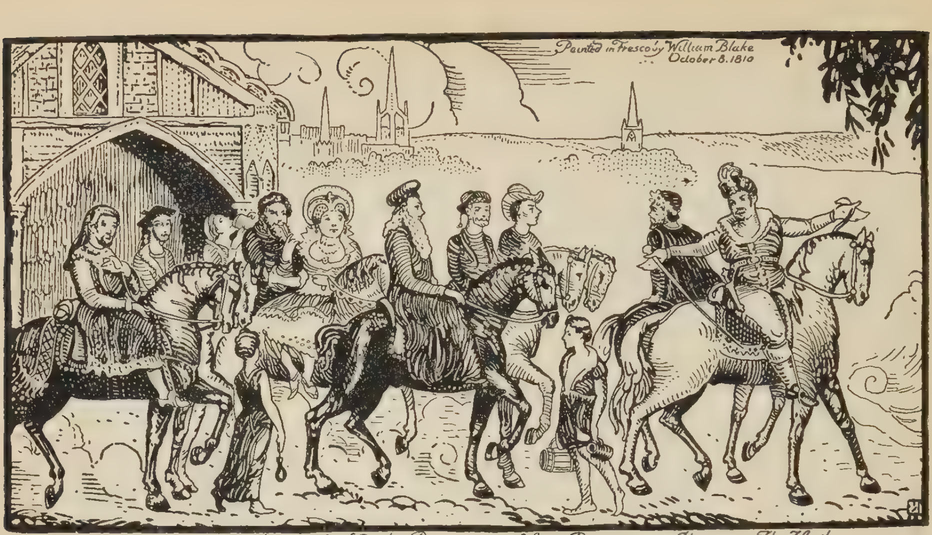
121. **cleped**, called. 124. **fetisly**, neatly, properly. 125. **After the scole**, etc., according to the style in use at the nunnery of Stratford-at-Bow, near London. 127. **mete**, meals. 129. **depe**, deeply. 131. **fille**, fell. 132. **lest**, pleasure. 134. **coppe**, cup. **ferthing**, small portion. 136. **mete**, food. **raughte**, reached. 137. **sikerly**, surely. **of greet disport**, readily amused. 139-40, **peyned hir**, etc., she took pains to imitate the manners of the court. 140. **estatlich**, dignified. 141. **digne**, worthy. 142. **conscience** (three syllables), tenderness. 143. **pitous**, compassionate. 147. **wastel breed**, fine bread. 149. **yerde**, stick. **smerte**, sharply. 151. **wimpel**, covering for head and neck. **pinched**, pleated. 152. **tretys**, shapely. 156. **hardily**, certainly. 157. **fetis**, neat, well-made. **was war**, perceived. 159. **peire of bedes**, etc., string of beads in which every eleventh bead was a large green one (gaud).

162. **Amor vincit omnia**, love conquers all. 165. **fair**, etc., very fine monk, indeed. 166. **outridere**, monk who rode out to inspect property. **venerye**, hunting. 168. **deyntee**, fine. 172. **Ther as**, where. **celle**, a small religious house dependent on a monastery. 173. **Maure, Beneit**, Maur and Benedict, monks of the fourteenth century, from whom came the oldest forms of monastic discipline. 174. **som-del streit**, somewhat strict. 175. **olde thinges**, the "reule" of line 173. **pace**, pass, go. 176. **space**, course. 177. **yaf**, gave. **text**, not a passage in the Bible, but a view of the Church that hunters were not holy men. **pulled**, plucked; it was thought that hens which had lost their feathers would not lay. 179. **recchelees**, neglectful of his vows. 180. **til**, to. 182. **thilke**, that. 184. **What**, why. **wood**, mad, insane. 186. **swynken**, work. 187. **Austyn**, St. Augustine (died 604). **bit**, bade. 189. **pricasour**, hard rider. 190. **fowel**, birds.


Painted in Fresco by William Blake
October 8. 1810

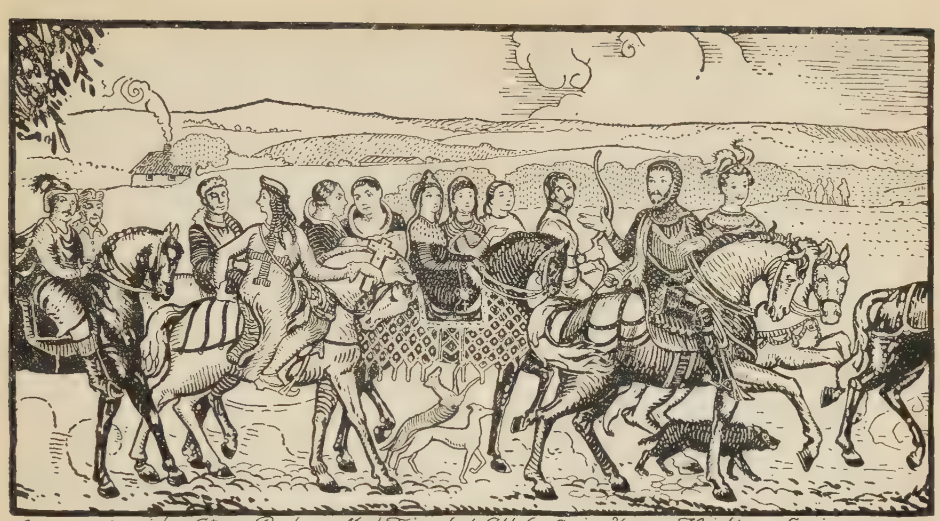
Chaucer: Clerk of Oxenford: Cook: Wife of Bath. Parson: Man of Law: Plowman: Shipman: The Host.

Of priking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh his sleves purfiled at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
And for to festne his hood under his chin,
He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin;
A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he hadde been anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed;
His bootes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certeynly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A Frere ther was, a wantown and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So much of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen at his owne cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns overal in his contree;
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun,
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce;
For unto a povre ordre for to yive
Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive;
For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt;
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may nat wepe althogh him sore smerte.
Therfore, in stede of weping and preyeres,
Men moote yeve silver to the povre freres.
His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
And certeinly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote;
Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun.

191. **priking**, hard-riding. 192. **lust**, pleasure. 193. **seigh**, saw. **purfiled**, trimmed. 194. **grys**, gray fur. 195. **festne**, fasten. 200. **poynt**, condition. 201. **stepe**, bright. 202. **stemed**, etc., glowed like the fire under a caldron (leed). 203. **souple**, supple. **estat**, condition. 205. **for-pyned**, greatly tortured. 208. **Frere**, friar. **wantown**, lively. 209. **lymytour**, friar licensed to beg within certain limits. **solempne**, pompous. 210. **ordres foure**, Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites. **can**, knows. 211. **daliaunce and fair langage**, gossip and flattery.

215. **famulier**, friendly. 216. **frankeleyns**, country gentlemen. **overal**, everywhere. 220. **licentiat**, licensed by the Pope to hear confessions independently of the local clergy. 223. **yeve**, give. 224. **Ther as**, etc., where he knew he could get a good gift (probably of food). 227. **he**, the man (line 226). **he**, the Friar. **dorste**, durst. **avaunt**, boast. 230. **him sore smerte**, he is very repentant. 232. **moote**, ought to. 233. **tipet**, cape. **ay farsed**, always stuffed. 236. **rote**, fiddle. 237. **yeddinges**, songs. **bar utterly the prys**, took the prize.



Sompnour: Manciple: a Citizen: Pardoner: Monk. Friar. Lady Abbess. Squires Yeoman. Knight Squire

He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everich hostiler and tappestere
Bet than a lazar or a beggestere;
For unto swich a worthy man as he
Acorded nat, as by his facultee,
To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce
For to delen with no swich poraille,
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And overal, ther as profit sholde aryse,
Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For thogh a wydwe hadde noght a sho,
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente.
His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.
And rage he coude as it were right a whelpe.
In love-dayes ther coude he muchel helpe.
For ther he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
With a thredbar cope, as is a povre scoler,
But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
That rounded as a belle, out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthy lymytour was cleped Huberd.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye, and hye on horse he sat;
Upon his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sowninge alway thencrees of his winning.
He wolde the see were kept for any thing
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of his governaunce,
With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce.

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241. **hostiler**, innkeeper. **tappestere**, barmaid. 242. **Bet**, better. **lazar**, leper. **beggestere**, beggar woman. 244. **as by his facultee**, considering his dignity. 245. **seke**, sick. 246. **honest**, fitting. **avaunce**, profit. 247. **poraille**, poor folk. 251. **nas**, was not. **vertuous**, energetic. 253. **wydwe**, widow. **sho**, shoe. 254. **In principio**, "In the beginning," the opening words of the Friar's greeting. See *John* i, 1. 256. **purchas**, proceeds from his begging. **rente**, regular income. 257. **rage**, etc., romp as though he were a puppy. 258. **love-dayes**, days on which differences could be settled by an umpire, such as the Friar, out of court. As umpire, or by using his influence, he could turn the decision to his own pecuniary advantage. 260. **cope**, long, semicircular cloak worn by ecclesiastics. 262. **semi-cope**, short cape.

263. **presse**, mold. 264. **lipsed**, lisped. **for his wantownesse**, out of playfulness. 269. **cleped**, called. 271. **motteleye**, motley. 274. **resons**, opinions. 275. **Sowninge**, tending toward. **thencrees**, the increase. 276. **wolde**, etc., would have the sea guarded. **for any thing**, i.e., for fear of anything. 277. **Middelburgh**, a port in the Netherlands. **Orewelle**, a town near the mouth of the river Orwell in England. 278. **coude**, knew how to. **sheeldes**, French crowns. 279. **bisette**, employed. 281. **estatly**, dignified. **governaunce**, management of his affairs. 282. **chevisaunce**, agreement for borrowing money.

For sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto sobrely.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy;
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
On bookes and his lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk, and ful of hy sentence.
Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
That often hadde been at the parvys,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence;
He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse.
Justice he was ful often in assyse,
By patente and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science and for his heigh renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour was nowher noon.
Al was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing mighte nat been infect.
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and doomes alle,
That from the tyme of King William were falle;
Therto he coude endyte, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his wryting;
And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote,
Girt with a ceynt of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye;
Whyt was his berd as is the dayesye;
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sope in wyn.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit
Was verraily felicitee parfit.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Julian he was in his contree.
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;
A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.
Withouten bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breem and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his cook but if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharpe, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway

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284. **noot**, know not. 285. **Clerk**, student, scholar. Chaucer's own love of books and scholarship influences his portrayal of this character. 286. **y-go**, devoted himself. 289. **holwe**, hollow. 290. **overest courtepy**, outer coat. 291. **benefice**, ecclesiastical living. 292. **office**, i.e., secular office. 293. **him was levere have**, he would rather have. 295. **Aristotle** (384-322 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher. 296. **fithele**, fiddle. **sautrye**, psaltery, a kind of harp. 297. **philosophre**. In the Middle Ages the word meant also *alchemist*, one who could turn base metals into gold. 298. **cofre**, coffer. 299. **hente**, get. 301. **gan for the soules preye**, etc., began to pray for the souls of his benefactors. 302. **scoleye**, devote himself to study. 303. **cure**, care. 304. **o**, one. 305. **reverence**, dignity. 306. **sentence**, meaning. 307. **Sowninge in**, tending to. 309. **war**, wary. 310. **parvys**, portico of St. Paul's, in London, a favorite meeting-place for lawyers. 315. **patente**, a legal writing, in which authority to do some act is granted. **pleyn**, full. 316. **For**, because of. **science**, learning. 317. **oon**, a one.

318. **purchasour**, one who transfers the title to property. 319. **Al was fee simple**, etc., if a landed estate were held conditionally by will, he was clever enough to make it appear to be held in "fee simple," i.e., without condition or limitation. 320. **infect**, invalidated. 323. **termes**, exact words. **caas**, cases at law. **doomes**, decisions. 324. **King William**, William the Conqueror (1027-1087). **were falle**, had occurred. 326. **pinche at**, find fault with. 327. **coude he pleyn**, he knew fully. 328. **medlee**, of mixed colors. 329. **ceynt**, girdle. **barres**, ornaments. 331. **Frankeleyn**, a prosperous landowner. 333. **complexioun**, temperament. 334. **by the morwe**, in the morning. **sope in wyn**, fancy bread dipped in wine. 335. **wone**, custom. 336. **Epicurus** (342-270 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher, popularly supposed to have considered pleasure the chief good. 340. **Seynt Julian**, the patron saint of hospitality. 341. **after oon**, according to the same high standard. 342. **envyned**, supplied with wines. 348. **mete**, food. 349. **mewe**, coop. 350. **breem**, bream. **luce**, pike. **stewe**, pond. 351. **but if**, unless. 352. **gere**, utensils. 353. **dormant**, fixed or permanent, a proof of hospitality. At this time, most tables were merely boards thrown across saw-horses and easily removable.

Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire;
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.

An Haberdassher and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Dyere, and a Tapicer—
And they were clothed alle in o liveree,
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked was;
Hir knyves were chaped noght with bras,
But al with silver, wroght ful clene and weel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel.
Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a deys.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply for to been an alderman.
For catel hadde they ynogh and rente,
And eek hir wyves wolde it well assente;
And elles certeyn were they to blame.
It is ful fair to been y-clept *ma dame*,
And goon to vigilyës al bifore,
And have a mantel roialliche y-bore.

A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart, and galyngale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and frye,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shyne a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the beste.

A Shipman was ther, woning fer by weste;
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncy as he couthe,
In a gowne of falding to the knee.
A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer hadde maad his hewe al broun;
And, certeynly, he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe
Fro Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman sleep.
Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,
His herberwe and his moone, his lodemenage,
Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
From Gootlond to the cape of Fynystere,
And every cryke in Britaine and in Spayne;
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik;
In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik
To speke of phisik and of surgerye,
For he was grounded in astronomye.
He kepte his pacient a ful greet del
In houres, by his magik naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.
He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot, or cold, or moiste, or drye,

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355. **sessiouns**, meetings of justices of the peace. 356. **knight of the shire**, member of parliament. 357. **anlas**, knife. **gipser**, purse. 359. **shirreve**, sheriff. **countour**, treasurer. 360. **vavasour**, country gentleman. 362. **Webbe**, weaver. **Tapicer**, upholsterer. 363. **o liveree**, the same manner. 364. **fraternitee**, guild. 365. **hir gere**, their equipment. **apyked**, trimmed. 366. **chaped**, capped, i.e., tipped. 368. **everydeel**, every part. 370. **yeldhalle**, guild-hall. **deys**, dais. 371. **Everich**, each one. **can**, knew. 372. **shaply**, fit. 373. **catel**, chattels, property. **rente**, income. 376. **y-clept**, called. 377. **vigilyës**, church or guild festivals. 379. **for the nones**, for the occasion. 381. **poudre-marchant tart**, a kind of pungent spice. **galyngale**, spice made from sweet cypress root. 382. **knowe**, distinguish. 383. **sethe**, boil. 384. **mortreux**, thick soups. 385. **thoughte me**, seemed to me. 386. **mormal**, sore. 387. **blankmanger**, capon with cream sauce.

388. **woning fer by weste**, dwelling far westward. 389. **woot**, know. 390. **rouncy**, cart-horse. **as he couthe**, as well as he could. 391. **falding**, coarse cloth. 392. **laas**, cord. 396. **y-drawe**, drawn, i.e., stolen. 397. **chapman**, merchant to whom the wine belonged. **sleep**, slept. 398. **nyce**, over-scrupulous. **keep**, heed. 400. **By water**, etc., he made them walk the plank into the sea. 401. **craft**, skill. 402. **stremes**, currents. 403. **herberwe**, harbor. **lodemenage**, steersmanship. 405. **to undertake**, in his undertakings. 408. **Gootlond**, Denmark. **Fynystere**, most western headland of Spain. 409. **cryke**, creek, harbor. 414. **astronomye**, astrology. 415. **kepte**, treated. **del**, part. 416. **houres**, favorable astrological times. 417. **fortunen**, foresee. **ascendent of his images**, etc. Images made when a favorable star was in the ascendant could, it was believed, cause good or evil to a patient. 420. **hoot . . . drye**, the four elements, or humors (i.e., blood, phlegm, bile, and black bile), of which all matter, according to medieval physiology, was composed. It was supposed that diseases were caused by an excess of some one humor.

And where engendred, and of what humour;
He was a verray parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to wynne;
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to bigynne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deïscorides, and eek Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata and with sendal;
And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therfore he lovede gold in special.

A Good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,
But she was somdel deef, and that was scathe.
Of cloth-making she hadde swiche an haunt
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offringe bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground,
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve;
Withouten other compaignye in youthe,
—But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe—
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at Seynt Jame, and at Coloigne.
She coude muche of wandring by the weye;
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Upon an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk;
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sithes.
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Unto his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offring and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,

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423. **y-knowe**, known. **rote**, root. 424. **bote**, remedy. 426. **letuaries**, sirups. 427. **wynne**, obtain business. 428. **Hir**, their. **newe to bigynne**, of recent date. 429. **Esculapius**, Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, and reputed the father of medicine. The others (lines 430-434) were famous physicians and scholars of antiquity and medieval times. The last named, an Englishman, was almost a contemporary of Chaucer. 435. **mesurable**, temperate. 439. **sangwin**, reddish cloth. **pers**, blue cloth. 440. **sendal**, fine silk. 441. **esy of dispence**, moderate in his spending. 442. **that he wan in**, what he acquired during the. 443. **cordial**. Gold in medicine was supposed to render it especially efficacious. 445. **of bisyde**, from the neighborhood of. 446. **somdel**, somewhat. **scathe**, a pity. 447. **swiche an haunt**, such skill. 448. **Gaunt**, Ghent. Ghent and Ypres, on the Continent, and the neighborhood of Bath, in England, were famous for their cloth making. 453. **coverchiefs**, kerchiefs for the head. **ground**, texture. 454. **ten pound**, because ornamented with gold and silver.

457. **moiste**, soft. 460. **chirche-dore**, church porch, where the marriage service was performed. The couple then went to the altar to hear mass. 461. **Withouten**, besides. 462. **as nouthe**, at present. 465. **Boloigne**, Boulogne, where there was an image of the Virgin. 466. **Seynt Jame**, the shrine of St. James, in Galicia, Spain. **Coloigne**, Cologne, where the bones of the Three Wise Men were supposed to be preserved. 467. **coude**, knew. 468. **Gat-tothed**, with teeth far apart. 469. **amblere**, nag. 471. **targe**, shield. 472. **foot-mantel**, riding skirt. 474. **carpe**, talk. 476. **coude**, understood. **daunce**, game. This line is a slang phrase. 478. **Persoun**, parish priest. 482. **parisshens**, parishioners. 485. **swich**, such. **y-preved**, proved. **sithes**, times. 486. **looth were him**, unwilling he was. **cursen**, etc., impose penalties upon those who could not pay their tithes. 487. **yeven**, give. 489. **offring**, gifts made to him. **substaunce**, property. 492. **lafte**, ceased.

In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek therto,
That if gold ruste what shal yren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A [foule] shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold lyve.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, unto seynte Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne;
To drawen folk to hevene by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse.
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nonys.
A bettre preest I trowe that nowhere non is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a fother—
A trewe swinkere and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
God loved he best with al his hoole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresshe, and therto dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his propre swynk and his catel.
In a tabard he rood upon a mere.

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,
A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple, and myself; ther were namo.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful big he was of brawn and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for overal ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a janglere and a goliardeys,
And that was most of synne and harlotryes.
Wel coude he stelen corn and tollen thryes;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee!
A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.

493. **meschief**, trouble. 494. **ferreste**, farthest. **muche and lyte**, rich and poor. 498. **tho**, those. 499. **eek**, also. 502. **lewed**, unlearned. 503. **keep**, notice. 507. **sette . . . to hyre**, did not sublet his benefice. 508. **leet**, left. 510. **chaunterie**, chantry; chantries were endowed by men who desired to employ priests to pray for their souls. To seek a chantry was to seek an easy life. 511. **bretherhed**, brotherhood. **withholde**, maintained. 516. **despitous**, merciless. 517. **daungerous ne digne**, overbearing or haughty. 519. **fairnesse**, leading a good life. 523. **snibben**, reprove. **for the nonys**, on occasion. 526. **spyced**, over-scrupulous. 530. **y-lad**, drawn. **dong**, dung. **fother**, load.

531. **swinkere**, laborer. 534. **him gamed or smerte**, his luck were good or bad. 536. **dyke**, ditch. 538. **hyre**, pay. 540. **propre swynk**, own labor. **catel**, property. 541. **tabard**. See note on line 20, page 55. 542. **Reve**, steward. 543. **Somnour**, an officer who summoned delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts. **Pardoner**, one commissioned to grant pardons and to sell indulgences. 544. **Maunciple**, a purchaser of food for lawyers at inns of court or for colleges. **namo**, no more. 545. **carl**, rustic. **nones**, occasion. 547. **overal ther**, everywhere. 548. **ram**, the prize. 549. **thikke knarre**, thick-set fellow. 550. **nolde heve of harre**, would not heave off its hinges. 551. **renning**, running. 554. **cop**, end. 555. **werte**, wart. 557. **nose-thirles**, nostrils. 559. **forneys**, furnace. 560. **janglere**, bold talker. **goliardeys**, buffoon. 561. **harlotryes**, ribaldries. 562. **tollen thryes**, take toll thrice. A miller was entitled to a certain percentage of his grinding. This miller trebled the amount. 563. **thombe of gold**, i.e., a thumb worth gold, because his skill in testing flour with it brought him much money.

A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in byinge of vitaille;
For whether that he payde or took by taille,
Algate he wayted so in his achaat
That he was ay biforn and in good staat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed mannes wit shall pace
The wisdom of an heepe of lerned men?
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryës ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous,
Worthy to been stywardes of rente and lond
Of any lord that is in Engelond,
To make him lyve by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but he were wood,
Or lyve as scarsly as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe;
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller cappe.

The Reve was a sclendre, colerik man;
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a bynne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him wynne.
Wel wiste he, by the droghte and by the reyn,
The yelding of his seed and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye
Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaunt yaf the rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne
That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne;
They were adrad of him as of the deeth.
His woning was ful fair upon an heeth,
With grene treës shadwed was his place.
He coude bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was astored prively;
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat upon a ful good stot,
That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers upon he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rood the hindreste of our route.

A Somnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
For sawceflem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hot he was, and lecherous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and piled berd;
Of his visage children were aferd.
Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brimstoon,
Boras, ceruce, ne oille of Tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes whyte,
Ne of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A few termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he had lerned out of som decree;

565. **sowne**, play upon. 567. **a temple**, lawyers' quarters. 568. **achatours**, purchasers. 569. **vitaille**, victuals. 570. **taille**, tally, i.e., on credit. 571. **Algate**, always. **wayted**, watched. **achaat**, buying. 572. **ay biforn**, ever before. 574. **lewed**, unlearned. **pace**, surpass. 577. **curious**, careful, skillful. 581. **propre good**, his own property. 582. **dettelees**, free from debt. **but**, unless. **wood**, insane. 583. **scarsly**, economically. **him list desire**, it pleased him to desire. 584. **al a**, a whole. 585. **cas**, chance. 586. **sette hir aller cappe**, set the caps of them all, i.e., outwitted them. 587. **colerik**, irascible. 588. **ny**, close. 590. **dokked**, docked. 593. **gerner**, granary. 597. **neet**, cattle. 598. **stoor**, stock. 603. **herde**, herder. **hyne**, servant.

604. **sleighte**, craft. **covyne**, fraud. 605. **adrad**, afraid. **deeth**, plague. 606. **woning**, dwelling. 609. **astored**, stored (with grain). 611. **lene**, etc., lend the lord's own property to him and receive, not only interest, but gratitude also. 613. **mister**, trade. 615. **stot**, horse. 616. **pomely**, dappled. **highte**, was called. 617. **pers**, blue cloth. 619. **Northfolk**, Norfolk. 620. **clepen**, call. 621. **Tukked**. His coat was tucked up by means of a girdle. **frere**, friar. 622. **route**, crowd. 624. **reed**. The cherubs were so painted by the early artists. 625. **sawceflem**, pimpled. 627. **scalled**, scurfy. **piled**, thin. 629. **litarge**, ointment made from white lead. 630. **ceruce**, white lead. 632. **whelkes**, blotches. 636. **wood**, mad.

No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen "Watte," as well as can the pope.
But whoso coude in other thing him grope,
Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye;
Aye, "*Questio quid iuris*" wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his concubyn
A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle;
And prively a finch eek coude he pulle.
And if he fond owher a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs,
But if a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he sholde y-punisshed be.
"Purs is the erchedeknes helle," seyde he.
But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him drede—
For curs wol slee right as assoilling savith—
And also war him of a *Significavit.*
In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse
The yonge girles of the diocyse,
And knew hir counseil, and was al hir reed.
A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil Pardoner
Of Rouncivale, his freend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
Ful loude he song, "Com hider, love, to me."
This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of flex;
By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shuldres overspradde;
But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and oon;
But hood, for jolitee, wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet.
Him thoughte he rood al of the newe jet;
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;
But of his craft, fro Berwyk unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl.
He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That seynte Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Upon the see, til Jhesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling upon lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye.
And thus with feyned flaterye and japes
He made the person and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste;
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie;
But alderbest he song an offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He most preche, and wel affile his tonge,
To wynne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause

643. **clepen**, cry. **Watte**, Walter, a common name in England at that time. 644. **grope**, examine. 646. **Questio (quaestio) quid iuris**, the question is, "What is the law?" 647. **harlot**, rascal. 649. **for**, in return for. 651. **atte**, at the. 652. to "pull a finch" means to cheat a gull. 653. **owher**, anywhere. 654. **non awe**, no fear. 655. **erchedeknes curs**, archdeacon's penalties or writ of excommunication. 656. **But if**, unless. 660. **him drede**, fear for himself. 661. **slee**, slay. **assoilling**, absolution. 662. **war him of a Significavit**, let him beware of a writ of excommunication. 663. **daunger**, jurisdiction. **gyse**, control. 664. **yonge girles**, young people. 665. **al hir reed**, the adviser of them all. 667. **ale-stake**, sign-pole of an inn, often topped by a bush or garland. 670. **Rouncivale**, possibly the hospital of Rouncyvalle in London. 673. **bar a stiff burdoun**, sang the bass. 674. **trompe**, trumpet. 676. **heng**, hung. **strike of flex**, hank of flax.

677. **ounces**, small portions. 679. **colpons**, shreds. 682. **jet**, fashion. 685. **vernicle.** See note on line 14, page 41. **sowed**, sewed. 687. **Bret-ful**, brimful. **al hoot**, all hot (fresh). 688. **goot**, goat. 691. **fro Berwyk unto Ware**, from one end of the country to the other. Berwick was in northwestern, Ware in southeastern, England. 693. **male**, bag. **pilwe-beer**, pillow-case. 694. **lady veyl**, veil of Our Lady. 695. **gobet**, piece. 697. **hente**, caught, i.e., converted. 698. **croys of latoun**, cross of latten (copper and zinc). 700. **fond**, found. 701. **person**, parson. **upon lond**, in the country. 704. **japes**, tricks. 709. **alderbest**, best of all. 711. **affile**, file, i.e., make smooth. 715 **Thestat**, the estate or condition.

Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye narette it nat my vileinye,
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen also wel as I,
Whoso shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as evere he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, althogh he were his brother;
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot no vileinye is it.
Eek Plato seïth, whoso can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosyn to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde;
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was withalle
For to han been a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe;
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges;
And seyde thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye been to me right welcome hertely.
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe as is now;
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght."

"Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir quite yow your mede!
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ride by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfor wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
Tomorwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed!
Hold up your hond, withouten more speche."
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,
And graunted him withouten more avys,
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.

"Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth for the beste;
But tak it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
In this viage shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,

718. **highte**, was called. **faste**, near. **Belle**, another inn. 720. **baren**, bore. **ilke**, same. 722. **viage**, journey. 725. **narette**, do not attribute. **vileinye**, ill-breeding. 727. **chere**, manners. 728. **Ne thogh**, etc., even though I speak their own words. 732. **Everich a**, every. 733. **Al speke he**, although he speak. **large**, freely. 735. **feyne**, feign. 739. **woot**, know. 740. **Plato** (427-347 B.C.), Greek philosopher. The quotation, however, is from Boethius. 743. **Al**, if. 746. **everichon**, every one. 747. **anon**, immediately. 749. **us leste**, it pleased us. 752. **stepe**, bright. 753. **burgeys**, citizen. **Chepe**, Cheapside, now a London street; in Chaucer's day an open square where markets, fairs, etc., were held.

757. **pleyen**, to jest. 759. **maad our rekeninges**, paid our bills. 760. **lordinges**, gentlemen. 764. **herberwe**, harbor, inn. 765. **wiste I**, if I knew. 767. **doon yow ese**, give you recreation. 769. **martir**. See note on line 48, page 42. **quite**, give. **mede**, reward. 770. **woot**, know. 771. **shapen**, plan. **talen**, tell tales. 775. **erst**, first. 776. **oon**, unanimous. 781. **But**, unless. 783. **seche**, seek. 784. **Us thoughte**, it seemed to us. **wys**, matter for deliberation. 785. **avys**, consideration. 786. **leste**, it pleased. 787. **herkneth**, harken. 790. **shorte**, etc., shorten your way (with). 791. **tweye**, two.

Of aventures that whilom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him beste of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a soper at oure aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my jugement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me therfore."

This thing was graunted and oure othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wol reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his jugement.
And therupon the wyn was fet anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon,
Withouten any lenger taryinge.

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos oure host, and was oure aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,
Unto the Watering of Seynt Thomas.
And there oure host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde: "Lordinges, herkneth if you leste.
Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my jugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne;
He which that hath the shortest shal bigynne.
Sir Knight," quod he, "my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady Prioresse;
And ye, sir Clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man."

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knyght,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every wyght;
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh that it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: "Syn I shal bigynne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye."

And with that word we ryden forth our weye;
And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

Heere endith the prolog of this book; and heere biginneth the first tale, which is the Knyghtes Tale.

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794. **whilom**, formerly. 797. **sentence**, meaning. **solas**, entertainment. 798. **oure aller cost**, the expense of us all. 804. **withseye**, gainsay. 808. **shape**, find means (to do). 818. **fet**, fetched. 822. **oure aller cok**, the leader of us all. 824. **pas**, foot-pace. 825. **Watering of Seynt Thomas**, a brook about two miles from London, at which horses were watered. 826. **areste**, halt. 827. **leste**, please. 828. **woot**, know. **forward**, bargain. **recorde**, remind.

831. **mote**, may. 834. **draweth**, draw. **ferrer twynne**, go farther. 837. **acord**, decision. 839. **shamfastnesse**, modesty. 840. **Ne studieth**, don't deliberate. 843. **aventure**, chance. **sort**, fate. **cas**, accident. 847. **composicioun**, agreement. 853. **a**, in. 856. **chere**, expression.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Chaucer's Language

In the centuries that have passed since Chaucer's time many changes have taken place in the pronunciation of English words. Not a few of our present vowel sounds have been known only since the seventeenth century, while if actors should pronounce the text of Shakespeare's plays as the great dramatist himself would have done, the average man would find it practically impossible to understand the words. In Chaucer's time, not only were the vowel sounds still more remote from present usage, but the language preserved some traces of the Old English inflectional endings, so that the scansion of verses is materially affected. Old English, while not so highly inflected as Latin, preserved the characteristics of the Germanic group of languages. After the Norman Conquest, the tendency was to level the inflectional endings to -e (for the genitive, -es). In Modern English these final syllables, always pronounced in Chaucer's time, have fallen off. Often the letter remains, as for example the -e of *come*, but it is not pronounced.

The student will find it convenient to prepare a small card having on it the vowel and consonant sounds, and to keep this as a bookmark, pronouncing the text aloud from the beginning and referring to the card when necessary. A little time spent in this way at the outset, especially if supplemented by careful reading aloud by the teacher, will enable the beginner to read his Chaucer with pleasure and advantage.

The Vowels

In accented syllables the vowels have approximately the following values:

a	as in the first syllable of *aha*, never as in *cat*.
ä	as in *art*, *father*.
ai, ay	as in *aisle*.
ĕ	as in *met*.
ē	as in *they;* sometimes as in *there*.
ĭ, y̆	as in *fin*.
ī, ȳ	as in *machine*.
ei, ey	as in *they*.
ŏ	as in *hot;* except in words in which the vowel has in modern English the sound of *o* in *son*, *company*, etc., and where it has the sound of *u* in *put*, *full*.
ō, o͞o	as in *coke*.
oi, oy	as in *noise*.
u	as in *put*.
ü	as in German *grün*. To make this sound, round the lips as in whistling, then try to pronounce the *e* in modern English *green*.
au, aw	like *ou* in *count*.
eu, ew	as ē (open) + u as in *fool*. The sound is very similar to the dialectic pronunciation of *cow*, *now*, *town*, etc. (i.e., *caow*, *naow*, *taown*).

The Consonants

In general, the consonants were pronounced as in modern English. The most important variations may be noted as follows: (1) *r* was strongly trilled; (2) *s* between vowels had the sound of *z;* (3) *f* between vowels had the sound of *v;* (4) every letter was sounded; the *k* in *know* and the *-l* of *-lk* were not silent; (5) *-gh* had the sound of German *-ch*, as in *Buch* (*ch* in Chaucer was always sounded as in *rich*, never as in *machine* or in *chemist*); (6) *s* or *c* or *t* before *e* or *i* never had the modern sound *-sh; -sion*, *-tion*, etc., but had the value *si*+*on*, *ti*+*on*, etc.; (7) *g* was as in *gay*, except before *e* and *i* in words derived from the French, where it was as in *gin*.

Notes on Inflection

Nouns. The nominative and accusative singular of Old English nouns of the first declension had no inflectional endings; the genitive singular ended in *-es;* the dative in *-e*. In the plural, the nominative and accusative had *-as*, the genitive *-a*, and the dative *-um*. By Chaucer's time these endings remained only as a syllabic *-e* or *-es*. In the genitive singular the *-es* remained (the *'s* of the modern English for possessive case), and in the plural the nominative *-as* had changed to *-es* and was used in all the cases. In Chaucer a number of plurals in *-n*, *-en*, are found, as in modern English; also a few examples of vowel change, to indicate the plural, as in *teeth*, *men*, *geese*.

Adjectives. As a rule, the comparative is formed as in modern English; sometimes *-re* is found, as in *ferre* (farther). Vowel change, as in the modern *elder*, is also found, as in *lenger*, *strenger*, etc. The superlative takes *-est*.

Adverbs. Most adverbs in Chaucer end in *-e;* some have *-ely*.

Pronouns. The first person nominative of the pronoun is either *I* or *Ich;* genitive, *min* or *my;* the other cases are as in modern usage. The second personal pronoun, in the singular, has *thou* in the nominative, *thin* or *thi* in the genitive, and *the* or *thee* in the dative and accusative. In the plural nominative we find *ye*, genitive *your*, dative and accusative *yow* or *you*. The genitive of the neuter third person singular is *his;* the form *its* did not come into use until the seventeenth century. The plural third person has nominative *they;* genitive *here*, *hir*, *her;* dative and accusative *hem*.

VERBS. Verbs in Chaucer have in the present singular the terminations *-e, -est, -eth;* in the plural *-en* or *-e.* The termination is always syllabic. In the preterit singular of weak verbs, the endings are *-ede, -edest, -ede;* plural, *-eden* or *-ede.* Strong verbs were inflected much as in modern English.

Versification

The following laws govern the scansion of Chaucer's verse:

(1) The majority of the *Canterbury Tales* are written in five stress iambic lines, riming in couplets. There are thus ten syllables in the normal line, the stresses usually coming upon alternate syllables; but many lines contain eleven syllables; less frequently, lines having only nine are found.

(2) As often in modern verse, a final vowel preceding an initial vowel in the next word is elided. Elision is also frequent before pronouns beginning with *h* and before forms of the auxiliary verb *have.* Often words are contracted, or two words are pronounced, and even written, as one: *whether* becomes *wher; ne am* becomes *nam. Evere, nevere,* etc., are dissyllabic.

(3) Care must be taken not to adopt the modern method of pronouncing words, thereby often eliding a syllable. Unless some other rule interferes, each vowel in Chaucer marks a syllable. Final *-es* and *-ed,* for example, must be pronounced in *nedes, entuned,* etc.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Dryden remarks of Chaucer's works in general: "Here is God's plenty." Lowell says of the poet's description of spring (lines 1–11): "I repeat it to myself a thousand times, and still at the thousandth time a breath of uncontaminate springtide seems to lift the hair upon my forehead." You will enjoy committing these eleven lines to memory.

2. Do not be deceived by words that look unfamiliar. Many of them may be easily translated if you will only pronounce them aloud.

3. Chaucer is fond of alliterative phrases like "holt and heeth" (line 6). Find others in the *Prologue.* Add some that you know to be in use today.

4. In connection with lines 7–8, look up "calendar" and "zodiac" in an encyclopedia.

5. In line 11 occur *hem* and *hir,* the old forms for *them* and *their.* The *th* of the modern pronouns is due to Northern influence. Chaucer's dialect was Midland, from which modern English is descended, but there are some Northern forms in his poetry. For early English dialects see Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and Their Ways* (pages 80-92). Prepare a report on the subject, giving as many examples as you can.

6. There were books on good manners in Chaucer's day. Note the rules that are given (lines 128 ff.), and you may be able to imagine what ordinary manners at meals were like.

7. Note the feminine ending in *tappestere* (line 241). Does this ending survive in any modern words? What is the meaning of proper names like Webbe and Webster?

8. Chaucer's works were known for more than a century only through manuscripts. These were often very beautifully illustrated, both by cuts and by the ornamental initial letters. One of the manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales,* the Ellesmere, contains small cuts depicting the various pilgrims, from which the illustrations on pages 47, 51, and 53 are taken. Make a study of them as well as of a few lines of the text reproduced on page 50.

9. Prepare a report on life in the fourteenth century as revealed in the *Prologue.*

10. Commit to memory the description of the pilgrim that impresses you most strongly.

11. Memorize phrases or lines that describe vividly five other pilgrims.

12. With the portrait of the poor parson (lines 477 ff.), compare Goldsmith's description of the village preacher in *The Deserted Village,* pages 368-369 (lines 137-192).

13. Can you find any clues in the *Prologue* that give you an idea what sort of man Chaucer was and what was his view of life? See footnote on line 285, page 60.

14. Find examples that show Chaucer had in mind real people, not merely types.

15. Find what you think to be good examples of Chaucer's humor; of his satire.

16. Prepare a report on medieval friars by referring to the encyclopedia or, better, to Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life,* pages 279 ff., or Jessopp's *The Coming of the Friars.*

17. Look up medieval guilds, using the encyclopedia, or L. Toulmin Smith's *English Gilds,* or some book on the history of the medieval drama.

18. The *Prologue* offers good material for dramatic composition. A pageant of the Pilgrims may be written by a group of students and presented by the dramatic club.

19. Look up additional material on one of the following topics, and present your results in the form of notes (preferably on small cards) from which you may make an oral report to the class (see General Introduction, pages 5 and 6): Alchemy; Astrology; medieval physiology (cf. *The Nonne Preestes Tale,* lines 104 ff.); Roger Bacon; Boccaccio and his work; Social Conditions of the Time; Chaucer's Library; What a Schoolboy Studied in Chaucer's Time.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

(All these books should be in the school library and should be used for supplementary reading and special reports.)

I. From The Norman Conquest to Chaucer

Bates, Katharine Lee: *The English Religious Drama.* This and the following book give expositions of an extremely interesting subject.

Gayley, C. M.: *Plays of Our Forefathers.* This volume is especially interesting because of the illustrations.

Jusserand, Jean Jules: *A Literary History of the English People.* (3 vols.) The first volume has a brilliant account of the literature of this period.

Schofield, W. H.: *From the Norman Conquest to Chaucer.* This book contains abundant material on the romances, with abstracts of plots.

II. Biographies of Chaucer

Jusserand, Jean Jules: *A Literary History of the English People.* The student will find the chapters on Chaucer very enlightening.

Lounsbury, T. R.: *Studies in Chaucer.* The volume as a whole is too difficult for the beginner, but the chapter on the learning of Chaucer (Vol. III) will be found interesting by ambitious students.

Lowell, James Russell: Essay on Chaucer, in the Riverside edition of his complete works, Vol. III.

Pollard, A. W.: *Chaucer Primer.* This is the best brief biography.

Root, R. K.: *The Poetry of Chaucer.* Selected chapters in this book will be valuable reading.

Ward, A. W.: the *Life* in the English Men of Letters Series.

III. Medieval Life and Thought

Chambers, E. K.: *The Medieval Stage.* This book contains a wealth of material, not only on the drama proper, but also on folk religion and superstitions.

Jusserand, Jean Jules: *English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century.* A mine of interesting material is to be found in this volume.

Ker, W. P.: *Epic and Romance.*

Lawrence, W. W. *Medieval Story.*

Schofield, W. H.: *Chivalry in English Literature.*

Taylor, H. O.: *The Medieval Mind* and *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages.* Those who wish to get into contact with medieval life and thought would do well to read certain chapters in these volumes.

IV. Chaucer Editions

Skeat, W. W.: *The Oxford Chaucer.* This contains the text of all Chaucer's works, with very complete introductions and notes, discussions of sources, and the like. It is mainly for the specialist, but selected chapters may be used for supplementary reading and reports.

V. Chaucer's Language

Emerson, O. F.: *History of the English Language.*

Greenough and Kittredge: *Words and Their Ways in English Speech.*

Krapp, G. P.: *The Growth of Modern English.*

CHAPTER IV

A PERIOD OF TRANSITION

Chaucer's Friends and Followers: John Gower—Scottish Literature—English Chaucerians—Literature and Life.

The Early Drama: Beginnings of the Drama —Folk Plays in England—Early Religious Plays —The English Cycles—Presentation of the Plays—The Shepherd's Play—Plan and Significance of the Cycles—Miracles and Moralities—Interludes—Summary.

The Ballads: Definition—Extent of Ballad Literature—Influence of the Ballads.

Printing and the New Learning: Printing — Caxton's Influence — Sir Thomas Malory—Humanism.

The century and a half that separated the death of Chaucer in 1400 from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 marks the passing of England from feudalism to the full tide of the Renaissance. Most of the English monarchs during this time have been the subject of splendid historical dramas: the two parts of *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, and *Richard III* by Shakespeare; and *Becket*, dealing with the life and times of Henry II, by Alfred Tennyson. In these plays we find a series of spectacles that will help us to live in imagination in the times when Chaucer and Gower and Langland were writing poetry; Malory was collecting his stories of the old Arthurian romances; Caxton was printing the best of English literature of his own and preceding times; Erasmus and More were awakening the interest of Englishmen in the riches of the literature of Greece and Rome. In this time, also, ballads of Robin Hood were made and sung; village trade guilds presented great cycles of religious plays; other early dramas—moralities, miracles, interludes, comedies, and now and then a bloody tragedy—delighted throngs of people; the homely phraseology of the English Bible permeated the common speech.

Chaucer's Friends and Followers

The brilliant promise of Chaucer's poetry was not sustained in the years that followed. It was not until the time of Shakespeare that English literature regained the imaginative and musical beauty that had been manifested in Chaucer's verse, and the humor and keen observation that made his portraits seem real. During the whole intervening period, his influence was felt, but most of his imitators were men of small talent who could only copy some of his devices, not catch the secret of his song.

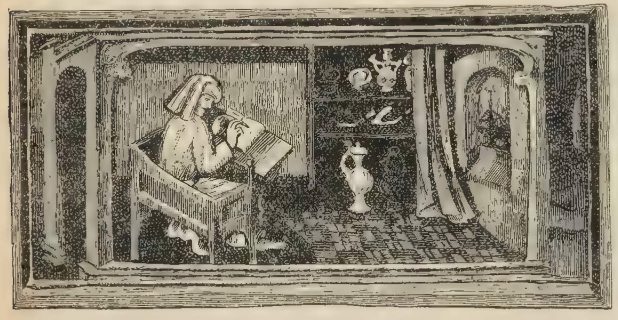
John Gower. Contemporary with Chaucer, his friend as well as rival, and in his time regarded as his equal, was John Gower, who died in 1408. He wrote in French, Latin, and English. His most important work, the *Confessio Amantis* (Confession of Love), was written 1386-1390. It contains more than a hundred stories that center around a lover who wanders in a wood in May and is made by Venus to confess his sins against Love. This confession is arranged according to the medieval idea of the seven deadly sins, with many subdivisions. The confessor (Genius) tells stories illustrating each sin. The poem is an example of the tendency to apply the material and method of theology to the "religion" of love. Gower's style is smooth and correct but lacks the humor and piquancy of Chaucer's. He was fond of moralizing; Chaucer called him the "moral Gower."

Scottish Literature. In Chaucer's century John Barbour wrote in his *Bruce* of the deeds of his countrymen in their struggles for independence. Somewhat later a long account of the hero William Wallace was written by an unknown author supposed to have been a minstrel named Blind Harry. These poems recount the deeds celebrated, later on, by Burns:

> Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots wham Bruce has aften led.

Other Scottish poets of the fifteenth century wrote dream allegories of the conventional type and some satires.

English Chaucerians. Few readers today care for the voluminous works of John Lydgate (1370-1451), who wrote a *Troy Book* in thirty thousand lines, and a series of tragic stories like the Monk's Tale, called *Falls of Princes.* Thomas Occleve, who died in 1450, wrote a book of advice to princes, but he is chiefly remembered for his noble lines in praise of Chaucer, and for a portrait of the master which decorated his manuscript and may have been drawn from life. Several poems by unknown authors, written during this period, were afterwards attributed to Chaucer and included in editions of his works.



LYDGATE IN HIS STUDY

Literature and Life. All this body of writing illustrates the way in which mere literary tradition may degenerate when it is removed from direct contact with life. We pass now to consider a group of new influences, based on the life of the time, which found expression not in literary masterpieces but in writings that foreshadowed a new period, greater than any that had gone before.

THE EARLY DRAMA

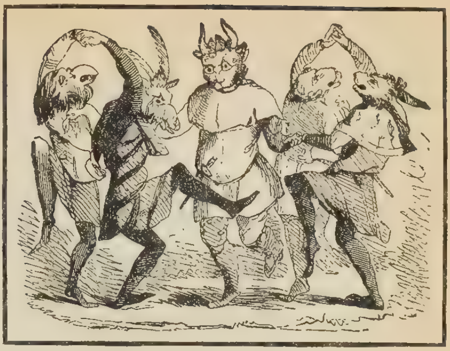
> Faire is lady in her bower
> And faire the knight in his armour.

These lines from an old romance give the point of view of much of the literature we have been discussing. Except in Chaucer's poetry and in *Piers Plowman,* the ordinary man and woman played little part in the literature read at court or in the great baronial castles. Even the religious and doctrinal writings were the work of scholars. Few people could read; manuscripts were costly. You must try to imagine a time when there were no popular magazines or daily papers, when no books were scattered about the rooms of people's houses, when everything that the mass of people learned about the life that is removed from narrow personal experience came from things they could hear or see, and not from the world of books. But if few could read, the multitude could hear and see. So ballads were made on a great variety of subjects—an episode in a courtly romance, the adventures, real or imaginary, of a popular hero like Robin Hood, some prodigy in nature or some monstrous crime. They were sung in the servants' hall and at village merrymakings. In the villages, too, plays were presented, stories from the Bible in dramatic form, or a miracle performed by some saint, or a moral allegory, or sometimes a merry interlude. Ballad and rude drama alike were lacking in the artistic perfection that is necessary to great literature, but they expressed the imaginative life of the people from whom they sprang, and they were fertile sources for the songs and stories that were to come.

Beginnings of the Drama. The old classical drama of Greece and Rome was lost for centuries on the fall of the Roman Empire. For a long time jugglers and wandering actors roamed about Europe with fragments of plays and vaudeville acts, but the splendid dramas that had been the crown of the old literature were utterly forgotten. This meant the loss, not only of the plays and of the traditions of the theater, but also of all knowledge of how to write a drama.

But the instinct to represent a story by means of action was never lost. Even savages who know nothing of book or manuscript or stage have their rude action-stories. Most of these, in primitive times, were connected with religion or the ceremonies expressive of tribal life. Going to war, the triumph of the return from conquest, the propitiation of spirits supposed to control the fertility of the soil, the propitiation of deities that may send death or prosperity at will—all these found expression in rituals that embodied action and therefore were dramatic.

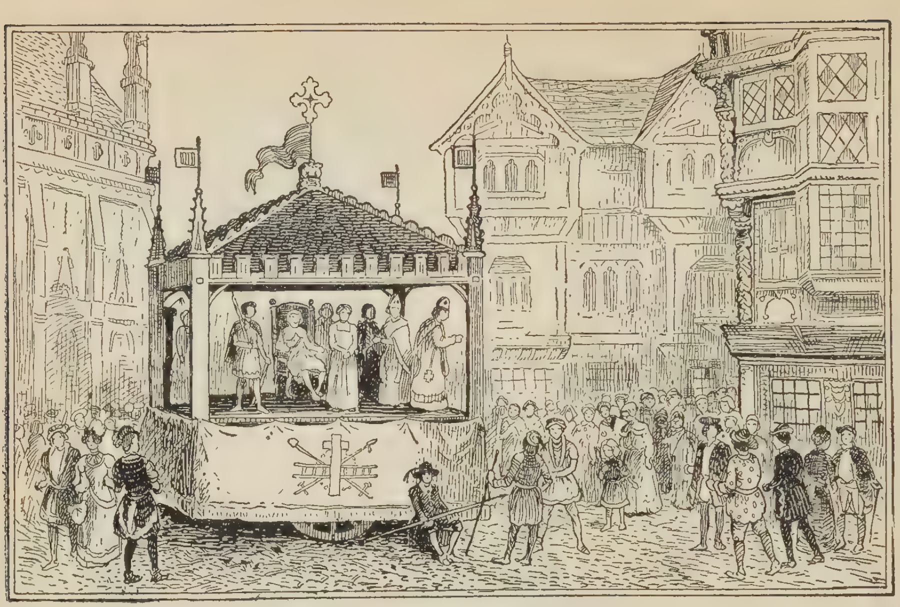
Folk Plays in England. Remains of these old ritualistic ceremonies existed in England in Shakespeare's day, and a few persist even to the present time. The Maypole, the bonfire on Midsummer Eve, such charms as were cited in the first chapter of this story, many customs connected with Halloween, Christmas, and Easter, are examples of such persistence of pagan rituals. Shakespeare speaks of the hobby-horse, a stock character in village festivals. The election of a temporary king or queen to preside over masked revels goes back to remote times. The sword-dance was a rude play, in which the characters were grotesques: black-faces, hobby-horse, Little Boy Blue. In rural England the Mummer's Play is still given at Christmas. The players, who are village characters, go to the house of some notable and give a play in which Saint George and the dragon bear the leading parts. Other characters are Guy of Warwick, Alexander, Hector, Alfred, King Cole, Giant Blunderbore, and of course the grotesques. In some of these plays a character representing Beelzebub takes up a collection in a frying pan. In such plays, of course, the religious origin has long since been lost; they are a curious medley of folklore, popular versions of romance, and sheer love for masked frolics. Closely allied to them are the Robin Hood plays, in which the famous woodsman and outlaw, hero of the common people, appears with Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and other legendary personages.



MUMMERS

Early Religious Plays. A hundred years before the Norman Conquest there developed, in various parts of Europe, a simple dramatic representation of the scene at the tomb of Christ on Easter morning. At the side of the altar was a recess, representing the tomb, in which the crucifix had been placed on Good Friday. A priest representing the Angel chanted the first of the four sentences found in the Biblical story of the Resurrection: "Whom seek ye in the sepulcher?" Three other priests, or nuns representing the three Marys, responded, "Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified." Such texts set to music and sung as an addition to the usual form of the mass are called "tropes." The Easter trope was later expanded by the addition of words and music for persons representing the disciples, to whom the Marys reported the words of the Angel, and by the *planctus*, or complaints, of the Marys. The presentation was simple: the Angel appeared with crowned or veiled head; he held lights, or a palm, or an ear of corn as a symbol of the Resurrection. The Marys were directed to go "as if sad or searching."

A similar trope was introduced at Christmas. Here the first question was, "Whom seek ye in the manger, O shepherds?" The crib was placed beside the altar; the Virgin and the three Wise Men replaced the Angel and the Marys of the Easter service. To these two simple scenes others were



PREPARATIONS FOR THE PRESENTATION OF A RELIGIOUS PLAY

added, so that a series of little dramas representing the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ made impressive the services on the two chief days of the church calendar. Later a series of scenes from the Old Testament developed, the themes being the Fall of Lucifer, the creation and fall of Man, and certain scenes from the earlier parts of the Bible, such as the story of Noah, the sacrifice of Isaac, and the like.

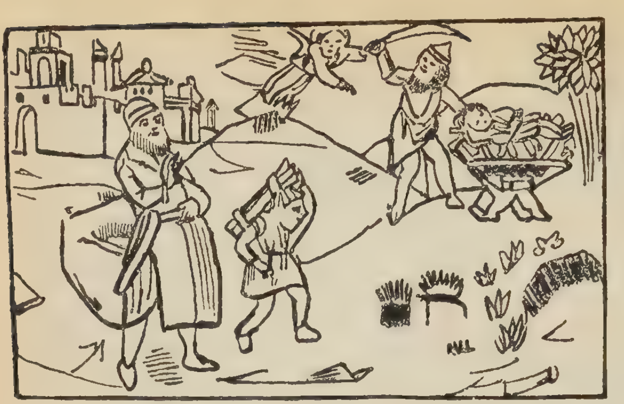
The English Cycles. By the middle of the thirteenth century these dramatic representations of Bible story had been taken from the church service. At first they were presented by the clergy and nuns in the churchyard. As they developed into a cycle, or series of plays, they were transferred to the trade-guilds, each guild presenting one play. In England several of these cycles have been preserved, those given at York, at Wakefield, and at Chester being the most nearly complete. The plays were commonly presented on Corpus Christi Day, which had long been a favorite holiday, with a procession of clergy and laity and civic bodies with tapers, banners, shields of the guilds, and the like. A feature of the procession was the introduction of pageant-tableaux somewhat similar to those that are known today. By the first quarter of the fourteenth century this procession was common in England, and plays are known to have been connected with it by 1327 at Chester and a few years later at Beverley, York, and Coventry. About twenty-five towns in England have records that show how the series of religious plays became the most popular characteristic of the Corpus Christi procession. At Worcester they were given "to the worship of God and profit and increase of the said city, and also all the crafts contributing to the same." The expenses were met by the guilds. At Beverley certain "reverend and worshipful persons" were notified to produce a play or be fined forty pounds. The plays became sources of civic as well as religious and dramatic interest.

Presentation of the Plays. The plays were announced by the town crier or by *waits.* There are records of orders for clearing the streets, etc. On the evening before the play-day, banners with the arms of the city were set up at certain stations; at York, there were twelve of these stations. The stations were designated according to bids, and all houses nearby were decorated with flags and banners. At York the plays began at 4:30

A.M. Pageant wagons drove to each station in turn, and these bore the performers and the properties, and served as a stage. The Chester wagons had a high scaffold with two rooms. The lower platform was used as a dressing-room; the action took place above. When necessary, the lower room represented hell, to which lost souls were sent, "to delight and instruct." There was much of human interest. The Devil had an elaborate costume with horns, tail, and a club. He was often accompanied by a Vice; sometimes they mingled with the audience, to the gratification and terror of the spectators. Noah and his wife were good English types. The lady refused to go into the ark, maintaining that her husband was always prophesying some calamity and she took no stock in his predictions. She blamed him, not without reason, for staying away from home for a hundred years to build the ark without letting her know what he was about. She would stay on the hill with her "gossips" and finish her knitting. At length the waters rose so high that her sons rushed from the ark and bore her, kicking and screaming, on board. Her husband met her with a whip, discoursing to married men in the audience on the proper way to discipline a shrewish wife. After that, he asked her to pray for him, and then they gave attention to the flood.

The Shepherd's Play. It will be seen from the account of the Noah play that secular material, not a part of the Bible story, was introduced, and gave opportunity for presenting native English types of character and story interest that greatly increased the popular appeal. A very good illustration of the way in which this secular comedy material was used is afforded by the shepherd's play in the Towneley cycle. In this play, the first shepherd complains of the cold and of the hard lot of shepherds: "It does me good, as I walk thus alone, of this world for to talk in manner of moan." The second shepherd complains also of the cold, but his particular grievance is the troubles of married men; he warns young men to beware of wedding. Daw, the third shepherd, is hungry and cold, but he is interrupted by Mak, who pretends not to know his fellow-laborers; he is in the service of a great lording; he does not need work. The others are obviously distrustful of him, but they all sleep. Mak gets up, steals a sheep, and runs home, where he finds his wife hard at work and complaining about good-for-nothing husbands. Mak walks about with lordly air, remarks that some people can earn more by their wits than others by hard work, and at length shows his prize. The wife, Gill, is frightened; he will get caught some day. They conceal the sheep in an empty crib; Gill gets into the bed and prepares to pretend that she is very ill; they await developments. Sure enough, the shepherds suspect Mak of having stolen the sheep and come to his house. He admits them with great ceremony, but begs them not to waken the baby or disturb the sick wife; he has had a very hard night. They tiptoe awkwardly about, keeping away from the crib, and at length prepare to depart. But Mak and his wife have played their part so cleverly that it proves their undoing. Ashamed because of the trouble they have caused, one of the shepherds goes to the crib to give the baby a mass-penny. The trick is discovered, and Mak is tossed in a blanket until the merriment is stilled by the song of the angels: "Glory to God in the Highest."

Plan and Significance of the Cycles. This close joining of farce comedy with the mysteries of religion is a bit too bold for our tastes, but our ancestors loved such strong contrasts. Viewed from the standpoint of excellence in artistic detail, these plays of our forefathers seem crude enough. They have no act and scene divisions; they do not rise to a climax; the plots are often badly constructed; the speeches are unduly long. Yet the cycles as a whole, the growth through centuries of work by many unknown writers, presented in many places throughout Europe, afford an illustration of the way in which life mirrors itself in literature. They present a stupendous cosmic drama, which may be divided, roughly, into five sections, or acts. In the first, several plays present the Fall of Lucifer, the Creation of the World, the Creation and Fall of Man, the stories of Cain and Abel and of Abraham and Isaac, ending with the Flood. The second sec-



From a fifteenth century drawing

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC

tion, or act, shows the approach of the Atonement promised in Holy Writ: the Annunciation, the call of the shepherds, the Nativity, and the slaying of the Innocents. The third presents the scenes leading to the Crucifixion—from the conspiracy to the descent from the Cross. In the fourth act are the plays dealing with the Resurrection, ending with the story of Thomas the Doubter; and in the last act appear the scenes of the Ascension, Pentecost, and the Day of Doom. The whole of human history, as viewed by men of the Middle Ages, is here set forth. And accompanying this tremendous drama of man's creation, fall, salvation, and the last judgment are the little scenes, drawn from the life of common men and women, seemingly unrelated to any philosophy of life and death. They are the rude strands of everyday existence, fused imperfectly with the major tissue of which they are a part, but suggestive of the very complexity which is the characteristic of life.

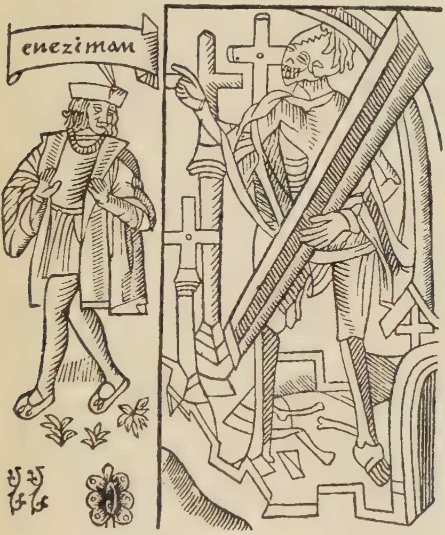
Miracles and Moralities. The religious cycles are properly called mystery plays, from an old French word signifying trade or guild or occupation. Often they are called miracles, although, strictly speaking, a miracle is a dramatized saint's legend. Such dramatized legends were very popular in France and Italy; only a few English miracles, however, have come down to us.

Such is not the case with a third dramatic form, dramatized allegories known as moralities. The Middle Ages were very fond of allegory, a mode of expression by which a story may be interpreted in two or more ways. Thus, in the old romances, Galahad is said to have delivered a castle of maidens from monsters that surrounded it. This may be read merely as a story, or it may be interpreted as showing how Galahad, type of Christ, delivers the castle of the soul, inhabited by the three Christian graces, from the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the seven deadly sins. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many such moral allegories were presented in dramatic form. The characters are abstractions, vices and virtues in contest for the soul of man. Some of the moral plays were on religious themes, such as the splendid play called *Everyman;* others dealt with the proper education of youth, like *The Marriage of Wit and Science*, by John Redmond; still others were political, like Skelton's *Magnificence.*

The Marriage of Wit and Science is an educational morality, probably a school play. The allegory deals with the marriage of Wit (native genius or ability) to Science, or knowledge. Reason, father of Science, wishes to bring about this marriage, but Wit scorns Instruction and is overcome by the giant Tediousness (weariness of study). Honest Recreation and others revive him, but from Honest Recreation he falls to Idleness, who leads him to Ignorance and other vices. Confidence comes with a sword and is accompanied by Fame, Favor, Riches, and Worship (Honor). They revive Wit, but Science, who now enters, does not recognize her lover in the rags of Ignorance, and they quarrel. Then Shame comes, and poor Wit has reached a miserable state when his friends, Instruction, Study, and Diligence, return. With their aid, Wit finally triumphs over the giant Tediousness and wins Science. With her he also gains Wealth, Fame, and Favor.

In *Everyman* we find characterization and story as well as moral teaching.

Death summons Everyman, who begs for respite. He is allowed until sundown, and is given permission to take with him any of his companions who will go; he tries to persuade Kindred and other boon companions, including Goods (Wealth), but all refuse. Good Deeds would go, but is too weak. Finally Everyman is prepared for death by the various agencies of the Church.



EVERYMAN SUMMONED BY DEATH

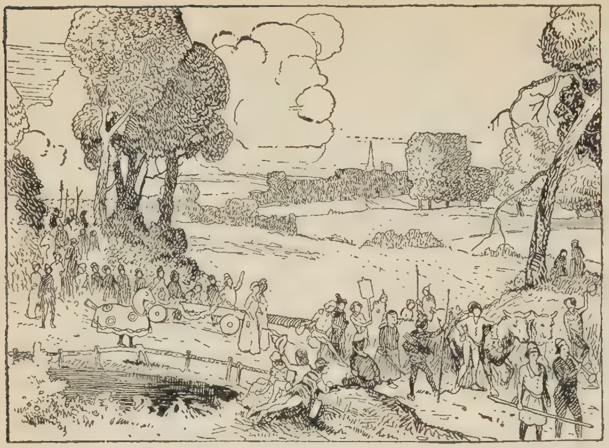
Interludes. Moral and religious teaching disappears in the Interludes, short plays, presented by from two to four performers, which were very popular in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. They were on a great variety of subjects; many were comedies designed solely for amusement. Professional players presented them. In the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII the "players of the Kyngs enterludes" acted during the season at court and then toured the towns outside London. The best-known interludes were written by John Heywood in the first half of the sixteenth century. His play of the Weather, probably acted by children, will illustrate his method of writing a play. Many complaints reach Jove as to the kind of weather he sends to earth. He promises redress, if only everyone will agree on the kind of weather that should be sent. The hunter wants good weather; the merchant wants wind for his ships; the water-miller a flood; the windmiller a long dry spell. These people are quarreling when a woman asks that there be no sun or wind or cold, while a laundryman petitions for plenty of sun, and a boy, "the least that can play," puts up a plea for snow. At last all the petitioners are told that "now shall ye have the weather even as it was." In these plays there is little action but an abundance of witty dialogue and apt characterization.

Summary. With all these early forms of drama Shakespeare was familiar. There is record of a Pyramus and Thisbe play at Stratford, probably presented by the villagers; Shakespeare introduced a burlesque Pyramus and Thisbe play, by Bottom the Weaver and his fellow mechanicals, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* The great dramatist refers also to the ranting Herod of the mystery plays and to the Vice with his dagger of lath, characteristic of the moralities. Perhaps some of these rude plays first awakened the ambition of the youth to write plays to be acted; at any rate, their rapid development during the two centuries before his time showed the vast hunger of the people for drama, and when his first play was ready for the stage, his audience was waiting.

THE BALLADS

No date can be assigned for the popular ballads. We do not know who composed them; they rarely deal with historical events; they were not written down and printed until after many generations of oral tradition. They constitute a literature of the folk, as distinguished from the literature of the court or of the educated classes. Their charm lies in their simplicity and in their vigor and spirit. Rhythms are well marked; they seem to sing themselves even if we have lost the ancient music to which they were originally fitted.

Definition. A ballad is a short story in verse, and is designed to be sung. It is not only of unknown authorship; it seems not to have had an author. This is not true of other works of unknown writers, the romances, for example. We do not know who wrote the romance of *Gawayne*



A ROBIN HOOD PROCESSION

and the Green Knight, but we do know something about the author: his love for nature, his deep religious feeling, most of all, the special interpretation he gives to the incidents and the persons of his story. His stanza is complicated, difficult to write, and is composed with great skill. But if we turn to the old ballads we shall see that the characteristics they display are the characteristics of the rank and file of ordinary people: their naïve conception of royalty and great ladies, their superstitions, their delight in a sensational crime. We do not get an individual author's interpretation of these things, like Shakespeare's conception of royalty in *Henry V* or his conception of murder in *Hamlet* or *Macbeth.* The ballad is impersonal.

Extent of Ballad Literature. Something over three hundred popular ballads are extant, but of these only eleven are in manuscripts older than the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century there was a great revival of interest in early literature, and men eagerly sought out those who had learned these old songs from a grandfather or grandmother, and wrote down from dictation the traditional words. Some ballads have been found in America, brought from the mother country by colonists, and living on, through oral tradition, in the same fashion as in England.

Influence of the Ballads. While we do not know the dates of the ballads, we do know that they were popular. As early as the fourteenth century, in *Piers Plowman* and elsewhere, are references to them. Sidney, a gallant Elizabethan gentleman, confesses that the old song of Percy and Douglas, one of the best of the border ballads, stirred his heart as with a trumpet. Shakespeare refers to them. And there are many allusions to Robin Hood, prince of ballad heroes, in the literature of the time. The legendary Robin Hood lived in the time of Richard of the Lion Heart, but he was dear to the times of Wyclif and Piers Plowman and on down to the time of Shakespeare. The villagers presented plays in which he was the hero; he was often one of the personages in the Christmas mummer's plays. The ballads about him make a sort of epic in which life in the greenwood is praised, and the rude justice which he dealt to unscrupulous men who preyed upon the poor made him seem a champion of the oppressed. Some of Shakespeare's loveliest comedies, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *As You Like It,* for example, are redolent of the joyous abandon of life in the greenwood, and Robin Hood's name and exploits have been connected with the May Day frolics of Merry England for many generations.

Thus, though anonymous and undated, the ballads have powerfully influenced English life and literature. Like the religious dramas, they grew out of humble life, but they have permeated like a color, or a theme in music, works of greater artistic excellence.

PRINTING AND THE NEW LEARNING

As we have seen, religious and moral plays and the ballads illustrate the interest taken by all men, educated or illiterate, in making stories about life. No matter how hard life may be, or however narrow the experience, it is a human instinct to seek expression through some form of art. But the multitudes were denied that most precious of all the services of literature which gives, through the reading of books, the power to live in distant places or ages of history.

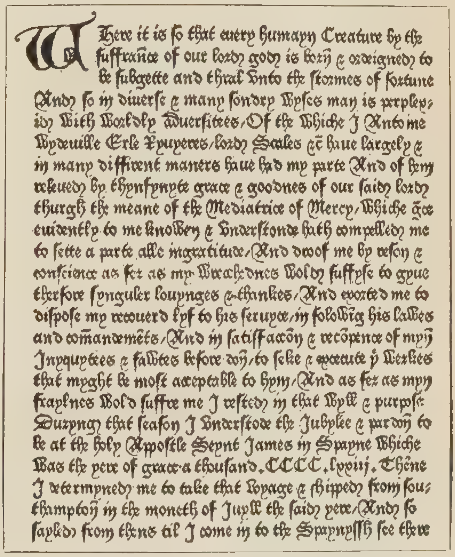
This defect was remedied, toward the end of the fifteenth century, by two discoveries that more than anything else have made modern civilization. The first of these was the invention of printing. The second was the recovery of the manuscripts containing the treasures of classical thought and literature.

The chief characteristic of the modern world is its belief in the principle of progress. Progress depends upon two things: first, the power to distribute through all ranks of civilized society the results of thought and investigation; and, second, the power to build upon the past, that is, to make it possible for successive generations to profit by the experience of their predecessors. Dissemination of knowledge was slow and costly without books. And as for the second principle, the fall of Rome sealed up for centuries the treasures accumulated by the highly developed ancient civilizations. Man had traveled far in the day when Athens and Rome flourished; all that he had gained had seemingly been lost in the dark ages that succeeded the collapse of the ancient civilization. Through printing and the spread of humanism (which means the study of the ancient classics) progress was once more possible, a progress which has been checked or threatened more than once, but which has steadily advanced for five centuries.

Printing. A Cambridge College library in 1418 had three hundred manuscript volumes; many of them were chained in the library; others were distributed among advanced students. The collection of theological and law manuscripts was the largest; there were a few texts of Aristotle, with commentaries. No Greek manuscripts were to be found.

This instance, which is typical, shows how difficult it was for even advanced students in the century after the death of Chaucer to get access to literature. It was the service of printing to change these conditions.

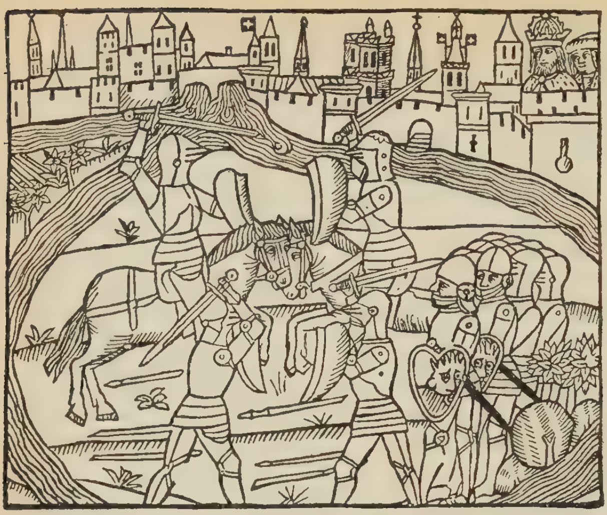
Eight European countries were ahead of England in setting up printing presses toward the end of the fifteenth century. There were seventy presses before William Caxton, the first English printer, set up his establishment. Caxton himself was a cloth merchant. He went to the Netherlands for material, and became attracted by the new invention for multiplying writing by means of movable types. So impressed was he that he gave up his business and set up a press in the Netherlands, getting his types and supplies from a printer at Louvain. The first book printed in the English language was a version of the Troy legend, published at Bruges, Holland, in 1475. A year later Caxton moved his establishment to England, setting up his press in Westminster, and in the next few years he printed about seventy books, including Lydgate's *Temple of Glas*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and *Troilus*, Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, some English chronicles, an English version of the romance of Renard the Fox, a Charlemagne romance, the *Golden Legend*, and a version of the *Aeneid*. In 1485 he printed Malory's *Morte Darthur*, almost a contemporary book. He was succeeded by other printers almost as famous, among them Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde. These men spread abroad the learning and literature that England had been slowly accumulating for centuries, and they also



WHere it is ſo that euery humayn Creature by the
ſuffraũce of our lord god is born & ordeigned to
be ſubgette and thral vnto the ſtormes of fortune
And ſo in diuerſe & many ſondry wyſes man is perplex-
id with worldly aduerſitees/Of the whiche I Antoine
wydeuille Erle Ryuyeres/lord Scales &c haue largely &
in many different maners haue had my parte And of hem
releued by thynfynyte grace & goodnes of our ſaid lord
thurgh the meane of the Mediatrice of Mercy/Whiche g̃ce
euidently to me knowen & vnderſtonde hath compelled me
to ſette a parte alle ingratitude/And drofe me by reſon &
conſcience as fer as my wretchednes wold ſuffyſe to gyue
therfore ſynguler louynges & thankes/And exorted me to
diſpoſe my recouerd lyf to his ſeruyce/in folowĩg his lawes
and cõmandemẽtes/And in ſatiſfaccõn & recõpence of myn
Inyquytees & fawtes before don/to ſeke & execute yͤ werkes
that myght be moſt acceptable to hym/And as fer as myn
fraylnes wold ſuffre me I reſted in that wyll & purpoſe
Duryng that ſeaſon I vnderſtode the Jubylee & pardon to
be at the holy Apoſtle Seynt James in Spayne whiche
was the yere of grace a thouſand.CCCC.lxxiij.Thẽne
I determyned me to take that voyage & ſhipped from ſou-
thampton in the moneth of Juyll the ſaid yere/And ſo
ſayled from thens til I come in to the Spaynyſſh ſee there

From The Dictes or Sayeings of the Philosophers

LINES FROM THE FIRST DATED BOOK PRINTED IN ENGLAND (1477) BY CAXTON



From the edition printed by de Worde, 1529

ILLUSTRATION IN MALORY'S MORTE DARTHUR

translated into English some of the best productions of the French genius.

Caxton's Influence. William Caxton was not only a printer but a man of literary judgment and skill. He had great admiration for the courtly style of the French romances, and it was his ambition to help form a correct literary style for English. He tells us that some of his friends advised him to use homely dialect words and phrases in his translations, but so greatly did the English spoken in one part of the country differ from that of another that he himself had difficulty in understanding the various dialects. He therefore resolved to use the language of scholars and men of the court, and like Chaucer he did much to determine the characteristics of the language as we know it today. His books commonly contained prefaces and epilogues written by himself, and some of these are interesting because of Caxton's remarks concerning himself and his reasons for printing the book, and for his moral reflections. Honor he defines as "nothing else but to do reverence to another person for the good and virtuous disposition that is in him." He loved "the fair language of the French." He loved Chaucer, too, for the skill with which he "comprehended his matter in short, quick, and high sentences." And when there came to him the manuscript of a book written in English as fair as the French—Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*—his joy was unbounded. For it he made one of his best prefaces, telling his readers that in this book "they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalries." Therefore "I, William Caxton, simple person, present this book following."

Sir Thomas Malory. Of the man who wrote the *Morte Darthur* little is known. He was born about 1430 and died about 1471. His book was printed by Caxton in 1485, a date which should be remembered, since it marks the publication of the first sustained work in English prose which deserves high place in the history of literature. Malory was a great reader of the French romances, and he condensed them in such a way as to give an account of the life and death of Arthur in somewhat the fashion of a prose epic. The work is divided into twenty-one books, treating of the coming of Arthur, his relations to Merlin, the stories of Lancelot, Gareth, and Tristram, the story of Galahad and the Grail, the relations between Lancelot and Guinevere, and the last days and death of the king. The story is often rambling and disjointed; of paragraph structure there is little or none; the sentences run on interminably, but it is courtly, simple, free from affectation, fresh in diction, and picturesque in expression. Few books have been more influential. Many generations of readers have known and loved it; it has given themes to many of our noblest poems, and it is still a living book in our literature.

Humanism. We have seen that Caxton's first book was a collection of histories of Troy, and that he also printed a translation of the story of Vergil's *Aeneid.* Neither of these works, however, was based on the Greek of Homer or the Latin of Vergil. Both stories were known in the Middle Ages, but only in imperfect form.

Vergil was then more widely celebrated as an enchanter than as a poet.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy, certain great men began to take an interest in the classics and to encourage the search for lost manuscripts. Under their patronage, the study of Greek was introduced, and scholars learned to read manuscripts of great poems and dramas and prose works that had long been unknown. The result was a great impulse to the new learning which we call Humanism.

Humanism in the narrower sense thus refers to the rediscovery and the study of the treasures of Greek and Latin literature. Literature, philosophy, and history are still referred to as the humanities, the studies which have to do with man, as the sciences have to do with nature. Humanism spread from Italy throughout western Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was a study of man in relation to this life, not in relation to the life to come. The theological bias of the Middle Ages was giving way to interest in the things of this world. Men began to study the achievements and the ideals of Greece and Rome, to compare their own civilization with these old civilizations, and to imitate their art, their literature, and their way of looking at life. So great was the influence of this movement that the period is sometimes called the Renaissance, a word which means "new birth." The Middle Ages passed into the modern world. What this means we shall see more clearly in the next chapter.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1408–1509)

ENGLISH LITERATURE	OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
1408. Gower dies	
	1413–1422. Henry V
1415. Lydgate, *Troy Book*	1415. Battle of Agincourt
	1422–1461. Henry VI
	1429. Joan of Arc drives the English from Orleans
1430–1440? York plays written down	
	1436. English lose Paris
	1453. English lose all possessions in France except Calais
	1455–1485. War of Roses
	1461–1483. Edward IV
1468? Coventry plays written down	
1471. Malory dies	
	1476. Caxton establishes a printing press at Westminster
	1483–1485. Richard III
	1485–1509. Henry VII
1485. *Morte Darthur* printed by Caxton	
1500? *Everyman*	

EVERYMAN

Here begynneth a treatyse how the hye Fader of Heven sendeth Dethe to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this worlde, and is in maner of a moral playe.

Messenger

I pray you all gyve your audyence,
And here this mater with reverence,
By fygure a morall playe;
The somonynge of Everyman called it is,
That of our lyves and endynge shewes
How transytory we be all daye.
This mater is wonders precyous,
But the entent of it is more gracyous,
And swete to bere awaye.
The story sayth: Man, in the begynnynge
Loke well, and take good heed to the endynge,
Be you never so gay;
Ye thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete,
Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe,
Whan the body lyeth in claye.
Here shall you se how Felawship and Jolyte,
Bothe Strengthe, Pleasure, and Beaute,
Wyll fade from the as floure in Maye.
For ye shall here how our heven Kynge
Calleth Everyman to a generall rekenynge.
Gyve audyence, and here what he doth saye.

God speketh

I perceyve here in my majeste
How that all creatures be to me unkynde,
Lyvynge without drede in worldely prosperyte;
Of ghostly syght the people be so blynde,
Drowned in synne they know me not for theyr God;
In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde.
They fere not my ryghtwysnes, the sharpe rood;
My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed
They forgete clene, and shedynge of my blode rede;
I hanged bytwene two, it can not be denyed;
To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed.
I heled theyr fete; with thornes hurt was my heed;
I coude do no more than I dyde truely.
And nowe I se the people do clene forsake me.
They use the seven deedly synnes dampnable,
As pryde, coveytyse, wrath, and lechery
Now in the worlde be made commendable,
And thus they leve of aungelles the hevenly company.
Every man lyveth so after his owne pleasure,
And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothinge sure.
I se, the more that I them forbere,
The worse they be fro yere to yere;
All that lyveth appayreth faste.
Therefore I wyll in all the haste
Have a rekenynge of every mannes persone,
For, and I leve the people thus alone
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes,
Veryly they wyll become moche worse than beestes.
For now one wolde by envy another up ete;
Charyte they do all clene forgete.
I hoped well that every man
In my glory sholde make his mansyon,
And thereto I had them all electe;
But now I se, like traytours dejecte,

---

2. **here**, hear. **mater**, matter. 3. **By fygure**, in form. **morall**, morality. 4. **somonynge**, summoning. 6. **all daye**, always. 7. **wonders**, wondrously. 8. **entent**, purpose. 11. **Loke**, look, watch. 18. **the**, thee. 19. **heven**, heavenly. 25. **ghostly**, spiritual.

28. **ryghtwysnes**, righteousness. **rood**, rod. 30. **clene**, clean, utterly. 31. **hanged**, hung. 33. **heled**, healed. **fete**, feet. 36. **use**, practice. 37. **As**, in such a manner that. 39. **leve of aungelles**, leave of angels. 44. **appayreth**, grow worse. 47. **and**, if. 50. **ete**, eat.

They thanke me not for the pleasure that I to them ment,
Nor yet for theyr beynge that I them have lent.
I profered the people grete multytude of mercy,
And fewe there be that asketh it hertly;
They be so combred with worldy ryches
That nedes on them I must do justyce,
On every man lyvynge without fere.
Where art thou, Deth, thou myghty messengere?

Dethe. Almyghty God, I am here at your wyll,
Your commaundement to fulfyll.

God. Go thou to Everyman,
And shewe hym in my name
A pylgrymage he must on hym take,
Which he in no wyse may escape,
And that he brynge with hym a sure rekenynge,
Without delay or ony taryenge.

Dethe. Lorde, I wyll in the worlde go renne over all,
And cruelly out serche bothe grete and small.
Every man wyll I beset that lyveth beestly
Out of Goddes lawes, and dredeth not foly.
He that loveth rychesse I wyll stryke with my darte,
His syght to blynde, and fro heven to departe—
Excepte that almes be his good frende—
In hell for to dwell, worlde without ende.
Lo, yonder I se Everyman walkynge;
Full lytell he thynketh on my comynge!
His mynde is on fleshely lustes and his treasure,
And grete payne it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lorde, heven Kynge.—

Everyman enters

Everyman, stande styll. Whyder art thou goynge
Thus gayly? Hast thou thy Maker forgete?

Everyman. Why askest thou?
Woldest thou wete?

Dethe. Ye, syr, I wyll shewe you.
In grete haste I am sende to the
Fro God, out of his mageste.

Everyman. What, sente to me?

Dethe. Ye, certaynly.
Thoughe thou have forgete hym here,
He thynketh on the in the hevenly spere,
As, or we departe, thou shalt knowe.

Everyman. What desyreth God of me?

Dethe. That shall I shewe thee:
A rekenynge he wyll nedes have,
Without ony lenger respite.

Everyman. To gyve a rekenynge, longer layser I crave;
This blynde mater troubleth my wytte.

Dethe. On the thou must take a longe journey;
Therfore thy boke of counte with the thou brynge,
For tourne agayne thou can not by no waye;
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge,
For before God thou shalte answere and shewe
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe,
How thou hast spente thy lyfe, and in what wise,
Before the Chefe Lorde of paradyse.
Have ydo we were in that waye,
For, wete thou well, thou shalte make none attournay.

Everyman. Full unredy I am suche rekenynge to gyve.
I knowe the not. What messenger arte thou?

Dethe. I am Dethe, that no man dredeth.
For every man I rest, and no man spareth,
For it is Goddes commaundement
That all to me sholde be obedyent.

Everyman. O Dethe, thou comest whan I had thee leest in mynde!
In thy power it lyeth me to save;
Yet of my good wyl I gyve the, if thou wyl be kynde—
Ye, a thousande pounde shalte thou have—
And dyfferre this mater tyl another daye.

Dethe. Everyman, it may not be by no waye.

---

59. **hertly**, heartily. 61. **nedes**, needs. 62. **fere**, fear. 72. **renne over all**, run everywhere. 75. **dredeth**, hate. **foly**, folly. 77. **departe**, separate. 88. **wete**, know.

96. **or**, before. 101. **layser**, leisure. 102. **wytte**, wit, understanding 104. **boke of counte**, account book. 111. **Have ydo**, etc., have done with, that we may be on our way. 112. **wete**, know. **make none attournay**, find no intercessor. 116. **rest**, arrest. 121. **good**, goods. 123. **dyfferre**, defer.

I set not by golde, sylver, nor rychesse,
Ne by pope, emperour, kynge, duke, ne prynces;
For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,
All the worlde I myght gete;
But my custome is clene contrary.
I gyve the no respyte; come hens and not tary.
Everyman. Alas! shall I have no lenger respyte?
I may saye Deth gyveth no warnynge!
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke;
For all unredy is my boke of rekenynge.
But, xii yere and I myght have abydynge,
My countynge boke I wolde make so clere
That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere.
Wherfore, Deth, I praye the, for Goddes mercy,
Spare me tyll I be provyded of remedy.
Dethe. The avayleth not to crye, wepe, and praye.
But hast the lyghtly that thou were gone that journaye.
And preve thy frendes, yf thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tyde abydeth no man,
And in the worlde eche lyvynge creature
For Adams synne must dye of nature.
Everyman. Dethe, yf I sholde this pylgrymage take,
And my rekenynge suerly make,
Shewe me, for saint Charite,
Sholde I not come agayne shortly?
Dethe. No, Everyman, and thou be ones there,
Thou mayst never more come here;
Trust me veryly.
Everyman. O gracyous God, in the hye sete celestyall,
Have mercy on me in this moost nede!
Shall I have no company fro this vale terrestryall
Of myne acqueynce that way me to lede?
Dethe. Ye, yf ony be so hardy
That wolde go with the and bere the company.
Hye the, that thou were gone to Goddes magnyfycence,
Thy rekenynge to gyve before His presence.
What, wenest thou thy lyve is gyven the,
And thy worldely goodes also?
Everyman. I had wende so veryle.
Dethe. Naye, naye, it was but lende the,
For as soone as thou arte go,
Another a whyle shall have it, and than go ther fro
Even as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou arte made! Thou hast thy wyttes fyve,
And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyve!
For sodenely I do come.
Everyman. O wretched caytyfe, wheder shall I flee,
That I myght scape this endles sorowe?
Now, gentyll Deth, spare me tyll to morowe,
That I may amende me
With good advysement.
Dethe. Naye, thereto I wyll not consent,
Nor no man wyll I respyte;
But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte
Without ony advysement.
And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy.
Se thou make the redy shortely,
For thou mayst saye this is the daye
That no man lyvynge may scape a waye.
Everyman. Alas! I may well wepe with syghes depe;
Now have I no maner of company
To helpe me in my journey, and me to kepe;
And also my wrytynge is full unredy.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I wolde to God I had never begete!
To my soule a full grete profyte it had be,
For now I fere paynes huge and grete.
The tyme passeth—Lorde, helpe, that all wrought!
For, though I mourne, it avayleth nought.
The day passeth, and is almoost ago;
I wote not well what for to do.
To whome were I best my complaynt to make?
What and I to Felawshyp therof spake,
And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce?
For in hym is all myne affyaunce.
We have in the worlde so many a daye

125. **set not by**, care not for. 126. **Ne**, nor. 127. **and**, if (as also in line 135). 130. **hens**, hence. 139. **of**, with. 140. **The**, thee. 141. **hast**, haste. **were**, may be. 142. **preve**, prove. 145. **of**, by. 150. **ones**, once. 154. **moost**, greatest. 156. **acqueynce**, acquaintance. 159. **Hye**, haste. **were**. See second note on line 141 above.

161. **wenest**, thinkest. 163. **wende**, thought. 165. **go**, gone. 168. **made**, mad. 187. **wrytynge**, account. 189. **begete**, been born. 190. **be**, been. 194. **ago**, gone. 198. **chaunce**, misfortune. 199. **affyaunce**, trust.

Be good frendes in sporte and playe.
I se hym yonder certaynely—
I trust that he will bere me company;
Therfore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe.
Well mette, good Felawshyp, and good morowe.

Felawshyp speketh. Everyman, good morowe, by this day.
Syr, why lokest thou so pyteously?
If ony thynge be a mysse I praye the me saye,
That I may helpe to remedy.

Everyman. Ye, good Felawshyp, ye,
I am in greate jeoparde.

Felawshyp. My true frende, shewe to me your mynde;
I wyll not forsake the to my lyves ende,
In the waye of good company.

Everyman. That was well spoken, and lovyngly.

Felawshyp. Syr, I must nedes knowe your hevynesse.
I have pyte to se you in ony dystresse.
If ony have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Thoughe I on the grounde be slayne for the,
Though that I knowe before that I sholde dye.

Everyman. Veryly, Felawshyp, gramercy.

Felawshyp. Tusshe! by thy thankes I set not a strawe.
Shewe me your grefe and saye no more.

Everyman. If I my herte sholde to you breke,
And than you to tourne your mynde fro me,
And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me speke,
Than sholde I ten tymes soryer be.

Felawshyp. Syr, I saye as I wyll do in dede.

Everyman. Than be you a good frende at nede.
I have founde you true here before.

Felawshyp. And so ye shall evermore,
For, in fayth, and thou go to hell
I wyll not forsake the by the waye.

Everyman. Ye speke lyke a good frende; I byleve you well.
I shall deserve it, and I may.

Felawshyp. I speke of no deservynge, by this daye,
For he that wyll saye and nothynge do
Is not worthy with good company to go.
Therfore shewe me the grefe of your mynde,
As to your frende mooste lovynge and kynde.

Everyman. I shall shewe you how it is:
Commaunded I am to go a journaye,
A long waye, harde and daungerous,
And gyve a strayte counte, without delaye,
Before the hye Juge, Adonay.
Wherfore, I pray you, bere me company,
As ye have promysed, in this journaye.

Felawshyp. That is mater in dede! Promyse is duty.
But and I sholde take such a vyage on me,
I knowe it well, it shulde be to my payne;
Also it make me aferde, certayne.
But let us take counsell here as well as we can,
For your wordes wolde fere a stronge man.

Everyman. Why, ye sayd, yf I had nede,
Ye wolde me never forsake, quycke ne deed,
Thoughe it were to hell, truely.

Felawshyp. So I sayd certaynely.
But such pleasures be set asyde, the sothe to saye;
And also, yf we toke suche a journaye,
Whan sholde we come agayne?

Everyman. Naye, never agayne, tyll the daye of dome.

Felawshyp. In fayth, than wyll not I come there.
Who hath you these tydynges brought?

Everyman. In dede, Deth was with me here.

Felawshyp. Now, by God that alle hathe bought,
If Deth were the messenger,
For no man that is lyvynge to daye
I wyll not go that lothe journaye,
Not for the fader that bygate me.

Everyman. Ye promysed other wyse, parde.

Felawshyp. I wote well I saye so, truely,
And yet yf thou wylte ete, and drynke, and make good chere,
I wolde not forsake you, whyle the daye is clere;
Truste me veryly.

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201. **Be**, been. 210. **Ye**, yea. 217. **pyte**, pity. 221. **gramercy**, great thanks. 224. **breke**, disclose.

245. **Adonay**, God. 253. **fere**, frighten. 255. **quycke**, living. 258. **pleasures**, pleasant sayings. **be**, are (now). **sothe**, truth. 265. **bought**, redeemed. 268. **lothe**, loathsome. 270. **parde**, pardie, truly. 271. **saye**, said.

Everyman. Ye, therto ye wolde be redy!
To go to myrthe, solas, and playe,
Your mynde wyll soner apply,
Than to bere me company in my longe journaye.
Felawshyp. Now, in good fayth, I wyll not that waye;
But, and thou wyll murder, or ony man kyll,
In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.
Everyman. O that is a symple advyse in dede!
Gentyll felawe, help me in my necessyte;
We have loved longe, and now I nede!
And now, gentyll Felawshyp, remembre me.
Felawshyp. Wheder ye have loved me or no,
By saynt John, I wyll not with the go.
Everyman. Yet I pray the, take the labour and do so moche for me,
To brynge me forwarde, for saynt Charyte,
And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.
Felawshyp. Nay, and thou wolde gyve me a newe gowne,
I wyll not a fote with the go;
But and thou had taryed, I wolde not have lefte the so.
And as now, God spede the in thy journaye!
For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.
Everyman. Wheder awaye, Felawshyp? Will you forsake me?
Felawshyp. Ye, by my faye! To God I betake the.
Everyman. Farewell, good Fellawshyp! For the my herte is sore!
A dewe for ever—I shall se the no more.
Felawshyp. In fayth, Everyman, fare well now at the ende;
For you I wyll remembre that partynge is mournynge.
Everyman. Alacke! shall we thus departe in dede?
A! Lady, helpe! Without ony more comforte,
Lo, Felawshyp forsaketh me in my moost nede.
For helpe in this worlde wheder shall I resorte?
Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make,
And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take.
It is sayd, in prosperyte men frendes may fynde,
Whiche in adversyte be full unkynde.
Now wheder for socoure shall I flee,
Syth that Felawshyp hath forsaken me?
To my kynnesmen I wyll truely,
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte.
I byleve that they wyll do so,
For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go.
I wyll go saye; for yonder I se them go—
Where be ye now, my frendes and kynnesmen?
Kynrede. Here be we now at your commaundement.
Cosyn, I praye you, shewe us your entent
In ony wise, and not spare.
Cosyn. Ye, Everyman, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go ony whyder;
For, wete you well, wyll lyve and dye to gyder.
Kynrede. In welth and wo we wyll with you holde;
For over his kynne a man may be bolde.
Everyman. Gramercy, my frendes and kynnesmen kynde!
Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my mynde.
I was commaunded by a messenger,
That is a hye kynges chefe offycer;
He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne,
And I knowe well I shall never come agayne.
Also I must gyve a rekenynge strayte;
For I have a grete enemy that hath me in wayte,
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.
Kynrede. What a counte is that whiche ye must render?
That wolde I knowe.
Everyman. Of all my workes I must shewe
How I have lyved, and my days spent;
Also of yll dedes that I have used
In my tyme, syth lyfe was me lent,
And of all vertues that I have refused.

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282. **symple**, foolish. 294. **as**, so. 296. **Wheder awaye**, whither away. 297. **faye**, faith. **betake**, commend. 302. **departe**, separate.

315. **kynde wyll crepe**, etc., i.e., kinship will do all in its power. 316. **saye**, assay. 319. **your entent**, what is in your mind. 323. **to gyder**, together. 325. **over**, with. 332. **strayte**, strict. 333. **hath me in wayte**, is lying in wait for me. 334. **hynder**, injure.

Therefore, I praye you, go thyder with me
To helpe to make myn accounte, for saynt Charyte.
Cosyn. What, to go thyder! Is that the mater?
Nay, Everyman, I had lever fast brede and water
All this fyve yere and more.
Everyman. Alas, that ever I was bore!
For now shall I never be mery
If that you forsake me.
Kynrede. A, syr, what! Ye be a mery man!
Take good herte to you, and make no mone.
But one thynge I warne you, by saynt Anne—
As for me, ye shall go alone.
Everyman. My Cosyn, wyll you not with me go?
Cosyn. No, by our Lady! I have the crampe in my to.
Trust not to me; for, so God me spede,
I wyll deceyve you in your moost nede.
Everyman. Now shewe me the very effecte of your mynde—
Wyll you go with me or abyde behynde?
Kynrede. Abyde behynde! Ye, that wyll I and I maye;
Therfore farewell tyll another daye.
Everyman. Howe sholde I be mery or gladde?
For fayre promyses men to me make,
But, whan I have moost nede, they me forsake;
I am deceyved—that maketh me sadde.
Cosyn. Cosyn Everyman, farewell now,
For, veryly, I wyll not go with you.
Also of myne owne an unredy rekenynge
I have to accounte, therfore I make taryenge;
Now God kepe the, for now I go.
Everyman. A! Jesus, is all come here to?
Lo, fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne;
They promyse, and nothynge wyll do certayne.
My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully
For to abyde with me stedfastly;
And now fast a waye do they flee;
Even so Felawshyp promysed me.
What frende were best me of to provyde?
I lose my time here longer to abyde;
Yet in my mynde a thynge there is—
All my lyfe I have loved ryches;
Yf that my Good now helpe me myght,
He wolde make my herte full lyght;
I wyll speke to hym in this dystresse—
Where arte thou, my Goodes and Ryches?
Goodes. Who calleth me? Everyman? What hast thou haste?
I lye here in corners, trussed and pyled so hye,
And in chestes I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bagges, thou mayst se with thyn eye,
I can not styre; in packes lowe I lye.
What wolde ye have? Lyghtly me saye.
Everyman. Come hyder, Good, in al the hast thou may,
For of counseyll I must desyre the.
Goodes. Syr, and ye in the worlde have sorowe or adversyte,
That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.
Everyman. It is another dysease that greveth me;
In this world it is not, I tell the so;
I am sent for an other way to go,
To gyve a strayte counte generall
Before the hyest Jupiter of all.
And all my life I have had joye and pleasure in the,
Therefore I pray the go with me;
For, paraventure, thou mayst before God almighty
My rekenynge helpe to clene and puryfye,
For it is saide ever amonge
That money maketh all ryght that is wronge.
Goodes. Nay, Everyman, I synge an other songe;
I folowe no man in suche vyages,
For, and I wente with the,
Thou sholdes fare moche the worse for me;
For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde,
Thy rekenynge I have made blotted and blynde,
That thyne accounte thou can not make truly—
And that hast thou for the love of me.
Everyman. That wolde greve me full sore,
Whan I sholde come to that ferefull answere.
Up! let us go thyther togyder.

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345. **lever fast**, rather fast on. 347. **bore**, born. 360. **Ye**, yea. 369. **make**, make an end of. 371. **here to**, to this. 372. **fayne**, fain.

382. **Good**, goods, possessions. 386. **What**, why. 392. **hast**, haste. 405. **ever amonge**, every now and then. 412. **blynde**, confused.

Goodes. Nay, not so; I am to brytell, I may not endure;
I wyll folowe [no] man one fote, be ye sure.
Everyman. Alas, I have the loved, and had grete pleasure
All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure.
Goodes. That is to thy dampnacyon, without lesynge,
For my love is contrary to the love everlastynge;
But yf thou had me loved moderately durynge,
As to the poore gyve parte of me,
Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be,
Nor in this grete sorowe and care.
Everyman. Lo, now was I deceyved or I was ware,
And all I may wyte my spendynge of tyme.
Goodes. What, wenest thou that I am thyne?
Everyman. I had went so.
Goodes. Naye, Everyman, I saye no.
As for a whyle I was lente the;
A season thou hast me in prosperyte;
My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll.
If I save one, a thousande I do spyll.
Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the?
Nay, fro this worlde not, veryle.
Everyman. I had wende otherwyse.
Goodes. Therefore to thy soule Good is a thefe,
For whan thou arte deed, this is my gyse:
Another to deceyve in this same wyse
As I have done the, and all to his soules reprefe.
Everyman. O false Good, cursed thou be!
Thou traytour to God, that hast deceyved me
And caught me in thy snare.
Goodes. Mary, thou brought thy self in care—
Whereof I am gladde;
I must nedes laugh, I can not be sadde.
Everyman. A! Good, thou hast had longe my hertely love;
I gave the that whiche sholde be the Lordes above.
But wylte thou not go with me in dede?
I praye the trouth to saye.
Goodes. No, so God me spede!
Therfore fare well, and have good daye.
Everyman. O, to whome shall I make my mone
For to go with me in that hevy journaye?
Fyrst Felawshyp sayd he wolde with me gone;
His wordes were very pleasaunte and gaye,
But afterwarde he lefte me alone.
Than spake I to my kynnesmen all in despayre,
And also they gave me wordes fayre—
They lacked no fayre spekynge;
But all forsake me in the endynge.
Than wente I to my Goodes, that I loved best,
In hope to have comforte, but there had I leest;
For my Goodes sharpely dyd me tell
That he bryngeth many in to hell.
Than of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed.
Thus may I well my selfe hate.
Of whome shall I now counseyll take?
I thynke that I shall never spede
Tyll that I go to my Good-dede.
But, alas, she is so weke
That she can nother go nor speke.
Yet wyll I venter on her now.—
My Good-dedes, where be you?
Good-dedes. Here I lye, colde in the grounde;
Thy sinnes hath me sore bounde
That I can not stere.
Everyman. O Good-dedes, I stande in fere;
I must you pray of counseyll,
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.
Good-dedes. Everyman, I have understandynge
That ye be somoned a counte to make
Before Myssyas, of Jherusalem kynge,
And you do by me, that journay with you wyll I take.
Everyman. Therefore I come to you my mone to make.
I pray you that ye wyll go with me.
Good-dedes. I wolde full fayne, but I can not stande veryly.

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418. **brytell**, brittle. 421. **good**, goods. 422. **without lesynge**, without lying. 424. **durynge**, the while. 428. **or**, ere. 429. **wyte**, blame to. 430. **wenest**, thinkest. 431. **went**, thought. 433. **As**, merely. 435. **condycyon**, nature. 436. **spyll**, destroy. 439. **wende**, thought. 441. **gyse**, custom. 443. **reprefe**, reproof. 447. **Mary**, an exclamation, "By Mary." **in care**, to this trouble. 450. **hertely**, hearty.

474. **Good-dede**, Good-deeds. 476. **go**, walk. 477. **venter**, venture. 481. **stere**, stir. 483. **of**, for. 487. **Myssyas**, Messiah. 488. **And you do by me**, if you abide by my counsel.

Everyman. Why, is there ony thynge on you fall?
Good-dedes. Ye, syr, I may thanke you of all.
If ye had parfytely chered me,
Your boke of counte full redy had be.
Loke the bokes of your workes and dedes eke.
A! se how they lye under the fete,
To your soules hevynes.
Everyman. Our Lord Jesus, helpe me,
For one letter here I cannot se.
Good-dedes. There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystress.
Everyman. Good-dedes, I praye you helpe me in this nede,
Or elles I am for ever dampned in dede;
Therefore helpe me to make rekenynge
Before the Redemer of all thynge,
That Kynge is, and was, and ever shall.
Good-dedes. Everyman, I am sory of your fall,
And fayne wolde I helpe you, and I were able.
Everyman. Good-dedes, your counseyll I pray you give me.
Good-dedes. That shall I do veryly.
Thoughe that on my fete I may not go,
I have a syster that shall with you also,
Called Knowledge, whiche shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dredeful rekenynge.
Knowledge. Everyman, I wyll go with the, and be thy gyde,
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.
Everyman. In good condycyon I am now in every thynge,
And am hole content with this good thynge,
Thanked by God my creature.
Good-dedes. And whan she hath brought you there,
Where thou shalt hele the of thy smarte,
Than go you with your rekenynge and your good dedes togyder,
For to make you joyfull at herte
Before the blessyd Trynyte.
Everyman. My Good-dedes, gramercy;
I am well content certaynly
With your wordes swete.
Knowledge. Now go we togyder lovyngly
To Confessyon, that clensynge ryvere.
Everyman. For joy I wepe. I wolde we were there;
But, I pray you, gyve me cognycyon
Where dwelleth that holy man Confessyon.
Knowledge. In the hous of salvacyon;
We shall fynde hym in that place,
That shall us comforte by Goddes grace.
Lo, this is Confessyon; knele downe, and aske mercy,
For he is in good conceyte with God almyghty.
Everyman. O gloryous fountayne that all unclenenes doth claryfy,
Wasshe fro me the spottes of vyce unclene,
That on me no synne may be sene;
I come with Knowlege for my redempcyon,
Redempte with herte and full contrycyon,
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take,
And grete accountes before God to make.
Now I praye you, Shryfte, moder of salvacyon,
Helpe my good dedes for my pyteous exclamacyon.
Confessyon. I knowe your sorrowe well, Everyman.
Bycause with Knowlege ye come to me,
I wyll you comforte as well as I can;
And a precyous jewell I wyll gyve the,
Called penaunce voyce, voyder of adversyte;
Therwith shall your body chastysed be
With abstynence and perseveraunce in Goddes servyce.
Here shall you receyve that scourge of me
Which is penaunce stronge that ye must endure,
To remembre thy Savyour was scourged for the
With sharpe scourges, and suffred it pacyently;
So must thou, or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage.—
Knowledge, kepe hym in this vyage,
And by that tyme Good-dedes wyll be with the.
But in ony wyse be seker of mercy,

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492. **on you fall**, befallen you. 493. **of**, for. 494. **chered**, entertained. 495. **be**, been. 496. **Loke**, behold. 506. **shall**, shall be. 519. **by**, be. **creature**, creator.

529. **ryvere**, river. 531. **cognycyon**, information. 537. **conceyte**, favor. 545. **Shryfte**, shrift, i. e., absolution. 546. **for**, because of. 551. **voyder**, expeller. 558. **or**, before. 561. **seker**, sure.

For your tyme draweth fast; and ye wyll saved be.
Aske God mercy, and he wyll graunte truely.
Whan with the scourge of penaunce man doth hym bynde,
The oyle of forgyveness than shall he fynde.
Everyman. Thanked be God for his gracyous werke,
For now I wyll my penaunce begyn;
This hath rejoysed and lyghted my herte,
Though the knottes be paynful and harde within.

[*After performing his penance, Everyman finds Good-dedes able to accompany him.*]

Good-dedes. Everyman, pylgryme, my special frende,
Blessyd be thou without ende;
For the is preparate the eternal glory.
Ye have me made hole and sounde;
Therfore I will byde by the in every stounde.
Everyman. Welcome, my Good-dedes; now I here thy voyce
I wepe for very sweteness of love.
Knowledge. Be no more sad, but ever rejoyce.
God seeth thy lyvynge in his trone above;
Put on his garment to thy behove,
Whiche is wette with your teres,
Or elles before God you may it mysse,
Whan ye to your journeys ende come shall.
Everyman. Gentyll Knowledge, what do ye it call?
Knowledge. It is a garment of sorowe,
Fro payne it wyll you borowe;
Contrycyon it is,
That getteth forgyvenes;
He pleaseth God passynge well.
Good-dedes. Everyman, wyll you were it for your hele?
Everyman. Now blessyd be Jesu, Maryes sone,
For now have I on true contrycyon;
And lette us go now without taryenge.—
Good-dedes, have we clere our rekenynge?
Good-dedes. Ye, indede, I have here.
Everyman. Than I trust we nede not fere.
Now, frendes, let us not parte in twayne.
Knowledge. Nay, Everyman, that wyll we not certayne.
Good-dedes. Yet must thou led with the
Thre persones of grete myght.
Everyman. Who sholde they be?
Good-dedes. Dyscrecyon and Strength they hyght,
And thy Beaute may not abyde behynde.
Knowledge. Also ye must call to mynde
Your Fyve-wyttes, as for your counseylours.
Good-dedes. You must have them ready at all houres.
Everyman. Howe shall I gette them hyder?
Knowledge. You must call them all togyder,
And they wyll here you incontynent.
Everyman. My frendes, come hyder, and be present,
Dyscrecyon, Strengthe, my Fyve-wyttes, and Beaute.
Beaute. Here at your wyll we be all redy.
What wyll ye that we sholde do?
Good-dedes. That ye wolde with Everyman go,
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage.
Advyse you, wyll ye with him or not in that vyage?
Strengthe. We wyll brynge hym all thyder
To his helpe and comforte, ye may byleve me.
Dyscrecyon. So wyll we go with hym all togyder.
Everyman. Almyghty God, loved myght thou be;
I gyve the laude that I have hyder brought
Strength, Dyscrecyon, Beaute, and Fyve-wyttes, lacke I nought;
And my Good-dedes, with Knowlege clere,
All be in my company at my wyll here;
I desyre no more to my besynes.
Strengthe. And I Strength wyll by you stande in dystres,
Though thou wolde in batayle fyght on the grounde.
Fyve-wyttes. And though it were thrugh the worlde rounde,
We wyll not departe for swete ne soure.
Beaute. No more wyll I unto dethes houre,
Whatsoever thereof befall.

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568. **lyghted**, lightened. 569. **knottes**, i. e., of the scourge. 574. **stounde**, hour. 575. **now**, now that. 579. **behove**, profit. 585. **borowe**, redeem. 588. **He**, it. 589. **were**, wear. **hele**, healing. 597. **certayne**, for certain.

598. **led**, lead. 601. **hyght**, are called. 604. **Fyve-wyttes**, the five senses. 608. **incontynent**, without delay. 619. **myght**, mayest. 620. **laude**, praise. 624. **besynes**, business.

Dyscrecyon. Everyman, advyse you fyrst of all,
Go with a good advysement and delyberacyon;
We all gyve you vertuous monycyon,
That all shall be well.
Everyman. My frendes, harken what I wyll tell;
I praye God rewarde you in his heven spere.
Now herken all that be here,
For I wyll make my testament
Here before you all present;
In almes, halfe my good I wyll gyve with my handes twayne
In the way of charyte with good entent,
And the other halfe styll shall remayne
In queth to be retourned there it ought to be.
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell,
To go quyte out of his perell
Ever after and this daye.
Knowledge. Everyman, herken what I saye:
Go to presthode I you advyse,
And receyve of him in ony wyse
The holy sacrament and oyntement togyder;
Than shortly, se ye, tourne agayne hyder;
We wyll all abyde you here.

[*Everyman leaves his friends in order to receive the sacrament; after this he returns, expecting them to accompany him to the end.*]

Everyman. Now Jesu be your alder spede!
I have receyved the sacrament for my redempcyon,
And than myne extreme unccyon.
Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to take it!
And now frendes, let us go without longer respyte.
I thanke God that ye have taryed so longe.
Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde;
And shortely folowe me.
I go before there I wolde be. God be our gyde.
Strength. Everyman, we wyll not fro you go
Tyll ye have done this vyage longe.
Dyscrecyon. I, Dyscrecyon, wyll byde by you also.
Knowledge. And though this pylgrymage be never so stronge,
I wyll never parte you fro.
Everyman, I wyll be as sure by the,
As ever I dyde by Judas Machabee.
Everyman. Alas! I am so faynt I may not stande;
My lymmes under me doth folde.
Frendes, let us not tourne agayne to this lande,
Not for all the worldes golde,
For in to this cave must I crepe,
And tourne to erth and there to slepe.
Beaute. What, in to this grave? Alas!
Everyman. Ye, there shall ye consume, more and lesse.
Beaute. And what, sholde I smoder here?
Everyman. Ye, by my fayth, and never more appere!
In this worlde lyve no more we shall,
But in heven before the hyest Lorde of all.
Beaute. I crosse out all this! Adewe, by saynt Johan!
I take my tappe in my lappe, and am gone.
Everyman. What, Beaute, whyder wyll ye?
Beaute. Peas! I am defe; I loke not behynde me,
Not and thou woldest gyve me all the golde in thy chest.
Everyman. Alas! whereto may I truste?
Beaute gothe fast awaye fro me.
She promysed with me to lyve and dye.
Strengthe. Everyman, I wyll the also forsake and denye;
Thy game lyketh me not at all.
Everyman. Why than, ye wyll forsake me all!
Swete Strength, tary a lytell space.
Strengthe. Nay, syr, by the rode of grace,
I wyll hye me from the fast
Though thou wepe to thy herte to-brast.
Everyman. Ye wolde ever byde by me, ye sayd.
Strengthe. Ye, I have you ferre ynoughe conveyde.

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633. **monycyon**, admonition. 643. **In queth**, under promise. **there**, where. 644. **fende**, fiend. 645. **perell**, power. 652. **abyde**, wait for. 653. **your alder spede**, the help of you all. 659. **rodde**, rood, cross. 661. **there**, where.

665. **stronge**, difficult. 668. **Judas Machabee**, Judas Maccabæus (died 160 B. C.), a renowned Jewish patriot and commander. 676. **consume**, be consumed. **more and lesse**, entirely. 681. **Johan**, John. 682. **tappe**, bunch of tow, for spinning; an old saying. 690. **lyketh**, pleases. 693. **rode**, rood, cross. 695. **to**, until. **to-brast**, burst. 697. **ferre**, far.

Ye be olde ynoughe, I understande,
Your pylgrymage to take on hande;
I repent me that I hyder came.
Everyman. Strength, you to dysplease I am to blame;
Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette?
Strengthe. In fayth, I care not!
Thou arte but a foole to complayne;
You spende your speche, and waste your brayne;
Go, thryst the in to the grounde!
Everyman. I had wende surer I shulde you have founde;
He that trusteth in his Strength,
She hym deceyveth at the length;
Both Strength and Beaute forsaketh me,
Yet they promysed me fayre and lovyngly.
Dyscrecyon. Everyman, I wyll after Strength be gone;
As for me I wyll leve you alone.
Everyman. Why, Dyscrecyon, wyll ye forsake me?
Dyscrecyon. Ye, in fayth, I wyll go fro the;
For whan Strength goth before,
I folowe after ever more.
Everyman. Yet, I pray the, for the love of the Trynyte,
Loke in my grave ones pyteously.
Dyscrecyon. Nay, so nye wyll I not come!
Fare well, everychone.
Everyman. O all thynge fayleth, save God alone,
Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon;
For, whan Deth bloweth his blast,
They all renne fro me full fast.
Fyve-wyttes. Everyman, my leve now of the I take;
I wyll folowe the other, for here I the forsake.
Everyman. Alas! than may I wayle and wepe,
For I toke you for my best frende.
Fyve-wyttes. I wyll no lenger the kepe;
Now farewell, and there an ende.
Everyman. O Jesu, helpe! All hath forsaken me.
Good-dedes. Nay, Everyman, I wyll byde with the;
I wyll not forsake the in dede;
Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.
Everyman. Gramercy, Good-dedes, now may I true frendes se;
They have forsaken me everychone;
I loved them better than my Good-dedes alone.
Knowlege, wyll ye forsake me also?
Knowledge. Ye, Everyman, whan ye to deth shall go;
But not yet for no manner of daunger.
Everyman. Gramercy, Knowlege, with all my herte.
Knowledge. Nay, yet I wyll not from hens departe,
Tyll I see where ye shall be come.
Everyman. Me thynke, alas, that I must be gone
To make my rekenynge, and my dettes paye;
For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye.—
Take example, all ye that this do here or se,
How they that I love best do forsake me,
Except my Good-dedes, that bydeth truly.
Good-dedes. All erthly thynges is but vanyte.
Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon do man forsake,
Folysshe frendes, and kynnesmen that fayre spake—
All fleeth save Good-dedes, and that am I.
Everyman. Have mercy on me, God moost myghty—
And stande by me, thou moder and mayde, holy Mary.
Good-dedes. Fere not, I wyll speke for the.
Everyman. Here I crye, God mercy.
Good-dedes. Shorte our ende and mynysshe our payne;
Let us go and never come agayne.
Everyman. In to thy handes, Lorde, my soule I commende;
Receyve it, Lorde, that it be not lost!
As thou me boughtest, so me defende,
And save me from the fendes boost,
That I may appere with that blessyd hoost

---

700. **hyder**, hither. 702. **dette**, duty. 707. **wende**, thought. 721. **everychone**, everyone.

743. **hens**, hence. 759. **Shorte**, shorten. **mynysshe**, diminish. 764. **fendes boost**, fiend's menace.

That shall be saved at the day of dome.
In manus tuas—of myghtes moost,
For ever *commendo spiritum meum.*
Knowledge. Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure,
The Good-dedes shall make all sure.
Now hath he made endynge,
Me thynketh that I here aungelles synge,
And make grete joy and melody,
Where every mannes soule receyved shall be.
The Aungell. Come, excellente electe spouse to Jesu!
Here above thou shalt go,
Bycause of thy synguler vertue.
Now the soule is taken the body fro,
Thy rekenynge is crystall clere.
Now shalte thou in to the hevenly spere,
Unto the whiche all ye shall come
That lyveth well before the daye of dome.
Doctour. This morall, men may have in mynde.
Ye herers, take it of worth, olde and yonge,
And forsake Pryde, for he deceyvth you in the ende,
And remembre Beaute, Fyve-wyttes, Strength, and Dyscrecyon,
They all at the last do Everyman forsake
Save his Good-dedes there doth he take.
But be ware, and they be small,
Before God he hath no helpe at all.
None excuse may be there for Everyman!
Alas! how shall he do than?
For after dethe amendes may no man make,
For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake;
If his rekenynge be not clene whan he doth come,
God wyll saye—*Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum.*
And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde
Hye in heven he shall be crounde;
Unto whiche place God bringe us all thyder,
That we may lyve body and soule togyder!
Therto helpe the Trynyte!
Amen, saye ye, for saynt Charyte!

FINIS

Thus endeth this morall playe of Everyman.

---

767. **In manus tuas**, into Thy hands. 768. **commendo spiritum meum**, I commend my spirit. 769. **that**, what. 771. **Now**, now that.

788. **Save**, only. **there**, which there. 789. **and**, for if. 796. **Ite**, etc., go, ye accursed, into everlasting fire.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

For definitions and characteristics of the Moralities, see pages 76-77. *Everyman* is thought to be a translation from a Dutch play by Petrus Dorlandus. Note that the work is called by its author "a treatise . . . in manner of a moral play." That is, the author thought first of the teaching and decided to put what he had to say in dramatic form rather than in the form of an essay or a sermon. To do this he presents personified abstractions, such as Death, Kindred, Fellowship, Goods, etc., and makes them talk and act like real persons. Everyman is a type of the human race; the play represents universal human experience.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. The translation follows the original meter and, so far as possible, the original language. Note the verse form. Is it regular or free in number of syllables and accents? In rime? Is there alliteration?

2. How is the type character Everyman made to seem a real person? Do you imagine him as young or old? What kind of life has he led? What development is there in his character as the play proceeds?

3. How is it shown that Death is no respecter of persons?

4. The dialogue between Fellowship and Everyman is somewhat long. Can this be justified? Is Fellowship a clearly drawn character? What are his traits?

5. Point out differences between Goods and the other abstractions. What is the effect of his words on Everyman? Account for this.

6. Why are Discretion, Strength, Five Wits, and Beauty ready to go with him? How far can they go? How does Knowledge differ from the others?

7. Which abstraction is Everyman's truest friend? Has Everyman recognized this before Death summons him?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

(For the period covered by this chapter.)

I. General Books

Craik, H.: *English Prose, Fourteenth to Sixteenth Centuries.*

Jusserand, J. J.: *A Literary History of the English People.* Vol. I, Chapters vi ("The Stage") and vii ("The End of the Middle Ages") will prove most interesting.

Neilson and Webster: Selections from the poetry of this time, in modern form, will be found in *The Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.*

II. Special Topics: Early Drama

Bates, Katharine Lee: *The Early English Drama.* This volume will be found helpful for the information it gives on the stage conditions and contents of the plays.

Child, C. G.: *Early Plays.* For specimen plays, in modernized versions, consult this book.

Gayley, C. M.: *Plays of Our Forefathers.* For supplementary matter on the early drama, this volume (and Jusserand, above) will be found valuable.

Manly, J. M.: *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama,* two volumes. An excellent assortment of the plays discussed in this chapter are to be found in these two books.

Pollard, A. W.: *English Miracle Plays.* This book contains a very complete introduction that makes clear many points of interest.

III. Ballads

Gummere, F. B.: *The Popular Ballad.* Those who wish to study the subject of ballad origin would do well to consult this volume.

Hart, W. M.: *English Ballads.* This collection contains a very liberal selection of texts, with an excellent introduction.

Kittredge, G. L.: Professor Kittredge's introduction to the Cambridge Edition is authoritative.

Pound, Louise: *Poetic Origins and the Ballad.* A somewhat different view of ballad origins, from that given by Professor Gummere, is found here.

IV. Text of the Prose Writers

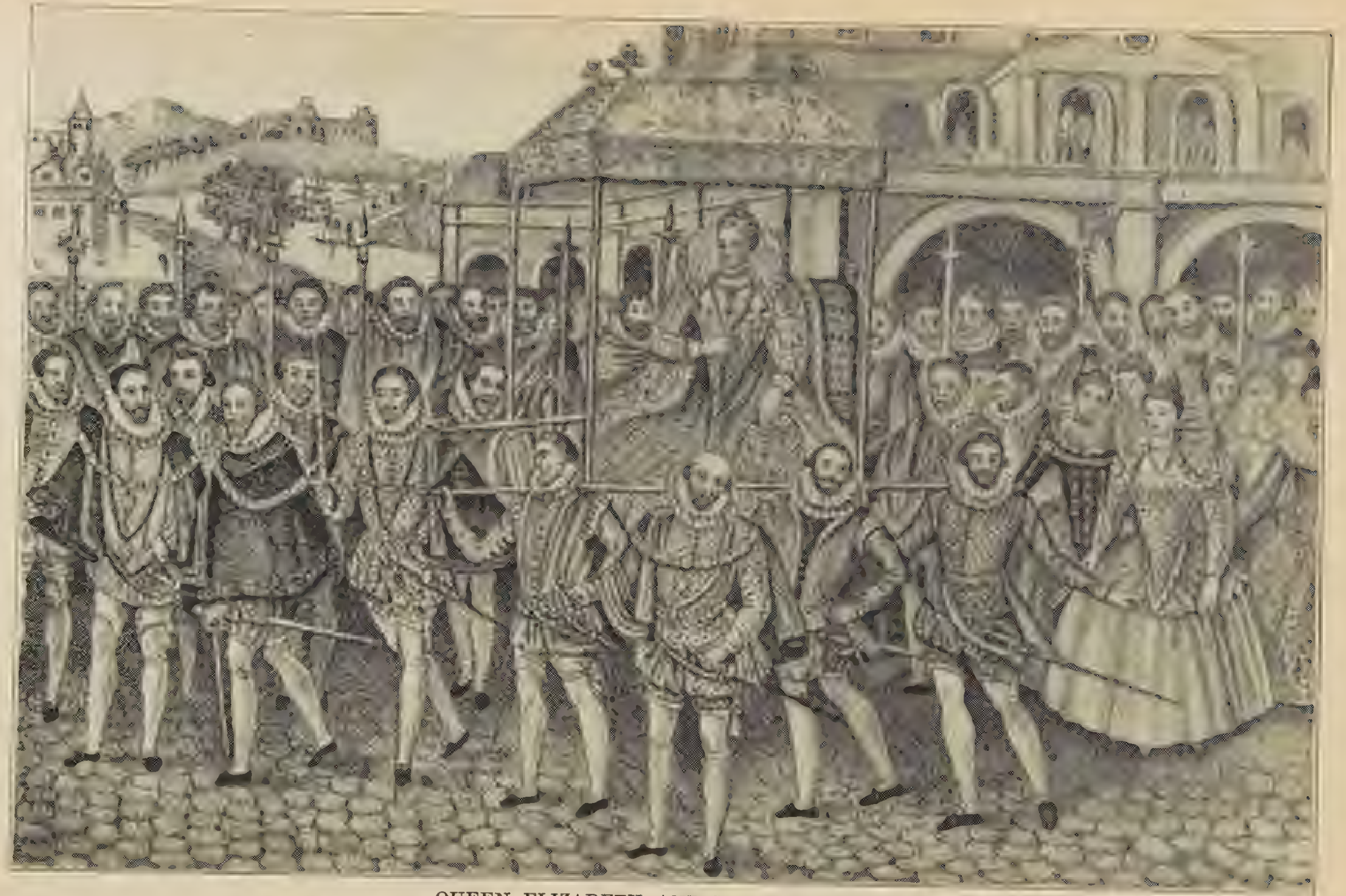
Craik, H.: See under I, column 1.

Morte Darthur: This is reprinted in the Everyman's Library edition.

PART II

THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

In the dim light of learning's dawn they stand,
Flushed with the first glimpse of a long-lost land.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIERS

(The "Faerie Queene," symbol of the age that produced Raleigh and Sidney, Marlowe and Shakespeare) the pinnacle of glory

CHAPTER V

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE: The Discovery of the Ancient World—The Discovery of the World of Nature—The Discovery of Man.

THE NEW ENGLISH LITERATURE: Tottel's *Miscellany.*

EDMUND SPENSER: Life of Spenser—*The Shepherd's Calendar*—Pastoral Poetry—Plan and Character of *The Shepherd's Calendar*—*The Faerie Queene*—The Theme of the Poem—The Plan of the Poem—Spenser as a Poet.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS: Nature of Lyric Poetry—Kinds of Lyrics—Elizabethan Sonnets.

ELIZABETHAN PROSE: Prose Fiction—Other Prose.

SUMMARY.

There is a famous picture of two boys, by the seacoast in English Devon, who are listening with eager interest to the tales of an old sailor (see next page). In the eyes of one of the boys, Walter Raleigh, is the look of one who already sees, in imagination, the marvels of uncharted seas and of lands unknown to civilized man. From his native Devon he was destined to travel far, exploring the regions of tropical South America; he was destined also to lay the foundations for the vast colonial system of Great Britain, to help defend his country against the Spanish Armada, to become the patron of poets, the delight of the court, and the favorite of the learned. Filled with magic transformations was his life to be, for from his place of power he was to be cast into prison, there to spend many of the best years of his life. His cell would become like a college room, filled with books and frequented by the learned of his own time. Here he would write poetry, essays on England's present and future, a history of the world. He would conceive a daring plan for exploration and colonization, would win the king's assent to try it, and in his old age, like Tennyson's Ulysses, would sail far beyond the western isles on a journey repeating the adventures of his youth, tinged with tragedy now and bitter failure. For on his return in disgrace to his cell, he would have short shrift to prepare for his execution.

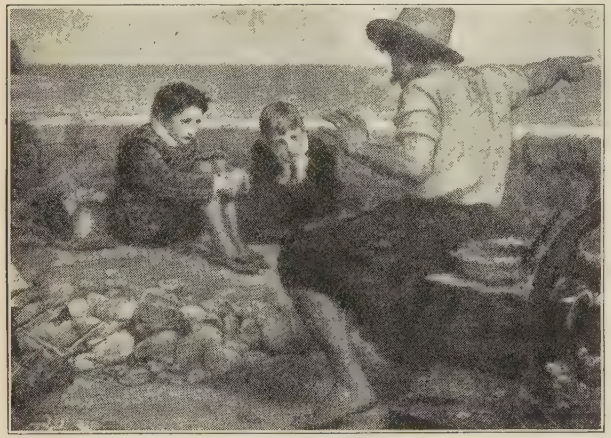
To those who know Raleigh's story, therefore, the boyhood picture is filled with suggestion of that heroic time. In a way it is symbolic of the period that we call the English Renaissance. The old sailor, fresh from the Spanish Main, feeds through his stories of adventure the flame of desire that burns in the eyes of the boy. It is desire for a life given to daring deeds, for accomplishing things that a few years before would have been thought unattainable, a passion for infinite power, infinite knowledge, infinite wealth, for making the island kingdom a mighty empire. Tennyson has caught the spirit of these men in his "Ulysses":

> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

It was an age of giants: Drake, Frobisher, Sidney, the Chancellor Burghley, Leicester and Essex, the great Queen herself. In literature, it was the age of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Spenser. It was the age, too, of Francis Bacon, the pioneer in scientific discovery, the man who with superb insolence took all knowledge to be his province.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Not once but many times Raleigh's story was duplicated in that age of fairy magic. Romantic rise from obscurity to the pinnacle of glory, a sense of the infinite power to be grasped by the daring man, instant and complete surrender to the spirit of adventure; visions of the greatness of an imperial Britain including transatlantic colonies, treasure-ships coming in from distant ports—such were the characteristics of the age of Elizabeth. The old romances were embodied in the lives of men like Raleigh and Drake and Sidney. It was as though Gawain, Galahad, Lancelot had become incarnated in these men that mingled with London crowds, sought favor of the Queen, and set out in quest of treasure to lands inhabited by monsters or strange peoples.



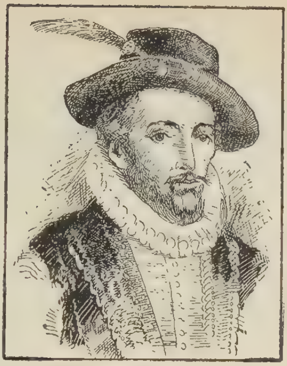
THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH

Millais

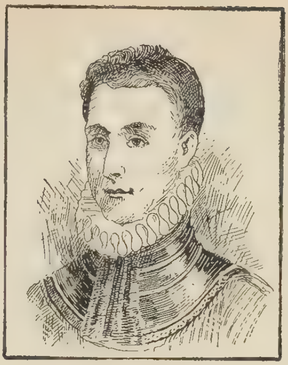
The Discovery of the Ancient World. This rebirth, or Renaissance, that made men's blood pulse faster through their veins was partly due to events of the fifteenth century that attained full effect only in the age of Elizabeth. Printing, as we have seen, carried learning and literature to wider circles. The re-found treasures of the classics disclosed a new philosophy of life, based on the idea that man should develop all his powers for action and knowledge and all his capacities for enjoyment of earthly existence. Keats, living in the nineteenth century, found an Elizabethan translation of Homer that opened an entire new world to him, so that he felt like an explorer looking for the first time on the great expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Even more intensified was the effect in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of the discovery of the achievements of the ancient world. Scholars lived in poverty that they might secure some of the precious manuscripts. "First I buy books," said Erasmus, one of the greatest of these scholars, "and then clothes." Men found new standards; the old authorities were not so binding as they had been in the Middle Ages; there was an enormous expansion in thought.

The Discovery of the World of Nature. Accompanying this intellectual movement was a new interest in the phenomena of nature. Since ancient times little scientific advance had been made. Magic and various forms of superstition had influenced ideas of medicine and the treatment of disease. An elaborate and false theory about the structure of the universe had been built up and was regarded as fact. Of experimental and laboratory science little was known. But in 1543 Copernicus, a Polish scholar, published a small book about the relation of the earth to the sun and other heavenly bodies. This book marked the beginning of a series of brilliant studies carried on by Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and others, that completely transformed knowledge. Great advances were also made in other branches of science. Lord Bacon wrote a book on the necessity for gathering facts and observing phenomena in order to find out the secrets of nature "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." He complained that men made no progress because they asked no questions of nature. The great inventions of the compass, gunpowder, and printing had been made, he said, by chance. If men would only ask questions of nature they would get answers that would transform the world. Thus he opened the way for the discovery of the world of nature, inaugurating a movement that has lasted to our time.

In both these ways, then—the contact established with the accumulations of the ancient civilizations, and the discovery of



SIR WALTER RALEIGH



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

the infinite possibilities in the study of external nature—men's minds began to gain new outlooks. The walls of the stuffy room in which they had been living were suddenly opened, disclosing an immense prospect.

The Discovery of Man. The effects of this new birth were not confined to the expansion of the material environment of the human race or the mental enlargement that accompanied it. The greatest discovery of the Renaissance was not printing, or America, or the law that governs the stars in their courses. It was man himself. For centuries men had thought of the world as an evil place, at best a place of preparation for the hereafter. If you are taking a railway journey and find it necessary to change trains at a wretched little junction, you may disregard the discomforts of the wait between trains because you know that soon you will be on your way to your destination. To the Middle Ages this life was but a way-station in the passing of the soul to eternity. To the Renaissance the transforming idea came that the way-station had possibilities. There was much beauty about. Man could make something of his time while on the road to heaven. It was possible to live, not merely to wait; to think of improving the present, not to fix all his thoughts on his destination.

For this infinite curiosity about the far distant regions, manifested in the journeys of explorers and the investigations of astronomers and other scientists, extended also to the intellectual and emotional life of men. Plato's dialogues of love and beauty were studied, were made the basis of discussion in academies, and were translated into a philosophy suited to the new times. Love was the theme of poetry, of the new prose fiction, of the new comedy. Men also wrote of the ideal courtier, the man who was to win a career in the service of the state. He was to have an education that trained every side of his character. He was to be expert in horsemanship and all athletic sports, in music and art. Skill in conversation and ability to tell a good story were not overlooked. He was to be schooled in poetry and, indeed, to write poems for circulation in manuscript among his friends. Statesmanship he was to learn through travel to foreign courts, conversing with wise counselors, observing manners and customs and studying the details of foreign policy so that he might advise his prince. Above all, he was to be a man of learning.

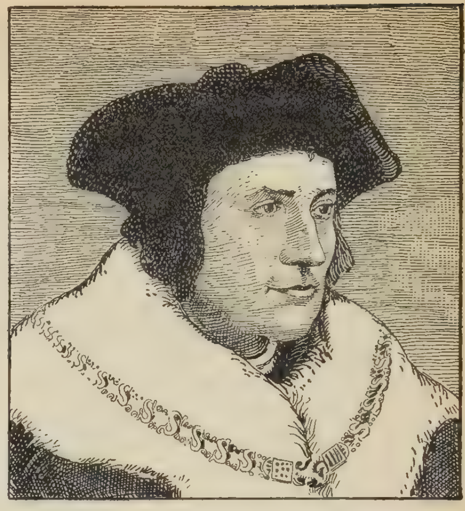
If such was the many-sided appeal of life to the ambitious youth who was in training for a career, scarcely less varied and interesting was the life of the ordinary citizen. The old nobility had largely disappeared. An ambitious youth might rise to any height. Business and international trade afforded new opportunities. Honest work was exalted in the novels of Thomas Deloney, who wrote of weavers and shoemakers, preached industry and thrift, and held out visions of the rewards open to right-minded tradesmen. Living conditions became safer and more comfortable. In place of gloomy castles and wretched hovels, homes for men and women were to be found. According to a contemporary account, the glass windows in London houses rivaled the stars in their shining. Richness of dress and entertainment became the rule. Visitors from the continent marveled at the wealth everywhere displayed. London was so crowded with coaches that we find many complaints about the dangers of traffic congestion. One worthy remarks that "the world runs on wheels with many whose parents were glad to go on foot." The Queen's "Progresses," as her visits to Kenilworth and other castles were called, were celebrated by gorgeous pageants.

Such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. Their chief value to us lies in their testimony to Elizabethan love of life for its own sake. There was poverty and brutality then as now; refinement was often merely superficial. Men preyed on their fellows, human life was cheap, disease still claimed more victims than war. Yet as a contemporary account has it, "The nature of our nation is free, stout, haughty, prodigal of life and blood."

Finally, such illustrations represent only half the story. Other civilizations, before the time of Shakespeare, had loved life, spent it prodigally, attained magnificence. If the Elizabethans had lived only for getting and spending, we should not be greatly interested in their story. What gives value to that story is that the world of man, to them, meant his emotional and spiritual world as well as material possessions and that there were interpreters of this new curiosity about life. Marlowe thought it fine "to be a king, and ride in triumph through Persepolis," but he also said that emperors and kings are obeyed only in their provinces, while the kingdom of the mind is of infinite extent. He spoke of the soul "still climbing after knowledge infinite," just as Shakespeare speaks of man's infinite possibilities, making him like a god. To this multifarious life, literature responded sensitively, as a wireless receiver responds to the impulses which come to it from space. Some of the most important of these responses we have now to outline.

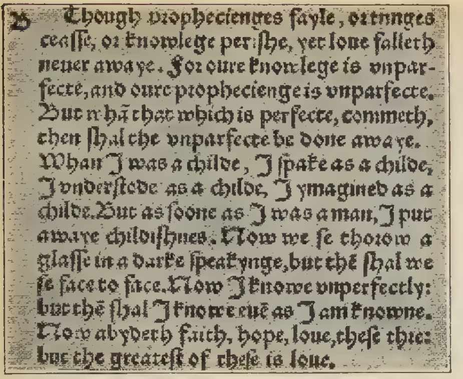
The New English Literature

Under the influence of the accelerated thought of the Renaissance, literature took on new vitality. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Oxford became a center of humanism, and some of her graduates carried out into active life an enthusiasm for the classics that gave them the title of "Oxford Reformers." Sir Thomas More, who became Lord Chancellor, was a leader in this group, and in his *Utopia* (1516) he described an ideal commonwealth distinguished for a national system of education, the advocacy of toleration in religion, and the coöperation of all citizens for the common good. It was Plato's political idealism, as set forth in the *Republic*, adapted to modern needs. A little later the Earl of Surrey translated a part of Vergil's *Aeneid* into blank verse. Erasmus, the greatest scholar of his age, and Holbein the painter, were friends of More and discussed the propagation of the new learning at his house. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, was a scholar and a reformer. John Skelton, also a reformer, wrote fluently on the death and burial of a pet sparrow, on the shortcomings of the clergy, and on contemporary politics. In several poems, he was courageous enough to attack the great Cardinal Wolsey. The spirit of reform was also present in William Tyndale's translation of the New Testament (1525) and parts of the Old Testament. His purpose was to make the Bible familiar to the common laborer. Miles Coverdale completed the first English version of the entire Bible in 1535.



SIR THOMAS MORE

Still another aspect of the intellectual movement of the time is shown in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Book of the Governor* (1531), a treatise on the education of the



B Though prophecienges fayle, or tonges ceaſſe, or knowlege periſhe, yet loue falleth neuer awaye. For oure knowlege is vnparfecte, and oure prophecienge is vnparfecte. But whã that which is perfecte, commeth, then ſhal the vnparfecte be done awaye. Whan I was a childe, I ſpake as a childe, I vnderſtode as a childe, I ymagined as a childe. But as ſoone as I was a man, I put awaye childiſhnes. Now we ſe thorow a glaſſe in a darke ſpeakynge, but thē ſhal we ſe face to face. Now I knowe vnperfectly: but thē ſhal I knowe euē as I am knowne. Now abydeth faith, hope, loue, theſe thre: but the greateſt of theſe is loue.

LINES FROM COVERDALE'S BIBLE
(The first complete printed English Bible, 1535)

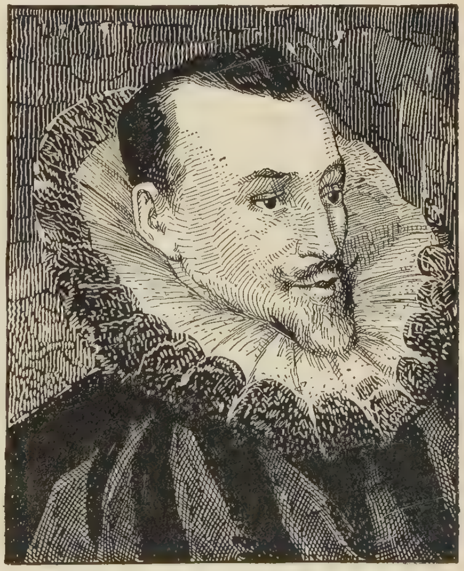
prince, based on the conception of a well-rounded training that we have already noted. Comedies of English life and atmosphere, but written after the style of Plautus and Terence, great Latin writers of comedy, took the place of the old farces and interludes. Examples are *Ralph Roister Doister*, a capital story of a vain youth who wooed a charming widow, written about 1550, by Nicholas Udall, a schoolmaster, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by William Stevenson.

Tottel's Miscellany. These examples of the varied intellectual activity of the first half of the sixteenth century are all interesting from the historical standpoint. They show how the classics brought new ideas to men, how the corruptions of government were realized, and ideal commonwealths and broader educational plans were projected, how the Bible became an English book, and how the wit and comedy interest of the Latin plays helped to form a true type of English comedy. But the work destined to exert a greater influence on the new English poetry than any other was a collection of poems by Richard Tottel, printed in 1557, one year before the accession of Elizabeth. This book was called "Songs and Sonnets," but it is familiarly known as *Tottel's Miscellany*. It is composed of about three hundred poems, mostly short, by various writers, the most important of whom were Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Both Wyatt and Surrey were accomplished courtiers of the time of Henry VIII, widely traveled, and steeped in the lyric poetry of Italy and France. Some of this poetry they translated, especially from the love sonnets of Petrarch, who had lived in Italy when Chaucer was writing in England. Besides his contribution to the study of the classics, Petrarch had written a series of poems in praise of his lady love, Laura, that had started a new fashion in love poetry. Through the translations and imitations of Wyatt and Surrey, these poems became influential in England. The poems in *Tottel's Miscellany* are on many themes: the praise of country life, the hardships of the courtier's lot, the joys and woes of lovers. The love poems greatly outnumber the others. The fanciful allegories of the *Romance of the Rose* and its imitations give place, in them, to short, highly polished poems in which the virtues of the lady are extolled, her hardheartedness made the theme of many complaints, and the tortures and uncertainties of the lover are dwelt on. The book passed through many editions; with Petrarch's sonnets it supplied models for hundreds of Elizabethan lyrics.

EDMUND SPENSER

All these elements, seen separately and imperfectly in the men and works we have



EDMUND SPENSER

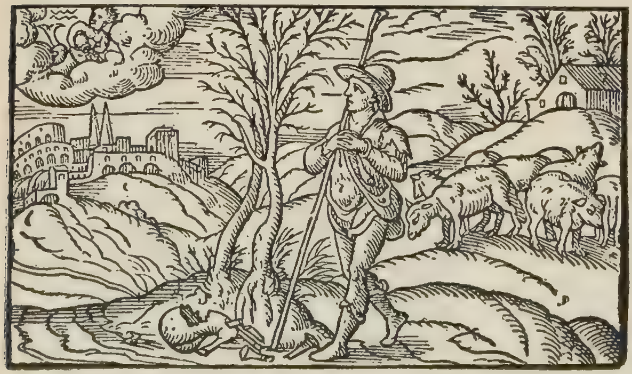
been discussing, are combined into a beautiful and harmonious whole in the poetry of Spenser. In that poetry we find the presentation of the ideal commonwealth, the ideal training for the courtier, love of the classics, the homeliness of the English Bible, the richness of the poetry of the Italian Renaissance, the satire of iniquity in high places, and a philosophy of love clothed in poetic form more beautiful than any to be found elsewhere in English literature.

Life of Spenser. Like that of many other great writers, the life of Edmund Spenser finds its most significant record in his poetry. In comparison with this record, the positions he held, the money he made, and the places in which he lived are unimportant. We may therefore pass briefly over such external facts as his birth in London in 1552, his education at the famous Merchant Taylors' School and at Cambridge University, his plans for a career in service of the state, the circumstances that sent him to Ireland in 1580 as secretary to Lord Grey. Except for short visits to London, he remained in Ireland, living upon the income from several important positions and the possession of the castle of Kilcolman, until in 1598 he was driven from his home by an insurrection and compelled to flee to London, where he died in 1599. One or two of these events in his life-story we shall need to dwell upon in connection with his writings, but that is only in order to gain a better understanding of the intellectual and spiritual life which was his real existence, and from which sprang the body of poetry that made him one of the greatest of English writers. The most important of this poetry will be considered under three heads: *The Shepherd's Calendar*, *The Faerie Queene*, and the miscellaneous poems.

The Shepherd's Calendar. In 1579 a little book which contained twelve pastoral poems, or eclogues, ushered in the great period of Elizabethan poetry. The name of the author does not appear on the title page, nor indeed anywhere in the book; but it was recognized that the "new poet," as he was called, was Edmund Spenser. In order to understand these poems and their significance, it is necessary to know something about pastoral poetry.

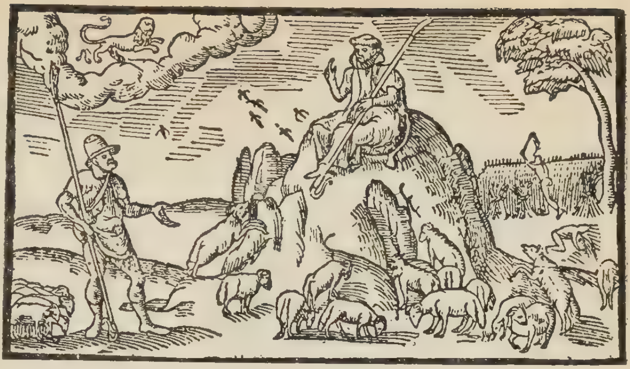
Pastoral Poetry. In the Renaissance the pastoral was one of the three great "kinds," or types, of poetry, ranking with epic and dramatic poetry. It differs from epic in that it deals with rural life and what may be called unofficial persons, as distinguished from the life of courts and the deeds of heroes. Its conventions are those of a time when civilization was in the pastoral stage, when wealth was reckoned in sheep and cattle; before cities and complex forms of government had developed. To men of the Renaissance it seemed a Golden Age, and they were fond of referring to it as an ideal time. Arcadia, a part of Greece devoted to pastoral life, became famous as a place where man led this idyllic existence, free from the taint of more advanced civilization. Romances about Arcadia and its life had been written in Greek times, and later writers regarded it as the place where the Golden Age lasted longest, a place where nature was kindly, not hostile, and where men lived lives of noble simplicity.

There are various kinds of poetry to which the name "pastoral" may be applied. In the Bible, such a passage as the Twen-



FROM THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR: JANUARY

ty-third Psalm is an example. David, the shepherd king, was also a poet. In modern times, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Robert Burns, is pastoral in its realistic description of peasant life and character. But to the Renaissance, the pastoral, while dealing much with Biblical thought and phrase (the idea of the priest as a shepherd, for example, and the use of Christ's parable of the good and the bad shepherds) and having, also, something of the homely realism of Burns, had become a literary and largely artificial form of poetry. That is, it was not popular or folk poetry like the ballads, and did not even present with realism life and scenes. Partly this was due to the conception, itself very old, of the shepherd as a poet; chiefly it was due to the influence of the Greek poet Theocritus and the Latin poet Vergil.



FROM THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR: JULY

Theocritus lived in the third century B. C. He wrote a number of idylls, or little pictures, of pastoral life. While he was a skilled literary artist, and his poems are by no means such as an unlettered and simple shepherd might have composed, they were so unaffected and fresh in feeling that their very art seemed natural. His idylls were the first Greek literature printed in the fifteenth century, and in Spenser's time they shared in popularity with the eclogues of Vergil. Now Vergil, the second of these great pastoralists, was an imitator of Theocritus. He added, however, a new note: his shepherds were no real shepherds, but his friends; and the scenes and events of his eclogues were allegorical representations of scenes and events with which Vergil and his circle were familiar. Thus the pastoral became not a little picture of real or idyllic country life but a form of allegory. With the Renaissance, Vergil became the pattern of the true poet. Many a young writer who thought on fame desired first to write a series of eclogues and then to sing of martial things in the highest of all forms of poetry—the epic. That is, they first wrote pastorals like Vergil's *Eclogues*, and then epic, like the *Aeneid*. So it was with Spenser.

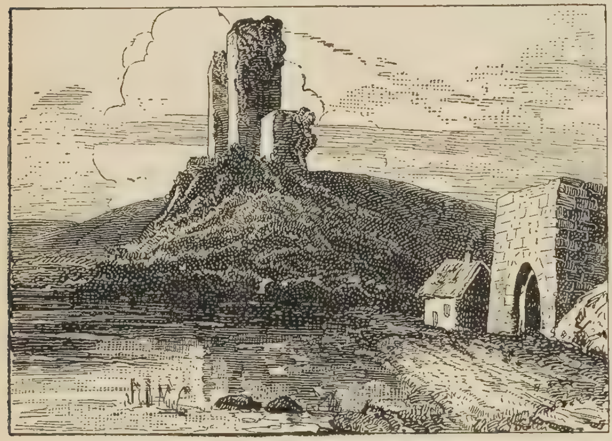
Plan and Character of The Shepherd's Calendar. Spenser's chief contribution to the pastoral lay in his idea of writing a "calendar," a series of twelve poems, one for each month. Thus a seasons-motif runs through the set of poems, giving a certain unity. Unity of interest is also gained through a love story: Colin, who is Spenser himself, loves Rosalind, the "widow's daughter of the glen." Who this Rosalind actually was, and whether Spenser's love was a real experience or only a poetical compliment to some lady at the court, are still uncertain points.

Besides the seasons-motif and the love interest, Spenser introduced a good deal of sharp criticism of religious conditions in his time. Many of his shepherds are churchmen in disguise, or are critics of the church. Thus the allegory becomes satirical; Spenser is setting forth serious views in the homely and apparently innocent language of shepherds. Other passages praise Elizabeth as the great queen of shepherds, or praise the poetic art, or introduce charming songs.

All these themes—the seasons, unrequited love, satire of contemporary men and matters, and thoughts on poetry—are blended into a work of great variety and charm. Good judges recognized the voice of the authentic poet. Spenser himself knew his power, as his Epilogue shows—

Loe! I have made a Calendar for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare;
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the world's dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

The Faerie Queene. In one of the eclogues in the *Calendar*, Spenser spoke of his ambition to write a poem on a loftier theme. Like Vergil, he would turn from pastoral to epic, and in about 1579 he began work upon his *Faerie Queene*. Years were to pass before he should publish the first part of this epic; it was destined never to be completed, but for the remainder of his life he was meditating upon or writing his great work.



RUINS OF KILCOLMAN, SPENSER'S HOME IN IRELAND

The Theme of the Poem. Epic poetry, in the Renaissance, was regarded as idealized history to which were added portraits of the ideal ruler and of the ideal courtier or private man. Thus, Vergil was thought to have presented, in his *Aeneid*, not only the history of the founding of Rome, but also an allegory setting forth the virtues of the state, of the ruler, and of the ideal hero. Such a poem differed from the romances, those dealing with Arthur and his knights, for example, in that its theme was the origin of a nation, and the virtues, in sovereign and subject, on which the continuance of the nation depended. This epic theory gives the clue to the understanding of Spenser's theme.

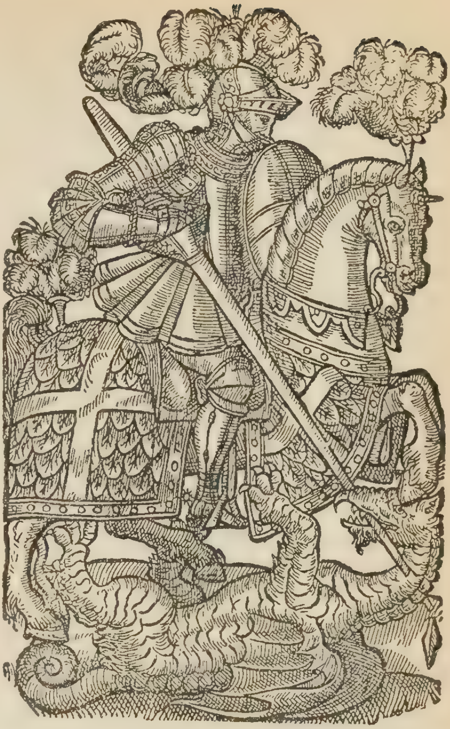
The Queen of Faerie herself was, of course, Elizabeth. She was a member of the Tudor family, which came to power with Henry VII in 1485. Now the Tudors were Welsh, that is, they belonged to the ancient British stock as distinguished from Anglo-Saxon or Norman stock. Thus with the Tudors England might be regarded as passing to the control of its original possessors. Arthur, it will be remembered, was a British, not a Saxon or a Danish or a Norman, king. You will remember also the belief that Arthur was not dead but would return to rule Britain. To a poet like Spenser, a lover of the old romances and of the Queen, thrilled with the new power which the rule of the Queen was bringing to the British nation, it seemed as if the prophecy were at last fulfilled: Arthur, in the person of this Queen in whose veins flowed the blood of the former rulers of the land, had returned.

Thus the main theme of Spenser's epic becomes clear. He glorifies the reign of Elizabeth as the return of England, through the Tudors, to the race of Arthur. In addition, he writes of the virtues on which national and individual character should rest. How he does this we shall now consider.

The Plan of the Poem. In his letter of dedication to Raleigh, Spenser speaks of his desire to imitate earlier epic poets in showing how a noble person should be fashioned. That is, the poem is in part a treatise on the qualities of the perfect courtier, a favorite theme in Spenser's time. There were to be twelve books, each of them devoted to the adventures of a knight representing a cardinal virtue. Prince Arthur is Magnificence, signifying the union of all the virtues, while Guyon represents Temperance, Calidore stands for Courtesy, etc. On each of twelve days on which the Faerie Queene holds a feast, a knight is sent forth to perform a task which depends upon his possession of the virtue attached to his name. Thus, in Book One, a fair maiden named Una appears at court and asks for a champion to rescue her father and mother, king and queen of Castle Mortal, from a Dragon. Red Cross is assigned the task, and they go forth, much like Gareth and Lynette, to find and slay the monster. Una represents the ideal of perfect holiness; Red Cross is typical of the man who seeks after holiness. He is misled by wicked personages representing Error and Hypocrisy, falls into sin, is rescued by Prince Arthur, is prepared for his great adventure by a ritual resembling that through which Everyman passes in the old morality play, and at last rescues the inhabitants of Castle Mortal (the human race) from the wickedness of the Dragon (Satan). Thus he becomes the type of Christ, saving the human race from the consequences of the first sin.

In the second book Guyon, representing Temperance, is sent to destroy a wicked enchantress who enslaves men through base desires. He is tempted by Phaedria, a lovely lady who typifies Idleness; by Mammon, who stands for lust for wealth and fame, and by other forms of intemperance, which Spenser regards as a departure from the rule of right reason in the soul. Idleness, Wrath, Sensuality, evil ambitions of all sorts, are the enemies which have had no power over the man in whose soul the rational principle, or true temperance, is in control. Guyon is prepared for his ordeal by a sojourn in the House of Alma (the soul in command of the body), and at length achieves victory.

Other books are devoted to Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. In the book of Justice there is much political allegory, the events being the defense of Spenser's patron, Lord Grey, the defense of the Queen for permitting the execution of Mary of Scotland, and the intervention of England in behalf of the Netherlands in their struggle for liberty. There is much contemporary matter in the sixth book, the book of Courtesy. Probably Spenser had Sidney in mind in his portrait of Calidore, the hero of this book, who is the type of the perfect courtier. In the book is a lovely episode of Calidore among the shepherds, where he meets and loves a fair shepherdess named Pastorella.



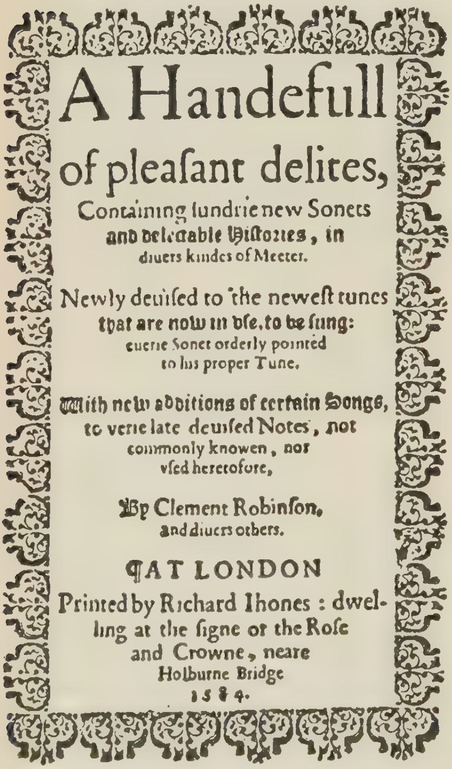
From the 1598 edition of The Faerie Queene

RED CROSS SLAYS THE DRAGON

Spenser as a Poet. Such an outline gives little idea of the infinite variety of Spenser's poem. Historical events, episodes familiar to the reader of the Arthurian romance, allegories like that of *Everyman* and other medieval works, scenes drawn from Ovid and other classical writers, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, portraits of men like Raleigh and Sidney, a national idealism such as English literature had not previously known—all these, and more, may be found. It was clothed in language of great beauty. The stanza, consisting of eight iambic pentameter lines followed by a twelve-syllable line, or alexandrine, lent itself to pictorial and musical effects unknown before. Many stanzas are complete pictures in which every resource of Spenser's genius was drawn upon for his effects. He is a master of the magic that lies in lovely words joined in musical sequence. For this reason he has been called the poet's poet, for almost every major English poet since his time has felt his charm and drawn upon his work.

The same impression of richness and variety is given by Spenser's other poetry. In *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, for example, we have a story of a fox and an ape told in Chaucer's heroic couplets and with much of Chaucer's manner; it might well have been one of the *Canterbury Tales*. In his sonnets, or *Amoretti*, we have the story of his love for the woman whom he married. He was preëminently the poet of love and beauty. Those themes run through all his major poetry, and his *Four Hymns* present a philosophy of love and beauty that combines the finest elements in Plato's thought with the idealism that was characteristic of his own time.

Only Shakespeare could rival Spenser in variety of theme and in the mastery of inexhaustible richness of poetic expression. Yet the difference between these two major poets of a great era is immense. Shakespeare was a master of the secrets of the individual soul. He analyzed the springs of character, the motives of a man's action and the effects of action on his personality. Spenser, on the other hand, dealt with types, not individuals. To him, as to Plato, the subject for contemplation is the idea of perfect justice, perfect holiness, perfect self-control, as incarnated now and again in human beings. To Shakespeare, England was Prince Hal or King Henry the Fifth; to Spenser it was a land of faerie in which Arthur and his knights and the ideals for which they stood were once more incarnated in Raleigh and Sidney and in the Faerie Queen Elizabeth herself.



A Handefull
of pleaſant delites,
Containing ſundrie new Sonets
and delectable Hiſtories, in
diuers kindes of Meeter.

Newly deuiſed to the neweſt tunes
that are now in vſe, to be ſung:
euerie Sonet orderly pointed
to his proper Tune.

With new additions of certain Songs,
to verie late deuiſed Notes, not
commonly knowen, nor
vſed heretofore,

By Clement Robinſon,
and diuers others.

¶AT LONDON
Printed by Richard Ihones : dwel-
ling at the ſigne of the Roſe
and Crowne, neare
Holburne Bridge
1584.

TITLE-PAGE OF A SONG COLLECTION

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

Lyric poetry flourished in the Age of Shakespeare as never before. The dramas of the time contain a multitude of charming songs. In the prose romances songs were constantly introduced. Cycles, or groups of related sonnets, appeared in great profusion. Besides all these there were innumerable lyrics of independent origin. Editors busily collected from many sources the best songs of major and minor writers, and published them in collections or anthologies with names as musical as their contents: *The Paradise of Dainty Devices; The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions; A Handfull of Pleasant Delights; The Phoenix's Nest; England's Helicon; The Passionate Pilgrim.*

Nature of Lyric Poetry. As the name implies, lyric poetry originally was composed to fit some tune or chant. In early times, as we have already seen, the epic and other narrative forms of poetry were sung or chanted to the music of harp or violin. In the famous painting called "A Reading from Homer," this is illustrated; we have other illustrations in the scop, or minstrel, that appeared in *Beowulf* and in the story of Taillefer the Minstrel who sang before Duke William when he invaded England. So, too, the popular ballad was sung, although it is a form of story, and the chief interest of the hearers was in the story, not in the tune to which it was sung.

But in the lyric as we now understand it, story has no place. It expresses a mood or feeling, some powerful emotion. It is subjective, since it tells the singer's feelings; not objective, narrating events in which the poet himself does not appear, or appears only as a teller of the tale. It belongs to a time when men have made sufficient progress toward civilization to be interested in the poetic expression of their thoughts about love, death, the beauty of nature, and the hopes and fears that give variety and perplexity to life.

The lyric is short, since it expresses as a rule a single mood or feeling, and expresses this mood at its climax. It must seem unstudied, as though it were the natural outpouring of the soul in song; but in reality it is very carefully written. Some lyrics, like Chaucer's "Roundel" and other poems of the type to which that poem belongs—the ballade, the triolet, and the like—are highly studied forms, chiefly of French origin, and require a lightness and delicacy very difficult to attain. The Elizabethans did not commonly attempt these highly artificial types; they excelled in the sonnet and the song.

Kinds of Lyrics. Lyrics may be classified according to their subject matter: lyrics of patriotism, love, sacred themes, nature, etc. They may also be classified according to the form of stanza and the rime-scheme they employ. The sonnet is a lyric containing fourteen lines, with only four or five rimes as a rule and, in the Italian form, divided into two parts. Many Elizabethan sonnets depart from this form, and are composed, instead, of three quatrains with a concluding couplet. Other lyric forms, such as the roundel, triolet, ballade, and the like, are more complex in arrangement of rimes and stanzas. On the other hand, stanzas and rime in the song are often determined by the music to which it is to be sung. Thus, most of Burns's lyrics were written to be sung to old Scottish airs. In the Elizabethan period, the songs were either of the simple ballad type or of a more elaborate form called madrigals. Thus the relations between lyric and song-tune are important.

Elizabethan Sonnets. The most interesting sonnet-cycles in Elizabethan literature are those by Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare. In the first, we have the record of the love of Astrophel for a lady named Stella. Spenser's sonnets, called the *Amoretti*, relate the poet's courtship of the lady whom he afterwards married. The sonnets of Shakespeare introduce several themes: the friendship between the poet and a young man; the love of the poet for a certain "dark lady"; his relations to a rival poet whose identity is uncertain; and a considerable number of sonnets on themes other than love or friendship. Some of his most beautiful poetry is to be found in these sonnets.

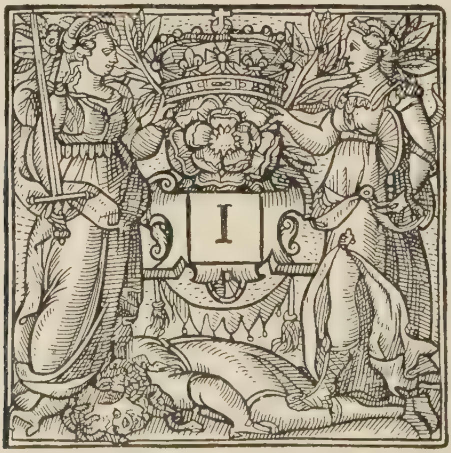
ELIZABETHAN PROSE

Elizabethan prose has less interest for us today than the poetry and drama of that time. There were numerous long romances about shepherds and their loves, with villains, pirates, and wild animals to give diversion. But as a rule they are filled with long descriptions, do not handle dialogue well, and are weak in plot structure. Often writers thought more of their style than of their story. They "took their pen in hand" and produced intricate sentences, flowery in diction and filled with strange rhetorical figures.

Prose Fiction. Such a novel, immensely popular in its time, was John Lyly's *Euphues* (1578-1579). It was written in a highly artificial style that became a fad among ladies and gentlemen of the court. Thomas Lodge wrote a pastoral romance called *Rosalynde* (1590), which gave Shakespeare the plot for his *As You Like It.* Much longer, but even more famous, was Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, which was written about 1580-1585 and circulated in manuscript until its publication in 1590. It is a sort of prose epic about the adventures of two young princes who fall in love with two girls of royal birth kept in seclusion by their father because of his fear of a prophecy made by an oracle. The scene is supposed to be the Greek Arcadia, and there are many shepherds with their pastorals. There are also an unwelcome lover and a wicked queen, who capture the girls by a trick and take them to a castle. The father and the two young princes make war and rescue the girls. Such a plot is not a bad one for a romance, but Sidney introduces so many episodes and so many characters that his story is hard to follow. More like modern stories is *Jack Wilton*, by Thomas Nash (1594), the story of an adventurer in his travels in France, Germany, and Italy. From Italy he brings back a beautiful and very wealthy wife. Thomas Deloney wrote three stories in praise of the crafts or guilds—the clothiers, the weavers, and the cobblers. The last, called *The Gentle Craft*, tells how a shoemaker became Lord Mayor of London. Deloney's stories are filled with humor, clever characterizations, and a homely philosophy of work and thrift that reminds us of Benjamin Franklin.

Other Prose. Besides the romances there were collections of *novelle*, short stories mainly from the Italian, that became rich sources for dramatic plots. The best of these collections is William Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure* (1566). So great was the hunger for reading that writers were always busy, translating stories, history, poetry, and everything conceivable from Italian and French, and from the classics. Sir Thomas North's version of Plutarch's *Lives* (1579), the most famous of these translations, supplied the plots of several of Shakespeare's plays.

Summary. The age of Shakespeare was one of great achievement in many fields. When the great dramatist was born, in 1564, Queen Elizabeth had ruled for only six years. England was then poor, torn by religious and political dissensions, with little national feeling. Spain was the great European power, with vast possessions in America that sent a stream of gold to enrich the mother country. England had no American domain, and her commerce was unimportant. But when Shakespeare died, in 1616, the Virginia colony was well established, marking the beginning of the vast colonial system that was to make up the British Empire. In his lifetime national unity was secured, fostered by a national culture which drew upon the best of the old English tradition, the riches of ancient Greece and Rome, and the best contemporary thought of Italy and France. Proof of an abounding vitality is found in the rebirth of literary inspiration, manifested in poetry, prose, and drama. The drama, greatest achievement of the age, will be the subject of our next chapter.



INITIAL LETTER FROM SIDNEY'S ARCADIA

SELECTIONS FROM THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE

I. THE ELIZABETHAN SPIRIT

INFINITE DESIRE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[From *Tamburlaine*]

Tamburlaine (*to the Persian Prince, whom he has conquered*). The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature, that framed us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

IN PRAISE OF BEAUTY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[From *Tamburlaine*]

Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee—
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvéd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
His life that so consumes Zenocrate;
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's sovereign nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admiréd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit—
If these had made one poem's period,

---

1. Stage direction. **Tamburlaine** (1333-1405), Timur, a renowned Oriental conqueror. 2. **son of Ops**, Jupiter, or Jove, son of Saturn and Ops, goddess of plenty. 7. **four elements.** See Explanatory Note, 1, page 113, lines 13 ff. 8. **regiment**, control. 15. **Will us to wear ourselves**, make us determine to wear ourselves out.

In Praise of Beauty. 1. **Zenocrate**, daughter to the sultan of Egypt, conquered by Tamburlaine. 3. **passion**, sorrow.

6. **Flora**, goddess of flowers. 8. **resolvéd**, dissolved. 13. **Ebena**, darkness. 13-16. **Eyes . . . light**, i.e., her eyes give light to the moon, etc. 19. **Soldan**, sultan. 24. **conceit of foil**, thought of defeat. 29. **every sweetness**, i.e., had fed every sweetness. 31. **still**, distill.

And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

THE DEEDS OF ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN

Richard Hakluyt

[From the *Voyages*, 1589]

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve: it cannot be denied, but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects, through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in compassing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian sea? which of them hath ever dealt with the emperor of Persia as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? who ever saw, before this regiment, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now? what English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) Strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, farther than any Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas and the isle of Java, double the famous cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the isle of St. Helena, and, last of all, return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

Michael Drayton

You brave, heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue;
Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
Quickly aboard bestow you!
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you!

Your course securely steer,
West-and-by-south forth keep!
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And, cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold;
And ours to hold

---

10. **Majesty**, Queen Elizabeth. 25. **regiment**, reign. **Ligier**, the resident ambassador. 30. **Balsara**, probably Bulsar, in Surat, northwest India. 31. **Goa**, a Portuguese possession on the Malabar coast of India.

34. **Plate**, La Plata, a river between the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. 37. **backside of Nova Hispania**, Pacific coast of New Spain (what is now Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia). 40. **Luzones**, the Philippines. 44. **Bona Speranza**, Good Hope. 46. **return home**. Drake (whose circumnavigation of the globe Hakluyt has just followed from the La Plata) returned to England in September, 1580.

To the Virginian Voyage. 16. **Eolus**, god of the winds.

Virginia,
Earth's only paradise,

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish;
And the fruitful'st soil—
Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give;
Nor other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell,
Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given!)
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frightening the wide heaven!

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came!
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North!

And where in plenty grows
The laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree,
Your days may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend,
Industrious Hakluyt!
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame;
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

THIS ENGLAND

William Shakespeare

[From *Richard II*]

Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownéd for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son—

---

37. **Golden Age**, a mythological age of perfect happiness. 49. **In kenning of**, on catching sight of.

72. **wit**, intellect.

This England. 1. **I**, John of Gaunt (1340-1399), an English statesman, uncle of Richard II. 2. **him**, Richard II (1367-1400), King of England. 4. **fires**. Pronounce as two syllables. **burn out**. Richard was dethroned by Parliament in 1399.

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm;
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;
That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

---

30. **pelting**, paltry, petty.

EPILOGUE

Sir Walter Raleigh

[From *The History of the World*]

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. *I have considered*, saith Solomon, *all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* But who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

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23. **I have considered**, etc., from *Ecclesiastes*, i, 14. 29. **Charles the Fifth** (1500-1558), King of Spain. 30. **Philip**, Philip II (1527-1598). **restore Navarre**, i.e., to France. 34. **Merindol and Cabrieres**, in western France. 46. **gravel**. See *Proverbs*, xx, 17. 61. **Hic jacet**, here lies (on tombstones).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This group of selections is chosen in order to illustrate what has been said (pages 97-100) about the Spirit of the Age. The first two extracts are taken from Marlowe's drama *Tamburlaine.* On the play and its significance see pages 132-133. Tamburlaine, a shepherd, becomes a soldier of adventure, conquers Persia and then the neighboring countries, and becomes a world conqueror. Marlowe compares him with Jove, who according to certain legends was the son of Saturn and Ops, and who conquered all the other gods and established order in place of anarchy. The remainder of the passage gives illustration of this supreme felicity of sovereignty, applied first to the mind as master of the warring elements in the body, and, second, to its capacity to understand the structure and order of the universe. According to medieval physics, four elements, earth, air, water, and fire, made up the universe. Where they were uncontrolled was chaos; the creation of the world reduced a portion of this chaos to order. "In Praise of Beauty" is Tamburlaine's comment on the plea of the fair Zenocrate, a captured princess, for her father's life. The passage beginning with line 26 is one of the most famous of many illustrations of Renaissance love of beauty. The romantic spirit always thirsts for what is humanly unattainable; it longs for escape from reality into a world in which power, beauty, knowledge, experience are possible on a scale of superhuman extent. The first selection illustrates this passion for infinite knowledge; the second for infinite beauty.

2. The selection from Hakluyt's *Voyages* introduces one of the most characteristic books of the period. The author, Richard Hakluyt (1552–1616), became interested in geography and travel when a mere boy. Soon after his graduation from Oxford, he gave public lectures (1577 and following), in which he included observations on the recent discoveries. He published several books on subjects connected with discovery and exploration before the *Voyages* appeared in 1589 and following. Besides the freshness and vigor of his style, the book shows the intense patriotism of its author. This patriotic fervor, united with truly Elizabethan imaginative power, is illustrated by our selection. It is an eloquent tribute to those who have been called the knights-errant of the sea, and to the far-flung explorations that were the glory of the age of Elizabeth and the source of the future greatness of England.

3. Michael Drayton (1563–1631) wrote a very large number of poems of many different types. Like Hakluyt, he was a great lover of England, but his patriotism he expressed chiefly through epic-like poems (*The Barons' Wars*) and poems describing the geography and antiquities of England (*Poly-Olbion*). In his poem "To the Virginian Voyage," his lyric power appears, and also the influence of the stirring adventures that lent dramatic interest to the time.

4. Shakespeare's historical plays are another indication of the new national spirit interpreted by Hakluyt and Drayton. On the significance of this group of plays as an interpretation of Elizabethan patriotism, see *Literature and Life, Book Three,* pages 229–232. Call to mind, also, your study of *Henry V* as the greatest dramatic expression of the national spirit of Elizabethan England. In *Richard II,* from which the selection which we have called "This England" is taken, Shakespeare tells a story of a time when the kingdom was torn by factional strife. The speech of the old patriot, John of Gaunt, as he lay on his deathbed, is an eloquent expression of love for England and a plea for national unity.

5. The way in which Raleigh's life and work represented the spirit of the age of Elizabeth is suggested on page 97. He united in a rare degree the Elizabethan ideal of the intellectual life combined with a life of action. He performed great deeds, but he lived also in the kingdom of the mind. His *History of the World* is Elizabethan in the vastness of its aim, just as his American voyages were Elizabethan in that they added vast realms to human knowledge of the physical world. In this Epilogue to the *History,* here reprinted, we see something of the sweep of his imagination, colored by the somber thought of death as the final conqueror.

Questions and Topics

Infinite Desire. 1. Read the following summary of the passage and point out the lines that illustrate each statement: The war of Jove on Saturn and Ops, his queen, brought order and settled rule; likewise, the aspiring mind triumphs over the warring elements in the body; the infinite reach of the soul, which can comprehend the order combined with ceaseless motion in the universe, wills us (makes us determine) not to rest until we attain sovereignty.

2. The great German poet Goethe spoke of the stars as "unhasting yet unresting" and found in them a law of progress in life. Point out the parallel to Marlowe's thought.

3. By referring to the story of Marlowe's life and work (pages 132-133) show that this passage is characteristic of him. What other "infinite desires" does he express?

In Praise of Beauty. 1. In this, as in the preceding passage, illustrations may be found of what has been called "Marlowe's mighty line." What do you think the epithet "mighty" means in reference to his blank verse?

2. Into what two parts may the selection be divided? What is the theme of each part?

3. According to Marlowe, can the poet express all the beauty that he feels and sees?

4. What lines reflect the "infinite desire" that makes Marlowe representative of his time? How does this desire differ from that expressed in the preceding selection? Have the two selections anything in common?

Elizabethan Seamen. 1. State the theme of this paragraph in a single short sentence.

2. What Elizabethan explorers do you think Hakluyt had in mind? Make a careful study of the long sentence in which he lists the achievements of these explorers. First, get clearly in mind the places named (the footnotes will help you) and the quarters of the globe in which they are located. Second, discover why the sentence, though very long, is not hard to understand. Finally, read the sentence over, aloud if possible, to get the effect of majesty and rhythm that it contains.

3. The Elizabethan seamen have been called "knights-errant of the sea." Can you think of any reason for this title?

4. Special reports on some of the great seamen, such as Drake, Magellan, Frobisher, the Cabots, and Raleigh, will add interest to this selection and also to your study of this part of the book.

To the Virginian Voyage. 1. Find material in the poem on the following topics: a way in which honor may be won; the voyage; life in the new land; the prospect of a colonial dominion for England; poets of the new land; new material for the poet's friend Hakluyt.

2. What purposes of English exploration are named by Drayton?

3. This poem was called an ode by its author. Why is the name appropriate?

This England. 1. The opening lines characterize the king, who thought only of his own pleasures, devoted himself to his favorites, and neglected the affairs of his kingdom. What end to such a course does Gaunt predict? What better ideal of kingship is implied?

2. For what is England praised? What danger threatens? What national ideal is expressed?

Epilogue. What is an epilogue? What is the relation of the theme of this epilogue to the work in which it appears? What is Raleigh's view of history? Of human greatness? Is his view altogether just?

II. THE STORY OF GUYON

EDMUND SPENSER

[From *The Faerie Queene*, Book II]

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And covered heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his wingéd vessell fairely forward fly—

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie dedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;
For still he traveild through wide, wastefull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Covered with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade

---

4. **yblent**, obscured, shut off. 6. **card**, chart. **firmes**, fixes steadily. 11. **Ydle lake.** See Explanatory Note 4, page 122.

15. **yode**, went. 16. **reedes**, deems.

An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle, ill favoured sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seem to have been seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath envelopéd with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appearéd to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turnéd upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them pouréd through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd:

"What art thou, man—if man at all thou art—
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixéd askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd: "Hardy Elfe,
That darest view my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

"God of the world and worldlings, I me call
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye;
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

"Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy command, lo! all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."
"Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

"Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowéd daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;

---

22. **salvage**, wild. **wight**, creature. 25. **sout**, soot. **bedight**, smutted. 32. **entayle**, carving. 33. **antickes**, fantastic figures. 34. **told**, counted. 40. **Mulcibers**, of Vulcan, god of fire. 41. **driven**, beaten out. **distent**, stretched. 42. **ingowes**, ingots. 43. **moniment**, mark. 45. **kesars**, emperors.

58. **usaunce**, use. 62. **read**, perceive. 68. **principality**, preëminence. 69. **worldes**. Pronounce as two syllables. 70. **swinck**, toil. 72. **brood**, resting-place. 73. **sew**, follow. 77. **francke**, generously. 78. **godheads vaunt**, claim of being a god. 82. **der-doing**, performance of daring deeds. 84. **baytes**, baits.

Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high, heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

"Vaine glorious Elfe," saide he, "doest not thou weet
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet,
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?"

"All otherwise," saide he, "I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserved with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse.
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

"Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline.
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
The crownéd often slaine, the slayer cround;
The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe goréd with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent;
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government."

[Guyon continues with the argument that in the Golden Age men lived happily without regard to heaping up wealth.]

"Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that lived therin in state forlorne.
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage.
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse;
But thing refuséd doe not afterward accuse."

"Me list not," said the elfin knight, "receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott."
"Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From hevens sight, and powre of al which them poursew."

"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compasséd arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,

---

86. **mucke**, wealth. **blend**, dazzle. 87. **spright**, spirit. 91. **weet**, understand. 98. **rowme**, place. 99. **lust**, please. 100. **read**, regard. 107. **covetize**, covetousness. 109. **Ne**, neither. 116. **brent**, burned.

123. **If thee list**, if it please thee. 129. **wote**, know. 132. **Perdy**, truly. 134. **mew**, prison. 138. **wonne**, abode.

Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne.
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife.
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandishéd a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threten life.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard.
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thitherward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard;
Therefore his house is unto his annext;
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate them both betwext.

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and affoorded way.
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkenesse him ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hopéd hee, ere long that hardy guest—
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye—
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
Enwrappéd in fowle smoke and clouds more black then jett.

Both roofe and floore and walls were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the moone, cloathéd with clowdy night,
Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong.
On every side they placéd were along;
But all the grownd with sculs was scatteréd,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seeméd, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburiéd.

---

151. **strayne**, wield. 159. **albe**, although. 170. **stalke**, stride. 174. **likte**, pleased.

178. **doe him dye**, cause his death. 180. **Stygian**, of the world of the dead (beyond the river Styx). 183. **vaut**, vault. **hong**, hung. 187. **Arachne**, a spider, so-called from the Grecian maiden of that name who was turned into a spider by Minerva. 201. **bends**, bands. **weene**, suppose. 202. **efforce**, oppose. 206. **whilome**, at an earlier time.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is, or was, of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said:
"Loe! here the worldes blis; loe! here the end
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made;
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," sayd he, "I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend.
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them that list these base regardes I lend;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile sclave."

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieved so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weenéd that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then culver in the faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught.
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fournaces all burning bright.
By every fournace many feendes did byde,
Deforméd creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renewed his former heat.
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way.
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and syre:

---

226. **n'ill**, will not accept. 237. **weenéd**, expected. 240. **culver**, a dove.

243. **wist**, knew. 247. **raunges**, fire grates. **pight**, placed. 252. **tryde**, purified. 258. **maystring**, overcoming. 261. **swincke**, labor, toil. 263. **battailous**, ready for battle. 264. **whot**, hot.

"Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see.
The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good.
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enrichéd bee,
Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

"Suffise it then, thou money god," quoth hee,
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse,
But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

He brought him, through a darksom, narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold.
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would.
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was al of golden mould,
Yet hath both life and sence, and well could weld
That curséd weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he calléd was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call.
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge gyant of the Titans race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface;
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his place.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare.
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour deckéd was full deare
With crownes, and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preacéd to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advauncéd hye
A stately siege of soveraine majestye;
And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

---

272. **That**, what. 273. **Avise**, consider. 274. **weet**, learn. 285. **emprise**, enterprise. 286. **no'te**, could not. 287. **mesprise**, contempt. 289. **strayt**, street. 297. **queld**, killed. 300. **stomacke**, anger. 301. **portaunce**, bearing. 303. **Titans**, in Greek and Roman mythology, the gigantic deities from whom were descended the gods of Mt. Olympus.

307. **glitterand**, glittering. 309. **hurtle**, brandish. 311. **to batteill dight**, to prepare for battle. 315. **emperce**, pierce through. **mould**, form. 317. **carle**, churl. 319. **gyeld**, courthouse. 322. **deare**, preciously. 325. **route**, troop. 327. **preacéd**, pressed. 329. **siege**, seat.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see.
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call.
Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylinckéd well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
Others through friendes; others for base regard—
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard.
Those that were up themselves kept others low;
Those that were low themselves held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answeréd; "That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is.
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derivéd are, and all this worldes blis,
For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many mis.

"And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity;
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust;
But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse, I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for works and merits just."

"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate.
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might;
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight."

Mammon emmovéd was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnishéd,
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd;
Not such as earth out of her fruitful woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,

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340. **Nath'lesse**, none the less. 344. **ylinckéd**, linked together. 347. **preace**, crowd. 350. **sty**, mount. 353. **unrighteous**. Pronounce as four syllables. 361. **gan**, did.

365. **contention**. Pronounce as four syllables. 370. **Philotime**, one loving dignity or office. **hight**, is called. 371. **wonneth**, dwelleth. 376. **sith**, since. 377. **lust**, so desire. 383. **wote**, know. 384. **yplight**, plighted. 389. **fayne**, hide. 392. **redd**, described.

But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery toombe.

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next therunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothéd with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flowed about it round.
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

[Here comes a description of certain individuals suffering for their earthly sins.]

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told.
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold.
In which the damnéd soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?"

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclynéd had at all,
That dreadful feend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt.
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceivéd his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray.
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

And now he has so long remainéd theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same enduren can;
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began.
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay;
For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay;
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

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397. **hight**, is called. 399. **dight**, arranged. 404. **mote**, might. 408. **fee**, treasure, i.e., golden apples. 413. **Cocytus**, a branch of the Acheron one of the rivers of Hades. 415. **moe**, more.

424. **fall**, harm. 425. **bayt**, deceit. 430. **sleight**, trick. 432. **pray**, prey. 434. **gan wexe**, did grow. 440. **Forthy**, therefore.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. For an account of *The Faerie Queene* and its meaning, see pages 104–105. The second book of the poem, from which this story is taken, is devoted to the adventures of Guyon, who represents the man whose actions are determined by temperance or self-control. In the old Greek philosophy, there were supposed to be three elements, or principles, in the soul. One of these, the rational principle, represented reason, or self-restraint. The others, wrath and sensuality, were irrational, showing lack of self-restraint. To be temperate, therefore, was to make self-restraint, or the rational principle, the supreme governor of the soul. Guyon's adventures apply concretely this philosophy. Some of the adventures illustrate the folly of wrath, inordinate desire for pleasure, and the sin of idleness. In the portion of the story which is here printed, he is subject to the temptations of wealth and fame. The passage, therefore, criticizes the Renaissance idea of unbridled individualism, the "infinite desire" of Marlowe.

2. The scene of the story is the Underworld. Guyon's journey is like that of heroes in the old Greek and Latin epics, and is also in some respects similar to the journey of Dante through the infernal world. Spenser treats the Underworld, however, not as a place of punishment (though this element is introduced, as you will see, toward the end of the story), but as a place of fairy enchantment. Mammon stands for intemperate love of wealth; Philotime, his daughter, represents the desire for worldly honor; at last the knight comes to the Garden of Proserpina, where he sees many persons who are being punished for their greed. Here Guyon is tempted to eat of the fruit of a tree that grows in the Garden, a temptation that is more subtle than the others because it is less apparent. If Guyon had yielded, he would have come under the power of the rulers of this infernal world. Foiled at every point, Mammon is compelled to conduct the knight back to the upper air, where our selection leaves him.

3. The language of Spenser presents few difficulties. The spelling is not greatly different from that of Shakespeare's plays as originally printed. Modern editions of Shakespeare do not at all follow the spelling, punctuation, and use of capital letters of the original manuscripts or printed editions of the plays. Spenser's spelling cannot easily be modernized, however, because in many cases modernization would affect meter or rime, and also because Spenser deliberately used forms archaic in his own day in order to give the flavor of old romance. These archaisms are not so numerous as they may seem to be at first glance; you will find them explained in the footnotes. Reading the stanza aloud will help you to understand the language, and will also bring out the music of the verse.

4. The "Ydle lake" (line 11) refers to a previous adventure in which Phaedria, a damsel personifying idle mirth, took Guyon in a magic boat, self-propelled, to an enchanted island. Here he was tempted to give up his career and to spend his life in self-gratification, but he refused Phaedria's ideal of life. He now enters the Underworld, through which he is to be conducted by Mammon, god of that realm, who typifies the spirit of worldliness. Both these tests of his courage and of his faithfulness to his knightly ideal he undergoes alone; on other adventures he has the advantage of the counsel of a palmer, referred to in line 10 ("his trustie guyde"), a holy man who represents the abstract quality of temperance.

Questions and Topics

1. Some account of the characteristics of Spenser's poetry will be found on pages 105–106. You should note illustrations of these qualities in this story of Guyon. Note especially the stanza. How many lines are there? What is the rime-scheme? How many stresses in the line? Which line is the longest? What name is given to this line?

2. Select several stanzas that impress you (*a*) because they present a vivid picture; (*b*) because of the music of the verse; (*c*) because of story or dramatic interest.

3. The first part of Guyon's journey is devoted to the debate between Mammon and the hero about the effect of great wealth on the life of nations and of individuals (lines 19–171). Be prepared to summarize this argument. Note also the description of Mammon, and the setting or background of the scene.

4. The Underworld is divided by Spenser into three regions, which he calls "rooms." In the first of these (lines 136–207) Guyon passes through the Cave of Wealth. Why does he go on this journey? What does the fiend (line 169) represent? What various forms of wealth are described? Compare lines 244–261 with what you may know, through description or a visit, about a modern steel-mill or a great foundry. Such places as South Chicago, Gary, or Pittsburgh were unknown in Spenser's day; point out evidences of the imaginative power

of his description of what he had never seen. What is the most vivid part of this description?

5. How is the transition to the next region, or room, described (lines 289–317)?

6. The following episode (lines 318–387) represents the House of Fame, which had been described, in very different fashion, by Chaucer (see page 49). Point out the details of this part of Spenser's allegory. Which do you think tempted Guyon most keenly, wealth or worldly honor?

7. The last episode describes the Garden of Proserpina (lines 388–450). Who was Proserpina, and what was her story in ancient tradition? The significance of the goodly tree (described in lines 402 ff) and Mammon's hope that the hero would eat of the fruit (lines 420–423) is that, according to folk superstitions, a mortal who eats anything in an enchanted place is brought under the power of the rulers of that place. This idea is apparent in the classical version of the story of Proserpina; how does Spenser depart from the original version?

8. How long was Guyon in the Underworld? What effect did the experience have on him? Why?

9. Compare what is said about the nature of allegory on page 76, and prove that the story of Guyon is allegorical romance. Has it anything in common with *Everyman?*

10. Does Spenser mean to teach that wealth and fame are altogether evil? Sum up in a paragraph your idea of the meaning of the whole story.

III. ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

SONG OF PARIS AND ŒNONE

George Peele

Œnone. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
Paris. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.
Œn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And for my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse—
"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"
Ambo Simul. They that do change, etc.
Œn. Fair and fair, etc.
Par. Fair and fair, etc.
Thy love is fair, etc.
Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse—
"They that do change," etc.
Par. They that do change, etc.
Ambo. Fair and fair, etc.

MENAPHON'S SONG

Robert Greene

Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods.
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
Smooth-faced Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have.
I say Love,
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave.
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet;
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet;
Is that sweet

Title. **Paris.** This son of Priam, King of Troy, was exposed on a mountain at his birth, because it had been foretold that he would bring disaster to Troy. He was, however, taken care of by a shepherd. **Œnone,** a nymph with whom Paris fell in love while he was still a shepherd.

16. **Ambo Simul,** both together.

That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet,
That minute's joys are monthly woes.
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labor for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

APELLES' SONG

John Lyly

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them, too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Thomas Lodge

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest;
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offense;
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
—Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs—
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning—
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

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27. list, please.
Rosalind's Madrigal. 18. Whist, be quiet.

WHO IS SILVIA?

William Shakespeare

Who is Silvia? What is she
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
  The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

FEAR NO MORE

William Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy wordly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The scepter, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

O MISTRESS MINE

William Shakespeare

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
  That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting—
  Every wise man's son doth know.

O SWEET CONTENT

Thomas Dekker

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
    O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
    O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace! apace! apace! apace!
Honest labor bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney; hey noney, noney!

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?
    O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
    O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king,
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace! apace! apace! apace!
Honest labor bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney; hey noney, noney!

CHERRY-RIPE

Thomas Campion

There is a garden in her face
  Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
  Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
  Of orient pearl a double row,

Fear No More. 14. **thunder-stone,** thunderbolt. 18. **Consign to thee,** sign their names along with yours in the register of death.

O Sweet Content. 6. **golden numbers,** riches. 11. **crispéd,** rippling.

Cherry-ripe. 6. **Cherry-ripe,** a street cry of hucksters selling fruit. 8. **orient,** lustrous, because the most perfect pearls at one time came from the East.

Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry!

CHANCE AND CHANGE

Thomas Campion

What if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings!
Cannot a chance of a night, or an hour,
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune, honor, beauty, youth
Are but blossoms dying!
Wanton pleasure, doting love
Are but shadows flying!
All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving!
None have power, of an hour,
In their life's bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world; and a man
Is but a point to the world's comparéd center!
Shall then a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?
All is hazard that we have!
There is nothing biding!
Days of pleasure are like streams,
Through fair meadows gliding!
Weal and woe, Time doth go!
Time is never turning!
Secret fates guide our states;
Both in mirth and mourning!

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Sir Henry Wotton

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise;
Nor vice hath ever understood
(How deepest wounds are given by praise!)
Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, than gifts, to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall!
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all!

THE CONCLUSION

Sir Walter Raleigh

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us with but earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. On the nature of lyric poetry and the various kinds of lyrics, see pages 106–107. The lyrics here reprinted are taken from plays and romances. In the plays they were actually sung, and many of the original tunes are still known. From romances, dramas, and other sources, various printers and editors in the sixteenth century made collections or anthologies, some of which have become famous. An anthology is a collection of choice pieces, or

"flowers" of verse, mainly lyrical, and it is significant of the great lyrical power of Elizabethan poets that our first English anthologies date from that time. Recall the names of some of these collections by referring back to page 106.

2. The fact that so many of the best known Elizabethan lyrics were songs introduced in romantic comedies and prose romances had an influence on both themes and form. Most of them are love-songs, and no period has produced so many choice examples of this type of lyric. The form is dependent on the tune; even without the music before you, this fact is apparent. Thus, in the song of Paris and Œnone, the girl sings the first stanza, and the lover the second, to the same melody. This motif is repeated later in the song, as is indicated by the lines in which only the first words are given, followed by "etc." The main theme, or melody, is in the girl's second solo, which, you observe, gives us new words for each repetition of the whole song. This is followed by the duet, and the whole is then repeated. "Menaphon's Song" is simpler in construction, but its musical origin is apparent and accounts for some characteristics that you can easily observe for yourself. "Apelles' Song" is almost like a sonnet, less intricate in structure, and resembles the group of Shakespearean songs that follow the madrigal by Lodge.

3. Most of these songs have the qualities of lightness and delicacy. This is so even in such a lyric as "Chance and Change," where the underlying thought, that of the swift passing of life and beauty, is serious. But you will also find examples of even graver beauty, such as Wotton's famous poem, ode-like in form, on the happy life.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Find illustrations in the selections of the points made above in the Explanatory Notes and in the discussion of the lyric in the text (pages 106–107).

2. Look up "madrigal" in the dictionary, and apply the definition to Lodge's lyric. Compare this in form with Chaucer's "Roundel" (page 45).

3. A committee may arrange a program of Elizabethan songs. Only when these words are fitted to their music can we get their full beauty.

4. A program of Shakespearean songs may be arranged, some of them to be sung or played on the victrola, and others to be read. The plays are rich in these songs. Perhaps you can find some that you prefer to those here printed.

5. Remember that these songs, and others like them, were not, when they were composed, designed to be studied in English classes. They were sung by people everywhere, just as favorite songs from musical comedies are now sung, whistled, and danced to. With these songs of Shakespeare's time, you might compare the words and thought, apart from the tune, of several popular songs of today. Do you notice any differences?

6. Memorize the song that you like best.

IV. ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

SONNET LXXXI

EDMUND SPENSER

Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs,
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
Fair when the rose of her red cheeks appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love does sparke;
Fair when her breast like a rich-laden bark,
With precious merchandise she forth doth lay;
Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To bear the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of nature's wonderment,
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

SONNET I

Sir Philip Sidney

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain—
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburned brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
  Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
  "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

From SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
  For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings
  That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-canceled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
  —But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
  All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
  So till the judgment that yourself arise,
  You live in this and dwell in lover's eyes.

XXX. 8. expense, loss.

LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by—
  This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
  To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

---

4. **choirs**, the part of the church, the east end, where the choir sang.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixéd mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom—
  If this be error, and upon me proved,
  I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

---

8. **height be taken**, a metaphor, from taking the altitude in navigation.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. On the sonnet as a form of lyric poetry, with the principal facts about the Elizabethan sonnet, see pages 106-107. The sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines in iambic pentameter. It may be on any subject, but the treatment is always dignified. The two most important types of the sonnet are the *Italian* and the *English*. In the Italian form the sonnet is divided into two parts—the octave, or first eight lines, and the sestet, or last six lines. The octave develops one side of a thought, while the sestet develops an answering side. This division of the sonnet has often been compared to the flow and ebb of a wave. The rime-scheme of the octave is *abba abba;* that of the sestet varies slightly. Early in the sixteenth century the sonnet was introduced from Italy into England, in which country it has always been recognized as a valuable form for the dignified expression of a single mood or thought. Many of the English poets who have followed the Italian two-part structure have, however, entirely disregarded its rime-scheme.

The English sonnet (often called the Shakespearean), instead of dividing into octave and sestet, is made up of three quatrains, with alternate rime, and a concluding rimed couplet, which is frequently an epigram. The rime-scheme is *abab, cdcd, efef, gg.*

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

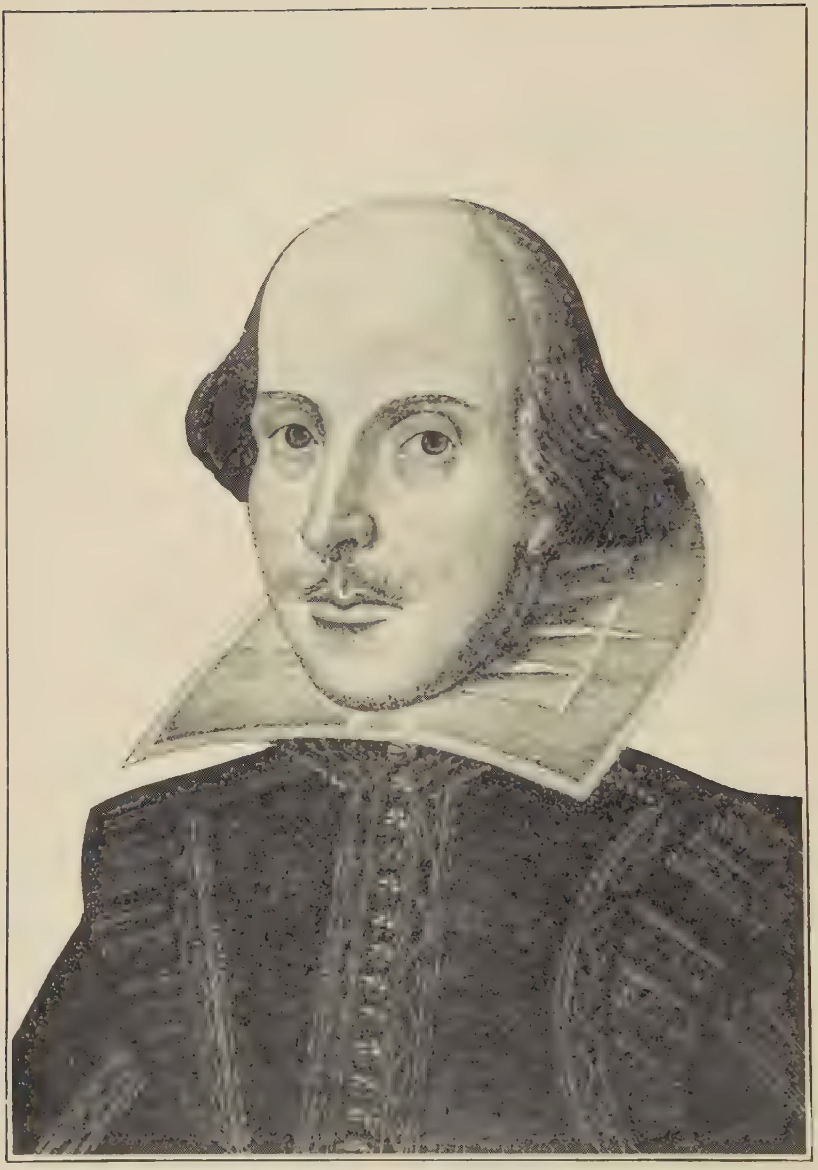
1. Spenser developed a sonnet rime-scheme of his own which has been used but rarely by other poets. Its form—*abab, bcbc, cdcd, ee*—reminds one of his famous stanza. The Spenserian sonnet given here illustrates the Italian pause between octave and sestet. Has this sonnet any characteristics of the English type?

2. Sidney's sonnet also has the Italian two-part structure, but, like Spenser's, the rime-scheme is an English variation. How does the verse form of this sonnet differ from that of Spenser's? Where else did you find this particular line?

3. Make a list of the different subjects treated in these sonnets. Are these poems graver than the love songs that precede them? Give a reason for your answer. What is the mood in each sonnet?

4. These are among the finest sonnets in the language. Which seems to you the richest in thought? In language? In rhythm? Which contains the clearest, most memorable, imagery?

5. Memorize the sonnet you most prefer and be prepared to deliver it before the class. Explain why you chose this particular one.



THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

(This portrait appeared on the title-page of the 1623 Folio.)

CHAPTER VI

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS: John Lyly—Robert Greene—George Peele—Christopher Marlowe—The Sudden Development of Drama.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC CAREER: The Beginnings—Early Comedies—Early Tragedy.

THE MATURITY OF SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS: Historical Romance—Romantic Comedy.

SHAKESPEARE AS A TRAGIC DRAMATIST: *Julius Caesar—Hamlet—Othello—King Lear—Macbeth.*

SHAKESPEARE THE MAN: Literature and Life—Our Fellow Shakespeare—On Reading Shakespeare.

THE LAST PLAYS: *The Winter's Tale—The Tempest*—Shakespeare's View of His Art—And of Life—How to Study Shakespeare.

In a previous chapter we have traced the beginnings of the modern drama. This drama at first knew nothing of the great achievements of Greece and Rome; it was merely the manifestation of the universal human love for story told through action. It abounded in rude comedy and at times achieved the pathos of tragedy, but only in episodes and by chance, not through a fully developed plot. There was no playhouse; there were no trained actors.

Just about the time of the accession of Elizabeth there were a few attempts to produce English plays on classical lines. *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*—comedies imitating the Latin plays of Plautus and Terence — are examples. There were also a few tragedies, not Greek in structure or thought, but imitations of the Latin plays of Seneca. These Senecan imitations, such as *Gorboduc,* introduce the division into five acts, and are filled with supernaturalism and horror. Like the comedies, they were school and college plays and appealed to rather limited groups. The first London playhouse, called The Theater, was opened in 1576, and from this date the history of Elizabethan drama begins.

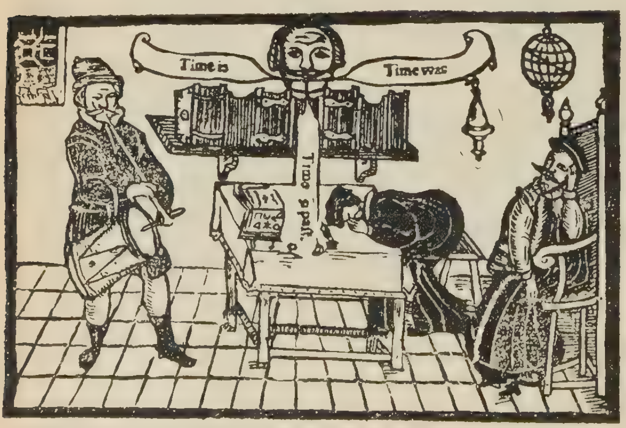
SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS

The Age of Shakespeare, as we have already learned, was a time when the wildest romance was reality. The world was being turned upside down; it was no period of settled life and opinions; the daring of the navigators of the Spanish Main was matched by the daring of the men of thought. What wonder, then, that the literature of the time reflected this romanticism? From *The Shepherd's Calendar* in 1579 to the death of Shakespeare in 1616, prose romance, romantic epic, and romantic drama flourished. Believe in my land of faerie, Spenser says in his epic, because my stories are no more wonderful than those told by every returning traveler. And the drama was woven from strands of the same mysterious stuff.

The dramas of Shakespeare are no exception. They are of universal appeal, as much loved today as when Elizabethan audiences first saw them, but they reflect accurately the vitality and enthusiasm of the age that produced them. The themes and structure that characterize them grew out of experiments by a group of writers who were at work in the decade before Shakespeare began his active career. We shall fail to understand Shakespeare's accomplishment and his relation to his age unless we take into account the work of his immediate predecessors, Lyly, Greene, Peele, and Marlowe.

John Lyly (1554?-1606). Besides his *Euphues,* mentioned in the last chapter, Lyly wrote a number of comedies of a new type. They had few incidents and the plot was very simple. Often it was an old classical story, such as the story of the youth Endymion, who fell in love with the goddess of the moon. But Lyly wrote in such a way that the audience identified Endymion with the Earl of Leicester, who dared to love the moon-goddess, the great Elizabeth, and was rebuked for his presumption. Like Spenser, Lyly appealed to the love of allegory characteristic of that time. His plays were written in a very graceful style, with many witty sayings that people liked to quote. Fun was supplied by servants or pages, and usually there was some bombastic person who delighted the crowd because of his big words or his bungling way of doing things. Thus Lyly supplied a slight and pretty love story for his main plot, with plenty of emphasis on witty dialogue to make up for the lack of incidents, and with comic characters to supply fun.

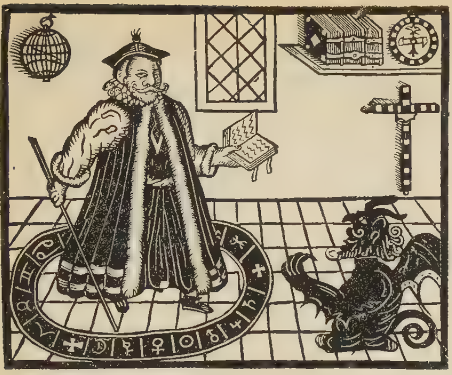
Robert Greene. (1560-1592). Two interesting plays of this period were written by Robert Greene, who was four years older than Shakespeare. The first of the plays, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, tells of the tricks played by two English magicians upon a rival conjuror from Germany. Along with this, there is a charming love story about the English prince and the fair maid of Fressingfield. The prince sends his friend Lacy to woo the maiden for him, but Lacy and Margaret fall in love with each other, and the royal lover at last gives up his claim. Love romance is also of chief interest in the second play, *James the Fourth*. It really has little to do with the Scottish king, but tells of Dorothea, the heroine, and her fortitude in the midst of hardships brought upon her by enemies. Disguised as a page, she has many adventures, in which she reminds us somewhat of Shakespeare's Rosalind or Viola. These plays are like Lyly's in that the romance is the chief feature, with comedy supplied by minor characters, but they have a great many incidents and therefore contain more story. Greene uses English material for incident and setting, instead of adapting classical stories, and he avoids allegory.



FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

George Peele. (1558?-1598?). Much like the work of Greene is that of George Peele. In one of his plays he tells the old classical story about Paris, who awarded the golden apple to the goddess Venus and thereby brought on the Trojan War, but Peele has Paris brought to trial on the ground that the apple should have been awarded to Queen Elizabeth. In *The Old Wives Tale*, written about 1590, we find plenty of romance. Some men seek shelter, late at night, at a peasant's cottage. The old wife of the peasant tries to entertain them by telling a story full of magic and mystery. She does not get on very well, and they all become drowsy, when a strange thing happens: they see the story the old woman tried to tell acted out before them. It is as strange as dreams sometimes are, a multitude of shifting scenes that seem far removed from everyday experience, and yet blend magically into a story befitting the realm of dreams.

Christopher Marlowe. The greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, Christopher Marlowe, was born in 1564 and died in 1593. Despite his tragically short life, he wrote a group of plays which illustrate better than those of any of his fellows, the Renaissance passion for high and difficult things. They are studies in characters of Titanic ambition. Thus *Tamburlaine* (1587-1588) tells



DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND SATAN

how a Scythian shepherd rose to world domination. Its keynote is in the lines repeated by the hero—

> Is it not passing brave to be a king
> And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

It is the romantic idea of kingship, the glorification of the power and wealth that great conquerors seek. In *Doctor Faustus* (1588) we have the story of a man who sold his soul to Satan in return for skill in magic. It is a prophecy of the dominion later to be won by science. The "aspiring mind" is its theme; it speaks the new thirst for intellectual power. This theme is brought out in various ways. Faustus seeks knowledge of the mysteries of the universe; the feats he performs suggest the triumphs of modern physics and chemistry; he brings to life the beautiful and the great of the ancient world. "Have I not made blind Homer sing to me?" he asks in a line that sums up the significance of the rediscovery of the classics; and when, through magic, he evokes the spirit of Helen of Troy, whose beauty caused the Trojan War, he exclaims in transport—

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Two other plays by Marlowe may be noticed. *The Jew of Malta* (1589) is a study of the thirst for enormous wealth. At the opening of the play, Barabas, the rich merchant, counts his gold, prefers the jewels that crowd "infinite riches in a little room," and receives news of the landing of his ships bringing to him treasures from every part of the globe. The play shows how the wealth of Barabas is unjustly taken from him, how he plots revenge, and is at length destroyed by the horror he plans for others. But what lifts it above the plane of crude sensationalism is the suggestion of the romance and power attached to the wealth that comes through commerce. In *Edward the Second,* the theme of *Tamburlaine* is reversed. Here the king is deposed, suffers the utmost misery, and at length is slain. The tragedy is not, as in Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* a punishment visited upon a wicked man for his misdeeds; it lies in the sufferings of one who had known place and power.

It will be seen that Marlowe's themes introduce an entirely new conception of romance. The hero no longer fights monsters, relieves heroines shut up in castles, searches for the Grail. He is a world conqueror riding in triumph through Persepolis, or a scholar bold enough to trade with Satan, or a merchant whose fleets sail the seven seas, or a rich king compelled to exchange his costly robes for the rags of a beggar. To fit these stirring themes Marlowe devised a verse in every way remarkable. Blank verse had been used before his time, but not with his charm. His lines are like martial music, fitted to the splendors of his imagination and the matchless energy of his thought. In it a new authority came to English poetry, and "Marlowe's mighty line" ranks with Shakespeare's and with Milton's as illustrating the true greatness of English blank verse.

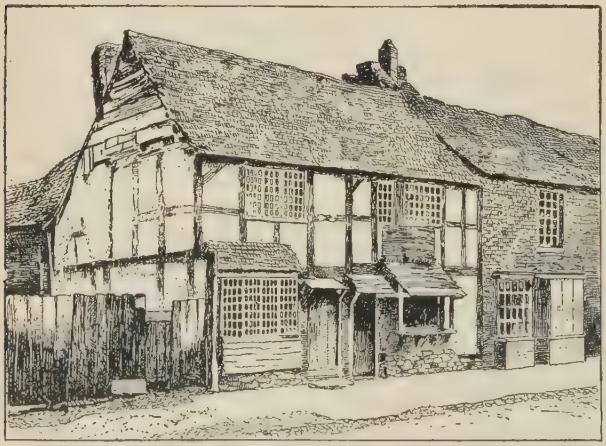
The Sudden Development of Drama. There were other dramatists in those ten years before Shakespeare began to write; there were many dramatists, some of them of high ability, who wrote during Shakespeare's life. Here we can do little more than call attention to the fact that Shakespeare was, after all, but one of a score of playwrights, that he was an actor and a producer as well as a writer, and that we should think of him, not as an isolated genius, apart from his fellows, but rather as one of many able writers who sought to meet the unparalleled demand for plays.

For despite the development of printing and the extent of education, very many could not read. Books were still costly; most of them were designed for scholars or for people of the court; there were few libraries. The plays presented stories in the form of action, and everyone could enjoy and understand them. These plays corresponded to the spirit of the time. Swift movement, crowded scenes, pageant-like gorgeousness of spectacle, the glamour of foreign life represented on the London stage, unnatural tragedy mingled with rough and ready comic episodes—these appealed to tradesmen and apprentices as well as to courtiers. Coupled with interest in action was the growing interest in personality. The Elizabethans launched their minds on all the seas of human thought, as their navigators explored realms remote from the world previously known. It was not merely the strange adventure that held their attention, but the unusual personality. Hence the long roll of heroes of tragedy: Tamburlaine, Doctor Faustus, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Lear. Hence, also, the popular heroes, such as the brave Talbot and the fiery Hotspur and Harry the King. Comedy supplied its own unique personalities: the melancholy Jaques, the lovelorn Orlando, the precise Malvolio, and Falstaff, prince of jesters. If most of these names come from Shakespeare it is only because they appear in plays you have already read or will soon read. Elizabethan drama is filled with interesting people; the list may be extended at your pleasure.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC CAREER

In 1589 or 1590 the youthful Shakespeare left his native Stratford to seek his fortune in London, much as an American boy may go from a country town to New York. He had a fair education, but was not a university man, and therefore the law and the church were not open to him. Without political influence he could hardly have found a career at court. He must have known something about writing, for his first dramas show surprising skill, but if he took with him any manuscripts, they are lost or have been worked into the plays he wrote later. There were no magazines in London, no great newspapers, no publishing houses where he might hope to find employment. Authorship as a profession from which a man might earn an income was unknown. A few men got pensions from the government or from some patron, in return for literary work, but such a source of income was precarious. Indeed, it was thought that poetry and other imaginative literature should be the products of a gentleman's leisure hours, to be circulated in manuscript among his friends, not published and sold.

Nevertheless, the small group of men to which Lyly, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe belonged were already opening up a new profession, that of writing plays for the stage. They were called the "University wits," for they were all graduates of the universities and they lived by their wits. A few years later, when Shakespeare had attained success, one of them wrote scornfully of the "Shake-scene" as an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," which indicates that they were not willing to admit him to the union.



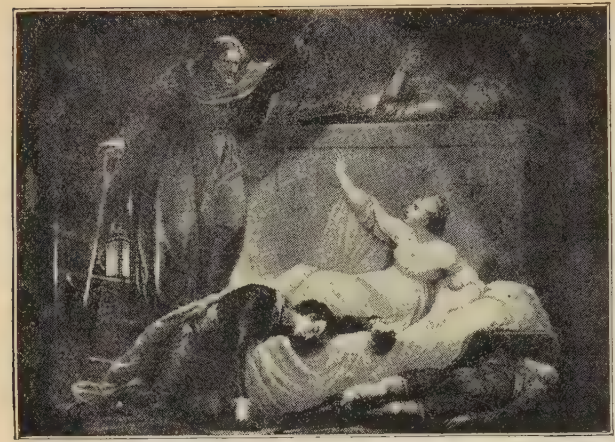
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE BEFORE ITS RESTORATION

The Beginnings. Just how Shakespeare began to write is not clear. He seems to have found employment at the theater; he became an actor and later owned shares in a company organized to produce plays; we know that he soon became prosperous. One of the tasks assigned young actors was to revise old plays, or adapt manuscripts of new ones, for the use of the company. Philip Henslowe, the Frohman or Belasco of his time, employed a number of young writers in this way, and in his *Diary*, a queerly spelled but very valuable book which he kept for many years, he entered payments made for revising or touching up plays. We know that Shakespeare did such work. For example, the three parts of *Henry VI*, a rambling and incoherent chronicle history play, contain passages written by him.

Early Comedies. Shakespeare's first comedies belong to this same period, 1590-1592. They were experiments in various types of comedy that had been developed by his predecessors. The first, *Love's Labor's Lost*, shows the influence of Lyly in its witty dialogue, slightness of story, and attention to style. One of the characters remarks about a feast of languages at which someone had stolen the scraps. The delight in mere language—poetical expressions, puns, "taffeta-phrases, silken terms," and the like—takes the place of story. In *The Comedy of Errors* we find abundance of plot, for the story deals with the misadventures of two pairs of twins. It is boisterous farce, with no love element, and in structure and character is an imitation of the old Latin comedies of Plautus and Terence. The third of these early comedies, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is quite different. Here the influence of Greene and Peele is uppermost. There is plenty of story; a double love romance runs through it; the story is serious, almost tragic in spots. The "two gentlemen" are friends, but one deserts his own lady-love to court the betrothed of the other. In his infatuation he plots against his friend, has him banished, and the friend becomes leader of a band of outlaws. In thus treating a sensational love romance as the basis of his comedy, relying on minor characters for the farce and boisterous humor, Shakespeare laid the foundations for those greater plays that were to make him the supreme writer of romantic comedy.

Early Tragedy. About 1593 Shakespeare turned to a new type of historical drama, which sought unity through presenting that part of the story of one of the English kings which dealt with his closing years and death, or which confined its plot to the story of the king without regard to other events in his reign. *Richard II* is in reality a tragedy of the downfall of the king; it seeks to arouse the pity of the spectators for the misfortunes of the hero. It is therefore quite different from the later historical plays, such as *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, which abound in comedy and are dramatized historical romances. Another early play with tragic tendency is *King John*, which does not mention Magna Charta but does emphasize the troubles of the king with his nobles, and culminates in the king's death. Even more strongly unified is the play of *Richard III*, which shows how the Duke of Gloucester rose to power through the murder of all who stood in his way; how he became king for a time, until at length his violence rebounded upon his own head and he was slain at Bosworth Field. *Richard II* suggests the later tragedy of *Lear*, while *Richard III* is very similar to *Macbeth*.

Very different from these plays is the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, written about 1594. This is a dramatization of one of the most famous stories of the time. Scenes from this story were found in tapestries; it was told in prose by Italian and French writers; an English poem written shortly before Shakespeare's time corresponds closely in incidents and characters to the tragedy that still holds high place on the stage. The play tells the story of a pair of "star-crossed lovers" who belong to families at feud with each other. They meet by chance and fall in love, though they know their union to be almost hopeless. Romeo is put in a position where he cannot avoid a duel with a kinsman of Juliet; as a result of this duel he is banished, and Juliet is ordered by her parents to marry a man whom she hates. To escape, she seeks the help of a priest



SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET (ACT V, SC. iii)
(Friar Laurence enters the death tomb of the "star-crossed lovers")

who is skilled in the use of herbs. A potion is prepared which will produce a trance resembling death. Romeo is to be summoned to rescue her, but the fates again intervene, and death comes upon the lovers in the tomb of the Capulets. This brief outline shows how closely knit are the incidents of the plot. Each act of the drama advances irresistibly to the tragic end. Momentary relief is supplied by the humor of Mercutio, Romeo's friend, and by Juliet's nurse, but the chief emphasis rests always on the foreshadowed doom of the lovers. It is a tragedy of fate, made sad by the deaths of these two innocent ones.

THE MATURITY OF SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS

We come now to the story of Shakespeare's triumph in the three fields of drama that he had made his own. The plays of this period extend from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to *Macbeth*, from 1594 to 1606. The first six years of the period are distinguished chiefly for the series of great comedies and histories; the last six for the writing of the greatest tragedies in English literature.

Historical Romance. From his treatment of the tragic aspects of the lives of English kings, illustrated by *Richard III*, *King John*, and *Richard II*, Shakespeare turned to more romantic themes. The three plays which deal with Henry V as prince and king (First and Second *Henry IV* and *Henry V*) were written 1597-1599. In them we have the story of Prince Hal's youth, his association with Falstaff, the rivalry of Hotspur, and his change to severer things when the responsibilities of government were laid upon him. The three plays abound in comedy. They also present an incomparable gallery of portraits: the immortal Falstaff; racial types like Fluellen the doughty Welshman, and the portraits of the French nobles; soldiers of fortune like Pistol; London types like Mistress Quickly, Nym, and Bardolph; to say nothing of prelates, foolish country magistrates, rebellious nobles, and the fiery and ambitious Hotspur. Not until the time of Scott was history again to be made alive in this fashion. History as a record of dynasties, wars, and constitutional changes gives way to a panorama of scenes filled with color and romance and with the crowds of men and women who make up a nation but do not appear in the dry chronicles of reigns and administrations. Most of all, Shakespeare presented in Hal an Englishman whom his countrymen recognized as one of themselves. His appeal to the crowd was very different from that of the earlier Shakespearean kings. The new English nation was being interpreted to itself in plays that owed much of their vitality to the vigorous life of the time.

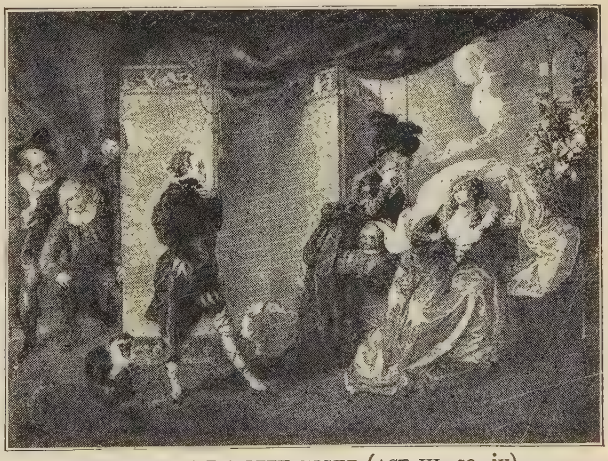
Romantic Comedy. The three great plays in which the story of Henry V is told have important relations to Shakespeare's comedy. His first comedies had been but slightly connected with actual life. In the plays in which Falstaff, Pistol, and Fluellen appeared, however, we see how Shakespeare had caught the knack of giving reality to the romantic past by means of persons and episodes not usually accounted a part of sober history. This knack he transferred to his writing of comedies, so that no matter how wildly romantic the main plot of plays like

As You Like It and *Twelfth Night* may be, we feel that the persons who move through the scenes are very real.

During the first part of this wonderful period, Shakespeare wrote six comedies of high rank. The first of these, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1594), is an amazing example of skill in plot construction. There are three groups of characters: the Athenian lovers, the fairies drawn from English folklore, and the "mechanicals," who are English village types. The serious love plot is not stressed, but is purposely shadowy and fairy-like. The story of Titania and Oberon blends with the main plot so perfectly that we forget that they belong to the "little people" well known to folk superstition. These stories are still more closely united through Bottom and his fellow laborers, with their ridiculous version of the good old tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. The story of the rehearsal and the play itself, which did not please the sophisticated great lady but which Theseus regarded with favor—"The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them"—show how the poet, "of imagination all compact," can blend into one harmony the most unlikely materials. The Athenian lovers resemble the fairy-like knights and damsels of Spenser's *Faerie Queene;* Titania and Oberon and their attendants are the "little people" themselves; while Bottom and the mechanicals are like mischievous and blundering gnomes. Thus the play achieves unity despite the great differences that separate one group of characters from another, because it is, indeed, a fairy play, fit for the madness of Midsummer Night.

In *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, written between 1595 and 1597, Shakespeare proved even more clearly his mastery of the art of creating real people as the persons of his play. Both are supposed to be Italian in setting and character, like so many other of Shakespeare's plays, but this is only a device, due partly to his sources and partly to the great interest of the time in everything Italian. *The Merchant of Venice* suggests Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* except that there is a charming love story and that the end is not tragic. *The Taming of the Shrew,* which resembles the old Latin comedies and his own early *Comedy of Errors,* abounds in farce and boisterous mirth.

We reach the climax of Shakespearean comedy in *Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night,* all written in the period 1599-1601. The three plays are very similar in general plan. A love story, which in each case has elements that seem to promise a tragic outcome, is the basis of the plot. In *Much Ado,* Benedick and Beatrice are led to fall in love with each other through a practical joke, while Hero, in love with Claudio, is for a time separated from him by a false charge, and is supposed to die of grief. In the end everything is cleared up and there is a double marriage. In *Twelfth Night,* the heroine, Viola, is shipwrecked. Disguised as a page she enters the service of the romantic Orsino, who fancies that he loves the beautiful Olivia. Olivia scorns the suit, but falls in love with the page. The situation becomes very complex until Orsino finds out that his page is really a charming girl, with whom he promptly falls in love, while Viola's twin brother is



SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT (ACT III, SC. IV)
(Malvolio, duped by a letter from Maria, pays court to the fair Olivia, who scorns him)

just in time to supply Olivia with a husband and prepare us for a double wedding. In *As You Like It*, the banished Rosalind, accompanied by her friend Celia, disguises herself as a shepherd and takes up her abode in the forest of Arden. Orlando, also banished, in love with Rosalind, goes to Arden, meets the young shepherd, and tells of the pangs of love. In the end the disguise is thrown off and the lovers are united. A lover is found for Celia, too, and a double wedding is again in sight.

But besides these adventurous and often very serious stories, there is an abundance of purely comic interest. The melancholy Jaques, the delightful clown Touchstone, the blundering village officers like Dogberry and Verges, supply us with mirth without end, while scenes in which Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the precise Malvolio appear afford the same rich merriment that we enjoyed in the story of Prince Hal and his friends. Shakespeare's comedy is both romantic and realistic. It abounds in story and in the succession of thrilling events that were found in the old romances, but the people who take part in these events are real. In the romances, we are told, and may believe if we like, that the lady was beautiful and witty, and that the knight performed deeds of prodigious valor, but in Shakespeare's dramatized romance we are made, through abundant evidence, to know the brightness and edge of Rosalind's wit and Viola's demure but very competent personality.

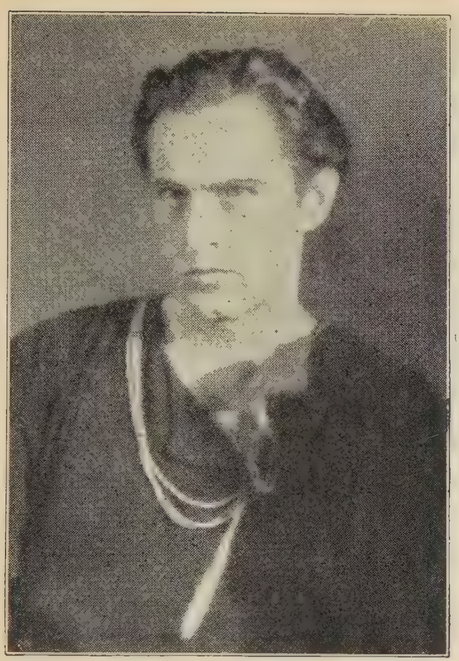
SHAKESPEARE AS A TRAGIC DRAMATIST

Julius Caesar. As we have seen, the years from 1594 to 1601 were distinguished chiefly by Shakespeare's work in history and comedy. Only one tragedy, *Julius Caesar*, appeared during this time, and it belongs to the same year as *Henry V* (1599). This tragedy was historical, but in it Shakespeare departed from his English themes to dramatize one of the most thrilling periods in Roman history. His source was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, one of the most famous of the great Elizabethan translations from other literatures, and in it he found not only the bare chronicle of events but also interpretations of character. This analysis of the motives of conduct he carried over into his play with the result that we are even more interested in the characters of Caesar, Antony, Brutus, and Cassius than in their story. The events are only the means by which the real drama, a drama that takes place in the souls of the persons of the play, is represented to the spectator.

We now approach the group of tragedies in which Shakespeare displayed his marvelous powers to the utmost. *Hamlet* was written about 1602, *Othello* in 1604, *King Lear* in 1605, and *Macbeth* in 1606.

Hamlet. Few if any persons who have really lived have been the subject of so many books and essays as Shakespeare's imaginary Prince of Denmark. If we add to this great amount of criticism and analysis the interest inspired in thousands of audiences through the three hundred years of the play's stage history, we realize that no king, no military genius, no statesman, has ever interested so many people as this creation of Shakespeare's genius.

Hamlet's story was not original with Shakespeare. In sagas and chronicles it was well known, and at least one play had been written on the subject. In its bare outline the plot is improbable and sensational enough. A king has died suddenly and his queen has married a brother who has succeeded to the throne. From college in Germany the king's son has returned, suspicious of his mother and uncle and indignant that his father seems so soon forgotten. The ghost of the father appears and commands Hamlet to slay the new king, branded as the murderer. Hamlet delays, apparently to get proof. By the device of a play in which a king is murdered by his brother, the necessary proof is secured. But Hamlet still delays, feigning insanity. By chance he kills a fussy old counselor who gets in his way, is banished to England, kills his companions who plot to murder him, and returns to Denmark to find that the girl he had loved has committed suicide. He is challenged to a duel by her brother, who is the son of the counselor slain by Hamlet. In this duel, the king and the brother plan Hamlet's death by means of a poisoned drink and a



Courtesy Francis Bruguiere

JOHN BARRYMORE AS HAMLET
IN A RECENT PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY

poisoned sword. As a result of this plot, the queen, the king, the brother, and Hamlet himself, die.

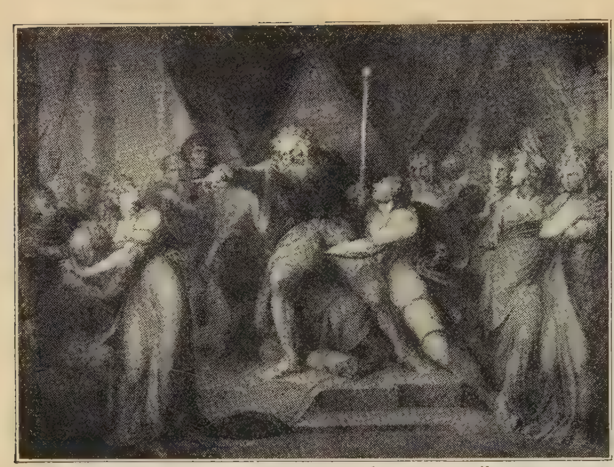
We have here a tragedy of revenge in which the action is set in motion by the appearance of a ghost. The Elizabethans found no difficulty in believing in the reality of the ghost, nor do we, for the time of the play. But what is harder to understand is why Hamlet delayed so long, thus getting himself entangled in a set of circumstances which worked his ruin. It is this problem that makes the story of Hamlet fascinating, not the ghost, or the sensational murders strewn through its five acts. Hamlet says,

> The time is out of joint; O cursèd spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right.

We are interested not merely in a story of a king murdered and the necessity that the son should avenge his father's death, but in the suggestion of all the perplexities that may confront an individual or a generation; the sense that life is not simple but complex; that action, though necessary, may be difficult. Shakespeare plays upon the emotions, the fears and hopes of humanity, as a master-organist upon his instrument. The play is filled with pregnant sentences, words and phrases that light up dim places of the mind. An illuminating incident is told of Emerson, to the effect that once he looked forward to seeing a great production of this play. At last the night came. Emerson knew the text of the play, of course; he had read it many times. When at last the splendid performance was over, friends roused him as from a trance, to find that Hamlet's words to the ghost, spoken near the beginning of the play, about the "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," had set him thinking about the mystery of life and death so that he had seen nothing, and heard nothing, of the play.

Othello. In *Hamlet* Shakespeare had been dealing with what was, or seemed to be, history. The first printed edition of the play gave as its title "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke." In *Othello* he turned once more to the Italian prose tale, such as he had used in *Romeo and Juliet.* Both these plays, being founded on short stories, are more compact than the histories. They have little of the surrounding detail that Shakespeare had used in his stories of the English kings to give life and color. Furthermore, they deal not with kings and princes, but with private citizens. *Othello* also lacks the rich philosophy that we have found to be a chief source of interest in *Hamlet.* It has no extraneous material; it approaches Greek tragedy in the stern simplicity of its structure.

Nevertheless, *Othello* resembles the other great tragedies in that its chief interest is in character, not in mere sensational incident. The story is brutal. Othello, a Moor in command of the Venetian forces, is led by Iago, a minor officer in his service, to believe that his wife, Desdemona, is unfaithful. Driven to distraction, he murders her, and, on learning his mistake, kills himself. It is such a story as a modern newspaper might play up in all its sensational and sordid details. But Shakespeare, as was his custom in dealing



SCENE FROM KING LEAR (ACT I, SC. i)
(Lear banishes his daughter Cordelia, to the satisfaction of her cruel sisters Goneril and Regan)

with a tragic plot, gave to his characters a magnitude that lifts the action out of the vulgar and sensational into the realm of great and purifying tragedy.

King Lear. In some respects the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies is *King Lear.* As in his other plays, the story was familiar. There had been an excellent play on the subject a few years earlier, and in the chronicles and in poetry it was often told. Lear was an ancient British king. According to old legend he planned to give his kingdom to his three daughters. Their portions were to be awarded in proportion to the love for him expressed by each daughter in a speech at court. The elder daughters make flattering speeches and are rewarded, but Cordelia, the youngest, displeases the old king and is banished. He lives for a time with Cordelia's sisters, who cruelly mistreat him, and at length Cordelia arrives with an army to restore her father to the throne. At this point Shakespeare's version of the story differs from that of the chronicles and the old play. In the sources, Lear and Cordelia are successful and regain their kingdom. In Shakespeare's tragedy Cordelia is defeated and is slain, and her father dies of a broken heart.

Except for the tragic end, Shakespeare followed the legend very closely. He increased the story interest, however, by introducing a sub-plot, taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, about an old man who drove away the son who loved him and, betrayed by the remaining son, met a fate like Lear's. By this means the horror is doubled; two such monstrous examples of filial ingratitude intensify the tragic effect. There is grim humor in the antics of the Fool, who employs his wit to show Lear his folly, and who disappears in the middle of the play, when Lear has become insane from brooding on his wrongs.

Fundamentally the tragedy is one of pity. Lear was foolish, but not criminal. As he says, he was more sinned against than sinning. When the old king is driven out into the storm by his daughters, he feels, and makes us feel, too, that the terror of the tempest that howls through the wilderness is but a faint reflection of his mental torture. As Cordelia looks on him, asleep from exhaustion, when she has come with her army to save him, she says that her enemy's dog, on such a night as that night of storm, should have found shelter by her fireside. Nothing in the whole range of English literature can match in pathos the scene in which Lear wakes from his sleep, his madness gone, and recognizes the daughter he had so deeply wronged and begs her forgiveness.

Yet such a view of the tragedy is not complete. It has deeper meaning than pity. It is a commentary on what it is to be a king. Marlowe, as we have seen, portrayed the romance of power—to be a king, and ride in triumph through Persepolis. But in Lear this romance is analyzed. In his prosperity, Lear thought he was a great man because everyone bowed to him and flew to execute his slightest wish. When he gave away his power, he thought still to command the respect and duty of all who surrounded him, but instead he was scorned. In his insanity he harps on this: "To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything that I said was no good divinity." And again, "They told me I was everything; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof." "Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?" "Ay, sir," Gloster replies. "And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office." That is, high office may give authority even to the most unworthy. To be truly great, one must find other standards. At the end of the play Lear has lost the old confidence. He wants nothing more than the love of Cordelia. Earthly dignity, a multitude of retainers, admirers who assent to his every word—these things that he once thought so important to his happiness he cares nothing for any more. He has become as a little child, fit to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Macbeth. The commentary on worldly power set forth in *Lear* is carried further in the last of the great tragedies, *Macbeth.* Here the theme is like that of *Richard III* except that Macbeth is infinitely greater in imaginative power and in the complexity of his character. Richard is merely ruthless, the man who has developed smashing will power without any ethical restraints and without any imagination. But Macbeth unites the imagination of a poet with the intense longing for power that is shown in so many men of the Renaissance. He has served his king faithfully, only to find the path to power blocked. He is met by three witches, not merely the sorry old women so often persecuted in England and America in the seventeenth century, but suggestive of the Greek Fates or the Norns of Scandinavian and Teutonic myth. They promise him empire, and vanish. The king comes to Macbeth's castle. Lady Macbeth, blinded by what seems the gift of fate, equal to her husband in ambition, and lacking his scruples, urges him to murder his chieftain. Macbeth surrenders to the temptation and his tragedy begins. He becomes king, but tortured by remorse, unable to sleep, he fancies that his sufferings are due to the insecurity of his tenure of the throne. He plots and carries out other murders, only to find his sufferings increased. The tragedy is in the suffering, a suffering rendered keener by the essential fineness of his nature.

As we look back over these tremendous plays, we see that in them Shakespeare subjected to piercing criticism the fundamental idea of the Renaissance—the development of the individual. To earlier writers, as to many men of Shakespeare's time, this romantic expansion of personality had seemed the very stuff of happy and successful life. But in Shakespeare's tragedies we have a deeper view.

SHAKESPEARE THE MAN

Literature and Life. By this time, Shakespeare had acquired fame and an income that would even today be regarded as very great. It is significant of the essential simplicity of his nature that he returned to his native Stratford, bought property, and entered very fully into the life of the town. There is evidence that he was consulted on matters of importance, and that he was the most prominent citizen of the place. He was a good business man, too, capable of applying to everyday affairs the keen insight that made him a master of the secrets of the human heart. In *Julius Caesar*, you may remember, he makes Caesar say of Cassius:

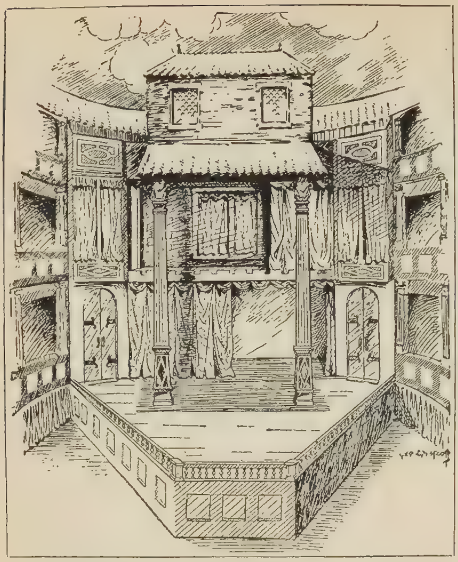
> He reads much;
> He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men.

The rest of the characterization of the lean and hungry Cassius who loved no plays or music and seldom smiled would not by any means fit Shakespeare, but there is no doubt about his possession of the breadth of mind that reading should give, and the keen observation that enabled him to look "quite through the deeds of men."

Even his reading was turned to proper uses. He was no bookworm. In a play written about 1600 one of the characters compares Shakespeare in this respect with other writers:

> Few of the University pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphoses, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down.

"Our Fellow Shakespeare." There could be no finer tribute than this recognition, by his contemporaries, of his human qualities. It shows how he was regarded by workers in his own profession. The author of the play from which our quotation comes is unknown. Others, he says, write not from



A STAGE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY
(From Albright's "Shakesperian Stage")

life but from books. Ovid, with his book of old legends called *Metamorphoses*, gives them their subjects, remote from everyday experience. But "our fellow Shakespeare" surpasses them all because even in his reading he seeks reality, and corrects his books by applying them to the life of busy London and of Stratford, the country town.

He was kindly and helpful to the family in whose house he boarded in London. He honored his father. He was himself honored by the great Queen, by lords and earls at court, and by humble men at Stratford to whom he gave of his friendship liberally and lent money in time of need. In contemporary writings he is referred to as "sweet Shakespeare" or "friendly Shakespeare." One man praises his "right happy and copious industry." Ben Jonson, the greatest dramatist of that time, save only Shakespeare, said of him, "I do honor his memory on this side idolatry," and he speaks of him as "my gentle Shakespeare" and "my beloved, the author." The climax of Jonson's testimony to the memory of his friend, a sentence that has become the judgment of the generations, we find in a poem in which Shakespeare's genius is appraised:

> He was not of an age, but for all time.

On Reading Shakespeare. Of all the tributes, from the great in this world's business and the great in letters down to the humblest beneficiaries of his kindness, none is more impressive than that given by the two men, John Heminge and Henry Condell, who in 1623 collected his works into the first complete edition, called "The First Folio"—now one of the most valued books of the world. They address the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery, as men who had loved the works and their author, and declare it to be their purpose "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare," and in the dedication to "the great Variety of Readers" they honor one who "as he was a happy imitator of Nature was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together. And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Then follows that fine passage which we need to lay to heart today. We do not honor Shakespeare, they say, by praising him or reading what others have said about him, but by knowing thoroughly what he wrote for us:

> It is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them to you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And then we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore, and again, and again. And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need, can be your guides. If you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

The Last Plays

These testimonies about the human qualities of Shakespeare and the regard in which he was held by those who knew him are very precious to us. Dramatic writing is objective; the characters have their own individuality, speak for themselves and not for their author, live their own lives. It is very difficult to say, from a study of any body of plays, just what the personality of their author was or how much he reveals his own thoughts and opinions. When Macbeth, for example, speaks bitterly of life, as a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, we have no right to say that this was Shakespeare's view about life. In the tragedy that presents the riddle of personality in its most perplexing form, Hamlet rebukes those who seek to pluck out the heart of his mystery. Yet not even the character of Hamlet has interested so many people as the character of Hamlet's creator.

All such methods of interpreting the personality of Shakespeare we should use with caution, or avoid altogether. We shall never know as much about Shakespeare's personal life and opinions as we know about a great epic poet like Milton, or a great lyric and philosophical poet like Wordsworth. But that does not mean that we are to regard him as a sort of divinity, remote from human relationships. What his friends said about him, the few records of his business transactions, the fact that he was an actor and a dramatist who attained worldly success because he followed with keen intelligence the likes and dislikes of his audiences, give us grounds for safe conclusions. He wrote on the same themes as those used by others. He wrote better than others because his genius was superior. His works have maintained their hold on human interest, and will continue to maintain this hold so long as the English language is spoken anywhere on earth, but he was also the product of his age, and his work is intimately related to the period in which he lived.

All this is illustrated by the dramas belonging to the last ten years of his life. Tragedies drawn from the old Roman stories told in North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* were popular; so Shakepeare added to his list two more: *Antony and Cleopatra* in 1608 and *Coriolanus* in 1609. In the first of these he gives us one of the most fascinating of his studies of feminine character, Cleopatra, who is most truly described by one of the people in the play—

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety.

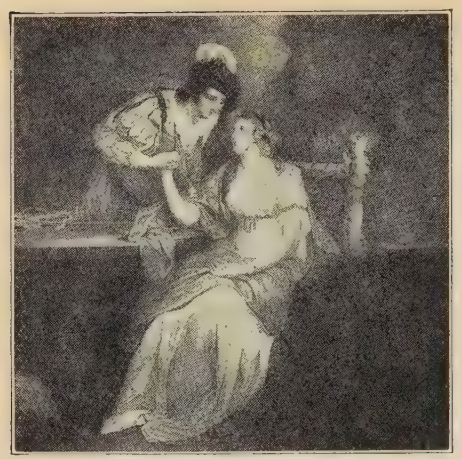
In *Coriolanus* he followed Plutarch very closely, presenting one of the noblest of the old Romans, whose tragedy proceeded from the very loftiness of his character.

Both these plays are difficult, and it is best to set them aside until you have become thoroughly familiar with Shakespeare's other work. For the present we may conclude our study with the two plays that came at the end of Shakespeare's dramatic career: *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, both written about 1611.

The Winter's Tale. The insane jealousy of Leontes brings about the death, as he supposes, of his wife Hermione and of her infant daughter. But the baby's life is miraculously preserved and she is brought up by an old shepherd. Perdita, as she is called, thinks of herself only as a girl of humble birth, but she wins the love of Prince Florizel, who is willing to give up his fortune for the fair shepherdess. After many difficulties, Perdita is restored to her father, and the way is open for her marriage to Florizel. It is also found that the queen, Hermione, did not really die but has lived all these years in seclusion. At the end of the play there is a happy reunion.

The Tempest. This play, like *The Winter's Tale*, is a dramatic romance, ending in a happy reconciliation. Prospero, an exile, has spent many years in an island that is filled with mystery. Skilled in magic, he has learned to control the spirits of the air, with Ariel, their chief. His servant is an ugly monster named Caliban, half beast and half man, a type of the rudimentary intelligence of primitive humanity. With Prospero is his daughter Miranda, who has grown to womanhood on the island without human associates save her father. When the play opens, Prospero's old enemies, who had brought about his banishment many years before, are brought into his power through a shipwreck in a magic storm raised by the enchanter's art. Among the company is a handsome young prince named Ferdinand, who falls in love with Miranda and she with him. Through the aid of some of the sailors, Caliban plots the death of Prospero, but is foiled by the magician. Prospero then decides to become reconciled with his enemies and to break his magic wand and destroy his books.

Into this romantic story Shakespeare has



SCENE FROM THE TEMPEST (ACT V, SC. i)
(Ferdinand and Miranda find real love on the island where magic abounds)

woven a thousand threads of wisdom and delight. There are suggestions of the fairy atmosphere of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* It has the white magic of the old tales of enchantment, such tales as had been dramatized by Peele and Greene some years before. The suggestion of the island filled with magic comes from stories told about the Bermudas; thus the drama is related in a way to the period of exploration and discovery; indeed, Shakespeare appears to draw upon an account written by one of the early travelers to Virginia, founded four years before the writing of this play.

But the drama appears also to symbolize deeper things. Prospero suggests the powerful intellect of man, learning the secrets of nature and the control of the natural forces that surround us. Caliban suggests that remote time when human intelligence was scarcely more than that of brutes. Ariel has nothing of the human about him; he is a creature of light and air and the viewless forces that modern science has learned to control. Through Prospero's magic art, life itself appears to be an enchanter's dream.

Shakespeare's View of His Art. Long years before, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Shakespeare had spoken of his art. "The best in this kind," he had said, speaking of the poor little play that the villagers had presented, "are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." That is, the greatest drama is but a shadow of the infinite thing that is human life. To our reading of the drama, whether good or bad, we must bring our imagination, so that this shadow of reality may become a symbol of the real meaning of life.

And of Life. Between that time and the time when he wrote his latest play, Shakespeare had probed into some of the deepest of mysteries. Not only his comedies, presentations of life in lighter aspects, but the tremendous tragedies of *Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth,* and *Lear,* had intervened. In these and his other plays, he had created a world of imagination in which every phase of human life finds its counterpart. No set of biographies can be so real, no ponderous volumes of history, not even the widest personal experience, can present such a world as the world peopled by these creatures of Shakespeare's imagination.

And at length he looks back on life, looks back on the life that he has lived as an actor, a dramatist, a substantial citizen of Stratford; looks back, too, on this counterpart of life that through his writings he had brought into an existence equally real.

As he waves his magic wand to disperse the creatures of the masque that he had planned to delight Ferdinand and Miranda, Prospero, type of the creative intelligence, speaking, as we are sure, for Shakespeare himself, utters these words:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

How to Study Shakespeare. Here let us end our story of Shakespeare's life and work. The full meaning of the words just quoted life itself must teach you. No commentary, no instructor, no book of essays can do the work. Reality is not a matter of brick and mortar, stocks and bonds, flesh and blood. John Smith you think is real because you see him, know where he lives, converse with him, and walk with him. Hamlet and Macbeth and Lear you think are merely creatures of the imagination; no such persons ever really lived.

But is that true? May we not come to see in Macbeth a reality far truer than the fancied reality of John Smith? Is there not a sense in which literature becomes not a representation of life, but life itself?

To answer such questions let us turn to the dramas themselves, in the spirit of the advice given "to the great Variety of Readers" by Shakespeare's friends Heminge and Condell. Three hundred years ago they collected these plays for us and advised us to read them again and again. If they do not at first win us, or if we see in them nothing but story, we may perhaps find guides that will help us.

Turn therefore to *Macbeth*. The plot and the main outlines of the characters you can get easily enough. For the more serious study, if you need guidance, there are questions and notes. But the main thing is to read, again and again, until the life that is here mirrored becomes a part of your experience. Set up the stage in your room, over in that corner where the light of day or of your study lamp is dim. Turn on the magic light that imagination supplies, so that the heath of northern Scotland takes the place of those familiar objects that you think are real. Here are the three witches, come to meet with the valiant captains Macbeth and Banquo. If at first you do not understand, you may repeat the scene, a hundred times if necessary. For you are Prospero, the magician, and can call forth these spirits and question them until you have your will of them.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1492–1616)

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
		1492.	Columbus discovers America
		1499.	Colet, Erasmus, and More bring new learning to Oxford
		1509.	Erasmus writes *In Praise of Folly* in Germany
		1509–47.	Henry VIII
		1512.	John Colet founds St. Paul's School
1516.	Sir Thomas More writes *Utopia*		
		1517.	Luther posts his Theses—beginning of Reformation
1525.	Tyndale publishes New Testament in English		
1530?	Introduction of the sonnet and blank verse by Wyatt and Surrey		
1531.	Elyot's *Book of the Governor*		
		1534.	Act of Supremacy establishes Reformation in England
1535.	Coverdale completes translation of entire Bible into English		
		1543.	Corpernicus publishes in Poland statement of his theory of solar system
		1547–53.	Edward VI
1550?	*Ralph Roister Doister*		
1552.	Spenser born		
1553?	*Gammer Gurton's Needle*	1553–58.	Mary
1557.	*Tottel's Miscellany*		
		1558–1603.	Elizabeth
1561.	Bacon born. *Gorboduc* acted		
1564.	Shakespeare and Marlowe born		
		1568.	Mary, Queen of Scots, compelled to abdicate, comes to England
1573.	Donne and Ben Jonson born		
1575.	The Theater, the first London playhouse		
1578.	*Euphues*		

(Continued on next page)

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1492–1616)—Continued

ENGLISH LITERATURE	OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
1579. *Shepherd's Calendar.* North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*	
1580. *Euphues and his England*	1580. Drake circumnavigates the globe
	1585. Raleigh attempts to found colony of Virginia
1586. Shakespeare goes to London (?)	
1587. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* acted	1587. Mary Queen of Scots executed
1588. Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* acted	1588. Spanish Armada defeated
1589. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* acted	1589. Puritans violently attack the bishops of the Anglican Church
1590. *Faerie Queene,* Books I-III, published Lodge's *Rosalynde* Sidney's *Arcadia* published	
1591. *Love's Labor's Lost* *Comedy of Errors*	
1592. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*	
1593. *Richard III* *King John*	1593. Parliament enacts a law against the Puritans
1594. *Romeo and Juliet* *Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare's company organized	
1595. *Richard II* *Merchant of Venice* Spenser's *Amoretti*	1595. Government persecutes those who have separated from the English church
1596. *Taming of the Shrew* *Faerie Queene,* Books IV-VII published	
1597. *Henry IV, Part I* Bacon's *Essays*	
1598. *Henry IV, Part II* Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*	
1599. *Henry V* *Much Ado About Nothing* *As You Like It* *Twelfth Night* *Julius Caesar* Globe Theater Built	
1602. *Hamlet*	
	1603–1625. James I
1604. *Othello*	1604. Puritans and bishops hold conference at Hampton court
1605. *King Lear* Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*	
1606. *Macbeth*	
	1607. Permanent settlement of Jamestown, Virginia
1608. *Antony and Cleopatra* Milton born	1608. Champlain founds Quebec
1609. *Coriolanus* Shakespeare's *Sonnets* published	
1610. Jonson's *Alchemist* acted	
1611. *Winter's Tale* *Tempest* King James Version of the Bible published	
1612. Bacon's *Essays* enlarged	
1616. Shakespeare dies	

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland*
MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons*
MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *generals of the King's army*
MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH, } *noblemen of Scotland*
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS,
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*
SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*
YOUNG SIWARD, *his son*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*
Boy, *son to Macduff*
An English Doctor
A Scotch Doctor
A Soldier
A Porter
An Old Man
LADY MACBETH
LADY MACDUFF
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth
HECATE
Three Witches
Apparitions
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers

SCENE: *Scotland; England*

ACT FIRST

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Ser. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,

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3. **hurlyburly**, confusion, tumult; the word refers here specifically to the tumult of battle, as the next line indicates.

8. **Graymalkin**, an old name for a gray cat. 9. **Paddock**, toad. Cats and toads were supposed to be familiar companions of witches. 10. **Anon**, immediately. 11. **Fair is foul**, etc., means that to the witches good and bad are alike. 12. **filthy**, murky.

Scene II. Stage direction. **Forres**, a town in Scotland, 115 miles north of Edinburgh. 3. **sergeant**. Pronounce as three syllables. In Shakespeare's day a sergeant was an officer of higher rank than now, a personal attendant on the king. This man had served as a guard for Malcolm. 9. **art**, i.e., of swimming. 10. **to that**, to that end or purpose. 13. **Of kerns and gallowglasses**, with light-armed and heavy-armed infantry; both of these were from Ireland.

Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carvéd out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Ser. Yes—
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the King!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' King, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

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15. **like a rebel's whore**, i.e., Fortune was fickle to the rebel. 19. **minion**, favorite. 21. **Which**, Macbeth. **shook hands**, i.e., shook hands in farewell. 22. **unseamed**, ripped open. **nave**, navel. **chaps**, jaws. 24. **cousin.** Duncan and Macbeth were first cousins. 25-28. **As whence . . . . . swells**, as from the east, where the sun rises, storms sometimes come, so from a victory that brought relief and rejoicing came fresh alarm. 31. **surveying vantage**, perceiving a favorable opportunity. 32. **furbished**, newly polished, and as yet unstained by battle. 34. **captains.** Pronounce as three syllables. 36. **sooth**, truth. 37. **cannons**, an anachronism. **double cracks**, double charges of powder; "crack," the noise of the discharge, is substituted for the word "powder," that which causes the noise. 40. **memorize another Golgotha**, make the place as memorable as Golgotha (*Matthew* xxvii, 33).

41. **tell**, i.e , what they intended. 45. **thane**, a minor Anglo-Saxon noble. 49-50. **Where . . . . . cold.** Ross, thinking of the beginning of the attack, says that the Norwegian banners seemed to insult the sky and, as they fluttered in the wind, to chill the Scots with fear. 53. **Cawdor.** Cawdor Castle is in north Scotland, about fifteen miles from Inverness. 54. **Bellona's bridegroom.** So successful is Macbeth in battle that he is thought of as married to the Roman goddess of war. **lapped in proof**, clad in tested armor. 55. **Confronted**, etc., met him on equal terms. 57. **lavish**, reckless or unbounded. 58. **That**, so that. 59. **composition**, peace terms. 61. **Saint Colme's Inch**, the island of Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth, where the Norwegian ship may have anchored. 62. **dollars**, an anachronism; dollars were not coined until about 1518, nearly five centuries after the events of the play. 64. **bosom interest**, intimate affection or closest interests. **present**, immediate. 65. **former title**, i.e., Thane of Cawdor.

Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

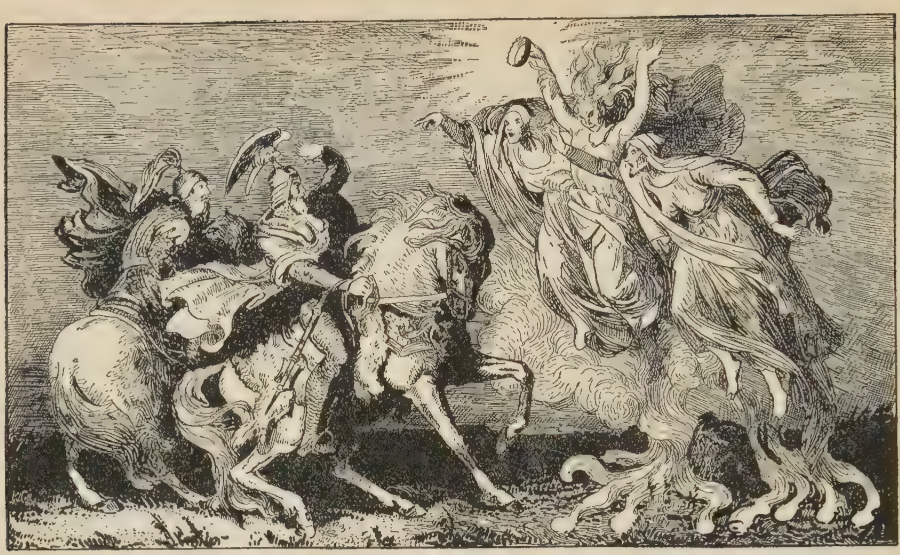
First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched—"Give me," quoth I.
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tiger;*
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't called to Forres? What are these
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? Or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!
Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,

Scene III. 2. **Killing swine.** Witches were believed to have special hatred for swine. 6. **Aroint thee**, begone. **rump-fed ronyon**, probably an ill-fed, scrawny woman. 7. **Aleppo**, a city in Asia Minor from which caravan routes led to the interior. 8. **sieve**, the craft most favored by witches. 9. **without a tail.** Witches could take the form of any animal, but the tail would always be lacking. 10. **do**, gnaw a hole in the hull. 11. **wind.** Winds were supposed to be sold by witches; hence the value of the gift. 15. **blow**, blow to. 17. **card**, chart. 18. **drain**, a reference to consumptive diseases, the causes for which were attributed to witches. 20. **penthouse lid.** The eyelid slopes down like the roof of a lean-to, or penthouse. 21. **forbid**, under a curse. 22. **se'nnights nine times nine.** A se'nnight is seven nights; therefore, eighty-one weeks. 23. **dwindle, peak, and pine.** By placing a wax image of a person before a fire and thus causing it to melt away, witches were supposed to be able to cause that person gradually to waste away and die.

32. **weird**, fatal or malign. 33. **Posters**, messengers. 35. **Thrice to thine**, etc. Three and multiples of three were supposed to have special magical charms. 38. **foul and fair**, a stormy day lighted up by brilliant victories. 44. **choppy**, chapped. 53. **fantastical**, imaginary. 55-56. **present grace, noble having**, and **royal hope** refer to the witches' greetings, the second and third of which were predictions.



"ALL HAIL, MACBETH"

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.
First Witch. Hail!
Sec. Witch. Hail!
Third Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman. And to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? Or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
Macb. Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor, too; went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,

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67. **get**, beget. 71. **Sinel**, Macbeth's father. 72-73. The inconsistency between these lines and Scene ii, 50-58, has led to the belief that another than Shakespeare may have written a part of the present scene.

76. **owe**, have. **intelligence**, news. 81. **corporal**, corporeal. 84. **insane root**, root that makes one insane; hemlock or henbane.

His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and everyone did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*] Thanks for your pains.
[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor; my dull brain was wrought

92-93. **His wonders . . . . or his.** He does not know whether to express his own wonder at your deeds or to sing your praises. 98. **post with post,** messenger after messenger in a continuous line. 104. **earnest,** assurance. 106. **addition,** title. 112. **line,** strengthen. 120. **That, trusted home,** if you fully believe that, it, etc.

125. **betray's,** betray us. 127. **Cousins,** a form of address common in Shakespeare's day, not necessarily expressing relationship. 128-129. **prologues . . . . theme.** The imperial theme, i.e., his life as king, will be the main part of the play. His two recently achieved honors represent the relatively unimportant prologue, or introduction. 129. **I thank you.** Macbeth, wrapped in his own thoughts, recollects for an instant the presence of Ross and Angus. 132. **earnest,** pledge. 136. **seated,** firmly placed. 137. **Against the use,** etc., contrary to the laws of. 139. **whose . . . . fantastical,** which has so far merely imagined the murder. 140. **single state of man,** human condition. 140-141. **function . . . . . surmise,** even physical movement is impossible because of my engrossing thoughts. 144-146. **New honors . . . . . use.** He is not yet accustomed to his new honors. 147. **Time and the hour,** etc., time and the coming of the critical hour will bring things to pass of their own accord. 148. **stay,** wait. 149. **Give me your favor,** pardon me for my abstraction. **wrought,** upset, agitated.

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Forres. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honor.
Dun. Welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labor which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step

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152. **Let us.** Macbeth speaks this to Banquo alone. Scene IV. 9. **had been studied,** had trained himself. 10. **owed,** owned. 11. **careless,** uncared for. 12. **To find,** capable of finding. 19-20. **That the proportion . . . . mine,** that the thanks and recompense I give might have been in the right proportion to thy deserts.

24-25. **our duties . . . . . servants,** we are to be like children and servants in fulfilling our duties to you. 27. **Safe toward,** to insure or preserve. 28. **to plant thee.** The King refers to the honors just bestowed on Macbeth. 35. **drops of sorrow,** tears, i.e., of joy. 37. **establish our estate,** settle the succession to the throne. 42. **Inverness,** a town in north Scotland about twenty-five miles from Forres. 44. **rest is labor,** even rest is not a pleasure. 45. **harbinger,** officer who preceded a man of rank to provide lodgings for him.

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming-on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it";
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here tonight.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming;
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

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50. **Stars, hide your fires.** Macbeth sees himself committing the bloody deed in the dead of night. 52. **The eye wink,** etc., do not let the eye see what the hand does. 54. **True.** The King is replying to a remark Banquo has made in praise of Macbeth. 55. **in his commendations,** etc., praise of him is meat and drink to me. 58. **It.** The word here has an affectionate touch.

Scene V. 21. **milk of human kindness,** the instinctive tendency to shrink from what is abnormal. 22. **nearest way,** i.e., the murder of Duncan. 24. **illness should,** unscrupulousness that should.

27. **That,** the crown. **it,** the crown. 32. **golden round,** the crown. 33. **metaphysical,** supernatural. 39. **had the speed of him,** outstripped him. 42-43. **The raven . . . entrance.** The raven, always a bird of ill omen, has grown hoarse with croaking over the fatal entrance, etc. 45. **mortal,** deadly or murderous. **unsex me,** i.e., crush out all my natural womanly feelings of pity, fear, etc. 48. **remorse,** relenting, compassion. 49. **compunctious visitings of nature,** natural feelings of compunction. 50. **nor keep peace,** etc., and let nothing come between my intention and its actual carrying out.

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. Tomorrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear—
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honored hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house; for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose

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53. **sightless**, invisible. 55. **pall**, robe or wrap. **dunnest**, deepest, blackest. 61. **ignorant present**, the present time, which is ignorant of what is ahead. 62. **instant**, present. 67. **To beguile the time**, etc., to deceive the people about you, you must act as they act. 76. **To alter favor**, etc., always to change countenance is a sign of fear.

Stage direction. **Hautboy**, a wind instrument made of wood. 1. **seat**, site. 2-3. **recommends . . . senses**, makes our feelings quiet and gentle. 4. **martlet**, martin, a bird that loves the quiet temples. **approve**, prove. 5. **mansionry**, masonry, building. 6. **jutty**, part of a building that extends beyond, or leans over, another part. 7. **coign of vantage**, a projecting corner. 11-14. **The love**, etc. Duncan apologizes for the inconvenience his visit may occasion. He says that his love of his subjects merely causes them trouble, but they are glad of the trouble because it is a proof of his love for them. 13. **God 'ild us**, God yield us, i.e., reward us. 16. **contend against**, rival or equal. 20. **We rest your hermits**, we shall always pray for you, as hermits do.

To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guests tonight.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces toward him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?
Lady M. He has almost supped; why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he asked for me?
Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

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22. **purveyor,** forerunner; literally, an officer sent in advance to provide food. 23. **holp,** helped. 26. **in compt,** ready for a reckoning or examination.

Scene VII. Stage direction. **Sewer,** an officer who arranges the dishes on the table. 1-4. **If it . . . . success.** If all were over when the act of murder is committed, then it would be well to murder him at once; if the assassination could entangle or hold off the results that might follow the deed, and on the completion of the deed shut off all disagreeable consequences, etc. 6. **But,** only. **shoal of time,** man's life in this world as contrasted with the depths of eternity. 7. **jump,** take our chances with. 8. **still,** always. **that,** so that. 10. **even-handed,** impartial. 11. **Commends,** presents, offers.

14. **Strong both,** strong arguments both. 17. **faculties,** powers of kingship. 20. **taking-off,** murder. 23. **sightless,** invisible. 25-28. **I have . . . . the other.** There are two similes here: the rider who has no spur, and the rider still standing on the ground who tries to vault into the saddle but leaps too far and falls on the other side of the horse. 32. **bought,** acquired. 42. **ornament of life,** the crown.

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady Macb. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Preliminary Questions

1. Write an account of a career to show how ambition may inspire a man to great achievement. You may find your example in history, fiction, or among the acquaintances of your family or yourself.

2. Write an account of another career, from history or fiction, in which a too-eager ambition led to wrongdoing and perhaps to downfall. Bring out very clearly the effect of the ambition on the character of your example.

3. Shakespeare's dramas divide themselves into three groups: tragedies, comedies, and historical plays. Classify the plays you have already studied, and give the reasons for your classification. Were the fun and humor limited to the comedies? How did each play end? Which presented very serious or weighty matters? What events and characters lent dignity and importance to *Henry V?* What were the most impressive situations that you remember in *Julius Caesar?* What kind of struggle or conflict runs through each play? Which characters stand out most clearly in your mind? Why may the conclusion of some of the plays be called "tragic"? What kind of conflict, characters, and conclusion do you look forward to in *The Tragedy of Macbeth?*

Explanatory Notes

The people who first saw this play in 1605 or 1606 actually believed that there were witches with supernatural powers. They thought of these witches as meeting in storms, and as

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45. **adage,** "The cat would eat the fish, but she will not wet her feet." 50. **to be more,** etc., in doing what, earlier, you only thought of. 51. **Nor time,** etc., there seemed to be neither time nor place for the deed. 60. **sticking-place,** a figure taken from the tuning of a stringed instrument. 64. **wassail,** revelry. **convince,** overpower. 65. **warder,** warden or caretaker. 65-67. **memory . . . . only.** The seat of memory will be filled with the fumes of the wine, and the receptacle of the reason will become like an alembic, a vessel used in distilling, full of smoke only. 71. **spongy,** drunken. 72. **quell,** murder.

80. **corporal agent,** bodily power.

having attendant devils in such forms as cats and toads. The attendants in Scene i call away the witches as they are leaving after a night spent in evil incantations. Even to us, who do not believe in witches, the scene strikes the keynote of the play. It gives an atmosphere of gloom, not only of the weather, but of morals also.

Scene ii reveals the best side of Macbeth's character, his personal daring. His success, with the aid of Banquo, in crushing in one day a rebellion of King Duncan's subjects and an invasion by foreign enemies, helps to explain his high favor with his cousin, the King.

This scene also indicates the time of the play. The historical Macbeth reigned in Scotland from 1040 to 1057, while Edward the Confessor was on the English throne. It was a semi-barbaric age in which many men spent a great part of their time either in army camps or in fighting. Armies were composed in the main of bowmen and spearmen, but the leaders wore rude armor and wielded swords and battle-axes. Physical courage was considered the great virtue. The people respected their leaders for their prowess in battle. To understand the play, you must picture these conditions as you read the lines.

Scene iii is the turning-point in the first act, for it shows how temptation came to Macbeth. The witches reveal their malicious character by reciting some of their everyday undertakings. Their prophecies perturb Macbeth because they awaken thoughts which he has already harbored; but in Banquo they arouse only curiosity. Consequently, Banquo becomes incredulous when they disappear. Macbeth, on the other hand, is so powerfully moved that he forgets for the moment where he is. The two men are in sharp contrast.

Scene iv takes place on the day following the events of the last scene. In the interval Cawdor has been executed, and Macbeth has dispatched a letter to Lady Macbeth, which she reads in Scene v. In this fourth scene the important event is Duncan's nomination of Malcolm as his successor. In those times the crown did not always descend to the next of kin. The designation of Malcolm lessens Macbeth's chances of being chosen. He therefore resolves to satisfy his ambition at all costs. In this purpose he is aided by the King's unexpected decision to visit him in his own castle.

Scene v apparently takes place in the afternoon of the same day as Scene iv. When Macbeth arrives at home somewhat irresolute, he finds that his letter and his messenger have wrought his wife already to a high pitch of courage to achieve by foul means their ambition.

Scene vi occurs at the gate of Macbeth's castle on the evening of the same day. The King's visit makes easier Macbeth's crime. The quiet atmosphere of Scene vi is welcome after the tension of the preceding scenes, and it prepares by its contrast for the horror that is to follow.

Scene vii takes place in a corridor or room adjoining the banquet hall where Duncan is entertained. Some servants hold torches, while others carry viands to and from the table in the hall. Macbeth, agitated by thoughts of the projected murder, comes here to debate the matter. He cannot reach a conclusion until Lady Macbeth joins him. Her tenacity of purpose carries the day. Her understanding of his weaknesses brings him to an almost eager resolution to proceed with their earlier plans.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

Scene i

1. For what purpose do you think the witches are "to meet with Macbeth"? How do they know he will survive the battle? Quote a line to prove their evil nature.

2. Try always to remember, as you read *Macbeth*, that Shakespeare wrote it to be acted. If you were presenting the play, how would you set this scene? That is, what would be your lighting, back-drop, and stage properties? What differences are there between a modern stage-setting and those used in Shakespeare's time? How would you dress the witches? How should they act and speak? Give reasons for your answers.

Scene ii

1. From this scene what do you learn of Macbeth's characteristics? Point out specific lines that reveal his character. Why is Duncan not in the battle with his troops? Do you think Shakespeare had any definite reason for having Duncan stay in the rear while Macbeth takes such a courageous part in the battle? Give your reason. As a result of this scene what is your relative opinion of the two men?

2. Shakespeare has withheld showing us Macbeth through these two scenes. Why has he done so? What is the effect of this delay on you? Give reasons why you think this is, or is not, a good method of introducing Macbeth. How does this scene develop the story?

3. If you were staging the play, how would you have the sergeant brought in—on a stretcher or supported between two soldiers? Why?

Scene iii

1. How do the witches show their evil nature here? What is the exact meaning of

weird (line 32)? What supernatural powers have the witches? Which of the men addresses them first? Whom do they answer? Give a reason for this. Why do they vanish in the midst of Macbeth's eager questioning?

2. What does Macbeth mean by his opening words? What connection do they reveal with the witches? Is Macbeth sincere in all he says in this scene, or does he seem to be acting a part in certain lines? Support your answer by specific quotations. Is Macbeth resolute and decisive in character or inclined toward hesitation and balancing? Quote lines to prove your answer. What final decision does Macbeth reach as to the manner in which the crown will come to him? Quote to prove.

3. One of Banquo's speeches in this scene is said to give the meaning of the whole play. Which do you think it is? Has he an imaginative or a matter-of-fact mind?

4. Cite specific hints in this scene of the future course of events in the play.

5. How would you represent a "blasted heath" on the stage? Why is such a place appropriate for a scene like this? What action would you give the witches just before the entrance of Macbeth? How would you group the characters in lines 127-147? In lines 152-155?

Intensive Study

Lines 79-156.

1. State clearly the difference between Macbeth and Banquo in their faith in prophecies. Which is the less superstitious? The more honest?

2. What "honest trifles" might Banquo be referring to (line 125)? What "deepest consequence" (line 126)? Do you think he may suspect Macbeth?

3. Why does Macbeth (line 129) speak to the heralds? Why do they not reply?

4. Why does Macbeth call the prophecy a "soliciting"? What is the suggestion that frightens him? Explain "present fears," "horrible imaginings," "nothing is but what is not."

5. Does he expect the prophecy to come true in the natural course of events, or does he plan to have a hand in bringing it to pass?

6. Why does he speak so flatteringly to the heralds (lines 150-152)? Do you think he speaks his heart freely to Banquo (lines 152-155)?

Scene iv

1. What is the dramatic effect of having Macbeth enter just as Duncan finishes speaking of his "absolute trust."

2. What irony is there in "O worthiest cousin" (line 14)? Does Macbeth overact his loyalty to Duncan? Quote lines in support of your view. How far along has he got in his plan in this scene? What lines show this? In what sense will his wife be joyful at the King's approach? What may be his motives in desiring to arrive at the castle before the King?

3. Does this scene add anything to your conception of Duncan's character?

4. What further complication is thrown in Macbeth's way in this scene?

Scene v

1. Why is only this particular part of the letter read aloud? What decision does Lady Macbeth instantly make? Quote the line. Name specific qualities in Macbeth which she fears will keep him from decided action. Find any previous words or actions of Macbeth that seem to bear out his wife's analysis of his character.

2. Why should Lady Macbeth be startled at the messenger's announcement of the King's coming? How does she cover up her agitation? Is she naturally cruel, or does she have to struggle to smother her instincts and conscience? Quote to prove your answer. What does she apparently try to do in her very first words to Macbeth? Why does he say merely, "Duncan comes here tonight"? What might be her reason for asking "And when goes hence"? What is the significance of Macbeth's "as he purposes"?

3. Is there any sign of Macbeth's faltering? What does Lady Macbeth read in her husband's countenance? Quote lines supporting your answers. What part does she immediately take in the affair? Have Macbeth and his wife ever talked of the possibility of murder before? Be sure of your evidence. What is the tensest moment of the scene? What incident of the dramatic action do you now naturally anticipate?

4. What points of contrast do you find between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth?

Class Reading or Acting.

Deliver to the class lines 1-34 dramatically enough to bring out the full meaning. Discuss how an actor might speak these lines. Then ask questions such as those on line 79-156 on this page. This will require careful preparation.

Scene vi

Why does not Macbeth welcome Duncan in person? How do Duncan's and Banquo's speeches increase the tenseness of the dramatic situations? Does Lady Macbeth overdo her hypocritical welcome? What is there in Duncan's nature that increases the horror of the coming murder? Does he appeal to you any more than he has in previous scenes?

Scene vii

1. Why has Macbeth left the banquet hall? Name specific factors that are restraining him from the crime. What is the one thing that urges him on? What is his opinion of the worth of that one impelling motive? Does Macbeth name any really great moral reason which should prevent him? What is the final compunction he mentions? Does he fear punishment in this world or in the next? What reason does he give Lady Macbeth for flagging in his purpose? Is it the true one?

2. To what phase of Macbeth's nature does Lady Macbeth first appeal in her effort to restore to him this purpose? Name specifically all the emotions on which she plays in her effort to brace him up. Quote lines in support of your answer.

3. Do lines 47-51 refer to the letter or to some conversation before the beginning of the play? Consider carefully the reasons for your decision.

4. Do you think "We fail" should be spoken with contempt, with indignant emphasis on "we," or in a tone of resigned finality, as much as to say, "If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over"? Which would best suit Lady Macbeth's character? Which would best arouse Macbeth to the desired action?

5. Which of the two characters has the more imagination? Which the stronger or more intense nature? Which has the firmer practical grasp of the situation? Which the clearer head in an argument? Which the keener sense of the wickedness of the plot? Quote passages in answer to these questions.

6. Do you think Lady Macbeth has reason to feel so absolutely certain that they will not be suspected? Give reasons. What would be the weaknesses of her plot under modern methods of detecting crime?

Class Reading or Acting.

Study lines 1-28 for class reading and asking questions as directed at the end of Scene v (page 158).

Act I As a Whole

1. Tell or write the story of Act I briefly. If you think it advisable, begin with events before the play opens and narrate occurrences to show the chain of cause and effect down to the close of this act. For this purpose it is best to omit scene divisions. Then state in a single sentence what has been accomplished by Act I. Devise a suitable title for the act and defend your title.

2. What immediate events do you look forward to now? Explain why.

ACT SECOND

Scene I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that, too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep; merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.
Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters;
To you they have showed some truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

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4. **husbandry**, thrift or economy. 5. **Take thee that, too.** Banquo hands Fleance another weapon of defense. 14. **largess**, gifts. 16. **shut up**, is wrapped in. 17. **Being unprepared**, etc., lack of time forced us to provide inadequate entertainment for the King. 22. **when we**, etc., when I can ask you for. 25. **consent**, counsel. **when 'tis**, when the occasion arises.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir. The like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppresséd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it;
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? What, ho!
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

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26. So, provided that. 28. **franchised**, free from guilt. 32. **strike**, not to announce that the drink is ready, but that all is in readiness for the murder. 36. **sensible to feeling**, perceptible to my touch. 42. **marshal'st**, guidest. 44-45. **Mine eyes . . . . rest**, my eyes are deceived by my imagination if they see what is not; they are worth all the other senses if they behold the reality which the other senses cannot find. 46. **dudgeon**, hilt. **gouts**, drops. 48. **informs**, takes visible form. 49. **the one half world**, our half of the world. 51. **curtained sleep**, a figure taken from the curtained beds of the period. 52. **Hecate's offerings**, offerings made to Hecate. She was goddess of the infernal regions and was supposed, with her helpers, to teach sorcery and witchcraft. 54. **Whose howl's his watch.** The wolf's howl is like the sentry's cry as he keeps his night watch.

55. **Tarquin**, Sextus, the son of Tarquinius Superbus, a legendary ruler of Rome. The crimes of Sextus caused the entire family to be banished from Rome. 56. **firm-set earth.** It was believed at this time that the earth was the fixed center of the universe, around which all the other heavenly bodies revolved.

Scene ii. 3. **fatal bellman.** The bellman was sent to notify persons condemned to death that they were to be executed the next day. 6. **possets**, a drink of hot milk and ale with other ingredients. 10. **The attempt, etc.**, the attempt without the deed will ruin us.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!
Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Aye.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i’ the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There’s one did laugh in’s sleep, and one cried, “Murder!”
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried, “God bless us!” and “Amen” the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, “Amen,”
When they did say, “God bless us!”
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce “Amen”?
I had most need of blessing, and “Amen”
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,” the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, “Sleep no more!” to all the house;
“Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.”
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I’ll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on’t again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; ’tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is’t with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Reënter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]
I hear a knocking

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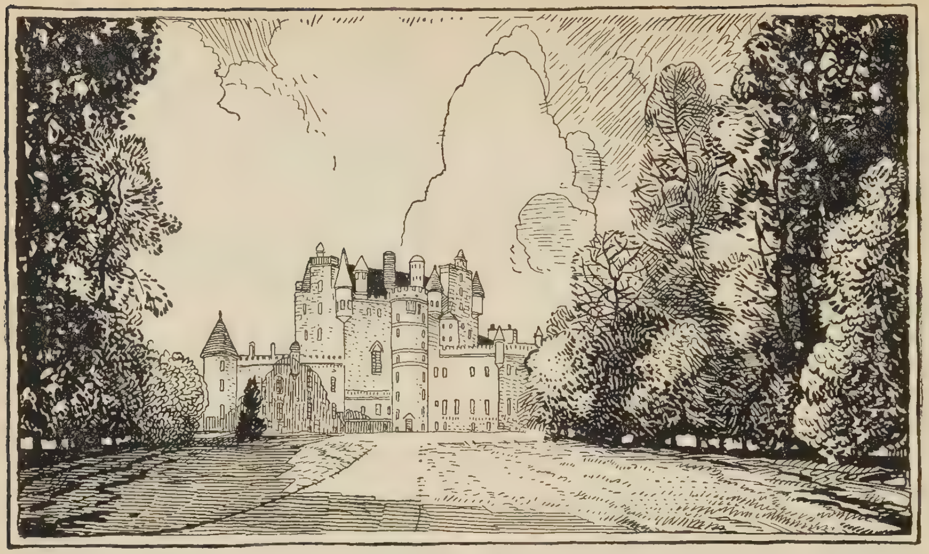
20. **sorry**, wretched. 27. **hangman**, executioner. 37. **raveled sleave**, tangled, knotted silk. 39. **second course**. At Elizabethan feasts, the second course consisted of the most nourishing dishes.

47. **filthy witness**, blood. 55. **painted devil**, picture of a devil. 56. **gild**. *Gild with blood* was a common expression of the times. See line 101, page 164. 63. **one**, entirely.



GLAMIS CASTLE

At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty; come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet. What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.
[*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

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68. **Your constancy**, etc., your firmness has deserted you. 70. **nightgown**, dressing gown. 72. **poorly**, dejectedly.

Scene iii. 3. **old**, plenty. 6. **hanged himself**, i.e., because the price of his hoarded grain dropped so far. 7. **napkins**, pocket handkerchiefs.

17-18. **stealing out of a French hose**, stealing a part of the cloth supplied for making a pair of wide French breeches. 19. **goose**, the tailor's smoothing iron, so-called because its handle resembled the neck of a goose. 24. **primrose**, flowery, i.e., easy. 25. **Anon, anon**, immediately. 29. **second cock**, probably about three o'clock.

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awakened him; here he comes.
Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.
Macb. Good-morrow, both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*
Len. Goes the King hence today?
Macb. He does; he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time; the obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Reënter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb. }
Len. } What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macb. What is't you say? The life?
Len. Mean you his Majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Reënter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;

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38. **physics,** cures. 40. **limited,** appointed. 46. **combustion,** tumult. 47. **obscure bird,** the owl, which loves darkness. 53. **Cannot conceive nor name.** In Shakespeare's day two negatives were used for emphasis.

56. **Lord's anointed temple,** the human body. Cf. *Corinthians* II, vi, 16. 60. **Gorgon,** in classic mythology, the snaky-headed Medusa, whose terrible aspect turned to stone those who looked upon her. 66. **great doom's image,** picture of the Last Judgment. 67-68. **As from your graves . . . . horror,** walk like ghosts in order that you may be in keeping with the awfulness of the occasion. 79. **chance,** ill-fortune. 81. **mortality,** the life of man.

All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father's murdered.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows.
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brewed.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady;
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us;
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

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83. **lees**, dregs. 84. **vault**, wine-vault. 90. **badged**, blotched. 105. **breeched**, covered. 109. **argument**, subject for discussion.

111. **auger-hole**, any small, obscure hiding-place. 113-114. **Our tears . . . . upon the foot of motion**, we do not yet feel the sorrow that is ours. 115. **naked frailties**. The guests have rushed forth in their night clothes. 119. **In the great hand**, etc., Banquo's oath that he will fight to the last against the hidden purpose of those who have done the deed. 120. **pretense**, purpose. 122. **manly readiness**, armor. 129. **the near in blood**. Macbeth was Duncan's cousin. They already suspect him. 131. **Hath not yet lighted**, i.e., there will be more murder. 134. **warrant**, justification.

SCENE IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage; by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature—broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you go to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there; adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Scene i may be pictured as taking place in a court within the castle, the gloom relieved only by Fleance's torch. The hush is broken by Banquo's low remarks to his son, his whispered conversation with Macbeth, the awesome soliloquy of Macbeth, and the single stroke of the bell announcing the doom of Duncan. The atmosphere of horror is pervasive.

Scene ii occurs in the same court. Macbeth ascends a stairway to the chamber before Lady Macbeth appears. When he descends, he is totally unnerved. Only the knocking at the gate forces him to retire to his own chamber.

The famous "porter scene" (iii) is necessary (1) to allow Macbeth and Lady Macbeth time to prepare for the discovery of the crime, and (2) to provide relief from the high tension of the

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4. **trifled**, belittled. **knowings**, experiences. 7. **traveling lamp**, the sun. 12. **towering**, flying high. **place**, highest point of flight. 24. **good**, profit. **pretend**, aim at.

24. **suborned**, bribed. 28. **ravin up**, devour greedily. 31. **Scone**, ancient residence of Scottish monarchs, near Perth. 33. **Colmekill**, one of the Hebrides Islands, now called Ionia. Scottish monarchs were buried there.

preceding scene and the excitement of the following. Macduff and Lennox, who rouse the porter, have lodged in an outer part of the castle. Two incidents prove very fortunate for the attainment of Macbeth's ambition: (1) his unpremeditated killing of the grooms and (2) the unexpected flight of the King's two sons.

Scene iv takes place late on the day following the murder. The old man represents the common people of the kingdom. The mousing owl and the horses symbolically represent Macbeth. His great military prestige and his kinship to Duncan make him the natural successor after the flight of the sons. Ross, like many timeservers, joins the Macbeth party. Macduff bides his time.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

Scene i

1. Why is Banquo restless? Are the "cursed thoughts" evil suggestions or temptations, or are they suspicions of Macbeth? Make sure of your evidence.

2. Is it Macbeth's purpose to keep Banquo from suspecting him, or does he wish to bribe Banquo to keep silent? Again watch your proof. Does any speech of Banquo's lead you to believe that he may distrust Macbeth's motives? Quote lines in support of your answer.

3. Would you have the dagger represented on the stage? Do you think of it as on the table or in the air? Why does Macbeth see it? Does he entirely lose control of himself, or can he stand off and analyze himself? What change comes over the dagger while he gazes at it? Where before has Macbeth shown that he is a prey to horrible visions? What part of the speech is to you most impressive? Read it aloud to bring out this impressiveness.

Scene ii

1. How has Lady Macbeth roused her courage? Exactly what preparations has she made? Why did she not commit the deed herself? What new angle of her character does this disclose? Why is she not overcome with horror as Macbeth is—is she callous, or does she control her emotions to overcome his weakness? Give definite proof.

2. Why can Macbeth commit the crime and yet become unnerved immediately? Where before has his imagination been excited? Is he overcome by the wickedness of his crime, or by the harrowing visions of the deed? Be sure of the evidence here. What indications do his repeated references to "sleep" give of the suffering that is in store for him? Are there any signs that Lady Macbeth is breaking down? Quote to prove. Does the knocking bring home to either of them the horror of the deed, or does it merely spur them to prevent discovery? What would be the dramatic effect upon an audience of this knocking?

Scene iii

1. What part of the porter's speech seems most humorous to you? Is it gay or grim humor? Is there any sense in which the gate is a gate to hell? What dramatic purpose does this scene serve?

2. Why does Macbeth add, "he did appoint so" (line 41)? What effect would Lennox's speech (lines 42-49) have upon Macbeth? Do you think he acts his part well, or ill, after Macduff's discovery? That is, does he give the impression that he is an innocent man? Consider each of his speeches and acts. Does he seem to speak in an exaggerated manner and insincerely, or do his grief and anger impress everyone as genuine? Is there a possible double significance to Macbeth's speech (lines 78-83)? What is it? Why do you suppose he suddenly killed the grooms? Was it a mistake, or a stroke of luck? Is his explanation natural, or excited? Give reasons for your answer. Throughout the scene does he show himself a man of action, or does his imagination get the better of him? Does he or his wife do the better acting here? Why? Is Lady Macbeth's exclamation, "What, in our house?" spoken for a purpose or by accident?

3. Does she faint, or merely feign to faint? Get all the evidence you can on both sides. Was her fainting of any value to Macbeth?

4. Whom do Malcolm and Donalbain suspect? Quote lines to prove your point. Whom does Banquo have in mind in his expression "treasonous malice"?

5. If Malcolm and Donalbain had not fled, what do you suppose would have been the outcome? Had Lady Macbeth counted on their fleeing? Do you think they were wise in so doing?

Scene iv

1. What purpose does the old man serve? Do you consider his story of the falcon merely the evidence of a superstition, or as something deeper?

2. What does Scene iv add to the story? Is it necessary?

3. Does any speech of Macduff's indicate that he had fears for his own future?

ACT II AS A WHOLE

1. Continue the story of the play as you began it for Act I. Expend some pains on the

summarizing sentence and on the title, so that they will show the development of the plot.

2. Is your eagerness to read on greater or less than it was at the end of Act I? Explain why.

3. When and how had Macbeth conceived the ambition to become king? Had he ever discussed it before the opening of the play? Is the temptation of the witches a supernatural power exerted over him, or is it just an echo of his own thoughts? Does Lady Macbeth spur him on for selfish reasons or from love of him? Is he or she responsible for the crime? Is the success of the crime due to accidental circumstances or to the fact that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth foresee every step of the way to the throne? Hunt up all the evidence in answer to each of these questions.

Intensive Reading

In Scene i prepare lines 33-64 to read aloud to the class so that you can bring out all their impressiveness. Be prepared to ask questions as in Act I, Scene iii (page 158).

Group Acting

A class ambitious to act may select its two best actors to present Scene ii before the other members. The actors should rehearse before the teacher or some other good critic, to make sure that they are impersonating the characters acceptably.

ACT THIRD

Scene I. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor Glamis, all—
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth, as queen, Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your Highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Aye, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Aye, my good lord; our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*

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4. **stand**, continue.

Stage direction. **Sennet**, trumpet notes announcing the arrival of someone. 14. **solemn**, state or formal. 22. **still**, always. **prosperous**, resulting in good. 26. **Go not my horse**, if my horse does not go fast enough. 33. **invention**, false statements. 34-35. **When therewithal**, etc., at which time we shall discuss state affairs of mutual interest.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you; attend those men
Our pleasure?
Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.
[*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Reënter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. [*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your Highness.
Macb. Well, then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, "Thus did Banquo."
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled
To pray for this good man and for his issue
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours forever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive

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44. **while**, until. 48. **thus**, on the throne. 49. **But**, except. 50. **royalty of nature**, high sense of honor. 56. **Genius**, good angel. 62. **gripe**, grip. 65. **issue**, children. **filed**, defiled. 67. **rancors**, bitterness. 68. **eternal jewel**, immortal soul. 69. **common enemy**, the devil. 72. **champion me**, fight against me as in a tournament. **to the utterance**, to the death.

77. **held you so under fortune**, kept you from gaining your deserts. 80. **passed in probation**, proved in detail point after point. 81. **borne in hand**, deluded. 83. **notion**, mind. 88. **gospeled**, ready to forgive injuries as. 94. **Shoughs**, shaggy dogs; **water-rugs**, a kind of poodle; **demi-wolves**, mongrel dogs. 95. **valued file**, list with estimates of values. 97. **housekeeper**, watch-dog.

Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done tonight,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness. And with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Aye, madam, but returns again tonight.
Lady M. Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

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100. **addition**, distinction. 107. **Who wear our health**, etc., our lives are insecure while he lives. 112. **tugged with fortune**, buffeted by misfortune. 116. **bloody distance**, deadly hostility, a figure taken from dueling. 118. **near'st of life**, my very heart. 120. **bid my will avouch it**, let merely my wish be reason enough. 121. **For**, on account of. 122. **wail**, I must bewail. 130. **Acquaint . . . . time**, apprise you of the exact time to act.

132. **always thought that I require a clearness**, always remember that I must remain clear of suspicion. 134. **rubs**, roughness.

Scene ii. 10. **Using**, keeping company with. 11. **without**, beyond. 13. **scotched**, slashed or hacked. 14. **close**, heal up.

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue;
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A park near the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

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16. **frame of things**, the universe. **both the worlds**, heaven and earth. 21. **to lie**, i.e., as on the rack. 22. **ecstasy**, here, suffering. 25. **levy**, invasion. 27. **Gentle my lord**, my dear lord. 31. **Present him eminence**, treat him with high honor. 32. **Unsafe the while**, etc., while we are for a time unsafe, we must use flattery. 34. **vizards**, masks. 38. **copy**, lease of life. **eterne**, everlasting. 41. **cloistered**, among shadows and in darkness. 42. **shard-borne**, borne on scaly wing-cases.

43. **yawning peal**, summons to sleep. 45. **chuck**, a term of endearment. 46. **seeling**, closing the eyes. 47. **Scarf up**, blindfold. 49. **bond**. This is probably a reference to the witches' prophecy that Banquo's descendants would be the future rulers of Scotland. 51. **rooky**, where the rooks, or crows, have their nests.

Scene iii. 2. **He needs not our mistrust**, we have no reason to distrust him. 10. **note of expectation**, list of expected guests.

First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch.

Third Mur. ’Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to’t.
Ban. It will be rain tonight.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayest revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was’t not the way?
Third Mur. There’s but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let’s away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Hall in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts’ thanks.
Both sides are even. Here I’ll sit i’ the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon we’ll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There’s blood upon thy face.
Mur. ’Tis Banquo’s then.
Macb. ’Tis better thee without than he within. Is he dispatched?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o’ the cut-throats; yet he’s good
That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is ’scaped.
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo’s safe?
Mur. Aye, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lies. The worm that’s fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; tomorrow
We’ll hear ourselves again.
[*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while ’tis a-making,
’Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;

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11. **horses go about.** Shakespeare wants to avoid bringing horses on the stage, so he has the men dismount to walk the remaining distance.

Scene iv. 1. **degrees,** rank. 5. **keeps her state,** remains in her chair of state at the upper end of the hall.

15. **’Tis better,** etc. Though no precise parallel for the grammatical violation can be quoted, this passage undoubtedly means, “It is better outside thee than inside him.” 19. **nonpareil,** one who has no equal. 23. **casing,** enveloping. 24. **bound in,** as a prisoner. 25. **saucy,** insolent. 27. **trenchéd,** deep-cut. 29. **worm,** serpent. 32. **ourselves,** one another. 33. **the feast is sold,** one might just as well eat at an inn as at a friend’s house where no welcome and hospitality are shown.

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't please your Highness sit.

The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your Highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak, too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Aye, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

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36. **From thence**, when one is away from home. 37. **remembrancer**, an officer who reminded the king of the names of his guests. 40. **our country's honor roofed**, all that is eminent in our country under one roof. 42. **Who**, commonly used in Shakespeare's time for *whom*. 55. **upon a thought**, in a moment. 57. **extend his passion**, prolong his agitation. 58. **Are you a man.** Lady Macbeth leaves her seat, and speaks to Macbeth apart. 60. **O proper stuff**, a remark of contempt, used in the sense of "O nonsense!" 62. **air-drawn**, imaginary.

63. **flaws**, gusts of passion. 64. **Impostors to**, mere imitations in comparison with. 68. **stool**, chair, as was the meaning in Anglo-Saxon days. 72-73. **our monuments . . . . kites**, i.e., the dead must be given to vultures to be devoured. 76. **purged the gentle weal**, purged the state into gentleness from a condition of barbarism. 81. **murders**, wounds. 84. **lack**, miss. 85. **muse**, wonder.

Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Reënter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night;
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good-night; and better health
Attend his Majesty!
Lady M. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*
Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will tomorrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

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91. **thirst**, desire to drink. 95. **speculation**, intelligence. 101. **armed**, with a horn and thick hide. **Hyrcan**, from Hyrcania, the region south of the Caspian Sea. 104. **to the desert**, out into the open. 105. **If trembling I inhabit**, a much-disputed passage. It may mean, "If I then stay in fear within my castle"; or it may mean, "If fear inhabits me." **protest**, announce publicly. 106. **baby of a girl**, doll-baby. 110. **admired disorder**, disorder that is much wondered at. 111. **overcome**, come over. 112-116. **You make . . . . fear**, I do not understand my own character, when I see you unmoved by what has frightened me.

119. **Stand not**, etc., do not wait to go out in order of your rank. 122. **It will have blood**, my deed will call for vengeance. 124. **Augurs**, auguries. **understood relations**, secret relations, known only by soothsayers. 125. **magot-pies**, magpies. **choughs**, jackdaws. 126. **the night**, the time of night. 128. **How say'st thou**, what do you think of this? 132. **feed**, i.e., employed as a spy. 140. **scanned**, examined. 141. **season**, preserver. 142-143. **self-abuse . . . . use**, self-delusion is the fear of a beginner before his conscience is hardened.

Scene V. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning. Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end;
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[*Music and a song within, "Come away, come away," etc.*
Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further; only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead.
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled; men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcom and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damnéd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Aye, and wisely too;
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well. And I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace; sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing

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1. **Hecate.** See note on line 52, page 160. 2. **beldams,** a form of the French expression *belles dames,* fair ladies. 7. **close,** secret. 15. **Acheron,** one of the rivers of Hades. Shakespeare infers that there is somewhere in Scotland a deep pit reaching down to the Inferno. 24. **profound,** full of occult qualities. 32. **security,** over-confidence.

3. **borne,** carried on. 4. **was dead,** i.e., when he was pitied by Macbeth. 8. **Who cannot want the thought,** who can fail to think. 10. **fact,** deed. 19. **an't,** if it. 21. **from broad words,** on account of plain speaking. 25. **holds,** etc., withholds what is due him by inheritance. 27. **pious Edward,** Edward the Confessor (1004-1066), King of the West Saxons.

Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy King, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors,
All which we pine for now; and this report
Hath so exasperate the King that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did; and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

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36. **free honors,** honors not given as bribes. 38. **exasperate,** exasperated. 41. **cloudy,** gloomy. **me,** merely an ethical dative used for emphasis. 43. **clogs,** burdens. 48. **suffering country under,** i.e., country suffering under.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

The first scene may be supposed to take place several weeks after the last one in Act II. Macbeth is now secure on his throne, but he does not feel content. Banquo, whose descendants, according to the witches, were to succeed him, is not to be won to hearty support. Tortured by remorse, Macbeth fancies that his uneasiness is due to fear that his position is insecure. Thinking it will bring him ease of mind, he now plots to destroy all who stand in his way. The second crime is planned with a coolness that comes only from the success of the first murder.

You should try to picture the fourth scene very clearly. The long table, set for a banquet, is near the front. At one end is a platform on which Lady Macbeth sits in the royal chair under a canopy. Macbeth has a chair at the table, but he moves among the guests, that he may attract no attention when the time comes to receive the murderer. This man appears at a curtained doorway, where the conversation between him and Macbeth takes place unobserved. When Macbeth returns to the table to offer the first toast, he imagines he sees Banquo, covered with blood, sitting in his chair. Lady Macbeth descends, draws him aside, and shames him into momentary self-control. But he sees the ghost again, this time as if it had come from the grave, and now he becomes so violent that she is obliged to ask the guests to leave.

Scene v evidently takes place during the banquet in Scene iv, because in each Macbeth is to meet the witches the next day.

In Scene vi Lennox, coming from court, meets another lord coming from Fife. Lennox ironically voices the suspicions aroused by Banquo's murder. The other lord gives evidence of the hatred which Macbeth's tyranny has raised. In particular he relates the meeting between Macduff and a messenger sent by Macbeth apparently to request Macduff to repair to court to explain his absence from the state feast. The time of this scene is determined by Act IV, Scene i, in which Lennox, riding away from the colloquy, meets Macbeth leaving the cave of the witches, on the day following the banquet.

Questions and Topics

Scene i

1. What evidence is there that Banquo suspects Macbeth? Should he have opposed Macbeth instead of remaining at court? Does he have any inkling of his own danger?

2. Why does Macbeth fear Banquo? What chance makes a favorable opportunity for the murder? By what three questions does Macbeth under guise of friendly interest artfully and coolly secure information needed for his dark plans? Why is Fleance included in the plot? What kind of men does Macbeth find to commit the crime? How does he induce them to undertake it? Before answering the following questions, think carefully of your evidence. Does he proceed with the steps of this crime more or less shrewdly than with his first crime? More cold-bloodedly or less? What is his real reason for wanting to destroy Banquo and Fleance?

Intensive Study

Two passages will repay close study: lines 1-10 and lines 48-72. Each should be presented to the class with dramatic appropriateness. Then the student who does this should ask questions of the class as in earlier scenes.

Scene ii

1. What has been the effect of the crime on Lady Macbeth's peace of mind? Has she changed? If so, how?

2. What evidence do you find that Macbeth has become morbid, brooding over his situation? Note the references to "sleep." Do you think he is now sensible of the wickedness of the murder, or is he defiant of fate? Why does the kingship not make him happy? Why does he no longer take counsel with his wife? Why does he vaguely reveal the coming murder? Consider the evidence for each answer. What is your feeling toward Macbeth and Lady Macbeth? What change in the relationship between the two has now taken place? Explain clearly the different ways in which they are affected by their crime.

3. Several of the speeches in this scene are among the most imaginative and beautiful in the whole play. Select the one you like best, deliver it to the class, and try to explain whether you like it best for its thought, its imagery, or its language and rhythm. (It might be well to review *Literature and Life, Book Three,* pages 43-44.)

Scene iii

1. Note carefully the part of the third murderer. Was he Macbeth? Consider all the arguments, both from his character and from what is done and said here, for and against this suggestion.

2. Why, in letting Fleance escape, have the murderers lost the "best half" of the affair?

Scene iv

1. How does Macbeth receive the announcement of Banquo's death? What change in him does this indicate? Why is he disturbed by the escape of Fleance?

2. In what phrase does Lady Macbeth first attempt to restore her husband's courage? Exactly what does Macbeth see? Why do the guests not see it? Should the ghost be shown on the stage?

3. Where have we heard Lady Macbeth talk thus to Macbeth before? Does she have the same effect on him now? Be very clear about the evidence. How did Macbeth act when he saw the air-drawn dagger? Has he now more, or less, control of himself? Is there a note of complaint in any of his speeches? Quote. Why does he mention Banquo in his toast? What is his mood when he says, "Give me some wine; fill full"?

4. What is the occasion of the return of the ghost? How has its appearance changed? Is Macbeth calmer, or more violent, at this second apparition? Does he show courage? In what lines? What kind of courage?

5. What is Macbeth's chief fear after the guests leave? Why do his suspicions fasten on Macduff? What do you know of his state of mind when you learn of his spy system? What purpose does he have in visiting the weird sisters? What plans do you think he has for the future? Quote lines to show his attitude toward the future. Is there anything pathetic in Macbeth's "Come, we'll to sleep"?

Scene v

1. What is the relation of Hecate to the other witches? Explain her anger. Of what does Hecate accuse Macbeth? Does she seem to have in mind greater punishment or less for him? Quote to prove. Do these witches seem to be the same as those in Act I, Scene i?

Scene vi

1. What similar scene occurred in Act II? What is the purpose? Is it necessary? Is there sarcasm in Lennox's first speech? Quote lines in support of your answer.

2. Draw up a list of the grievances which the country has against Macbeth. What retribution seems to be in preparation?

ACT III AS A WHOLE

1. Sum up the progress of the play in this act in a brief paragraph. Give it a title and be able to defend your title as a continuation of the titles to the first two acts.

2. What immediate events do you look forward to now? Why?

3. When does the first break in Macbeth's successes come—at the banquet, or when Fleance escapes? Give your reasons very clearly.

4. In what ways is Lady Macbeth the same in this act as in earlier scenes? Do you note changes in her? Be specific.

5. Is Macbeth the same man in this act, or has he degenerated? Consider his conversation with Banquo, his talk with the murderers, his relations with Lady Macbeth, his conduct at the banquet, his use of spies, his resort to supernatural aid.

Selections for Acting

Several scenes in this act are of great importance. The greatest scene in the play, the banquet scene, is too difficult to act, but with proper rehearsing by the teacher two other passages can be creditably presented: Scene i, lines 1-72; Scene ii entire. All the stage "business" as well as the lines should be practiced carefully, so that the acting before the class will light up the play for them.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling caldron. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."
First Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charméd pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And everyone shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song, "Black spirits," etc.*
[*Hecate retires.*
Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;

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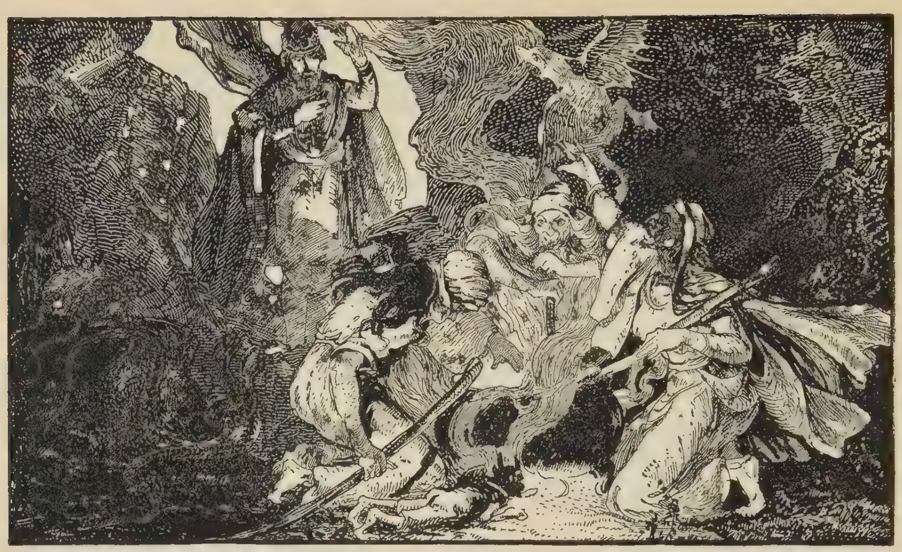
1. **brinded**, streaked. This cat (the Graymalkin of I, i, 8) is the attendant of the first witch. 2. **hedge-pig.** The hedgehog was supposed to be an animal of evil tendencies. 3. **Harpier**, probably the familiar spirit of the third witch; *harpier* is a coined name, which may have been suggested by "harpy." 8. **Sweltered venom**, exuded poison. All toads were supposed to be venomous. 16. **blind-worm**, a small, poisonous variety of snake. 17. **howlet**, young owl.

23. **maw and gulf**, mouth and stomach. 24. **ravined**, gorged with food. 31. **drab**, a slatternly woman. 32. **slab**, slimy. 33. **chaudron**, entrails. 53. **yesty**, frothy. 55. **bladed corn be lodged**, wheat with the head still green and sheathed in the leaf, blown flat on the ground.



"HOW NOW, YOU SECRET, BLACK, AND MIDNIGHT HAGS!"

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—
First Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright; but one word more—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

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59. **germens**, seeds. 65. **farrow**, litter. Stage direction. **an armed Head.** This stands for Macbeth's head (see V, viii, 54-55).

74. **harped my fear**, struck the note of my own fear. Stage direction. **a bloody Child.** This stands for the infant Macduff. 78. **Had I three ears.** Macbeth probably says this in response to the triple cry of the apparition. 84. **take a bond of fate**, make the promise binding, i.e., by killing Macduff.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied; deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more;
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What, is this so?

First Witch. Aye, sir, all this is so; but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great King may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse; who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

Stage direction. **a Child crowned,** Malcolm. The crown represents his kingship. The tree has reference to his ruse of having each soldier cut a bough to bear before him (Act. V, Scene vi). 88. **round and top,** crown. 95. **impress,** force to serve him as soldiers. 99. **the lease of nature,** the natural term of life. 100. **mortal custom,** the customary lot of man. Stage direction. **show,** a dumb show. **Eight Kings,** the Stuart kings of Scotland, Robert II, Robert III, and the six Jameses. **glass,** a magic mirror showing the future.

116. **Start, eyes,** i.e., out of your sockets. 121. **twofold balls and treble scepters,** a compliment to James I, who first united the two crowns of England and Scotland and the three scepters of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. According to one tradition, he was descended from Banquo. 123. **blood-boltered,** the hair matted with blood. 127. **sprites,** spirits. 130. **antic round,** fantastic dance. 135. **Come in,** said to Lennox, who is in attendance on the King.

Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Aye, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself; but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again;
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort;
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

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145. **flighty**, fleeting. 147. **firstlings**, first thoughts. 152. **souls that trace him**, his followers. 155. **sights**, visions.

Scene ii. 5. **fears**, i.e., guilty fears. She thinks her husband's flight will be construed as treason. 7. **titles**, possessions. 9. **wants the natural touch**, lacks family affection. 12. **All is the fear**, etc., fear is everything to Macduff, love nothing 14. **coz**, cousin; see note on line 127, page 151. 17. **fits o' the season**, disorders of the time. 18. **are traitors**, are considered as traitors. 19. **know ourselves**, i.e., to be traitors. 22. **move**, are tossed about. 25. **My pretty cousin.** This is addressed to Lady Macduff's son. 29. **It would**, etc., I should break down weeping and thus make you uncomfortable. 34. **lime**, a sticky substance smeared on trees to catch birds. 35. **gin**, trap.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Aye, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?
First Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has killed me, mother;
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!"*
Exeunt murderers, following her.

Scene III. *England. Before the King's palace. Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well.
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

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57. **enow**, enough. 68. **in**, with. **perfect**, perfectly acquainted. 69. **doubt**, suspect.

Scene iii. 4. **Bestride our downfall'n birthdom**, bravely defend our fallen native land. 10. **to friend**, opportune. 12. **sole**, mere. 15. **deserve . . . . wisdom**, that is, you would deserve his favor by having the worldly wisdom to betray me to him.

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered! Fare thee well, lord.
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust and my desire.
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.
Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house;

19-20. **recoil . . . . charge,** degenerate in obeying the orders of the King. 21. **transpose,** change. 24. **so,** i.e., lovely and beautiful, like itself. 26. **rawness,** haste. 29. **Let not,** etc., do not regard my suspicions as insults, but as precautions. 34. **affeered,** confirmed. 41. **withal,** though. 43. **gracious England,** the King of England, Edward the Confessor.

58. **Luxurious,** licentious. 59. **Sudden,** violent. 64. **continent impediments,** restraining motives. 71. **Convey,** obtain in secret. 72. **the time . . . . hoodwink,** deceive your associates. 77. **ill-composed affection,** evil inclination.

And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.
Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me! For even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon.—Comes the King forth, I pray you?
Doct. Aye, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit Doctor.*
Macd. What's the disease he means?

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86. **summer-seeming**, belonging to youth. 88. **foisons**, rich harvests. 89. **portable**, bearable. 95. **relish**, flavor. 96. **the division**, every form. 106. **Since that**, since. 107. **interdiction**, decree. 111. **Died**, lived a life of pity.

118. **trains**, tricks. 119. **plucks me**, keeps me. 133. **here-approach**, coming here. 135. **at a point**, prepared. 136–137. **the chance . . . . quarrel**, the chance of success be as good or certain as our cause is just. 142. **stay**, await. **Their malady . . . . art**, their malady is beyond professional skill.

Mal. 'Tis called the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good King;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well, too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? Or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

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146. **the evil**, scrofula. 153. **stamp**, coin. 159. **speak him**, show him to be. 170. **A modern ecstasy**, but a slight disturbance. 173. **or ere**, before. **relation**, narration. 174. **nice**, precise. 175. **hiss the speaker**, causes him to be hissed because he speaks of matters out of date. 176. **teems**, brings forth.

183. **out**, in arms. 185. **power**, army 188. **doff**, throw off. 192. **gives out**, proclaims. 195. **latch**, catch. 196. **fee-grief**, private grief.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children, too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed, too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted;
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him, too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

The meeting in Scene i presumably takes place on the day after the banquet. The chief light comes from the fire under the boiling caldron in the middle of the cavern. The apparitions which the witches summon at the demand of Macbeth represent the future truly, but they do not stop him in his career of crime.

As Macbeth probably sent the murderers at once to Macduff's castle, the second scene likely takes place a day or so after the consultation with the witches. In it is represented the third crime of Macbeth, the most cruel and purposeless of his career.

The meeting in Scene iii occurs several days after the third crime. The forces of retribution are gathering to overwhelm Macbeth. The extent of his tyranny is brought home to us by glimpses of the many plots he has laid to capture Malcolm. Down to line 114 Malcolm suspects Macduff of being an emissary from the tyrant. In testing Macduff's sincerity he alienates this upright compatriot, who is not won back until the news of Macbeth's last crime is brought. The passage referring to Edward the Confessor's alleged curing of the scrofula by touch was introduced by Shakespeare out of compliment to James I, who believed he could cure in the same way. It serves, however, by its picture of peaceful England, to throw into relief the distraught condition of Scotland.

Questions and Topics

Scene i

1. What effect on you do the loathsome ingredients of the caldron and the witches' spells have? Do the witches here seem more evil than in Act I, or less? Do they merely announce,

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206. **quarry,** dead bodies. 216. **He has no children.** Because Malcolm has no children he cannot understand my grief. 220. **Dispute it,** strive with your sorrow. 225. **Naught,** worthless. 232. **intermission,** delay.

or do they actively mislead? When before have they refused to answer all Macbeth asked? Why should they be made to refuse him thus?

2. What is Macbeth's purpose in visiting the witches? Does he accomplish the purpose? Think this out carefully. Could he, or could he not, see the real significance of each apparition? Explain why. Is his attitude toward the witches now one of helping their prophecies to come true, or one of doubt and defiance? In what speech does he show extreme degeneration? Are the newly planned murders really necessary? What do they indicate regarding the state of Macbeth's character? Is he as free now to choose right or wrong as he was in Act I?

3. How should Macbeth talk and act when he sees the show of Kings? Some boy in the class who reads well may wish to deliver this speech before the class.

Intensive Reading

Study carefully lines 144-156. Read the passage to the class and ask questions as on earlier occasions.

Scene ii

1. This scene is sometimes omitted from stage presentations of the play. Should it be? Give reasons. Compare it with the earlier murder scenes as evidence of Macbeth's mental and moral state, imagination and emotions.

2. Does Macbeth commit this crime to defy the fate prophesied by the witches, to terrorize his enemies in Scotland, or to punish Macduff for his disloyalty? Or might it be committed out of unreasoning ruthlessness, due to a half-crazed, desperate state of mind? Give clear reasons.

3. Do you agree with Lady Macduff's charge that her husband does not love her? Why had he left her unguarded? Does her lack of belief in him increase or decrease the pathos of her death?

4. What particular lines make the scene especially pathetic? What is the character of the little boy? Does Ross seem to play the part of a brave gentleman? Does the conversation between Lady Macduff and her son appear natural to you? What feeling have you toward Macbeth as a result of this scene?

Scene iii

1. Why is Malcolm so wary of Macduff's offers? How does he test Macduff's patriotism? Why does Macduff despair of his country? What determines him to join the forces of Old Siward? Does this scene seem to have much dramatic value, or does it drag? Give reasons. Is Malcolm made to appear as a strong character or not? Give reason. Is he in any way like his father? Which appears to you the more admirable, Malcolm or Macduff? If Malcolm were made a strong, heroic figure, what would be the effect in the preëminent position of interest that Macbeth occupies in the play?

2. What is Ross's purpose in putting off the news about Macduff's family? Macduff's receipt of the news is one of the most dramatic scenes in the play. What makes it so? What do Macduff's repeated queries as to the fate of his wife and children indicate as to his state of mind?

Act IV As a Whole

1. Sum up, in a short paragraph, as before, the progress of the play in this act. Frame a title which shall reveal the significance of the act for the career of Macbeth. The class should by vote choose the best title.

2. What events do you now look forward to and why?

3. State specifically the changes that you find in Macbeth's character in this act, i. e., in his relations to the supernatural, his power of moral choice, his feeling for his fellow men, his love for his wife. Always point out the evidence for the change you find.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I. *Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and

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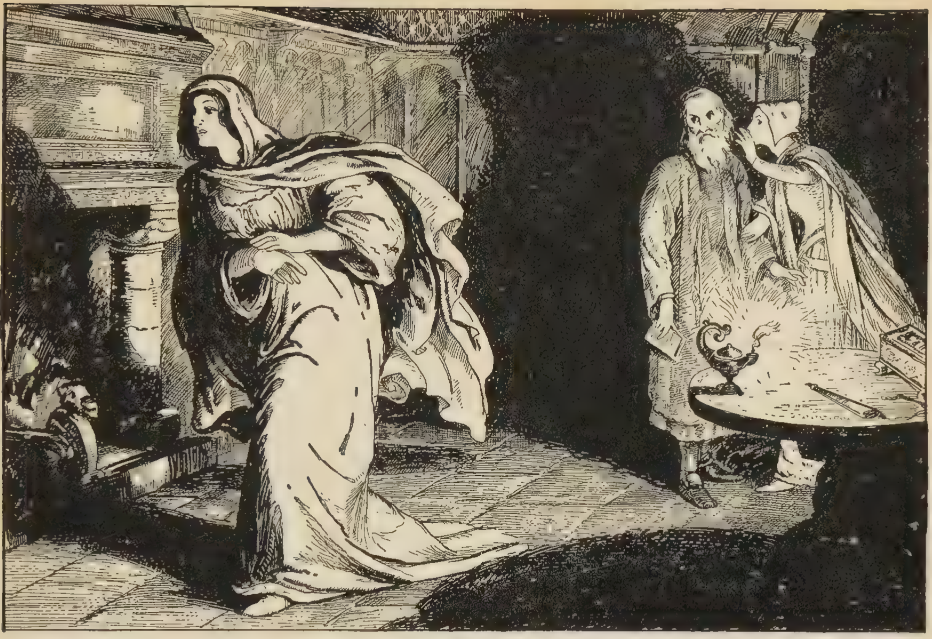
Stage direction. **Physic**, medicine. 13. **do the effects of watching**, do the things one does while awake.



"WHAT, WILL THESE HANDS NE'ER BE CLEAN?"

other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor anyone; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Aye, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! —One; two. Why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march toward Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

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90. **annoyance,** doing violence to herself. 92. **mated,** confounded. **amazed,** bewildered.

Scene ii. 1. **power,** army. 3–5. **their dear causes . . . . man,** causes arising from such suffering as theirs would excite a hermit (mortified man) to bloodshed and the horrors of war.

10. **unrough,** beardless. 11. **Protest their first of manhood,** now first proclaim themselves men. 15–16. **He cannot . . . . rule,** i.e., his affairs are getting beyond his control. 18. **minutely,** every minute. 27. **Meet . . . . weal,** i.e., meet Malcolm, by whom all this unhappiness and evil is to be corrected. 28. **purge,** process of being cured.

Scene III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all.
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.
[*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,

---

1. **them**, the thanes. 3. **taint**, be infected. 5. **me**, i.e., to me. 8. **epicures**, luxury-loving people; here used in contempt. 9. **I sway by**, by which I am ruled. 11. **loon**, fool, numbskull. 15. **patch**, fool. 20. **push**, attack.

35. **moe**, more. **skirr**, scour. 43. **oblivious**, causing forgetfulness. 48. **staff**, general's baton, or, possibly, spear. 50. **cast**, inspect. 52. **pristine**, former. 54. **Pull't off**, i.e., the armor. This and lines 48 and 58 show Macbeth's perturbed state. 55. **cyme**, an old spelling of *senna*, an herb.

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Aye, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrainéd things
Whose hearts are absent, too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Toward which advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*] What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Reënter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

---

59. **bane,** ruin.

Scene iv. 2. **chambers.** Malcolm is thinking of his father's murder. 6. **discovery,** Macbeth's spies. 10. **setting down before't,** laying siege to it. 11. **For where . . . . given,** where there has been any opportunity. 12. **more and less,** nobles and commons. 14-15. **Let our . . . . event,** let us wait for the real outcome before we try to give a just opinion.

19-20. **Thoughts speculative . . . . arbitrate,** attempts to foresee the future are useless; action alone can determine what will happen.

Scene v. 5. **forced,** strengthened. 11. **fell,** scalp. 12. **treatise,** story. 17. **should,** would inevitably. The rest of Macbeth's speech is a soliloquy.

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

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40. **cling,** shrivel up. 42. **pull in,** check as one might a horse. 50. **estate,** normal order of things.

51. **wrack,** wreck. 52. **harness,** armor.

Scene vi. 1. **leavy,** leafy. 2. **show,** appear. 4. **battle,** division of our army.

Scene vii. 2. **course,** round; in bear-baiting the dogs were loosed in relays at the bear, which was tied to a stake.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorréd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Scene VIII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff

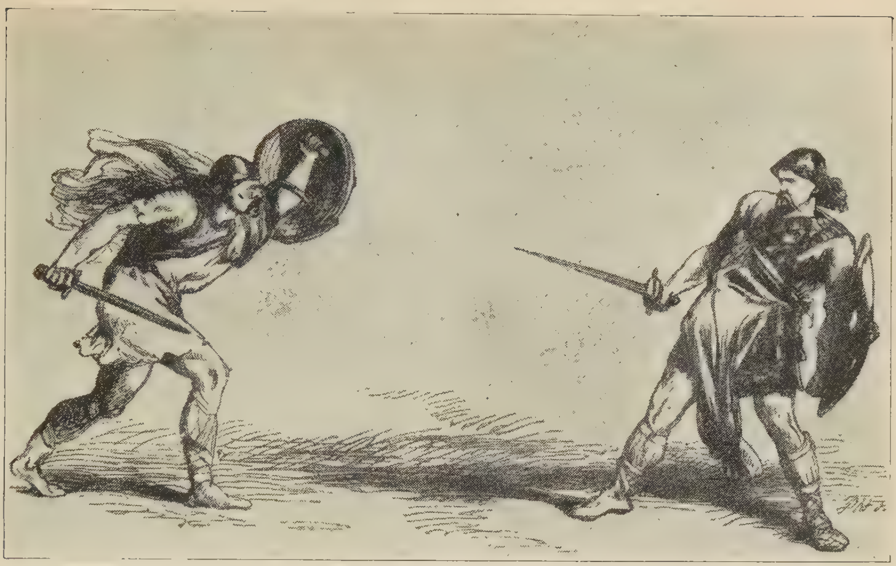
Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labor;
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charméd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.
Macb. Accurséd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body

---

16. **still**, forever. 22. **bruited**, noised abroad. 24. **gently**, without an assault. 29. **strike beside us**, deliberately miss us; that is, they are really our friends.

Scene viii. 1. **the Roman fool**. Suicide in certain cases was considered an honorable death among the Romans.

8. **terms**, mere words. 9. **intrenchant**, indivisible. 20. **palter**, equivocate. 26. **Painted upon a pole**, that is, on a cloth hung on a pole, for all to see. 29. **baited**, harrased.



"LAY ON, MACDUFF"

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!" [*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Aye, and brought off the field; your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Aye, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so, his knell is knolled.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more.
They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Reënter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head. The time is free;
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine—
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time

---

36. **go off**, die. 41. **confirmed**, proved; "prowess" is the object. 42. **unshrinking station where he fought**, place where he fought unshrinkingly.

52. **parted**, departed. 54. **stands**, probably on a pike 56. **pearl**, ornament, meaning the jeweled robes of the King; or it may refer to the nobles who have been faithful to Malcolm.

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place;
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

The sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth occurs some time after the last scene in Act IV. Macbeth has taken the field against various rebel bands in Scotland. The retribution which has long been gathering begins with Lady Macbeth. During her sleep the vigilance of her will relaxes and her conscience asserts its sway. In this, one of the most tragic scenes in all drama, prose is used, perhaps as more natural to the disconnected speech of sleep-walking.

Shakespeare's way of telling a story on the stage is more like that of the "movie" writer than of the modern dramatist, because he shifts rapidly from one place to another. Scenes ii and iii present the two opposite camps. In the camp of the invaders we find the unity that comes from loyalty to their leaders and hatred of the oppressor. With Macbeth all is confusion. His nervousness reaches the point where he loses all control of himself.

In Scene iv the rebels at home are joined by Malcolm and Siward from England. With the breaking of the boughs to disguise the soldiers, the prophecies begin their fulfillment. In Scene v Macbeth, left absolutely desolate by the death of the Queen, finds the prophecies proving false and rushes into the field to fight.

Questions and Topics

Scene i

1. Has anything in the earlier actions of Lady Macbeth prepared you for this tragic condition of her mind? At the first crime was she much affected? Was her conduct then due to insensibility to the horror, to self-control, or to inexperience with crime? What were her feelings about the murder of Banquo? She took no part in the murder of Lady Macduff—why then should she suffer over it? Is she now afraid of the hereafter? Does she repent of her crime, or is she merely suffering remorse? What suggests that she may commit suicide?

2. Lady Macbeth's broken phrases record visions of the past as they flit through her mind. Washing her hands for a quarter of an hour recalls to us her earlier declaration, "A little water clears us of this deed." "One, two. Why then 'tis time to do't" brings back the moment when the striking of the clock showed her that she should give the signal for Macbeth to go to Duncan's room. Take up the other expressions and show to what it refers. Indicate what would be the appropriate action at each speech.

Scene ii

Are there previous lines of Macbeth in the play that bear out the truth of lines 20-22? When have we seen Macbeth "recoil and start"? What dramatic effect has the line, "Make we our march toward Birnam"?

Scene iii

1. On what is Macbeth now resting his hopes almost entirely? Is he telling the truth about himself in lines 9 and 10? Justify your answer. What does his irritation at the servant indicate? When he speaks of Lady Macbeth, is he thinking of her or of himself? Do you hate him or pity him now?

2. Stage business adds much to the effectiveness of Scene iii. The class may study out the appropriate action throughout the scene. Perhaps a small group will wish to present it at the front of the room.

3. Two short passages in Scene iii are very famous because of their impressive moralizing. Pick them out. If you like them, explain why.

Scene iv

Does Malcolm's reason for cutting the boughs seem to you a good one, or is it merely introduced to bear out the prophecy of the witches? Do you think Malcolm was familiar with the prophecy?

Scene v

1. Do lines 9-15 really indicate a hard and cruel nature or a state of deepest desolation and

utter despair? Give your reasons. Why is Macbeth more master of himself here? What does his absence from Lady Macbeth at the time of her death signify? Is there any sign of softened or reverential feeling toward her? Quote lines to prove your answer. Does his reflection on life apply to him as well as to her?

2. Are the prophecies really bearing him up now or does he in his deeper consciousness realize that the end is near? What is now your feeling toward Macbeth? Lines 19-28 will richly repay memorizing. Deliver them to the class appropriately and explain their significance in portraying Macbeth's character. Where earlier has he expressed this weariness of life?

Scene vi

1. What part of the prophecies is fulfilled in this scene?
2. What is the effect of having the scenes of Act V so short?

Scene vii

What effect does Macbeth's success in slaying young Siward have upon him? Macbeth now sees that all his faith in the prophecies has led him but to further tragedy. What is it in human nature that makes him still pin his faith to the words of the witches?

Scene viii

1. Does Macbeth act in a brave or a cowardly fashion in the last scene? Does he anywhere show remorse? How does this scene fulfill the remaining prophecies of the witches? What is the dramatic effect of having Macduff come upon Macbeth from the rear? Do you think now that Lady Macbeth committed suicide?
2. Where in these last scenes did Macbeth give the deepest expression of his despair? What is your opinion of Old Siward? Are you more interested in Malcolm's good fortune or Macbeth's downfall? Which should be the case? Why?

ACT V AS A WHOLE

1. In relating the story of Act V, bring out the way in which retribution falls upon Lady Macbeth and Macbeth. Show that the kind of suffering each undergoes is in keeping with the nature of each. Phrase a title for this act which shall complete your series and give a sense of finality.
2. What might have been the outcome if Macbeth had not taken "a bond of fate" by murdering Macduff's family?

THE PLAY AS A WHOLE

1. *Macbeth* was written, not to be read, but to be played. You should, therefore, review some of the methods by which Shakespeare tells the story in action so that it will interest an audience in the theater. (*a*) The story is of a murder and its consequences. How do we get a notion of who the chief characters are to be and what they may do? Where does the action itself really begin, i.e., where do we learn that Macbeth contemplates murder? (*b*) Drama thrives on opposition and conflict. How are the obstacles to the murder overcome? Detail them. What human opponents does Macbeth encounter? Is there a higher conflict running through the play, as of Macbeth with destiny or justice? (*c*) In a good plot the events are carefully arranged. Up to what point is Macbeth successful in his career—the escape of Fleance or the banquet scene? What have the witches had to do with his rise? What have they to do with his fall? In what sense does the conclusion bring Scotland back to its state at the beginning of the play? (*d*) In tragedy the outcome or catastrophe ought to be inevitable; that is, it ought not to seem forced by the author, but to proceed naturally from the events and the characters—in fact, to be inescapable. How does the first crime lead to the second? The second to the third? The third to the catastrophe, or conclusion? Do these steps seem to follow each other necessarily? (*e*) In any drama some scenes are likely to stand out because of their peculiar vividness or significance. As you look back over the play, which scenes stand out most prominently in your memory? Try to find the reason. Is it the depth of the human emotion? Is it the clash of wills? Is it the significance of the action for some character or for human nature in general? The class by vote may select the most dramatic scene in each act.
2. The supernatural element is very prominent in this play. (*a*) What do the witches represent—fate, or the reflection of Macbeth's own evil nature? What is the difference between these two points of view? (*b*) When he seeks the witches in the cavern, is he left free to reject their advice? Do they advise the murder of Lady Macduff? This study of the supernatural element ought to be written out carefully, with full quotations to establish each point you make.
3. A noteworthy feature of this play is the clear development in the two chief characters. (*a*) What proof have we of Macbeth's love of action? His bravery? His honor? His ambition? His superstition? His imagination? His love of his wife? Why is he reluctant to commit the first murder? What is the better side of his nature? How does it more and

more disappear in his later murders? Show how fear and the desire to secure peace of mind dictate his later crimes. Can you show that his nature becomes more and more callous through the play? Does he reveal any of his better nature at the end? (*b*) Is Lady Macbeth of an active or a meditative disposition? Is either she or her husband patriotic? Generously interested in other people? What is the nature of her ambition? Is she imaginative, or does she seize on facts clearly? Is she superstitious? How does she reveal self-control and tenacity of purpose? Does she despise or love her husband? Is she happy as queen? Why? Does she accept results or does she fight against them? Does she ever upbraid her husband for the way things turn out? What side of her character is revealed in the sleep-walking? Has she a finer, or a lower nature than her husband? (*c*) Both these studies should be carefully written out, with full evidence from the play. A very interesting contrast may be drawn also between Macbeth and Banquo, or Macbeth and Macduff.

4. In the light of your study of the play, re-read carefully what is said of it on page 141. Give illustration, from the play, of this interpretation.

5. In most of this study you have been considering *Macbeth* as a profound tragedy. It also contains some of Shakespeare's richest poetry. (*a*) The meter for most of the play is blank verse; that is, iambic pentameter without rime. But Shakespeare writes this verse with a marvelous variety to fit the many different shades of emotion that he wishes to convey. He not only varies the stress, but he adds syllables frequently, as in

```
 ×    ′ |× ′| ×   ×   ′ |×  ′ | ×  ′ |
The mul|titu|dinous seas|incar|nadine|

×      ′ |×   ′ |×   ×   ′|×  ′ | ×   ′ |×
The Thane|of Caw|dor began|a dis|mal con|flict.
```

The later type of variation, where the extra syllable comes at the end of the line, is particularly common. You may find it interesting in the passages which you most admire to observe these and many other kinds of variation.

In I, iii, appears trochaic tetrameter as

```
  ′    × | ′  ×  | ′   ×  | ′  ×
Sleep shall|neither|night nor|day  ∧
```

Why do you think Shakespeare used the trochaic meter in many of the witches' speeches and incantations?

(*b*) Some scenes are in prose; for instance the porter's soliloquy in Act II, Scene iii, and most of the sleep-walking scene. What change in emotional tone do you observe in such scenes?

(*c*) In the great speeches which you have noted in studying the play, you should make a particular effort to picture to yourself the effects gained through verse and diction, for Shakespeare's language is the most richly expressive in English. As he wrote more than three hundred years ago, you may need frequently to consult the notes to make sure what the meaning is. Take so simple a statement as:

"Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme."

Unless you remember your *Henry V*, you may miss both the picture and the meaning. The prologue, you recall, was spoken before the play (in *Henry V* before each act) to lead up to the acting. The actor who delivered it was alone on the stage that was in a few minutes to be filled with mimic life. So Macbeth thinks of his becoming Thane of Cawdor as insignificant in comparison with his activity and dignity as a king. (In this connection, you will derive much aid from re-reading *Literature and Life, Book Three*, pages 43-45).

(*d*) You should select five or six of the speeches that you think most important in the action, or most significant for the character, or most beautiful in themselves. The class may wish to vote for the best five. Memorize as many as you can. Be able to explain the images, the figures of speech, the suggestiveness of particular phrases, so that the other members of the class can see as much beauty in the passage as you do.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. Other Plays by Shakespeare

Each member of the class might read one other play of Shakespeare for report to the class. The reports might be distributed so that all the plays below receive consideration.

Romeo and Juliet. This was written several years earlier than *Macbeth.* It presents the tragedy of youthful love and is too famous a play not to be known by all high-school seniors. Is there any internal conflict in either Romeo or Juliet?

Richard III. This play is like *Henry V*, since it deals with the struggles of an English king. It too was written before *Macbeth* and presents a simpler kind of tragedy.

Julius Caesar. Some pupil should review for the class this great tragedy, showing in what respects it is like *Macbeth.*

Hamlet. This has been the most popular of all Shakespeare's plays. What internal conflict rules in Hamlet's mind? How does the tragedy of the conclusion differ from that of *Macbeth?*

The Merchant of Venice contains the unforgetable figure of Shylock and the memorable scene where Portia, a young woman disguised as a lawyer, secures the conviction of Shylock. The play is called a comedy. Your report should make clear why it is so called.

Twelfth Night is also a comedy, with many romantic and laughable incidents. Contrast it with *Macbeth* as to the kind of story told and the types of character represented.

A Winter's Tale is one of the last plays completed by Shakespeare. In your report, show how the romance of this story differs from the tragedy of *Macbeth.* Contrast also the country scenes and characters with the court of Macbeth.

The Tempest was probably the last play completed by Shakespeare. Bring out the romance in this story. Contrast the supernatural here with the supernatural in *Macbeth.*

By means of these reports, the class will become acquainted with different phases of Shakespeare's dramatic work.

II. About Shakespeare

Adams, Joseph Q.: *Life of Shakespeare.* This is the latest and possibly the best biography of the poet. It is not too long to read.

MacCracken, Pierce, and Durham: *Introduction to Shakespeare.*

Neilson and Thorndike: *The Facts about Shakespeare.* This is a trustworthy, brief account of the essential facts of Shakespeare's life and works. It may be read in conjunction with Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, which combines biography with stimulating but sometimes over-romantic criticism.

For information on stage conditions in Shakespeare's time, see Albright's *The Shakespearean Stage* or Thorndike's *Shakespeare's Theater.*

On the tragedies the best authority is Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy.* See also Thorndike's *Tragedy*, which treats the development of English tragic drama.

For specimens of the dramatic works of Shakespeare's contemporaries, see Neilson's *Chief Elizabethan Dramatists.*

For a full account of life in London during Shakespeare's time, read H. T. Stephenson's *Shakespeare's London.*

The Cambridge Edition is considered the best text of Shakespeare's complete works.

CHAPTER VII

THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

POLITICAL BACKGROUND OF THE CENTURY: Puritans and Kings—Effects of the Struggle on Literature.

FRANCIS BACON: Elizabethan and Modern—The Tragedy of His Life—Bacon's Province—Bacon's Works: The *Essays*—*Advancement of Learning*—Summary.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN PROSE: Robert Burton—Sir Thomas Browne—Izaak Walton.

THE DRAMA FROM 1600 TO THE CLOSING OF THE THEATERS: Ben Jonson—Jonson as a Dramatist—Jonson's Theory of His Art—The End of the Old Drama.

OLD AND NEW ELEMENTS IN POETRY: Chief Tendencies in Verse—John Donne—Jonson and Herrick—Cavalier Lyrists—George Herbert—Waller and Cowley—Summary.

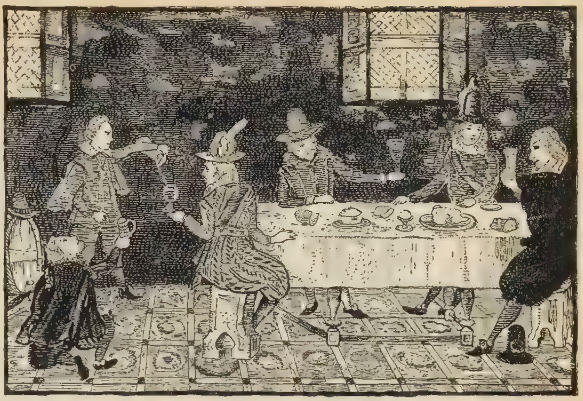
The romantic dramas of Shakespeare, Spenser's romantic epic of *The Faerie Queene*, and the other literature of the Elizabethan age had suited very exactly a time when new continents were being discovered, new kingdoms of the mind were being mapped out, and there seemed no limits to the great deeds that might be performed by daring men. As we have already seen, the period was one in which the value of the individual life was greatly expanded. Men pushed out into realms previously unknown. Immense additions were made to knowledge; many new careers were opened; narrow and conventional modes of life were not desired.

In the early part of the seventeenth century this romantic spirit continued, although it was manifested in somewhat different ways. Politically, the growing individualism manifested itself in the conflict between King and Parliament, ending in the triumph of the principle that the people are supreme. The more intense followers of the Puritan view separated not only from the English church but from the mother country herself, so that in the early part of the century colonies were founded in America, where the principles of self-government were applied in such a way as ultimately to found a new nation. In the world of science, great impetus was given to the idea that through collaboration men might master the secrets of nature more rapidly than through the chance discoveries of isolated observers. Thus we find Bacon, at the beginning of the century, advising a course of action that resulted, in 1662, in the formation of the Royal Society, an organization of scientists that laid the foundation for the enormous scientific achievements of the modern world. In literature there was a falling away from the romantic exuberance of the sixteenth century. More of realism and classic restraint is apparent in the dramatic and critical works of Ben Jonson; and poetry, even the lyric, sought perfection of form rather than intensity of feeling. In Milton, the greatest writer of the century, second in English literature only to Shakespeare, we find a union of classical and romantic elements so blended with intellectual greatness that in his poetry we reach the climax of the English Renaissance. Finally, the century witnessed the development of modern English prose into an instrument for literary expression that challenged and soon overcame the long-established supremacy of poetry.

These various elements in the complex and interesting life of the seventeenth century we must now trace in detail.

POLITICAL BACKGROUND OF THE CENTURY

Puritans and Kings. After the death of Elizabeth in 1603, the unity of national feeling which had kept religious and political controversy in check, and had made all classes passionately loyal to their sovereign, gave place to warring sects and



A SCENE IN AN INN, SHOWING COSTUMES OF THE TIME

factions. James I and his son Charles could not get on with the Parliament. The Puritans looked with disfavor on the corrupt life of the court, refused to grant money to the King, sought to curtail all amusements, tried to impose rigid moral standards on all the people, and finally seized the political power. Civil war broke out; Charles I was beheaded, and for some years the House of Commons ruled, to be succeeded by Oliver Cromwell, who was called Lord Protector instead of King. After Cromwell's death, in 1658, the Commonwealth struggled on for a few months, but in 1660 the monarchy was restored. Charles II, an inefficient and unworthy king, ruled for twenty-five years; his brother James II was deposed after three years of striving for arbitrary rule, and Parliament passed a Bill of Rights and an Act of Toleration which established constitutional government and liberty of thought.

The deep significance of this conflict is seen if we compare two utterances that sum up the whole struggle. The first is a statement by James I:

> It is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, . . . so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do.

The other comes from Milton:

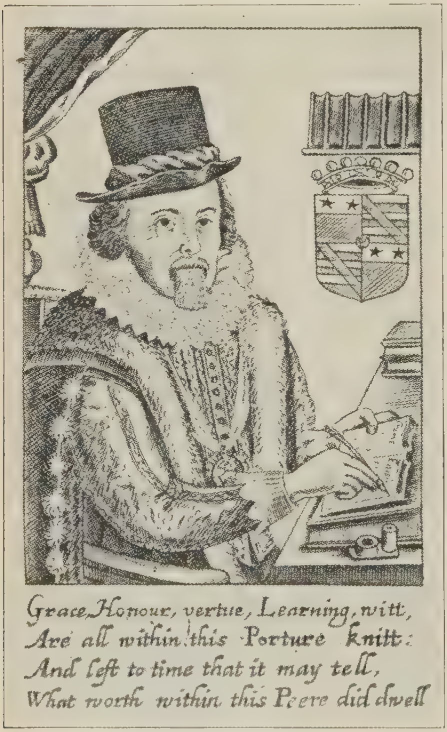
> The whole freedom of man consists in the civil rights and advancements of every person according to his merit; the access to these never more open than in a free commonwealth.

Effects of the Struggle on Literature. The enormous mass of letters, pamphlets, and books dealing with the struggle between the King and the Parliament has little to do with literature, although some of Milton's prose writings are an exception. Certain effects of the conflict nevertheless are important to our story.

The attempt of the Puritans was religious as well as political. They sought to establish, not a free democracy, but a kingdom of the saints upon earth. One effect was to alienate the sympathies of many men of education. Some of them retired from London to cultivate the study of poetry and the classics without taking part in the life of their time. Herrick, whose work we shall notice presently, is an example. Others sought relief through the study of science. The Royal Society was the product of several organizations of men who during the Commonwealth found in investigation intellectual escape from politics.

A sharp line of cleavage appeared in literature due to the divorce between the court and the rank and file of the people. During the Elizabethan period, the free and easy mingling of all classes was productive of a truly national feeling for literature. Shakespeare's plays were enjoyed by all the people, not by one class. But the sectarian conflicts that grew with astonishing rapidity during the first half of the seventeenth century resulted in exaggerating the separation of court and people. The drama was limited to the court and its followers. It became increasingly corrupt and sensational. Masques and entertainments were produced at outrageous cost, still further infuriating the Puritans. On the other hand, the Puritans were eager to put an end to all amusements, to convert England into a church, to prevent the reading of every book except sermons and the Bible. The religious and moral earnestness of the time extended the influence of the Bible, now at last available in a translation (1611) that made it truly an English book. It became a whole literature in itself, excluding alike the classics and the great literary productions of the earlier English genius. In place of the frank and free interest in all things human that had marked the previous century was substituted intense searching of conscience. The problems of sin, predestination, and atonement were studied with a passion unknown in Europe since the time of Dante. As a result, an English Dante recorded in a great epic a view of God's dealings with men that sums up an age. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is more than an epic of Puritanism, but it could not have been conceived and written except for the movement which had been gathering headway throughout Europe since the Reformation, a movement of which English Puritanism was one phase. Besides Milton, other writers of the time were powerfully moved by this religious intensity. In the poetry of George Herbert and the prose of John Bunyan we find examples.

By keeping these various facts in mind throughout the remainder of this chapter, you will be able to realize some of the ways in which the very complex problems of life in the seventeenth century affected the thought and expression of the time.


Grace, Honour, vertue, Learning, witt,
Are all within this Porture knitt:
And left to time that it may tell,
What worth within this Peere did dwell

SIR FRANCIS BACON

Francis Bacon (1561–1626)

Elizabethan and Modern. Francis Bacon unites the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Born in 1561, he was past forty when Queen Elizabeth died. He was a favorite with the Queen, and with the Queen's favorite, the Earl of Essex, although when Essex plotted against his sovereign and was arrested and tried, Bacon helped the government to convict the traitor. The first fruits of his pen, too, the little sheaf of essays that were to form the nucleus of his best known contribution to literature, appeared in 1597. His Elizabethan temper was shown in his passionate desire for fame, the limitless reach of his ambition, his constant study of success. He was also Elizabethan in the greatness of his imagination. The realm to which his spirit was native was the kingdom of knowledge. Not Drake nor Raleigh, who drove frail barks across the mysterious ocean, moved more surely as conquerors of the unknown than the man who voyaged through strange seas of thought—their contemporary, Francis Bacon.

On the other hand, Bacon's most considerable work as a writer and man of action, as well as his influence on English thought, places him quite definitely in the seventeenth century. His most conspicuous worldly success came late in life, and at the hands of James, not Elizabeth. His greatest philosophical work appeared after the accession of the new King. Despite Elizabethan qualities in his character, he differed markedly from the group to which Spenser, Marlowe, and Shakespeare belonged. He distrusted drama, poetry, the enthusiasm for friendship. He placed no confidence in the great Greek philosophers who had so influenced the earlier humanism. He was a modern, rejecting all authority, even the authority of the classics. He did not conceive of England as fairyland or Arcadia; he spent no time longing for the old Golden Age, but wished to see life made comfortable through the study of nature and the discovery of means "for the relief of man's estate." Elizabethan in the soaring quality of his imagination, that imagination did not lose itself in the clouds, but sought only sufficient elevation to give a better view of man as a resident upon the earth.

The Tragedy of His Life. Outwardly, Bacon's life was a tragedy in the old sense. He climbed to the pinnacle of fame, and then, in an instant, plunged to the utmost depths of shame and misery.

The son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth, and nephew of the Lord Chancellor Burghley, Francis was predestined to a political career. But his father left him little money, and Burghley turned a deaf ear, so that it was many years before he got a position that paid his living expenses. He studied law; he traveled; he took keen interest in matters of state; he tried to get, through personal application, letters, and by importuning his friends, every good position that fell vacant. He learned only too well the bitter truth of Spenser's description of the unhappy lot of those who sought preferment at court.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To have thy Princess' grace, yet want her peers',
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs . . .
Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek,
And will to court for shadows vain to seek . . .
That curse God send unto mine enemy.

Chiefly he studied the art of success. There was no literature of success then, like our magazines, no short course on how to develop smashing will power or how to make people like you; so he made his own course. His first essays, on subjects like Expense, Health, Discourse (how to converse agreeably), Followers and Friends, Suitors (meaning applicants for jobs), Studies, Factions, Ceremonies and Respects (how to conduct oneself in the presence of the great), and Honor and Reputation, constitute his own success literature, the first in our history. The essays were made up of keen observations of life at court and study of the careers of those who were succeeding and those who had failed. There is something astonishingly modern, parallel to many things that we observe today, about this incessant study of what Bacon once for all named the Architecture of Fortune.

Only, unlike the man in the picture which you see in the advertising pages of today's magazine, Bacon did not find his pay envelope increasing in size and weight. The way was long and difficult, in large part because of the corruption which made great place depend more on influence than on merit. It was not until 1607, when he was nearly fifty, an old man as measured by the swift pace of those times, that Fortune smiled upon him. In that year he became Solicitor General. His rise thereafter through fourteen years was so rapid as to astonish all observers. He was promoted to be Attorney General. He was appointed to the Privy Council. He become Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. With his appointment to the Lord Chancellorship in 1617-1618, he reached the summit of power. For these positions he had won experience through his service as member of Parliament, where his oratory made a profound impression. He was a chief adviser to the King. He became Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. He bought vast estates and lived on a scale of magnificence that rivaled the state of kings. Thus from obscurity he passed, in a few brief years, to where, in Jonson's phrase, his head knocked against the stars.

Then Fortune withdrew her favors. Three months after he was created Viscount St. Albans he was sentenced by the House of Lords to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure, to be forever incapable of holding any office in the state, and to be forbidden to come within twelve miles of the court.

The full story of the charges brought against Bacon is too intricate to be detailed here. He was accused of receiving gifts in cases tried before him. To this practice, which was common, he confessed; but there is no evidence that he was personally corrupt, and not one of the thousands of decisions handed down by him was ever reversed. The custom was one of long standing. In part the terrific sentence was due to the awakening of the public conscience, of which Bacon was the victim; in part it was due to the determination of his enemies to compass his destruction. Bacon's own comments may be accepted as the truest interpretation of the case. "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years," he said, "but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years." And in his will, he used language befitting the greatness of the man, leaving his name and memory "to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." He died April 9, 1626.

Bacon's Province. Such a story as this, given a man of heroic mold as its chief actor, is fit theme for tragic drama. Shakespeare wrote on such men; to him the meaning of their story consisted not alone in the external events, the facts of their lives, their success and failure, but even more in their inner life. How did they react to circumstance? What was the effect on them of the deeds they performed and the actions in which they bore a part? Was the tragic close merely a fall from prosperity to disgrace and death, or was there yet a deeper ignominy, or a fate arousing pity, or a growth in insight that led to triumph over time and chance?

So with Bacon, after all, we are not much concerned with his rise to power and the fall that followed. What we wish to know is the greater achievement of his brain and spirit. Viewed thus, the story is not of disaster but of victory.

Bacon's real province was not statesmanship, great as he was in that field. In a letter to Burghley, written in 1592, he said: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." The saying is often misunderstood. He did not mean that he proposed to master all learning, but that the true province in which he sought action was not statecraft or the ambition of the military hero, but the kingdom of the mind. It is a military figure, which he elaborates in his letter. The province of learning, he says, is in bad order because it is infested by outlaws, some of whom are mere disputers and word-catchers, and others pretenders and imposters. The best state of the province, he continues, is to be found in "industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries."

Here is a theory of learning, a map pointing the way to citizenship in the kingdom of knowledge. There are three elements:

(1) Industrious observations, by which he means collecting facts, observing the phenomena of nature and of life, seeing things as they are.

(2) Grounded conclusions, by which he means the interpretation of facts. Interpretation, if valuable, is "grounded," that is, it is based on exact observation, not on guessing or theorizing.

(3) Profitable inventions and discoveries. The value of knowledge is in its relation to life.

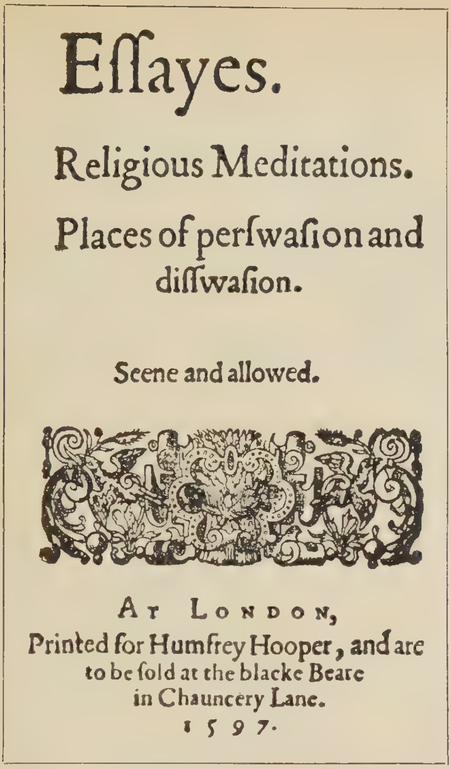
In another place he says:

> My praise shall be dedicated to the mind itself. The mind is the man, and the knowledge of the mind. . . . Knowledge itself is more beautiful than any apparel of words that can be put upon it.

Bacon's Works: The Essays. That these words were not idle, but the expression of his deepest idealism, Bacon's career as a writer and his influence on English thought give ample proof. His active life, in service of the state, was filled with heavy responsibilities. With this most men would have been content, but not Bacon. To him, active life was but a prelude to the life of the mind, capable of aiding and stimulating, but not an end in itself. The greater his burden of official work, the more brightly the study lamp burned and the greater the product in essays and books in no way connected with the office of Attorney General or Lord Chancellor.

The most widely known of Bacon's works, the *Essays*, appeared in three editions. In the first, published in 1597, were only ten essays. In 1612 an enlarged edition appeared, and in 1625, the year before his death, the number of essays was increased to fifty-eight.

These essays were described by the



Eſſayes.

Religious Meditations.

Places of perſwaſion and
diſſwaſion.

Seene and allowed.

At London,
Printed for Humfrey Hooper, and are
to be ſold at the blacke Beare
in Chauncery Lane.
1597.

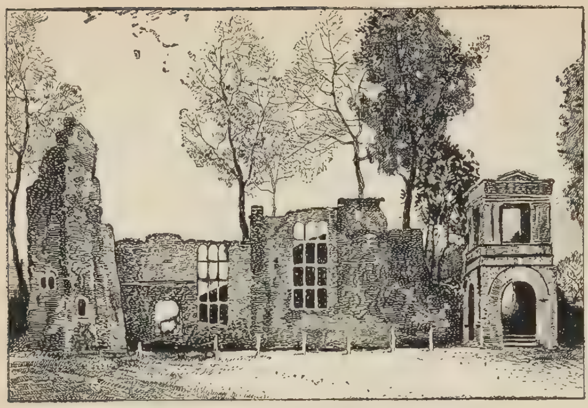
TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE ESSAYS

author as being "certain brief notes, set down significantly rather than curiously," by which he meant that his purpose was not to write in finished literary style, but to record those observations on men and matters that he regarded as significant. The result is that an essay by Bacon is very different from an essay by Charles Lamb. Bacon's essays are personal, of course, since they are made up of his own reflections on life, and they also reveal his own likes and dislikes. But they are not informal, chatty, discursive. They are so compact as sometimes to require very careful reading. They abound in witty sayings, aphorisms or proverbs that are packed with worldly wisdom, pregnant remarks that unlock the secret ways of personality. Like Shakespeare's Cassius, like Shakespeare himself, Bacon was able to look quite through the deeds of men.

The deeds of men, not their souls. It is here that Shakespeare towers above his great contemporary, in the power to pierce the innermost recesses of the soul. Bacon's was intellectual, not spiritual, insight. Amazing as was his accomplishment, there is something about his writings that discloses the reasons for his fall. He himself seems to have been aware of such a law of life, for he wrote, in one of his essays, that "overt and apparent virtues bring forth praise; but there be secret and hidden virtues that bring forth fortune; certain deliveries of a man's self, which have no name."

The essays cover a wide range. Many deal with the Architecture of Fortune, such as the essay on Fortune itself, from which we have just quoted, or the essays on Great Place, on Seeming Wise, on Boldness, and the like. Many deal with problems of state, such as the one on Unity in Religion, which points out very clearly the conditions in England that were leading toward disruption. Other political essays deal with colonies, empire, the true greatness of kingdoms, nobility. He has nothing to say of democracy or the rule of the people, though in other writings he told the King very plainly that he must come to an understanding with the representatives of the people in the Parliament. Another group of essays deals with human relations: love, friendship, marriage, parents and children. These are not romantic; he holds, for example, that love is more important on the stage than in real life. He writes also of travel, of studies, and of the search for truth, which he calls the sovereign good of human nature. His essay on gardens is filled with curious lore about flowers and trees. He writes of masques and court entertainments with full knowledge, mixed with some contempt. The last essay, on Vicissitudes of Things, shows his interest in the changes of fortune, changes of which he had first-hand experience.

Advancement of Learning. Despite his study of success and the distractions of his public career, the one great theme of all Bacon's thought and writing was the advancement of learning. His letter to Burghley, already quoted, had stated this theme. At the very time when he was struggling for position he continued to give thought to it, and in 1605 he published a



RUINS OF BACON'S HOME NEAR ST. ALBANS

survey of learning with proposals for new work that contained in solution the greater part of what he was to develop in all his later writings.

The book is divided into two parts. The first treats "Of the excellency of learning and knowledge"; the second, "Of what has been done for the advancement of learning, with the defects of the same." Since he was here writing, not a series of "brief notes of instruction," as in the essays, but what were in effect eloquent addresses in praise of learning, the organization of his material and the style are carefully wrought; and the book shows something of the care for easy intelligibility which is a mark of modern prose. In the first part, he points out certain ways in which learning has come to be disregarded by practical men. In the second part, which is most important from his point ofview, he shows what ought to be done to reduce the "province" of knowledge to order and to make it an effective aid to better living.

The unlearned man, he says, "knows not what it is to descend into himself." There can be no advancement in learning except through investigation, which means asking questions; "for a faculty of wise interrogating is half a knowledge." He distinguishes among students. There is the mere believer or note-taker, the student who receives passively what he is told. There is the fact-collector, without any idea of asking questions about the meaning of his facts. The true type of student is the one who tests what he reads, what he is told, and what he finds out for himself. Such a student collects information, and then keeps his attention fixed on the material until he sees its meaning. "The first distemper of learning," Bacon says, "is where men study words and not matter."

Bacon's definition of a liberal education is worth remembering. "The good of the mind," he says, "consisteth in this, to make the mind sound, and without perturbation; beautiful, and graced with decency; and strong and agile for all duties of life." It rests on freedom, "for there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne or chair of state in the spirits and souls of men . . . but knowledge and learning."

With these mere hints of the eloquence and wisdom of Bacon's remarks about learning, we are ready to consider his plan. This plan, implicit in *The Advancement of Learning*, he elaborated in a long series of philosophical works that continued to appear in the midst of his career as a statesman and after his fall.

The essence of the plan is this. In former times, men had theorized about nature on the basis of very superficial acquaintance with facts. They knew little about the earth, which they mistakenly thought to be the center of the universe. They made few discoveries and inventions: gunpowder, the compass, and printing were the only considerable examples of what Bacon believed could be done on a vast scale if only men would give up theory and try to discover the laws of nature.

In his own time a change was coming over men's attitude toward nature. Discovery and exploration were teaching reality about the earth's surface. Copernicus and Galileo had discovered some of the secrets of the planetary system. Men were also finding out facts previously unknown about the human body—the circulation of the blood, for example.

Therefore Bacon stressed the questioning of nature, by which he meant collecting and interpreting facts. This he urged partly because of his zeal for learning, and partly because he believed that inventions and discoveries would result that would alter human living. This work should be done by collaboration; large numbers of observers, in different parts of the earth, should coöperate to discover the facts of nature and the application of these facts to life.

Thus *The Advancement of Learning* and the works which followed it mark an epoch. The Royal Society was a direct outgrowth of Bacon's ideas. That society influenced greatly the whole subsequent course of scientific investigation.

Summary. No brief sketch suffices to give an idea of the immense intellectual activity of this extraordinary man. "Thus have I made," he writes at the end of his *Advancement of Learning*, "a small globe of the intellectual world, as truly and faithfully as I could discover; with a note and description of those parts which seem to me not constantly occupate, or not well converted by the labor of man." Like Columbus, like Copernicus and Galileo, like the great explorers and colonizers, he dealt with a world. This is what he meant by saying that he had taken all knowledge to be his province. Great as was his place in the little world of the English court, his dominion over the intellectual world was more magnificent. For here he thought not on himself and his own fortune but on the advance of human civilization, and his career in this world of his discovery was not tragedy, but triumph.

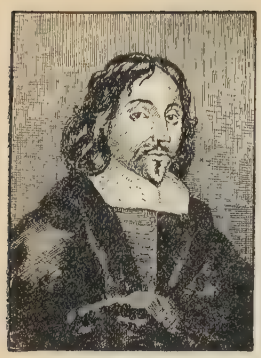
The Development of Modern Prose

Bacon's prose is distinguished for its eloquence and for its emphasis on matter rather than on style. He did not use rhetorical figures or fine phrases for the sake of literary effect; so his writing escaped many of the faults of the Elizabethans. But he was a learned man and wrote for men of learning, not for the ordinary reader. Many words in his vocabulary are not words in common use; he introduced many quotations from Latin literature; and he wrote so compactly that close attention is required in order to get his meaning. His style is not ours.

One of the great achievements of the seventeenth century is to be found in the fact that during that century English prose became an instrument for literary expression comparable with verse. To this development many things contributed. For one thing, the scope of prose was greatly extended. The essay, biography, history, letters, scientific writing—in all these forms men sought expression that should be adequate to the growing sense of fact. There were two main lines of development: the prose of learning, represented by Bacon and many others; and the prose of simple human interest, adapted to the needs of the great body of men and women to whom literature was coming more and more to appeal. Of the first kind of writing the works of Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne may be taken as examples; of the second, the unrivaled prose of the English Bible, which received its final form in the King James version of 1611, and the work of such writers as Izaak Walton, the genial angler.

Robert Burton (1577-1640). Little is known about the life of the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) except that for more than forty years he was a quiet Oxford scholar. His great book, however, reveals much of his personality. It is fundamentally a scientific inquiry into the definition, causes, symptoms, and properties of melancholy. It is based on an astonishing amount of reading, and introduces quotations from many languages. The subject interested people of the time—you remember Shakespeare's melancholy Jaques; and one of the best of Milton's early poems was devoted to the praise of melancholy. Burton's book, therefore, had a wide appeal. It is a fascinating study of certain aspects of human nature; it contains not a little humor, and it exhales the odor of learning. Probably the best part of it is the treatment of love melancholy. Few today care to read it continuously; it is one of the books that in spite of its subject is a pleasant companion for the chance moment of idleness.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682). The author of several of the most distinguished books of the century was a country physician who took great interest in books and writing. Browne was a man of immense learning in the classics, in scientific



SIR THOMAS BROWNE

writings of all ages, and in the history and intellectual currents of his own time. His *Religio Medici,* written about 1635, is a sort of autobiography which deals primarily with the religion of a doctor. It reveals a personality that was rich and deep. "Now for my own life," he says, "it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable." He continues:

> The world that I regard is myself, it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. . . . There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun.

Besides this book, Browne wrote two others of importance. One he called *Vulgar Errors;* it is an examination of many popular superstitions. The other, named *Urn Burial,* is an essay on modes of burial, inspired by the discovery of some prehistoric burial mounds near Norfolk. It contains many reflections upon death, fame, and immortality, together with some of the most beautifully modulated prose ever written.

The writings of Burton and Browne, like those of Bacon, represent, as we have seen, what may be called learned prose. In the works of these men, and many others like them, our literature was immeasurably enriched. About their pages hangs the flavor of personality, of age, of the charm attaching to old books and old friends. Their books are like houses that have been dwelt in for generations and have become saturated with the essences of many lives. But the taste for them must be acquired; they have little popular appeal; they are never to be numbered among the best sellers.

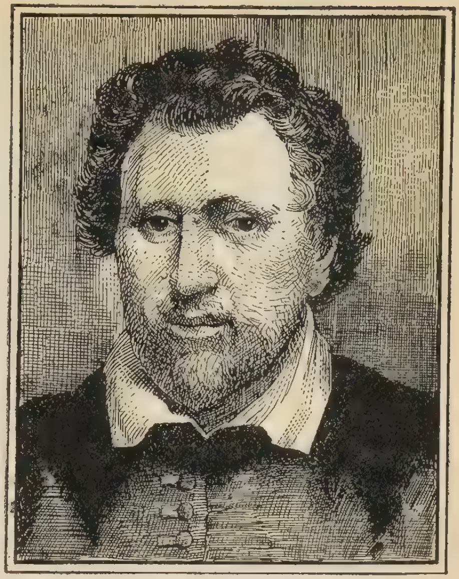
Izaak Walton (1593-1683). Something of the simplicity and directness of the style of the King James Bible is in the writings of Izaak Walton, one of the best loved of English writers. Born in an English village, he went to London as a youth and became a tradesman. He was a linen merchant for the greater part of his time, but he spent his holidays in fishing and wandering about the country. As a result he wrote a book as individual in its flavor as the books of Burton and Browne. Its title, *The Compleat Angler,* sufficiently describes its contents, for in it we find a mixture of angler's lore, personal reminiscence, and delightful philosophy. Besides this book, he wrote the first notable biographies in our literature, among them the lives of Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. John Donne, George Herbert, all of them men of distinction whom he knew intimately and admired. In his pages we find little of the unrest of the time. His motto was "Learn to be quiet," and the quiet beauty of a long and peaceful life shines through his pages.

THE DRAMA FROM 1600 TO THE CLOSING OF THE THEATERS

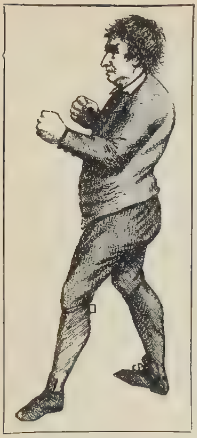
Ben Jonson (1573-1637). Although he was only nine years younger than Shakespeare and was associated with him in many ways, Ben Jonson represents many of the characteristics of the seventeenth century as contrasted with the exuberant romanticism of the Elizabethans. His stepfather, by whom he was brought up, was a bricklayer, but Ben had a good education and became a very learned man. He served in the British army in Flanders, returned to London to become an actor and a writer of plays, took part in a series of literary quarrels, became a sort of literary dictator, and was famous for the wit combats in which he engaged with Shakespeare and others at the Mermaid Tavern. We know much about his opinions from records of his conversations that have come down to us; and he wrote a series of prose essays in which he set forth his views on a great variety of subjects. He was famous for his learning, for his dramatic work in comedy and tragedy, for his masques or court entertainments written in the reign of King James, for his charming lyrics, and, above all, for his commanding and sturdy personality. He was the leader of a company of wits and writers known as the "Tribe of Ben"; he was called "rare Ben Jonson," and he made the Mermaid as famous as Chaucer's Tabard Inn.

Jonson as a Dramatist. We can best approach Jonson's work as a dramatist by contrasting his method with that of Shakespeare. As we have already seen, Shakespeare used old and familiar stories. These stories were romantic in plot, abounding in unusual or unreal situations. Into these situations he put people of extraordinary personality, highly individualized, complex, not simple in character. That is, he followed Marlowe and conformed to the spirit of his age in his liking for striking and heroic personalities; he did not, as a rule, give us carefully wrought studies of ordinary men and women such as we meet, for example, in the work of George Eliot.

Jonson, on the other hand, preferred to write of everyday life. His people are types, representative of thousands of others, not specialized or complex in character. This is not to say that they are not real. On the contrary, Jonson gives us a far clearer idea of the London of the time of Elizabeth and James than we get from Shakespeare. In his first great comedy, *Every Man in His Humour*, he introduces a group of people each of whom exhibits some eccentricity, or "humour," accentuated to such a degree that the "humour" seems to be the man. He puts these various types into action, that is, he invents a plot designed to exhibit their peculiarities. To do this he could not use the old stories dear to Shakespeare, but had to make plots of his own, suited to his characters.


"RARE BEN JONSON"

The method lent itself to satire. In his greatest comedies, such as *Volpone* or *The Alchemist*, he passed judgment on some of the follies and vices of his time. *Volpone* is a study in greed. The chief character is a personification of avarice in its most despicable form. He gives out word that he is about to die and that he is ready to leave his great wealth to the persons who win his attention in his dying moments. So various people, all inordinately greedy themselves, come with presents to the servant of Volpone. Some of them will sacrifice even personal honor on the chance of winning the old miser's wealth. In the end, Volpone overreaches himself, and meets disaster. In *The Alchemist*, the vice is similar, but it is here coupled with credulity. To get rich, people will believe any wild tale as to the road to sudden wealth. The alchemist, who is a very crafty impostor, trades on the gullibility of people who believe he possesses the power of turning base metals into gold. Here too is the procession of people who come in search of fortune.



DAVID GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGER IN THE ALCHEMIST

In both these comedies, and in others like them, Jonson held up to ridicule the follies of his own time. There is no romantic love story. The situations are often extremely humorous, but the laughter they evoke is not the good-natured laughter inspired by Falstaff or Touchstone. In his dramatic types, his plots, and his general air of realism, Jonson suggests the classical comedies of Plautus and Terence, not the romances of Peele and Greene and Shakespeare.

Jonson's Theory of His Art. This last remark gives us the clue to Jonson's method of writing comedy. His inspiration was classical. He ridiculed the loose structure, the impossible situations and unreal character of romantic drama. He uses the method of restraint; there is no exuberance or overflow of good spirits. He was classical, also, in his tragedies. *Sejanus*, the greatest of these, which was written in 1603, is very similar to *Macbeth* in theme. Sejanus commits crime after crime in order to attain his ambition for place and power. He is apparently successful. His head knocks against the stars. But the classical Nemesis, the fate that always lies in wait for those who are exalted by pride in their own greatness, overtakes the monster and at the moment of his greatest exaltation he falls to utter ruin. It is a tremendous and thrilling tragedy, but in method and effect it is utterly different from Shakespeare's tragedy of ambition.

The End of the Old Drama. Jonson strove valiantly to stem the tide of sensational romanticism that infected the drama of the seventeenth century, but he strove in vain. In place of the consistent and powerfully constructed dramas of Shakespeare, emphasis on the highly sensational scenes succeeded. The old sanity and wholesomeness departed. The audience changed. Instead of the crowd of people of every rank that thronged the theaters in Shakespeare's prime, gallants and jaded men of fashion predominated. The rank and file of people were thinking of other things. The rising tide of Puritanism, the growing troubles that were separating the court circle from the masses of Englishmen, the rebellion against levity and immorality and careless living, all produced their effect. Dramatic production went on unchecked, but the old inspiration had departed. Divorced from life, the drama lost the authority of great literature. In 1642, Parliament closed the theaters, and a great chapter in the history of English literature was ended.

Old and New Elements in Poetry

Poets were as numerous and their verses filled as many books in the seventeenth century as in the age of Elizabeth, yet with the exception of Milton's work, poetry was less important than prose. The growing sense of fact and the increase in the adaptability of prose to all forms of expression contributed to a decline in the poetic imagination. The fine rapture of the time when England was said to have been a nest of singing birds gave way to more prosaic years. Again, the religious and political controversies of the time produced a hurricane of pamphleteering, much doggerel, and some rimed satire, but they did not conduce to poetic achievement. Finally, the imagination transferred its workings to the new enthusiasm for science, deserting poetry almost altogether or appearing in strained and even diseased forms.

Chief Tendencies in Verse. Leaving out of account a group of men who wrote bulky epics or verse allegories in feeble imitation of Spenser, we may note the following characteristics of early seventeenth century verse:

(1) The reaction against convention, of which the poetry of John Donne is typical.

(2) The continuance of the lyric, now chiefly classical in style, by Jonson, Herrick, and the "Tribe of Ben." There were also songs of notable quality by a group of

court poets, and the religious lyrics of Herbert and others.

(3) The growth of a pseudo-classic theory of poetry, destined to come to perfection in the next century. Of this tendency Waller and Cowley are early examples.

John Donne (1573-1631). Ben Jonson said of Donne that he deserved hanging for his disregard of the laws of verse. During the early part of his life, he was a poet who wrote many love poems of a remarkable kind. Later he took orders and became Dean of St. Paul's, where his sermons gained for him a great reputation. He was a man of learning—he speaks of his "immoderate desire of human learning and languages"—and he was famed as a wit. Both his learning and his wit are apparent in his poetry.

Yor very true frind and
humble servant in Chr: Jes:
J. Donne

DONNE'S SIGNATURE

Donne rebelled against the conventions of the sonnet writers about the hard-hearted lady, icily pure, golden-haired and blue-eyed, whose pleasure was in the writhings of her disappointed lovers. He abandoned the conventional figures and substituted new ones, many of them drawn from sources that had not been thought poetic. So tired was he of verse about Cupid that he said,

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the god of love was born.

If he could do this, he continues, he is sure that he would find out that many of the fine things said by the sonnet writers are not true. Not all of Donne's lyrics are scornful of love, but even in those which express sincere sentiment he says witty things rather than things conventionally pretty. He is also to be remembered for his descriptive poems, such as "The Storm" and for some religious and philosophical poems, such as the splendid sonnet on Death.

Jonson and Herrick. The dramatic work of Ben Jonson has already been discussed. He also wrote some prose essays (*Timber*) on style and poetry, and on men and conduct. His theories of poetry, like his plays, are based on the classics. The notes about his contemporaries contain tributes to Shakespeare, Bacon, and others that are remarkable for truth and felicity of phrase. The most famous of his lyrics are contained in *Underwoods*, published in 1640. Among these are some of the most charming songs in our literature.

Robert Herrick, who was "sealed of the Tribe of Ben," was born in 1591 and died in 1674. Like Donne, he was both poet and preacher. He took no part in the controversies of the time, but wrote, instead, of country festivals, flowers and country maidens, the passing of the seasons and of all beauty. His poems were collected under two titles, *Hesperides*, which consists of secular lyrics, and *Noble Numbers*, a collection of religious lyrics. These collections contain about twelve hundred poems, most of which are very short.

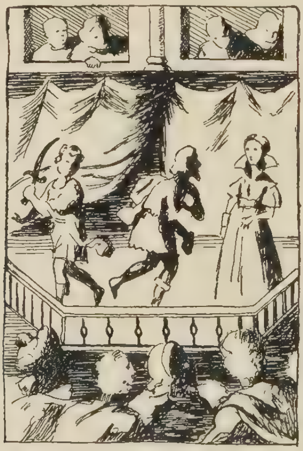
Cavalier Lyrists. To the group of court poets who wrote songs and lyrics during the reign of Charles I belong Thomas Carew, Richard Lovelace, and Sir John Suckling. These men are remembered for a very few poems which were by-products of gay and sometimes adventurous lives at court or in the king's service. Their subject is courtly love, which they treat with lightness and grace. They had wealth, high social position, and royal favor. One of them, Suckling, was a soldier of fortune who fought on many fields, returned to London to live in great splendor, fled to the continent when the King was overthrown, and poisoned himself at the age of thirty-four. Another, Lovelace, was famed for his personal beauty, spent his time in reading Greek poetry and in practicing swordsmanship, and died, poverty stricken, in a cellar. Their lives speak the gallantry and the tragedy of those stern times, and the poems that have come down to us are flowers carelessly thrown aside by men occupied with other things.

George Herbert (1593-1633). In contrast to the easy-going though graceful religious poetry of Herrick is a body of sacred verse marked by an intensity of feeling that Herrick never revealed. The poets who wrote this verse, George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, and Richard Crashaw, were not themselves Puritans, but they displayed qualities closely akin to the self-examination, conviction of sin, and religious rapture of a mystical faith. The best known of the group is Herbert, who received a good education, planned a career at court, and after a period of waiting for preferment that did not come, entered the church. His life was short, but he wrote about two hundred poems, which were published a little before his death under the name of *The Temple.* Some of these poems attain high lyric beauty; some make undue use of fanciful and overstrained figures; all of them are marked by deep sincerity rising at times to tragic intensity of feeling.

Waller and Cowley. Edmund Waller (1605-1687) wrote a few admirable lyrics and also some poems in which the heroic couplet was used with something of the manner later perfected by Dryden and Pope. He had a great reputation in his own day, but he was so far surpassed, in his distinctive "classicism," by later poets that he is almost forgotten today. Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) wrote a collection of love poems filled with the conventionalities that Donne detested, a collection of odes that attracted much attention in their own day; and some admirable essays.

Summary. The great achievement of that part of the seventeenth century which preceded the Restoration was in prose. The work of Bacon has remained one of the most powerful formative influences in modern life; the English Bible became our greatest classic; and in the writings of Browne and Walton we have highly contrasted patterns both filled with human interest. Dramatic writing reached a second climax in the work of Ben Jonson, but soon became marked by the fever of disease and perished for a time. In poetry an extraordinary amount of highly finished, carefully elaborated verse was produced, but it lacked the high seriousness of genius, and, with a few exceptions, was divorced from the deeper currents of the age.

We now turn to the last of the great writers of the Renaissance, John Milton, who combined the elements of that great age with strands that reached back to medievalism, and who was also deeply rooted in the new thought of his own time.



COPY OF FIRST ILLUSTRATION OF AN ENGLISH STAGE, 1632

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1620–1671)

ENGLISH LITERATURE	OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
	1620. Pilgrims land at Plymouth, Massachusetts
1621. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*	
1622. *The Weekly News*, the first regular newspaper	
1623. *First Folio*, Shakespeare's complete works	
	1625–1649. Charles I
1628. Bunyan born	
	1629–1640. Charles I governs without a Parliament
1632-1633. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* written	
1633. Herbert's *The Temple*	
1634. *Comus* acted	
	1637–1638. John Hampden tried for refusing to pay ship-money
1638. *Lycidas*	
	1640. Long Parliament meets
1642. Browne's *Religio Medici*	1642. Civil War breaks out between Charles and Parliament Theaters closed by Parliament
1644. Milton's *Areopagitica*	
1648. Herrick's *Hesperides*	
	1649. Charles tried and executed. Republic proclaimed. Cavalier migration to Virginia
	1649–1660. Commonwealth
1653. Walton's *Compleat Angler*	
1658. Browne's *Urn Burial*	
	1660. Restoration of the Stuarts. Charles II proclaimed King
	1666. Great Fire in London
1667. *Paradise Lost*	
1671. *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*	

SELECTIONS FROM THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

I. PROSE: BACON AND JONSON

OF TRUTH

FRANCIS BACON

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it that men should love lies where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the lovemaking or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth

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1. **Pilate.** See *John* xviii, 38. Pilate was puzzled (or possibly scornful), not jesting. 3. **that,** those who. 7. **philosophers of that kind,** the Skeptics in ancient Greece. They denied that knowledge is attainable by man. 8. **discoursing,** rambling. 15. **imposeth,** places restrictions.

44. **fathers,** early writers of the church. 45. **vinum daemonum,** wine of devils; from St. Augustine's *Confessions.* 61. **creature,** creation.

light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea, a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene) *and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below*—so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business: It will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver; which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge—saith he, *If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much to say as that he is brave toward God and a coward toward men.* For a lie faces God and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold that, when Christ cometh, *he shall not find faith upon the earth.*

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

Francis Bacon

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. It is a poor center of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth; for that only stands fast upon his own center, whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the center of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes or states choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessary. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost.

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2. **poet,** Lucretius (96-55 B. C.), a Roman poet of the "sect" of Epicureans, who were popularly believed to have considered pleasure the chief end of life. 15. **so,** provided. 25. **round,** honest. 29. **embaseth,** lowers in value. 36. **Montaigne,** Michel (1533-1592), a French writer, the "father" of the essay. **prettily,** excellently.

50-51. **he . . . earth.** See *Luke*, xviii, 8. 53. **shrewd,** mischievous. 61. **It is right earth,** it may justly be compared to the earth. 62. **his,** its. 63-64. **all . . . heavens,** the sun, moon, and stars. Bacon is thinking of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, which made all of these move about the earth as a center. 69. **is at the peril of,** affects. 74. **crooketh,** perverts. 76. **eccentric to,** at variance with. 80. **accessary,** subordinate.

It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which—as Cicero says of Pompey—are *sui amantes sine rivali*, are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of Fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

OF DISPATCH

Francis Bacon

Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call pre-digestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not dispatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races it is not the large stride or high lift that makes the speed, so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth dispatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of dispatch. But it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion: *Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.*

On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing. For time is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small dispatch: *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna: Let my death come from Spain;* for then it will be sure to be long in coming.

Give good hearing to those that give the first information in business; and rather direct them in the beginning than interrupt them in the continuance of their speeches, for he that is

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10. **bias,** a plug of lead in a bowling ball. It keeps the ball from rolling in a straight line. 15. **after . . . fortune,** i.e., slight. 19. **as,** that. 20. **and,** if. 34. **shed tears,** an old fiction about crocodiles. 38. **sui amantes sine rivali,** lovers of themselves without a rival. 45. **pinioned,** clipped, so that she could not fly away.

46. **Affected,** excessively desired. 51. **crudities,** indigestion. 54. **business,** any affair that requires care and attention. Bacon is thinking of conferences, not of mercantile pursuits. 61. **false periods,** transactions that appear to be completed, but which in reality are not. 62. **because,** so that. 68. **man,** perhaps Sir Amyas Paulet.

put out of his own order will go forward and backward, and be more tedious while he waits upon his memory than he could have been if he had gone on in his own course. But sometimes it is seen that the moderator is more troublesome than the actor.

Iterations are commonly loss of time; but there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the state of the question; for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth. Long and curious speeches are as fit for dispatch as a robe or mantle with a long train is for race. Prefaces, and passages, and excusations, and other speeches of reference to the person are great wastes of time; and though they seem to proceed of modesty, they are bravery. Yet beware of being too material when there is any impediment or obstruction in men's wills; for preoccupation of mind ever requireth preface of speech, like a fomentation to make the unguent enter.

Above all things, order, and distribution, and singling out of parts is the life of dispatch—so as the distribution be not too subtle; for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business, and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business: the preparation, the debate or examination, and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for dispatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat conceived in writing doth for the most part facilitate dispatch; for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

OF STUDIES

Francis Bacon

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made

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6. **moderator**, presiding officer. 7. **actor**, the person making the report of his activities. 13. **curious**, highly elaborated. 16. **passages**, quotations. **excusations**, apologies. 20. **bravery**, show or ostentation. **being too material**, sticking too closely to essentials. 24. **fomentation**, the applying of hot towels. 41. **somewhat**, something.

50. **privateness**, privacy. 53. **expert**, experienced. 56. **plots**, plans. 62. **humor**, whim. 65. **proyning**, pruning. 69. **simple**, foolish. 70. **admire**, wonder at. 72. **that**, the use of them. **without**, beyond. 82. **curiously**, attentively.

of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores;* if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

DE SHAKESPEARE NOSTRATI

BEN JONSON

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat,*" as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too! Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in person of Caesar, one speaking to him, "Caesar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

DOMINUS VERULAMIUS

BEN JONSON

One, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth.

Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest,

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1. **would**, should. 2. **arguments**, contents or subject-matter. 5. **flashy**, tasteless. 10. **present wit**, quick mind. 13. **poets, witty**, poetry makes men fanciful. 14. **natural philosophy**, physics. 15. **moral**, i.e., moral philosophy. 16. **Abeunt studia in mores**, studies become habits; from Ovid's *Heroides*, Book xv. 18. **stond**, hindrance. **wit**, natural ability. 22. **reins**, kidneys. 31. **schoolmen**, the teachers in European universities from the eleventh century to the Reformation. 32. **cymini sectores**, splitters of cummin seed, one of the finest seeds; hence, hair-splitters.

Title. **De Shakespeare Nostrati**, Concerning Shakespeare of Our Country.

52. **phantasy**, creative imagination. 53. **brave notions**, excellent ideas. 56. **Sufflaminandus erat**, he should have been checked. 57. **Augustus** (27 B.C. – 14, A.D.), the first Roman emperor. **Haterius**, a Roman jurist. 59. **rule**, control.

Title. **Dominus Verulamius**, Baron Verulam (Francis Bacon).

was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end.

DE STILO, ET OPTIMO SCRIBENDI GENERE

Ben Jonson

For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the froward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing. Yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it, as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course as stir his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach, thither it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself; as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so ofttimes get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavor by their own faculties, so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves and are familiar

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2. **pressly,** compactly.
Title. **De Stilo,** etc., On Style and the Best Kind of Writing. 22. **either,** each. 35. **consequence,** sequence of ideas.

41. **fetch their race largest,** take the longest initial run. 44. **loose,** release (noun). 77. **even,** as tall. **eminent,** taller.

with the best authors shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly; and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. These selections from Bacon and Jonson illustrate the beginnings of the English essay as a literary form. Both writers are alike in their mastery of learning, in their uncompromising intellectual honesty, and in their power to compress weighty thought into brief space. Their learning was based on the classics. Their intellectual honesty led them to say what they thought was the truth instead of saying merely conventional and pleasant things. Their condensed style makes it hard, sometimes, to get at their meaning, but this meaning is worth the effort that it costs. These few pages will test to the utmost your power to read intelligently.

2. For Bacon, re-read what was said of the *Essays* on pages 202-203. The four essays here given are printed in the order in which they appear in the last edition (1625) published during Bacon's lifetime, but the first essay ("Of Truth") first appeared in 1625, the second and third in 1612, and the last ("Of Studies") in 1597. The essay on "Truth" contains some of his maturest thought; the second and third represent his study of "the Architecture of Fortune," just before he attained worldly success; while the essay on "Studies" reflects his saying, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," and foreshadows his *Advancement of Learning*.

3. The selections from Jonson are from a small work first published, after its author's death, in 1641. To this work he gave the name *Timber*, a term which he defines by saying that he is here dealing with "the raw materials of facts and thoughts." Thus there is a similarity in purpose between Jonson's prose pieces and the *Essays* of Bacon. Jonson's *Timber* was written at various times during the closing years of his life, and reflects his exact knowledge of the classics and his keen judgment of men.

Questions and Topics

Of Truth. 1. In this essay Bacon uses the word "truth" in three senses. After a brief introduction in which he criticizes those who delight in "giddiness" (from the Latin, meaning "in a whirl of thoughts") or mere opinion without settled faith or exact knowledge, he contrasts truth in the sense of fact (as historical or scientific fact, for example) with "lies," or the products of the imagination. These "lies" are either false valuations of life ("masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world"), or such fictions as poets, novelists, and dramatists create in their imaginations. In the second part of the essay he discusses the search for truth in the sense of research and investigation. The scholar is engaged in such a search, or any other earnest seeker after truth as against ignorance and falsehood. In the last division he speaks of truth or sincerity in the ordinary business and social relations of life. Read the essay with this outline in mind, and mark the points of transition from one topic to another.

2. Define "lie" in the sentence, "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." The two sentences of the essay that follow give illustrations, one from ordinary life and the other from poetry. Express the meaning of these sentences in your own words. In the light of these two sentences, explain what is meant by the next sentence, about the lies that do hurt.

3. Explain which of the three divisions of the essay the sentence about truth as the sovereign good of human nature illustrates. Distinguish the meaning of "inquiry," "knowledge," and "belief," in this sentence. Show how each word may be applied to the right method of preparing a lesson.

4. What is meant by his reference to "the first creature of God"? By "the works of the days"? To what part of the Bible does this entire sentence refer?

Of Wisdom for a Man's Self. 1. What type of man, according to Bacon, should not be chosen for public office? Why?

2. Can the highest success be won by the man who thinks only of himself? Name some examples from your reading of history or literature, or from business or political life of the

present or recent times, or from school life, which seem to illustrate Bacon's point. Name examples of men who have won fame or the love of their fellows through forgetfulness of self.

3. Of what part of the essay is the career of Macbeth an illustration?

Of Dispatch. 1. The modern word for what Bacon calls "dispatch" is "efficiency." What, then, is the theme of this essay?

2. Bacon is thinking of the transaction of public business, as in Parliament, or a committee meeting. Can what he says be applied to any organization that you know, or any branch of school work?

3. Distinguish between "affected dispatch" and "true dispatch." What does he mean by the advice "to iterate often the state of the question"? What sort of speech did Bacon dislike? Why? Can you think of examples of bad speeches, and of good, according to this standard? Apply the several sentences in this paragraph to the technique of effective debating.

4. What three things constitute the life of "dispatch"? Define each word with care. How may these three qualities be applied to a good composition?

Of Studies. 1. Note that while this essay is printed in a single paragraph, it really treats four subjects: the province of studies; studies and natural (untrained) ability; rules for studies; and studies as medicines or gymnastic exercises. Point out, by inserting the paragraph sign (¶) in your text, where these divisions occur.

2. What three words are used by Bacon to explain the province of studies? Define each of these words carefully. What does he mean by "expert men"? Look up "humor" in a dictionary, and discover how it came to have the meaning of "whim".

3. What are the three elements in education, as pointed out in the passage beginning, "They perfect nature"?

4. What rules for studies does Bacon give? Illustrate these rules by references to your own reading and study.

5. In what ways do studies supply gymnastic training for the mind? Illustrate by reference to the studies you are carrying on at the present time.

6. In the general introduction to this book, page 2, you will find some comments on this essay. Review this passage, and its connection with the theme of the value of studies, now that you have studied Bacon's essay.

De Shakespeare Nostrati. 1. What is the point Jonson makes about Shakespeare's writing? The passage from *Julius Caesar* that Jonson refers to is incorrectly quoted. See the play, Act II, Sc. i, lines 47-48. Jonson thinks the words are not in keeping with Caesar's real character. Do you agree with him? Did you find any line or lines in *Macbeth* that would substantiate Jonson's belief concerning parts of Shakespeare's writing?

2. What was Jonson's opinion of Shakespeare as a man?

Dominus Verulamius. What is Jonson's opinion of Bacon? Is this opinion borne out by the essays from Bacon in this volume? Is it borne out particularly by any one essay?

De Stilo, et Optimo Scribendi Genere. 1. Does Jonson's description of the difficulties of learning to write apply in any way to your experience? Be specific.

2. Is his description of the effect of reading on one's writing true according to your experience? Mention particular books.

3. Compare Jonson and Bacon as prose writers, as to subject, diction, sentence structure, vigor of thought, and display of emotion.

II. LYRICS

TO CELIA

Ben Jonson

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself but thee!

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

Ben Jonson

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark her forehead smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! Oh, so soft! Oh, so sweet is she!

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

Ben Jonson

Weep with me all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented,
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Ben Jonson

Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other, let it sleep with death!
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

DEATH

John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have calléd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;

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28. **nard**, spikenard, an aromatic plant. 29. **bag of the bee**, i.e., honey.

Title. **Salathiel Pavy**, a child actor who appeared in two of Jonson's plays. He died in 1601.

11. **filled zodiacs**, full years. 15. **Parcae**, the Fates.

And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die!

SWEETEST MELANCHOLY

John Fletcher

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixéd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley—
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

TO ANTHEA

Robert Herrick

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

NIGHT PIECE TO JULIA

Robert Herrick

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

8. **Rest . . . delivery.** This line is in apposition with "thee" in line 7. 11. **poppy,** the emblem of sleep because it contains opium. 12. **swell'st,** i.e., with pride.

Sweetest Melancholy. 6. **melancholy,** a sober contemplation of life.

To Anthea. 2. **protestant,** one who protests (that he loves thee).

CHERRY-RIPE

Robert Herrick

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

TO DAFFODILS

Robert Herrick

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Robert Herrick

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

VIRTUE

George Herbert

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Virtue. 2. **bridal,** marriage. 5. **angry,** red. **brave,** gaudy. 14. **gives,** deteriorates.

SONG

Thomas Carew

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixéd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

ON A GIRDLE

Edmund Waller

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Edmund Waller

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

Sir John Suckling

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her—
The devil take her!

---

3. **your beauty's orient deep**, wondrous brightness of your beauty. 4. **as in their causes**, i.e., as if the roses in her cheek were the cause of the red in the rose. 16. **sphere**, an allusion to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Each planet was thought to be fixed in a sphere which moved and thus gave motion to the planet. 18. **phoenix . . . nest.** In Egypt, the phoenix was fabled to live 500 years and to build its nest out of aromatic shrubs.

On a Girdle. 6. **pale**, boundary, circle.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honor more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

Richard Lovelace

When Love with unconfinéd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and drafts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When—like committed linnets—I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

BERMUDAS

Andrew Marvell

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where the huge sea-monster wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land,

Title. **To the Wars**, to one of the struggles of the Civil War (1642–1648), in which Lovelace fought on the Royalist side.

Title. **Prison**, Gatehouse Prison, into which Lovelace was thrown in 1642 for presenting to the Commons a Royalist petition in favor of the King. 10. **allaying**, diluting. **Thames**, water (from the Thames River). 14. **drafts**, i.e., of wine. 20. **king**, Charles I, whom the Commons beheaded in 1649.

23. **Enlargéd**, at large, at liberty. **curl**, curl it into waves.

Bermudas. 1. **remote Bermudas.** The Bermuda Islands, southeast of Cape Hatteras, seemed far from England in that day. Marvell has reference to the voyages of John Oxenbridge (1608-1674), an English clergyman. He returned to England in 1641. 8. **far kinder.** Oxenbridge had been dismissed from the ministry, because he departed from the established forms. 14. **enamels**, makes beautiful. 20. **Ormus**, an ancient city of fabulous wealth on the Persian Gulf. 26. **Lebanon**, a mountain range in southern Syria, famous for its cedars.

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore;
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
'Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence—perhaps—rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sang they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

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28. **ambergrease**, ambergris, a waxy substance often found on the shore in these regions; it is highly valuable in perfumes.

36. **Mexique Bay**, the Gulf of Mexico.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

1. Which of Jonson's poems is sweetest? Most graceful? Which of them praises the subject of the poem most eloquently? Quote passages.

2. What thought is developed in the sonnet on "Death"? What emotion runs through it? Compare the thought and feeling with those in Jonson's epitaphs; with those in Raleigh's "Epilogue" (page 112). Compare this poem as a sonnet type with the sonnets on pages 127-129. What characteristics of the Italian form do you find? Of the English? (See Explanatory Note 1, page 129.)

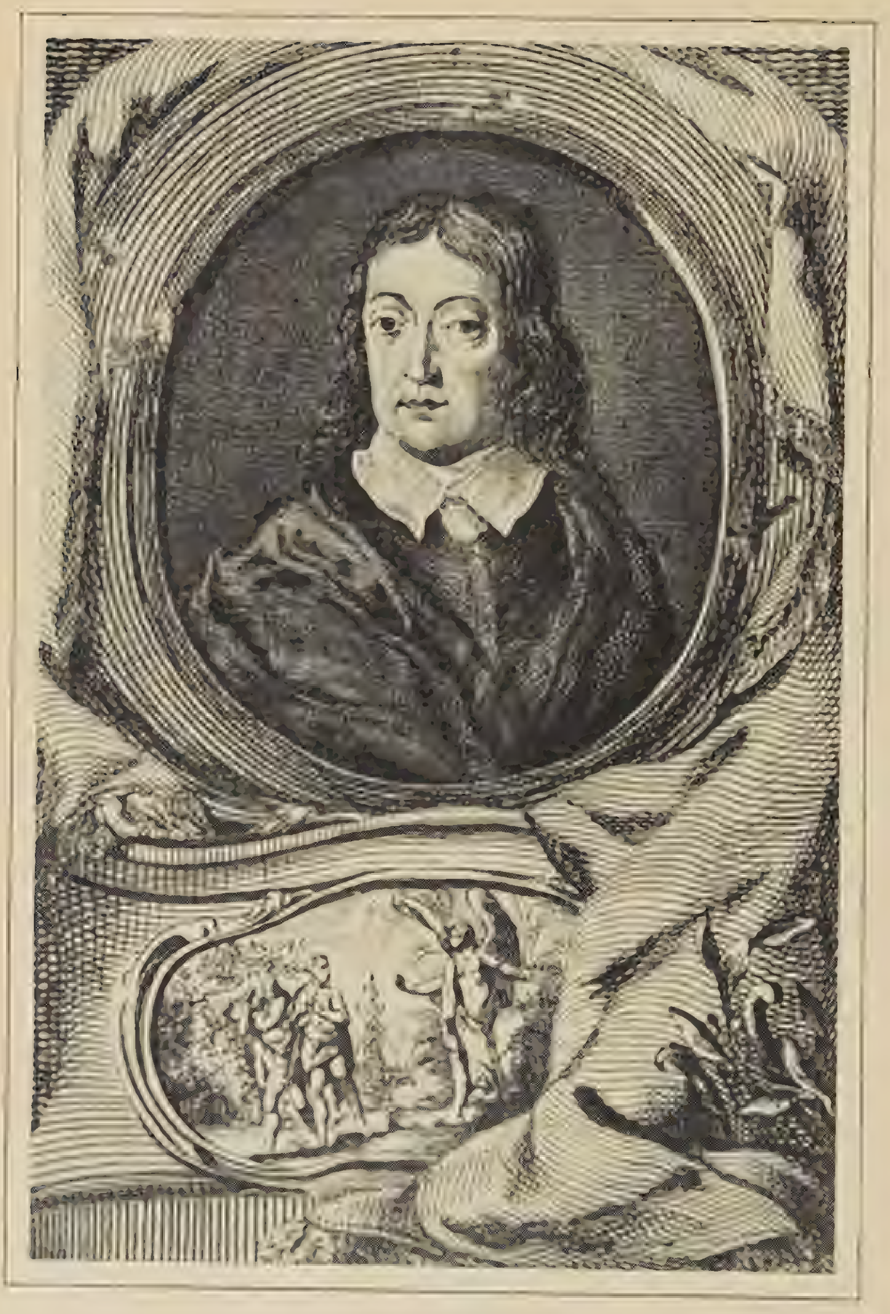
3. How does Fletcher's "melancholy" differ from the feeling today that goes by the same name? Is the description in the second stanza appropriate for his feeling? Quote passages to illustrate.

4. Describe each of Herrick's poems by an appropriate adjective, such as *gay*, *pensive*, etc. Quote lines particularly typical of the poet's mood. Are his feelings generally light and graceful, or deep and intense? Quote to illustrate. Compare his "Cherry-ripe" with Campion's poem of the same name (page 125).

5. Do the poems by Herbert, Carew, and Waller seem to differ in any respects from the Elizabethan lyrics you have read?

6. Carew, Suckling, and Lovelace are sometimes grouped together as "Cavalier Poets." How does Suckling's attitude toward a sweetheart differ from Herrick's (in "To Anthea," page 221)? Which is the manlier? What stanzas of Lovelace express a tender gallantry?

7. In Marvell's "Bermudas," what parts of the picture of the islands would no longer be true? How does the mood of this poem compare with that of Herbert or Herrick?



JOHN MILTON

CHAPTER VIII

MILTON

Milton and His Times.

Milton's First Period: Education—The Early Poems—The Italian Journey.

In the Service of the Commonwealth: Milton's Poetry, 1640-1660—His View of a Liberal Education—Freedom of the Mind—Milton's Other Prose Works—Milton as Latin Secretary.

Paradise Lost: Milton's Idea of Poetry—The Choice of a Theme—The Story—Scene of the Action—The Characters—Milton's Epic Style—The Meaning of the Poem.

Milton's Last Works: *Paradise Regained—Samson Agonistes*—Summary.

Milton and His Times. The life of Milton touched three periods in English history. When he was born, in 1608, Shakespeare was still writing plays filled with the last glow of Elizabethan romanticism. His middle years saw civil war, and he turned aside from poetry in order to contribute his aid to the cause of liberty. Before he completed his great epic, the Restoration had brought a period of cynical reaction from the high idealism of former years. When he died, in 1674, a new school of English literature was dominant, destined to rule for a century, and producing work that differed greatly from that which had gone before. These changing times were all reflected in Milton's work. The distinction of that work was recognized in his own time and has been recognized, in varying degrees, by all subsequent times. He is one of the great classics of our literature, and, besides, he was a great man. His life and his writings are inseparably connected.

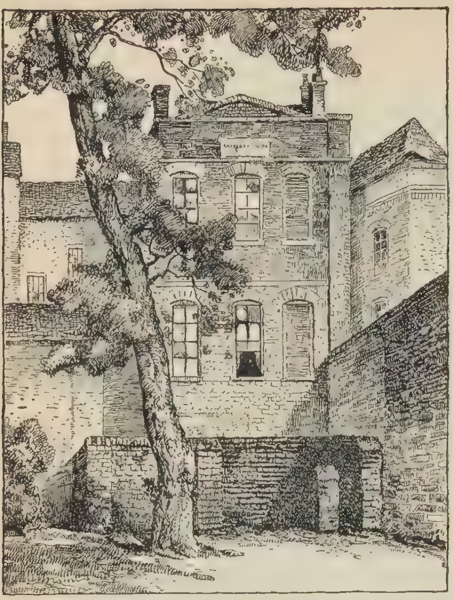
Milton's First Period

Like Chaucer and Spenser, Milton was London born. His father was a scrivener, or law stationer, whose leisure was devoted to books and music. The child that was born on the ninth of December, 1608, came into a home filled with the atmosphere of poetry and learning, and from his earliest years he was encouraged in noble studies. To his father he wrote in later years his gratitude. Not only had he been able to master the languages and literatures of Greece, Rome, Italy, and France, but, he continues,

> Afterwards, whatever the sky holds, or mother earth under the sky, or the air of heaven between; whatever the wave hides, or the restless marble of the sea—of all this through you I am enabled to learn, through you, if I care to learn.

Education. At home the boy Milton was taught music, and learned to read the master works of English literature. His formal schooling was gained at St. Paul's. Even as a boy, we are told, "he sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night, and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him, and in those years composed many copies of verses which might well become a riper age." At Christ's College, Cambridge, "he was a very good student . . . and performed all his exercises . . . with very good applause." Yet he was human enough, and on one occasion, sent home for some infraction of the college rules, he wrote to a friend that he preferred independent study mingled with the freedom of home life:

> I have time now to give to the tranquil Muses. My books, my very life, claim me wholly. When I am weary, the pomp of the theater with its sweeping pall awaits me, and the garrulous stage invites me to its own applause. . . . But I do not stay indoors always; I do not let the spring slip by unused. I visit the neighboring parks, thick-set with elms, or the noble shade of some suburban place. There often one may see the virgin bands go



MILTON'S EARLY HOME IN LONDON

past, stars breathing bland fires. Ah, how many times have I stood stupefied before the miracle of some gracious form, such as might give old Jove his youth again.

The Early Poems. The paragraph just quoted is an excellent commentary on "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," poems written a few years later, when he had returned from Cambridge and was living at his father's country place at Horton, near London. This was in 1632, and for five years Milton remained in studious retirement. He was unwilling to enter the church or to study law; a career as a writer seemed to his father too uncertain, but the father was wise enough not to force the youth to decide hastily. Already in Cambridge he had written several poems, one of them an ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," filled with lovely measures and also suggesting, in its theme of the expulsion of all pagan deities by the advent of Christ, something of the thought that was to permeate the great poems of his later years.

Besides "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," studies in the contrasted moods that visited him during this time of learned leisure, Milton wrote a masque named *Comus*, and a pastoral elegy, "Lycidas." Both were distinguished examples of work in types of poetry long familiar. Ben Jonson, for example, had written many masques that were produced at court early in the seventeenth century. The masque differs from the drama in that it is mainly lyric, has little action, is presented by amateurs and not professional actors, and usually adapts some classical theme to the celebration of some great occasion, such as a state wedding. There was opportunity for the introduction of a considerable number of actors, ladies and gentlemen of the court, and dance and song increased the beauty of the performance, taking the place of the intricate plot of the usual dramatic story. These characteristics may be seen in *Comus*, which was written in 1634, in collaboration with the court musician, Henry Lawes, to celebrate the inauguration of the Earl of Bridgewater as the Lord Deputy of Wales. The parts of the lady and her brother were taken by members of the Bridgewater family. The story, which is slight, tells of the way in which the lady, lost in the woods, falls into the power of an enchanter. Her brothers search for her, and she is at last rescued, having been protected by her own purity. The noble lines in praise of chastity and the power of virtue, the noble insistence on the freedom of the mind—

> Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind—

show the ethical wholesomeness characteristic of all Milton's poetry, while the music of the verse proved, thus early, his authentic gift of song.

In "Lycidas," the last poem of the Horton period, we have the finest of English pastorals. The poem commemorates the death of a young Cambridge poet who was preparing for the church, and its theme is the power and sanctity of poetry in times when the church was worldly and corrupt. Following the old Greek tradition, Milton identifies the poet and the shepherd; with this symbolism he combines one suggested by the parable of the Good Shepherd in the Bible. This blending of classical and Christian elements is characteristic of Milton, and it is here expressed in language of such beauty that "Lycidas" has been called "the high-water mark of English poetry."

The Italian Journey. In a letter to an unknown friend, written during the Horton period, Milton speaks of his delay in entering upon his life-work. This, he says, is not due to lack of ambition; he has the "desire of honor and repute and immortal fame, seated in the breast of every true scholar," but in the parable of the talents he finds a teaching that advises full and careful preparation. He who follows that great commandment, he says,

> does not press forward, as soon as many do, to undergo, but keeps off, with a sacred and religious advisement how *best* to undergo, not taking thought of being *late*, so it gives advantage to be more *fit;* for those that came latest lost nothing when the Master of the vineyard came to give each one his hire.

The same idea is expressed in his famous sonnet on his twenty-third year, in which he speaks of his late attainment of that "inward ripeness" that marks more "timely-happy spirits":

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
  It shall be still in strictest measure even
  To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
  All is, if I have grace to use it so,
  As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

Thus richly endowed by nature, a lover of learning and poetry, a lover also of the beautiful, he resolved to perfect his preparation by a period of study and travel in Italy. In 1638 he began his journey; he remained for a time in France, and then went on to the country of Dante and Petrarch and Galileo, the ancient home, too, of Vergil, patron of the poets of the Renaissance. Yielding to the spell of Italy's witchery, he wrote a series of love sonnets in Petrarch's language and style. A little later, as we learn from some Latin poems, he was meditating an epic about "the Trojan ships that passed along our Kentish coast, . . . and the colonists who settled at last in Armorica under British laws." He had long meditated some supreme poetical achievement; his first thought of a subject was that it should deal with Arthur and the founding of Britain, as Vergil had sung of Aeneas and the founding of Rome.

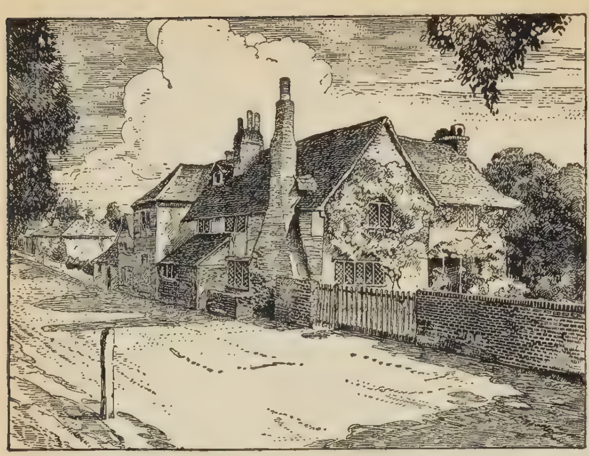
His studies were interrupted by the news of the approach of civil war at home. He promptly returned to England, thinking it ignoble to be traveling at ease in foreign lands while his countrymen were striking a blow for freedom.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Milton's Poetry, 1640-1660. Milton's defense of English liberty was wrought with the pen, not with the sword. During the twenty years between his return from Italy and the Restoration he wrote little poetry excepting a few sonnets. These were autobiographical or were addressed to various leaders, or were on subjects connected with the struggle for liberty. In them he achieved the same distinction, in brief flights of song, that he had manifested in the longer poems of the Horton period. During this time, also, he meditated on his ambition to write a great English epic. A list of subjects, drawn up about 1641, shows that he was hesitating between a theme based on early British history and one drawn from the Bible. He also hesitated, for a time, between epic and tragedy.

But the attention that Milton could give to his poetry during those twenty years was slight. The years were filled with other activities. His meditations, carried on almost without consciousness, were far removed from the active business that filled his days. Still, the soil was being prepared. His mind, lying fallow, became mature and rich, and when the time at last came, he was ready. For a man prepares to accomplish a great work in two ways. One way is apparent and active; what he does leads step by step to the masterpiece. The other way is indirect, the result of gradual enrichment, a process carried on, seemingly, almost without his being aware.

His View of a Liberal Education. Soon after his return from Italy, Milton began teaching a few pupils. His own training, as we have seen, had been unusual, and he thought much upon the character of a liberal education. Some of his thoughts he put into a pamphlet *On Education*, issued in 1641. Here he defined a liberal education as "that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnani-



MILTON'S HOME IN THE VILLAGE OF CHALFONT ST. GILES

mously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." That is, a man is not to seek knowledge for his own individual satisfaction, nor is he to seek knowledge for the sake of earning a living thereby. The purpose is citizenship—service of the state, whether through holding office in the state or as a private in the ranks. And his performance of his duties as a citizen is to be marked by justice, by skill, and by greatness of mind.

Freedom of the Mind. In a single line in *Comus* Milton had summed up the fundamental principle of the Renaissance, intellectual freedom. The Enchanter apparently had the lady in his power. All about were the beasts into which through his sorcery he had turned his victims. Tyranny has power over the bodies of its captives, but not over their souls:

> Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind.

Of this intellectual freedom Milton, throughout his life, was a defender. In it political freedom was bound up, and religious freedom, and freedom of thought and speech.

In a prose tract named *Areopagitica* (1644), Milton defended the liberty of the press. At that time no book could be published legally until it had been passed upon by censors appointed by the government. In calmer times no special difficulty resulted, for the approval was usually a mere matter of form. But in the times when Milton wrote his tract the law had been invoked to stifle discussion or to confine it within set limits. His conception of virtue was positive, not negative: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary." Liberty, to him was "strenuous." In a poem written near the end of his life he says that it is a mark of corruption and decay in a nation to love "bondage with ease" more than "strenuous liberty."

Yet freedom, to him, did not mean license, nor unrestrained individualism, nor loose and irresponsible thinking. "To be free," he says, "is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be frugal and abstinent, to be temperate and just, and lastly, to be magnanimous and brave." You notice here, once more, his emphasis on magnanimity, greatness of mind. The great man is broad-minded, not narrow and opinionated. The free development of the individual, and of the nation, means not merely the expansion of the horizon, the addition of new realms of knowledge or of territory, but "to have the mind present and operative in every quarter, to reject the blandishments of pleasure and the pomp of power." To attain it will require exertions "compared with which the labor of war is mere pastime, which will require every energy and employ every faculty, . . . which demand a man supported from above, and almost instructed by divine inspiration." Such freedom is to be attained only through discipline—"there is not that thing in the world of more grave and urgent importance throughout the whole life of man than is discipline."

The good citizen fights for liberty not merely when his country is in danger from foreign foes; liberty is "of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away."

Milton's Other Prose Works. Not all the passages quoted above come from the

Areopagitica; they illustrate the fact that the right definition of freedom was constantly in Milton's mind. Therefore he defended, in several tracts, the action of Parliament in the execution of Charles, for he held that in a free nation the king rules not by divine right but as the servant of the people. In part these essays were written in answer to certain foreign criticisms of English policy. In part they are autobiographical, giving a history of Milton's life and opinions. They are written in highly imaginative prose, and are often very eloquent, but they lack the simple clarity of the prose of Walton, and, later, of Dryden.

Milton as Latin Secretary. One of these tracts, *On the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,* was of such service that Milton was made Latin Secretary to the government. This office he held from 1649 to 1660. His chief duty was to carry on the diplomatic correspondence of Cromwell, this correspondence being in Latin. The work was exacting, and his eyes began to fail under the strain. Soon he lost the use of one eye, and was warned that a continuance of his work meant total blindness. It is characteristic of the man that he should say of his work, "Were it the meanest under-service, if God by his secretary conscience should enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back." He did not draw back, although he well knew the price he must pay. The great poem that he had planned was the result of no selfish ambition, but of what seemed to him a divine command. Blindness meant delay, possibly total destruction to his hopes. Yet when the crisis was upon him, he hesitated not a moment. His life conformed to the knightly ideal of loyalty and faith. "Every free and gentle spirit," he said, "ought to be born a knight."

In 1652 he became totally blind. His feelings are recorded in many places in his later writings. The famous sonnet, written soon after the world turned dark, expresses his heroic submission:

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one Talent which is death to hide,
  Lodged with me useless . . .
  They also serve who only stand and wait.

PARADISE LOST

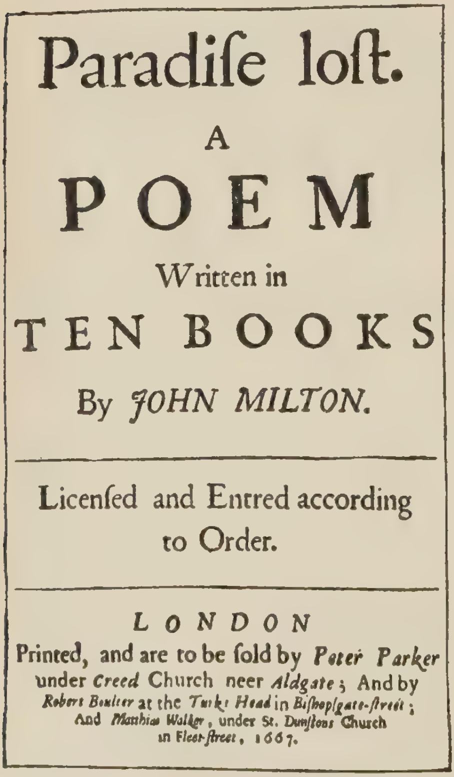
In 1660 the monarchy was restored. For a time Milton was in danger, partly because he had published, even after it was certain that Charles II would be crowned, a tract giving a plan for establishing a "free commonwealth." The English were in no mood for "strenuous liberty" or any other form of idealism. All the restraint of the Puritan years disappeared. Wild with delight at the return of the old days, they were alike blind to the follies of the King and to all else save mirth.

In such a time Milton had leave to return to his studies. He had given twenty years to service of the state. To that service he had sacrificed his sight. The cause which had been the object of his devotion was seemingly lost. But to the writing that he was to do he brought the stern requirement that he had laid upon himself in former years—the consciousness of heroic life:

> I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.

Milton's Idea of Poetry. The passage just quoted is one of many that set forth Milton's lofty view of the poet's preparation and function. In a tract written in 1641, he inserted an account of his education and youthful ambition, in which he said that he was aware of "an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." He resolved, therefore, "to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect." Poetry, he thought, is not the product of some romantic impulse, still less a composition made up of bits remembered from other writers, but is the result of "devout prayer to that divine Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge." To this doctrine of inspiration from Heaven "must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs."

The Choice of a Theme. As we have already seen, Milton thought for a time of writing an Arthurian epic. This he gave up in favor of the story of the Fall and Redemption of Man. The theme had long been used in literature. The religious plays of the later Middle Ages had constituted a mighty cosmic drama, treating of the fall of Lucifer, the creation of the world and of man, the fall of man, the episodes of sacred history that showed God's purpose with his people, and finally the coming of Christ, with his life on earth, his suffering, resurrection, and the last judgment. This theme had been treated in numerous groups of plays, presented in scores of towns throughout western Europe, and presented by the people, not by trained actors.



Paradiſe loſt.

A

POEM

Written in

TEN BOOKS

By *JOHN MILTON.*

Licenſed and Entred according
to Order.

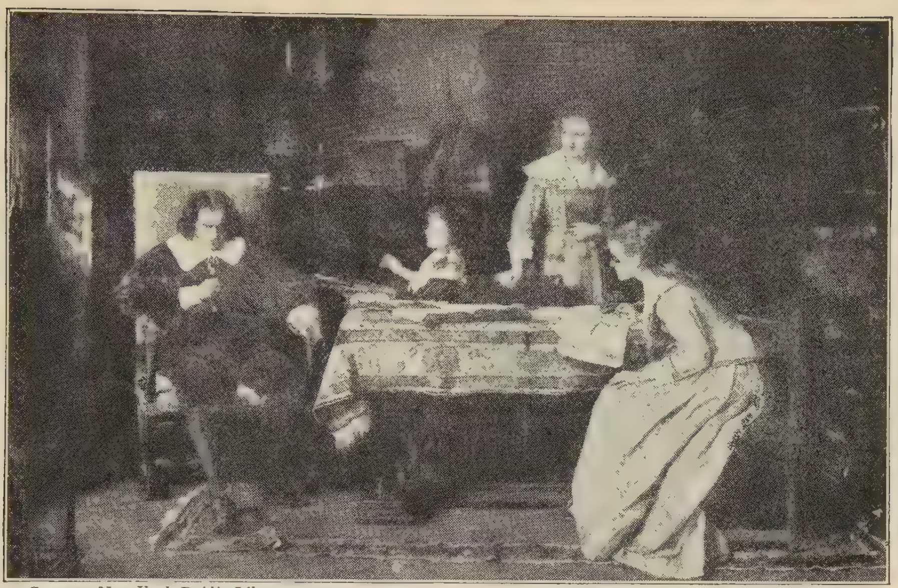
LONDON
Printed, and are to be ſold by *Peter Parker*
under *Creed* Church neer *Aldgate*; And by
Robert Boulter at the *Turks Head* in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*;
And *Matthias Walker*, under St. *Dunſtons* Church
in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1667.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF PARADISE LOST

With the Reformation the old theme took on new life. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, throughout western Europe, dramas and poems were written on the Fall of Man. The interest was intensified by the new science. Copernicus and Galileo showed that the earth was not the center of the universe, but a satellite of the sun. Everywhere investigation of natural phenomena was evident. The work of Bacon was typical of the desire to study anew the Book of God's Works as well as the Book of God's Words. Many felt, then as now, that science and religion were enemies. But poet and scientist alike were interested in the problem of the meaning of man's life on earth, the mystery of God's dealings with the children of men.

More vital, therefore, than the story of the founding of Britain was the story of the founding of Man. To the telling of this story Milton brought his great learning, his abiding belief in the reality of the poet's inspiration, his passion for beauty, his faith in a Divine Order amid the seeming changes in nature and in life.

Paradise Lost: The Story. The action of Milton's epic covers the time from the rebellion of Lucifer in heaven to the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The great events are the war in heaven, the flight through chaos, the creation of the world and of man, and Satan's plot against Adam and Eve, with its results. In the manner of the ancient epics, Milton begins in the midst of the action, after the defeat of Satan and his expulsion to hell. The first of the twelve books into which the poem is divided tells how Satan and Beelzebub rouse their fallen hosts from their stupor on the lake of fire and summon them to a council. Pandemonium, an assembly hall, is built, and in Book Two the various leaders, who afterwards became heathen gods, hold a consultation. As a result, Satan is deputed to make his way back through chaos to where they have learned God has created a new world; the plan is for him to destroy this world or its inhabitants and thus get revenge on God. The remainder of the book is devoted to a description of the way in which



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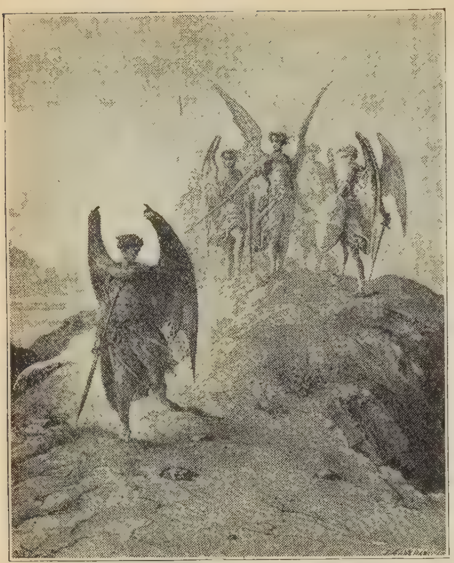
THE BLIND MILTON DICTATING PARADISE LOST TO HIS DAUGHTERS

the fallen angels employed themselves during their leader's absence, and to an account of Satan's laborious flight through chaos to the confines of the newly created world. Books Three and Four tell of Satan's journey through the spheres to the sun, and then to the Earth, where he learns the conditions on which Adam and Eve may remain in Eden.

The four following books recount the visit of Raphael to Adam, and thus give Milton an opportunity to go back to the real beginning of the action. The Angel tells Adam about the war in heaven, which lasted three days, the expulsion of Satan and his hosts, and the creation of the world and of man. In the ninth book we have a dramatic account of the temptation of Eve by Satan, of her fall, and of the participation of Adam in her sin. The pair are sentenced in the following book, Satan returns to hell to report his victory, and the tragedy is complete. The last two books are devoted chiefly to Michael's visit to Adam, who sees in a series of visions the consequences of his sin in the events of Old Testament history; at the end of the poem we are told of the reconciliation of Adam and Eve to each other and to their fate, and of their exit from the earthly paradise.

Scene of the Action. Milton's stage is the universe. His idea of the universe is not that of modern times, but is based on a combination of various ancient philosophies. It must be remembered that the new discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo had not yet received general acceptance, and that he therefore had some warrant in clinging to the older theories. Below heaven, or the empyrean, lies chaos, infinite space filled with atoms and warring elements in ceaseless flux. Far down in chaos is hell, a vast continent shut off from chaos by walls of enormous thickness. Above, just beneath the floor of the empyrean, is the world, composed of nine concentric spheres through which the planets and the fixed stars move in their course around the earth, which is the center. This world, or created universe, is shut off from chaos by walls of incredible strength, against which the warring elements beat in vain. At the top of the world is an opening that is connected directly with heaven, and through this opening angels are passing on their way to and from the earth and other planets. Through it, also, Satan passes in the course of his journey in search of man. Of the earth we are told nothing except that which concerns the Garden of Eden, situated in Paradise, where man



SCENE FROM PARADISE LOST (BOOK IV, LINES 1014-1015)
(Gabriel and his cohorts drive Satan from the Garden of Eden)

dwelt before his fall. It will be seen, therefore, that the action of the poem takes place in heaven, in hell, in chaos, in the created universe, or world, and, finally, on the earth.

The Characters. To represent an action of such magnitude, conducted upon a stage so tremendous, required an imaginative power out of reach of all but the highest genius. The characters who move upon such a stage must not be mere abstractions, shadowy personifications; nor can they be confined within any human scale. They must combine the supernatural and the human. Satan personifies the spirit of evil on so vast a scale that he seems to fill the universe, but he is so humanly conceived that we may become acquainted with him as with Macbeth. He is both Lucifer and a scheming politician.

In thus uniting elements that awe with the overwhelming power of their creator's imagination and at the same time afford us means for such concrete analysis as we apply to the characters of Shakespeare's plays, the genius of Milton is unique. An example of the way in which these various elements are blended may be found in the account of the council in Books One and Two. The fallen angels, aroused from their stupor on the burning lake, build a council hall. By a series of remarkable similes, Milton gives us an impression of their number. On the lake they are like the autumnal leaves in some great valley; as they rise under the cope of hell and wing their flight through the murky darkness of the region, they seem like the pitchy cloud of locusts called forth by the potent rod of Moses in Egypt; on the march, when they have reached the shore, they are like the barbarous hordes that the frozen north poured across the Alps upon Rome. Pandemonium, their council hall, was not constructed like some great work of human engineering, but was breathed forth like an exhalation, by the magic of Mulciber, till it stood fixed in its stately height.

With such impressions of supernatural terror and might as the background of our vision, we enter the hall and listen to the speeches. The leaders are characterized with matchless skill. On the platform sit Satan and Beelzebub, the leader of the lost cause and his chief adviser. Moloch, a military hero, advises a desperate sortie to seek revenge. He is succeeded by Belial, an orator, who demolishes the fierce speech of the soldier and advises a more cautious policy. Next Mammon, who in heaven saw little but the golden streets, points out the undeveloped resources of hell and advises building a rival empire. The vote would have gone to him had not Beelzebub, experienced alike in statesmanship and in politics, taken charge of a meeting that had seemed a political convention with uninstructed delegates, and by the very force of personality and the immense advantage of previous experience, put through the plan previously determined by Satan and himself. The whole story is instinct with human interest, subtly satirical of democratic politics, yet never losing touch with the vast scale on which the action is conceived.

Milton's Epic Style. In *Paradise Lost* Milton used blank verse with new effects. In sonorousness, in its lists of "charmed names," in its gorgeous figures, it suggests the verse of Marlowe. The monotony of the five-stress verse is varied in many subtle ways. Accents are shifted so that emphasis and variety of sound are gained. Verses are grouped into what may be called verse-paragraphs, like stanzas, with the utmost variety of cadence. He makes use of sustained similes, presenting complete pictures and extending through several lines—epic similes like those of Homer. He can be concrete without being prosaic, as when he suggests Satan's vast size by comparing his shield with the moon as seen through Galileo's telescope, and his staff with some towering pine, fit to be the mast of an admiral's flagship. He can invoke such mystery and romance as we find in the *Arabian Nights*. We feel this in the scene where the angel Ithuriel finds Satan, "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve," tempting her in a dream. Ithuriel touches Satan with the point of his celestial spear, and—

As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumored war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.

And he can bring infinite space within the range of human comprehension, as in the description of Satan's approach to the outside of the world, after his toilsome journey through chaos, when at last

The sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn . . .
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

Or, once more, when Satan, confronted in Eden by two Angels, prepared to give them battle, and, collecting all his might, stood dilated like Teneriffe or Atlas. He chanced to look far aloft in the heavens and see the great balances in the stars set against him, so that he fled, murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Within the limits of blank verse Milton gets the varied effects needed for a political speech, a passage of history, a love sonnet, a description of luxuriant and primeval nature. "Organ-voiced," he has been called, and the epithet fits excellently his mastery of the wizardry of sound.

The Meaning of the Poem. With much of the thought and the subject-matter of the poem we are today out of sympathy. Yet it is much more than "the dream of a Puritan fallen asleep over the first pages of his Bible." It is much more than a theology expressed in epic verse. Aside from its metrical magic, the incomparable richness of its imagination, the variety of story and character, it is a philosophy of life. The terms in which this view of life is phrased may be accepted or rejected as we will; the story is but a symbol, a means by which to visualize the abstract and the unseen. His supernaturalism may seem to us unreal, but it is the unreality of the witches in *Macbeth* and of the ghost in *Hamlet*. As in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, the issues of which the poem treats are living realities, a permanent part of human nature.

A suggestion may be given here of one aspect of this inner meaning. *Paradise Lost* is the last, and in some respects the greatest, of the long list of Renaissance studies of the expansion of the individual. In English literature, Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* is an early example—the romance of the development of Titanic will, the rise of the Scythian shepherd to world dominion. To him, and to Marlowe, it was "passing brave to be a king, and ride in triumph through Persepolis." In a series of plays, Shakespeare treated the same theme: the romantic tragedy of Richard II, the tragedy of unbounded ambition in *Macbeth*, the scathing denunciation of worldly standards of greatness in *Lear*. So in Milton's Satan we have a study of the unconquerable will. Driven, like Macbeth, to madness by his torturing thoughts, holding that the mind is its own place and can make a hell of heaven and a heaven of hell, he loses his original brightness, descends to forms of toad and snake, and though he wins apparent victory over Adam, yet is damned, not by the Eternal, but by himself.

Milton's Last Works

Paradise Regained. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667. Four years later Milton published his last great poems, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The first of these, divided into four books, deals with the temptation of Christ by Satan. In a sense it is a counterpart of the great epic, for here Satan meets the "greater Man" foretold to be his bane, and is vanquished. The story is taken from the Biblical account, but Milton greatly expands it through further episodes and through sustained debate between the antagonists. In fact, it is more debate than epic, and, though it possesses great merits, will never have the imaginative and emotional appeal of the earlier work.

Samson Agonistes. In the form of Greek tragedy, Milton tells of the close of Samson's life, the victory of the "struggler." Greek tragedy differs from the English in many ways. Little action takes place upon the stage; there are few characters; the Chorus interprets the action and the emotions of the hero and of the spectators; the verse is lyric rather than dramatic. In Milton's tragedy these rules are observed with a mastery that gives the drama beauty and distinction. When the action begins, Samson is in the prison of the Philistines. A few of his friends come to comfort him, and they remain on the stage as Chorus throughout the play. There is no act and scene division; the different moments in the progress of the action are marked by the entrance and exit of persons who come to visit Samson. One of these visitors is his father, who proposes to find ransom for him; others are his wife Dalila, who comes to taunt him, and the giant Harapha, who also comes to gloat over his misery, but is put to flight by Samson's scorn. Last comes the messenger of the Philistines, who summons him to the temple of Dagon, chief god of the nation, where the crowd will make merry over the misery of their tribal enemy. The chief interest of the drama lies in the slow arousing of the hero's spirit. At first he is void of all feeling save that of deep self-abasement because of his sin. At last, however, he is aroused, perhaps by some secret impulse, and he goes to the temple with the messenger. After his departure, the father returns to report the progress of his plans for ransom, but his conference with the Chorus is interrupted, first, by the mighty shout of joy sent up by the throng on Samson's arrival, and a moment later by a crash as though the city had been swallowed up by an earthquake. Soon a messenger comes to give a vivid account of Samson's deed, and the drama closes.

In this his last work Milton uses few of the ornaments of verse, the rich imagery of his earlier poems. In its unadorned simplicity, it has the beauty of a Greek temple. The verse is varied to suit the moods represented by the successive moments of the action, and it shows Milton's power unabated, though changed.

Summary. Next to Shakespeare, Milton is the greatest poet England has so far produced. Shakespeare deals with the universe that is in the individual; he explores the thoughts and feelings of the soul. Milton deals with the universe in which Man is the chief inhabitant; he is not concerned with the individual, but with the type. His hero is the human race, pitted against viewless forces of evil. From his own nature and that of the subject, Milton seems less warmly human than Shakespeare. To a certain extent there is truth in Wordsworth's statement that his soul was like a star and dwelt apart. Yet the remainder of Wordsworth's tribute is not less true, for in Milton we find not only genius fully conscious of its great gifts, a language superbly adequate to the expression of the loftiest matters, but also a cheerful godliness fit to be the inspiration of every citizen:

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

SELECTIONS FROM MILTON

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore;
Or whether—as some sager sing—
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:

Title. **L'Allegro** (läl-lā'grō), the cheerful man. 1. **Melancholy**, a musing soberness. To Milton the word was not so sad as it seems to us. 2. **Cerberus**. See Explanatory Note 2, page 241. 3. **Stygian**, pertaining to the Styx, one of the four rivers of Hades. 5. **uncouth**, unknown. 7. **night-raven**, bird of ill-omen. Cf. *Macbeth*, I, v, lines 42-44. 10. **Cimmerian**. In fabled Cimmeria "never does the shining sun look down" (*Odyssey*, Book xi). 12. **yclept**, called. 15. **two sister Graces**, Aglaia and Thalia, goddesses of festive joy. 16. **Bacchus**, god of wine. 17. **some sager**, i. e., some sager poets (perhaps one of them Milton himself). 18. **frolic**, frolicsome. 24. **buxom**, lively. **debonair**, attractive, gay. 27. **Quips**, cutting jests. **cranks**, a twist or turn of speech. **wanton wiles**, playful tricks. 28. **becks**, signs, beckonings. 29. **Hebe**, the goddess of youth.

34. **fantastic.** The movements of the dance are to be fanciful or perhaps capricious. 36. **mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.** Dwellers in mountain regions are usually lovers of liberty. 40. **unreprovéd**, calling for no reproof. 45. **to come.** The cheerful man here, in his delight at the lark's song, goes back to the cottage, looks in at the window, and bids good-morning to those who are now awake. **in spite of**, with spite toward. 48. **eglantine**, honeysuckle. 53. **listening.** The participle replaces the infinitive, but the list of pleasures continues. 55. **hoar**, gray. 60. **state**, stately progress, like that of a monarch. 62. **dight**, dressed. 67. **tells his tale**, counts his sheep. 69. **Straight**, immediately. 70. **landskip**, landscape.

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber-fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

71. **Russet lawns**, reddish-gray stretches of grass, probably on a hillside; not our American lawn before a house. **fallows**, untilled land. 75. **pied**, variegated. 77. **Towers and battlements**, probably of Windsor Castle. 78. **Bosomed**, inclosed, as a child might be in its mother's arms. **tufted**, in clumps. 79. **lies**, dwells. 83. **Corydon and Thyrsis**, in pastoral poetry the names of shepherds; here applied to rustics. **Phyllis** (line 86) and **Thestylis** (line 88) are likewise the names of shepherdesses. 85. **messes**, dishes. 87. **bower**, here, a cottage. 91. **secure**, free from care. 94. **rebeck**, a musical instrument, somewhat like the violin. By Milton's time it was found only in country hamlets, as the violin had displaced it. 102. **Mab.** See *Romeo and Juliet* I, iv, 53-95. **junkets**, cream cheese. 103. **She**, one of the maidens. 104. **he**, one of the youths. **Friar**, will-o'-the-wisp, a malicious sprite. 105. **drudging goblin**, Robin Goodfellow or Hobgoblin, a house-elf for whom a bowl of cream was placed at the door to insure his help. 110. **lubber-fiend**, clumsy goblin. 111. **chimney**, fireplace.

113. **crop**, stomach. 117. **then**, at some other time. After exhausting the pleasures of the country, he goes to the city. 120. **weeds**, garments. **triumphs**, tournaments. 122. **Rain influence**, i.e., the eyes are thought of as stars (which were supposed to exert an occult power over human affairs). 122-123. **judge . . . arms.** In poetry contests and in tournaments ladies awarded prizes to the champions. The "her" of line 124 refers to the chief of these ladies, whose position was similar to that of the Queen of May. 125. **Hymen**, the god of marriage. He was frequently represented in marriage festivities. 128. **masque**, an elaborate entertainment of the time, consisting of masked dancing, songs, speeches, and dialogue. 132. **Jonson**, Ben Jonson (1573-1637). **learned.** He was famous for his learning. **sock**, the *soccus*, or low-heeled slipper, worn by actors in Greek and Roman comedy. 133. **Fancy**, imagination. 136. **Lydian airs.** Among the Greeks, music in the Lydian mode was thought of as the softest of their three styles. 138. **meeting soul**, soul that they meet or affect. 139. **bout**, bend or turn. 141. **With . . . cunning.** The art or skill is concealed under an appearance of spontaneity. 145-150. **Orpheus' . . . Eurydice.** See Explanatory Note 3, page 241.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain, deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bestéd,
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But, hail! thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retiréd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm

Title. **Il Penseroso** (ēl pĕn-sĕ-rō'sō), the thoughtful man. "Penseroso" is a seventeenth century form of the modern Italian *pensieroso*. 3. **bestéd**, bestead, avail. 4. **fixéd**, firm, steadfast. 6. **fond**, foolish. 10. **pensioners**, attendants forming a retinue. **Morpheus**, the god of sleep. 14. **hit the sense of**, be endured by. 18. **Memnon**, King of the Ethiopians. He was dark-skinned and famous for his beauty. Of course black would be appropriate for a sister of his. 19-30. **starred Ethiop queen; Vesta; Saturn; Jove.** See Explanatory Note 4, page 241. 29. **Ida**, a mountain in Crete. 33. **grain**, dye, probably dark purple. 35. **stole**, hood, veil. **cypress lawn**, crape that is like thin lawn. 36. **decent**, comely. 37. **state**, stateliness. 39. **commercing**, holding intercourse.

43. **sad**, serious. 54. **cherub Contemplation.** The cherubim were given, by medieval theologians, the attributes of wisdom and divine things. Pronounce *contemplation* with five syllables. 55. **hist**, summon by whispering *hist*. 56. **Philomel**, the nightingale, corresponding to the lark in "L'Allegro." 57. **plight**, mood. 59. **Cynthia**, Diana, the goddess of the moon. It was not her car but that of Ceres that was drawn by dragons. 60. **accustomed**, where the bird usually sings. 65. **unseen.** Compare with "L'Allegro," line 57. 73. **plat**, plot. 74. **curfew**, usually rung at eight or nine o'clock. 78. **removéd**, remote. 83. **bellman**, the night watchman, who frequently closed his call (charm) of the hour with a blessing.

To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heavéd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,

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84. **nightly**, during the night. 87. **outwatch the Bear**, watch all night, since the constellation of the Bear never sets. In America we usually look for the Dipper near the polar star. 88. **With thrice-great Hermes**, studying Hermes Trismegistus (i.e., Thrice Great). He was a mythical Egyptian king, reputed author of a number of learned books. To sit reading him would imply a deep interest in forgotten lore. **unsphere**, call from its sphere in the heavens; literally, to find out by close study what he means. 93. **And of those demons**, and tell of those spirits. 95. **consent**, agreement or influence. 98. **sceptered pall**, royal robes. **come sweeping by**, in imagination as he reads, not produced on a stage. 101. **what**, probably a reference to Shakespeare. 102. **buskined.** The buskin was the high-heeled boot worn by ancient tragic actors. 104. **Musaeus**, a mythical Greek poet, the pupil or son of Orpheus. 105. **Orpheus.** Cf. "L'Allegro," lines 145-150, and see Explanatory Note 3, page 241. 109-115. **him . . . ride.** See Explanatory Note 6, page 242. 113. **virtuous**, possessing special powers. 120. **Where . . . ear.** This line fits in with the allegory in Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

122. **civil-suited**, in quiet garb. 123. **tricked**, adorned. **frounced**, with hair curled. 124. **Attic boy**, Cephalus, beloved of Aurora, goddess of the dawn. 125. **kerchiefed in**, wearing a head covering of. 127. **still**, gentle. 130. **minute-drops**, drops falling slowly, as if separated by intervals of a minute. 134. **brown**, dark. **Sylvan**, god of fields and woods. 135. **monumental.** The word suggests both massiveness and great age. 141. **garish**, staring. 145. **consort**, harmony. 147-50. **And let . . . laid.** Let some strange, mysterious dream, laid softly on my eyelids (i.e., coming softly before my eyes) float to and fro with the motion of sleep's wings as it is revealed in a stream or succession of vivid scenes. 151. **sweet music**, i.e., let sweet music. 153. **to mortals good**, i.e., good to mortals. 154. **Genius**, presiding spirit. 155. **due feet**, feet that are appropriate to a cloister. 156. **pale**, limits. Milton is probably thinking of the covered walks at Cambridge University. 157. **And love**, and let me love. **embowéd**, arched, vaulted. 158. **massy-proof**, able to bear the weight resting on them. 159. **storied windows**, windows of stained glass depicting scenes from the Bible.

Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

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164. As, i.e., such as.

169. **hairy gown**, coarse dress of the hermit. 170. **spell**, examine carefully.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. These two poems picture the pleasures of life as Milton viewed them shortly after leaving college at Cambridge. The pleasures are presented in the first poem as they would appeal to an active man, and, in the second, as they would appeal to a rather meditative man. Milton felt the attraction of both kinds of pleasure. Almost anyone today may at different times be in these different moods. There is no sharp contrast. The gayety of the man in good spirits whom Milton describes has no recklessness about it. The melancholy of the man occupying his time in serious thought is the soberness, the tinge of sadness, that is natural in one who studies or muses much.

The contrast between these two temperaments is drawn with great charm and beauty. The poems begin in a similar manner, each banishing the opposing spirit. They proceed by describing with great freshness the scenes that would delight each type of man. These scenes must not be thought of as filling a single day. They occur at different times and places. But the events of each group belong together as various reflections of a consistent mood.

2. In reading these poems you should remember that Milton had for many years been studying Greek and Latin poets. He consequently was as familiar with their gods and goddesses as with English scenery. Indeed, he felt quite free to alter their mythology to carry out his ideas. For example, in "L'Allegro" he invents the goddess Melancholy and adds her to the offspring of Midnight (lines 1-2). According to the ancients, Erebus (Darkness) was the spouse of Midnight. Milton, to render Melancholy repugnant, substitutes (line 2) for Erebus, Cerberus, the three-headed monster in the form of a dog that lived in a den on the bank of the Styx, at a point where the ferryman Charon landed the souls, and who thus guarded the entrance to Hades. Similar changes mark his use of the Graces, Euphrosyne ("of happy mind," line 12), Aglaia ("the bright"), and Thalia ("the blooming," line 15). Most poets make them daughters of Zeus (the king of the gods) and Eurynome (one of the goddesses). The first parentage Milton gives (line 14-16) apparently occurs in only one place, a comment on Vergil. The second (lines 18-24) he adds because he likes to think of Mirth as descended from the bright and beautiful influences of nature—the Dawn, as she might go forth on May Day seeking flowers, and the West Wind, the harbinger of spring.

3. A myth that Milton evidently enjoyed was the story of Orpheus ("L'Allegro," lines 145-150; "Il Penseroso," lines 105-108). Orpheus was so wonderful a musician that he could draw animals and even inanimate objects to follow him. The greatest proof of his power was his visit to the lower regions. From Pluto, the king of the dead, he won permission to take to the upper world his young wife Eurydice. The one condition was that he should not look back at her until they had both reached the open air. Just as they were nearing the passageway that would lead them back to the earth, he looked back and lost Eurydice forever.

4. In "Il Penseroso," Milton alludes to other myths. Cassiopeia (lines 19-21), who offended the Nereids, or sea-nymphs, suffered from their anger. Through Poseidon, god of the sea, they sent a monster to ravage the coast of Ethiopia. Cassiopeia's daughter, Andromeda, was exposed to the monster to satisfy their wrath, but she was saved by Perseus. When Cassiopeia died she was transferred to the heavens as a constellation. For the parentage of Melancholy (lines 22-25) Milton invents a genealogy to fit his views. Vesta, goddess of the hearth, stood for purity; and Saturn for solitude. Thus Melancholy is the daughter of Solitude and Purity. Saturn devoured all his children but Jove (line 30), who escaped because he was hidden in

Crete. When he grew up he overthrew his father by means of thunderbolts and reigned in his stead.

5. Milton's reading was very extensive. Besides many works now little known, he studied Plato, the greatest of Greek philosophers; he refers (lines 89-92) to the *Phaedo*, which deals with the immortality of the soul. The demons (lines 93-96), or spirits, of the four elements that the Greeks thought composed the whole universe —fire, air, water, and earth—are really not in Plato. At least he did not speak of the spirits as living in these elements or in planets. With Greek tragedy (lines 97-100) Milton was much in love. The subjects of the plays referred to in lines 99-100 were taken from the story of the royal house of Thebes (as in the *Oedipus Rex* and *Antigone* of Sophocles), the descendants of Pelops (as in the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Electra* and two dramas on *Iphigenia* by Euripides), and the Trojan War (as in the *Hecuba* of Euripides).

6. His reference to Chaucer (lines 109-115) needs further explanation. Milton was thinking of the *Squire's Tale*. In this unfinished narrative a knight visited the Tartar king, Cambuscan, and gave him a horse of brass, which would carry its owner wherever he wished. To the daughter he presented a mirror which could reveal the future and uncover both truth and falsity, and a golden ring which enabled the wearer to understand and speak the language of birds. His last gift was a sword that could cut through anything and heal any wound it might make. The other characters in Chaucer are the two sons Cambalo (Camball) and Algarsyf (Algarsife), and the daughter Canacee (Canace). At the end Chaucer speaks of a new character, also named Cambalo, who fought Canace's brothers to win her (line 112). This naturally excited Milton's interest.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. In "L'Allegro" what does the word *Melancholy* mean? How many different unpleasant associations does the poet suggest? Why does Milton prefer the second parentage of Mirth? How does he make Mirth and her companions attractive? What are the different country pleasures he describes? Which of them does he describe most pleasingly? Which city pleasure is most beautifully pictured? Do you think Milton took more delight in country or city activities? How does the reference to Pluto's realm at the end remind you of the beginning? What, in a few words, is the nature of the pleasures Mirth gives?

2. The language of the poem is justly famous for its suggestiveness and beauty. Take up the most notable expressions, such as "Stygian cave forlorn," "uncouth cell," "jealous wings," or some later ones, as "wreathéd smiles," "light, fantastic toe," "startle the dull night," and explain the full suggestiveness of each. It will prove very interesting to have a class discussion in which each member tries to explain the phrases which seem to him most beautiful and expressive. You might try to decide whether Milton uses such expressions more vividly when he is describing commonplace objects (like a rooster) or when he treats glorious sights (like a sunrise).

3. The meter of this poem is intimately related to the thought. The first ten lines are alternately of three and five feet. Most of the feet are iambic (fŏr lórn), but variants are introduced. The first foot is spondee (Hēnce, lōath′). Occasionally an anapest appears (ŭn dĕr éb ŏn shádes). In the rest of the poem there are four stresses to the line. The movement is prevailingly trochaic, as in

′ × | ′ × | ′ × | ′ |
Haste thee | Nymph, and | bring with | thee. |

The trochaic verse dances along lightly, whereas the iambic is more vigorous and sober. Study out the rime-scheme in the first ten lines, indicating each rime by a letter, as *a b b a*. What is the scheme in the rest of the poem?

It is very interesting to observe how Milton varies the movement to fit the thought and emotion. For example, how does the movement change in lines 33-36, and why? What appropriateness is there in lines 41-44? In lines 57-76? Pick out other passages where the music of the verse is particularly lovely or fitting.

4. In "Il Penseroso" are the "vain, deluding joys" those described in "L'Allegro"? Is the Melancholy here the same that was dismissed in the companion poem? Compare the coming of Melancholy and her train with that of Mirth. Show that it is appropriate. To what in the earlier poem does the nightingale here correspond? To what does Tragedy correspond? How does the reference to Orpheus here differ from that in "L'Allegro"? How do the two men of the poems differ about books? How do Milton's preferences in reading compare with yours? How do the two mornings differ? What differences are there in the music in the two poems? Why does this poem look into the future, whereas "L'Allegro" did not? What, in a few words, is the nature of the "pleasures" of Melancholy?

5. Compare the descriptions in the two

poems that render corresponding scenes, such as the moon ("Il Penseroso," lines 65-72) with the sunrise ("L'Allegro," lines 57-76). In which of them are the phrases the more magical? Take these phrases up one by one and explain the suggestiveness and beauty of the words in each.

6. Point out passages, such as those describing music, where you think the movement of the verse is appropriate to the thought or emotion of the poem. Read them aloud to the class to make clear your point. Are these poems chiefly iambic or trochaic in movement? Is this appropriate?

7. You cannot write such musical verse as Milton, but you can give an account of your pleasures. (*a*) Describe a walk in the country. Bring out the characteristics of American landscape as Milton does of the English country around Horton, where the poems were written. (*b*) Describe scenes in which country people mingle, as in "L'Allegro," lines 63-68, 81-116. You may idealize somewhat; but remain true to the actual occupations and entertainments of American country people. (*c*) Likewise describe your preferences in reading, in dramatic productions, or in music. Be specific, but keep in mind a comparison with Milton's preferences in these fields.

8. These poems are so nearly perfect that they ought to be memorized. If you do not find time for this, at least select some passage of thirty or forty lines, memorize it, deliver it to the class to bring out its meaning and its melody, and explain why you think it beautiful. Speak of the thought, the pictures or imagery, the diction, and the rhythm.

9. To illuminate these poems there should be a number of oral reports to the class (or, if the teacher prefers, the reports may be written and read aloud): (*a*) To give a better notion of Mab ("L'Allegro," line 102) report on Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet* I, iv. A literary relative of Robin Goodfellow ("L'Allegro," line 105) is Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Some pupil should relate a number of the pranks which he plays. For a similar sprite, report on Mrs. Ewing's *Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire* and Miss Mulock's *Adventures of a Brownie*. (*b*) The lark and the nightingale have long been favorite subjects with poets. For the skylark read to the class Wordsworth's "To a Skylark" and the most musical and vivid parts of Shelley's "To a Skylark" (page 452). For the nightingale report on Arnold's "Philomela," Coleridge's "To a Nightingale" and "The Nightingale," Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," (page 459) and Wordsworth's "O Nightingale." How far do these poets agree with Milton's praise? In what respects do they differ? (*c*) Is there any similarity with "The Passionate Shepherd" (page 124) and "Sweetest Melancholy" (page 221)?

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sear,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
  Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright

1-2. **laurel, myrtle, ivy,** evergreens, from which wreaths to crown poets were made. 2. **brown,** dark, as in "Il Penseroso," line 134. 3. **crude,** unripe. 5. **Shatter,** scatter. **before . . . year,** before he felt ready to write poetry. 6. **dear,** heartfelt. 11. **to,** i.e., how to. 13. **parching,** i.e., after the body has been cast upon the shore. 14. **melodious tear,** elegiac poem. 15. **Sisters,** etc., the Muses, who danced about the spring Aganippe on Mt. Helicon and about the altar to Jove there. 18. **coy,** bashful. 19. **muse,** poet. 20. **lucky,** auspicious. 27. **drove,** i.e., drove our flocks. 28. **What time,** at the time when, i.e., noon. **gray-fly,** trumpet-fly. **winds her horn,** hums shrilly. 29. **Battening,** fattening.

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute:
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows—
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Aye me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,

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33. **Tempered . . . flute**, attuned to the shepherd's pipe. 34. **Satyrs**, in Greek mythology, silvan deities, half man and half goat. **Fauns**, Roman deities similar to the Greek Satyrs. 36. **Damoetas**, probably a pastoral disguise for some tutor at Cambridge. 40. **gadding**, straggling. 45. **canker**, canker-worm. 46. **taint-worm**, an unidentified destructive worm. **weanling**, recently weaned. 48. **white-thorn**, hawthorn. 52. **steep**, a mountain in Wales near the shipwreck. 54. **Mona**, Anglesey, off the Welsh coast. 55. **Deva**, the river Dee. **wizard**. The Dee was supposed to foretell good or evil events for England and Wales, between which two countries it flows. 56. **fondly**, foolishly. 58. **Muse**, Calliope, muse of epic poetry. 59. **enchanting**, using enchantments. See Explanatory Note 3, page 242.

61-63. **rout . . . shore.** After losing Eurydice, Orpheus offended the Thracian women by his scorn. In rage they tore him to pieces. His head, thrown into the Hebrus, was carried to Lesbos, where it was buried. 64. **what boots it**, of what use is it? 65. **To tend . . . trade**, to write poetry, an occupation that is nowadays slighted by the public. 66. **meditate . . . Muse**, cultivate poetry, for which one gets little in return. 67. **use**, are accustomed to do (that is, lead a life of pleasure). 68-69. **Amaryllis . . . Neaera.** See Explanatory Note 2, page 247. 70. **clear**, noble. 75. **Fury**, the Fate Atropos, who cuts the thread of life. 77. **Phoebus . . . ears.** Apollo, god of poetry, by touching the ear recalled a fact the poet was about to forget. Touched by a god, the ears might tremble. 79-80. **Nor in . . . world**, nor is it set off to the world in the glittering gold or silver leaf used to increase the brilliancy of gems. 82. **Jove**, God. 83. **lastly**, with finality. 85. **Arethuse**, the spring of Arethusa in the island of Ortygia, near Syracuse, Sicily. 86. **Mincius**, the river near Mantua, Vergil's birthplace.

That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain!
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,

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87. **That strain**, the speech of Phoebus. **mood**, character. 88. **my oat proceeds**, I resume the pastoral strain. 89-90. **Herald . . . plea.** Triton, a sea-god, acted as Neptune's representative at the court of inquiry into the death of King. 96. **Hippotades**, Aeolus, god of the winds. 99. **Panope**, one of the fifty sea nymphs, or Nereids, daughters of Nereus. 101. **eclipse.** Anything done during an eclipse was supposed to be destined to an evil end. 103. **Camus**, god of the river Cam at Cambridge, and hence representing Cambridge University. 104. **hairy**, i.e., covered with the river's sediment. 105. **figures**, dim, faint designs, sometimes seen on withering sedge leaves or flags. 106. **sanguine flower . . . woe**, the hyacinth. By the Greeks it was supposed to bear on its petals the Greek Aἴ, aἴ ("Alas, alas!"). 107. **reft**, snatched away. **pledge**, child. 109. **Pilot**, St. Peter (*Matthew* xvi, 19). 112. **mitered**, wearing the miter, or bishop's cap.

117. **shearers' feast**, endowments meant for the working clergy. 119. **Blind mouths.** This suggests the spiritual blindness and greed of the clergy. 122. **recks**, matters. **sped**, cared for. 123. **list**, please; i.e., they preach only when they like. **flashy**, vapid, trashy. 124. **scrannel**, thin, squeaking. 126. **wind . . . mist**, idle preaching and false doctrines. **draw**, inhale. 128. **grim wolf**, the Church of Rome. **privy**, referring to secret methods of conversion. 129. **nothing said**, the church authorities making no effort to stop it. 130. **two-handed engine at the door**, instrument of retribution at hand. By "two-handed" Milton may mean the sword of justice or the ax laid to the root of the tree (*Matthew* iii, 10). 132. **Alpheus**, the lover of Arethusa, representing pastoral poetry. **dread voice**, St. Peter's. 133. **Sicilian Muse**, pastoral poetry. 136. **use**, dwell. 138. **swart star**, the Dog-star, Sirius. It was supposed to turn vegetation dark, or swart, with scorching and to be the cause of the dog-day heat. **sparely**, sparingly. 139. **quaint enameled eyes**, curiously colored flowers.

That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Aye me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

141. **purple**, make purple (i.e., richly colored). 142. **rathe**, early. 143. **crow-toe**, the wild hyacinth. 149. **amaranthus**, an imaginary flower that never fades. 151. **laureate hearse**, the wooden frame in which the coffin rests, to which elegiac verses (like "Lycidas") have been pinned by friends. 156. **Hebrides**, islands west of Scotland. 158. **monstrous**, peopled by monsters. 159. **moist**, tearful. 160. **fable of Bellerus**, the fabled abode of Bellerus. Milton invents him from Bolerium, the Roman name for Land's End, a promontory to the extreme southwest of England. 161. **Vision . . . mount**, the apparition of the archangel St. Michael, which, according to tradition, occupied the "chair," or craggy seat, on a steep rock near Penzance in Cornwall. 162. **Namancos and Bayona**, in Galicia, Spain, almost due south of Land's End. 163. **ruth**, sorrow. 164. **dolphins.** Milton is thinking of the Greek poet, Arion (7th century B.C.), who was rescued by a dolphin when he was thrown into the sea.

166. **sorrow**, i.e., the cause of your sorrow. 168. **day-star**, sun. 169. **repairs**, raises once more. 170. **tricks**, adorns. **new-spangled ore**, freshly-glittering gold. 176. **unexpressive**, inexpressible. **nuptial song.** See *Revelation* vii, 17; xxi, 4. 183. **Genius**, guarding spirit. 186. **uncouth**, rustic. 188. **stops . . . quills**, the small holes in the shepherd's pipes; "various" because now tender, now indignant. 189. **Doric lay**, pastoral song. 190. **stretched . . . hills**, made long shadows from the hills. 192. **twitched**, drew about him. 193. **fresh woods**, a reference to Milton's intended removal to London or his trip to Italy, or possibly to a choice of new themes.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Milton wrote this poem by request. He alludes to this fact in the beginning by the expressions "once more" and "before the mellowing year." He had written nothing since *Comus* (1634), because he felt the need of further study and reflection. While he was a student at Cambridge he had known Edward King, a Fellow and later a Tutor in Christ's College. In the summer vacation of 1637, when he was twenty-five years old, King started on a voyage from Chester to Dublin, but the ship struck a rock near the Welsh coast, and he with nearly all the other passengers was drowned. His friends proposed to issue a volume of verse in his memory. It appeared in 1638, and contained thirty-six poems in Greek, Latin, and English. "Lycidas" is the last and incontestably the greatest in the volume. Yet it probably does not record any deep personal loss of Milton's. It is great because of the poet's exquisite taste and artistic genius.

2. To you the poem is likely to seem even less sincere than it was. Milton calls it a monody, that is, an elegy, or dirge, such as among the ancients was sung by a single voice. But the title shows that Milton's poem is not merely a lament. Lycidas is a shepherd's name taken from the Greek poet Theocritus and the Latin master Vergil. Theocritus was pretty faithful in picturing the life of shepherds, but his imitators in Italy, France, and England idealized that life when they wrote pastoral poetry; they pictured a purely imaginary country, into which, among simple shepherds and shepherdesses, they introduced nymphs and knights and other mythological and medieval figures. For further comments on pastoral poetry, see pages 102-103.

While this conventional pastoral poetry may seem very artificial to you, you should try to remember that to Milton and the readers of his day it was a well-understood and a quite natural style. In lines 23-36 he speaks of his association with King while they were students at Christ's College as if they both tended sheep. Try to accept this as a charming way of describing their companionship. In keeping with this pastoral convention are his apostrophes to the fountain Arethusa and the river Mincius (lines 85-86). Theocritus sang of the fountain and Vergil of the river. Milton is thus merely referring to the great exemplars and fountain-heads of pastoral poetry. The same allusion is to be found in the later apostrophe to Alpheus (lines 132-133). Similarly appropriate are his references to Amaryllis and Neaera (lines 68-69), who appear as sweethearts in pastoral poetry. If you think of these characters as living in an imaginary world, you will see little incongruity in the appearance of Nymphs (line 50) or pagan deities (Fury, or Fate, line 75; Phoebus, line 77; Jove, line 82; Triton and Neptune, lines 89-90; Hippotades, line 96; Panope, line 99). You will doubtless be shocked at the appearance of St. Peter (lines 108-131) and St. Michael (lines 161-164), and at the introduction of the Christian heaven (lines 172-182) among these purely pagan elements. No one in Milton's day was shocked, nor did Milton himself feel any incongruity. Accept this just as you do the peculiarities of the pastoral form, and then devote your attention to the beauty of the diction, to the imagery, and to the thought.

Questions and Topics

1. How do the first twenty-two lines indicate the subject and create the pastoral atmosphere of the poem? Quote particular lines and phrases. What lines depict contrast between the former happiness of the shepherds and the poet's present grief? What contrast does he develop in speaking of the Nymphs? What antithesis about the poet's life? In what way is his emotion about the rewards of poetry more exalted than in earlier passages? Quote. What common thought and emotion run through the first eighty-five lines?

2. In what sense are lines 64-84 a digression? How does Milton thereafter make fresh appeal to the sources of pastoral inspiration? Why does he select each of those figures who represent grief at the death of Lycidas? As King purposed to enter the ministry, the introduction of St. Peter, who represents the Church, is appropriate. How is St. Peter linked with pastoral life? In what sense are lines 113-131 a digression? Is the digression justified? Can you show that the emotion is deeper here than in earlier passages?

3. Beginning with line 132, how does Milton indicate the subsidence of emotion and the return to pastoral influence? What shows that he is now in a tender mood? Are all the flowers appropriate for a funeral? What contrast does he draw between the body and the spirit of Lycidas? What phrases in lines 165-181 reveal the poet's exaltation and even exultation? How do lines 182-185 suggest pastoral atmosphere? How do lines 186-193 take the mind back to the beginning, to the poet's sense of unfitness and his high ideals?

4. What is the mood and underlying thought in each main division of the poem? Do you think it characteristic of grief to rise to heights of poignancy and then subside? Is it characteristic of grief to pass from one mood to an exactly opposite one? At what point does this occur in "Lycidas"? Does the poem break into unrelated parts, or has it a dominant mood and thought? Give reasons for your answer.

5. "Lycidas" is even richer than the earlier poems in poetic phrases. The class may divide it into parts, so that each pupil may present lines singularly beautiful and suggestive, such as, "Under the opening eyelids of the Morn"; "Now thou art gone, and never must return"; "While the still morn went out with sandals gray." Try to explain to the class the wealth of beauty and emotion in the lines or phrases you select.

6. Select some passage about twenty-five lines in length, memorize it, and deliver it before the class to bring out the full meaning. You may then ask searching questions, as in the passages for intensive study from *Macbeth* (see page 158).

7. The meter here is iambic pentameter, though occasionally a verse is only three feet long. Study the subtle variations in movement in trying to discover how these variations suit the mood of the lines. You will also find the rime interesting. Is it regular or irregular in occurrence? Can you find places where the arrangement of rimes seems to fit the emotion well? The last eight lines, in which the poet no longer sings as a shepherd, but comments on the shepherd's lament, is in a recognized stanza form, *ottava rima*. How is it bound together by rime?

8. If you had not been told that "Lycidas" is by Milton, could you have discovered the authorship? Make a list of the points you would consider, and in a paper or talk to the class give whatever evidence you find.

9. Several reports to class should be made in connection with "Lycidas."

(*a*) A group of students should report on other great elegies in the language: Arnold's "Thyrsis," Shelley's "Adonais," Swinburne's "Ave Atque Vale," and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (at least in part). Each report should compare the poem with "Lycidas" for the occasion of the lament, the sincerity of the grief, the beauty of the language, the music of the verse, the general plan, and the differences in thought and ideas.

(*b*) Some student should read Ruskin's criticism of this poem in *Sesame and Lilies* in the address entitled "Of Kings' Treasures." Report to the class Ruskin's advice on reading and the wealth of meaning he finds in Milton's language.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY, 1652

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,
And on the neck of crownéd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath; yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war; new foes arise,

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5. **semblance**, appearance. 8. **endu'th**, endows.

To the Lord General Cromwell. 2. **detractions**, censure. 5. **crownéd Fortune**. For this expression and for the proper names in the sonnet see Explanatory Note 1, page 249.

Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
  Help us to save free conscience from the paw
  Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
  I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
  Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait."

1. **light is spent**, eyesight is gone. 3. **one talent**, i.e., of composing noble verses. 8. **fondly**, foolishly. 12. **thousands**, i.e., of angels, God's messengers.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. These sonnets are like windows into the soul of Milton. The first, written while he was still at Cambridge, was a kind of defense of his having chosen no profession. He was soon to leave the university and settle down at Horton in his father's house with no purpose beyond quiet study. The second, on Cromwell, reveals how clearly Milton understood the great conflict in which he had taken sides. Cromwell was the leader of the Commons and the people against the tyranny of Charles I. To King Charles Milton refers as "crownéd Fortune," because Cromwell had defeated him and brought him to trial—a trial which resulted in his execution. In "Darwen stream" Milton alludes to the battle of Preston (August 17, 1648) in Lancashire near Darwen—a battle which ended the second Civil War. At "Dunbar field" (September 3, 1650) Cromwell utterly ruined a Scottish army that attacked him. "Worcester's laureate wreath" refers to the crowning victory of Cromwell's career, fought on September 3, 1651. He never again had to draw sword in England. The occasion of the sonnet was the attempt of the Presbyterians to establish a Presbyterian State Church for England ("Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains"). Milton calls on Cromwell to resist the movement; he thought everyone should be free to worship God in his own way, as we in America do. He was as much opposed to the old Established Church of the Episcopalians, for here as elsewhere he refers to them as "hireling wolves." The third sonnet, "On His Blindness," was probably written in 1655. He became blind in 1652, when he was forty-three.

2. Review what is said on page 129 about the sonnet. Milton's sonnets follow the Italian form of riming. The rime-scheme of the octave is *abba abba*. The sestet has a variety of arrangements, as *cde dce*, or *cd dc ff*, or *cde cde*.

Each division in the most carefully constructed sonnets, like those from Spenser and Sidney (pages 127, 128), develops a distinct part of the thought. Milton does not always observe this structure, yet his are among the most splendid sonnets in English.

Questions and Topics

1. What is the thought of the octave in "On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three"? What reply is contained in the sestet? What seem at this early age to be the guiding principles of Milton's conduct? What expressions here seem to you highly poetic? Explain them.

2. In "To the Lord General Cromwell" does the opening thought end with the eighth line? What is the thought? How does the sestet supplement it? What is the chief trait of Milton revealed here? Why does he admire Cromwell? What is his purpose in addressing Cromwell on this subject?

3. When does the first thought in "On His Blindness" come to an end? What is the thought? What is the answer in the sestet? What conception of God is revealed here? What gives it majesty?

4. Which of these sonnets is to you the finest? Consider the thought, the form, the imagery, the diction.

THE VIRTUE OF BOOKS

[From *Areopagitica*]

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life; whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil; that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true, warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.

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16. **dragon's teeth**, sown by Cadmus, founder of the Theban dynasty (see "Il Penseroso," line 99). 24-25. **reason . . . eye**, i.e., reason is the eye of man, who is the image of God. 38. **spill**, destroy. 42. **whole impression**, all the printed copies.

46. **fifth essence**, the quintessence of the Greeks, above earth, air, fire, and water (see "Il Penseroso," line 94). 56. **seeds . . . Psyche.** Venus, jealous of Psyche, the beloved of Cupid, set her the task of separating a great mass of mixed seeds into correctly sorted piles. An ant came to her aid, and the difficult task was accomplished. 75. **warfaring**, struggling valiantly (i.e., to maintain his standard of what "is truly better"). 81. **to be run for.** Cf. *I Corinthians* ix, 24.

That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT

[From *Areopagatica*]

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman, who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenious sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula, to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? If serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed, in the commonwealth wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and

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6. **excremental**, superficial. 10. **Scotus**, Duns Scotus (1265-1308), a renowned medieval philosopher of the ninth century. His system of philosophy was the chief rival of that founded by Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274). 12. **Guyon.** Refer to *The Faerie Queene*, page 114, lines 19 ff. The "palmer" did not accompany Guyon to the cave of Mammon. 23. **tractates**, tracts.

Liberty of Thought. 27. **it**, the requiring of a license for the publication of books. 34. **pluralities**, the holding of two or more benefices or livings at the same time by the same person.

69. **ferula**, ferule, rod. 70. **fescue**, a pointer used to indicate letters to children learning to read. **imprimatur**, a license to print (literally, "Let it be printed"). 78. **standing to**, standing his ground despite.

deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of bookwriting; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety, that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book. The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made, ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humor which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: "I hate a pupil teacher; I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The state, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return: "The state shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser, as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author. This is some common stuff." And he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that "such authorized books are but the language of the times." For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

These two prose selections are from *Areopagitica*, a pamphlet addressed to the Lords and Commons. It was occasioned by an act of

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13. **considerate**, well-considered. 15. **Palladian oil**, burned in the interests of wisdom. 21. **puny**, minor. 32. **under the press**, being printed.

62. **ding**, throw. 71. **stationer**, publisher. 86. **vulgarly**, commonly.

Parliament in 1643 which required every paper, pamphlet, and book, before publication, to be licensed by an official censor. Milton violated the regulation. When called to account, he produced this, the best known of his prose writings. He took the title from a speech by a Greek orator who addressed the Great Council of Athens, or Areopagus. The council got its name from the hill of Ares (Areopagus) where it held its meetings.

Questions and Topics

The Virtue of Books. 1. State the exact quality for which Milton praises books. Name several books of this century to which you think his praise would apply. Name several to which it would not apply. Give your reasons in each case.

2. What sentence in the last half of the selection gives the most noble thought?

3. How does Milton reach the conclusion that we should know both good and evil? What arguments can be presented on the other side? Which side seems to you the stronger? How does the argument apply to censoring books today? To censoring moving pictures? Give reasons.

Liberty of Thought. 1. Why does Milton consider the licensing of books as an indignity? What kinds of books today are written in the manner he describes? Would his argument apply to newspapers and magazines? Give your reasons carefully.

PARADISE LOST

From BOOK I

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos. Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st. Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
  Say first—for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favored of heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
  The infernal serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,

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6. **Muse,** not the Greek goddess of epic poetry, but the divine inspiration of Moses and the prophets. **secret,** hidden. 7. **Oreb . . . Sinai.** Horeb and Sinai are twin peaks of the mountain on which Moses kept the flocks of his father-in-law, and on which God spoke to him from the burning bush. 8. **chosen seed,** the Israelites.

9. **In the beginning.** This phrase modifies "rose," in line 10. 10. **Sion,** Zion, in Jerusalem, where David sang. 12. **Fast . . . . God,** close by the temple. 15. **Aonian mount,** Mount Helicon (representing Greek poetry). 17. **Spirit,** the Holy Spirit. 24. **argument,** theme. 36. **what time,** when. 42. **monarchy,** single rule.

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
  Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:
  "If thou beest he—but oh, how fallen! how changed
From him who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright!—if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest
From what height fallen. So much the stronger proved
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late

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46. **ruin**, downfall. 57. **witnessed**, gave evidence of. 59. **ken**, sight. 64. **discover**, reveal. 68. **urges**, presses. 72. **utter**, outer. 74. **center . . . pole**, from the center of the earth to the farthest vault of the heavens. Although Milton did not believe the old theory—that the earth was the center of the universe—he uses it here for poetic purposes.

82. **Satan**, this word in Hebrew means Adversary. 83-124. This exclamatory speech of Satan's is without regular construction.

Doubted his empire—that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven."
So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:
"O Prince! O Chief of many thronéd powers
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish; for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror—whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours—
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:
"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,

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114. **empire**, sovereignty. 124. **tyranny**, supreme power. 129. **seraphim**, the Hebrew plural for the highest rank of angel. 144. **force**, necessity.

172. **laid**, calmed. 183. **tend**, make our way. 186. **afflicted**, beaten.

What reënforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."
  Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small, night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixéd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishéd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
  Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire,
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singéd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
Of unblessed feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
  "Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven? This mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right. Farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built

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198. **Titanian**, the Titans, sons of Heaven (Uranus) and Earth (Gaea). 199. **Briareos**, a giant with a hundred hands. **Typhon**, a monster with a hundred dragon-heads. 201. **Leviathan**, a sea monster in the Bible (*Psalms* civ, 26). 204. **night-foundered**, lost in the darkness. 211. **Had**, would have.

232. **Pelorus**, Cape Faro, the northeastern extremity of Sicily. Milton must have had in mind Vergil's description of the severing of Sicily and Italy. 233. **Ætna**, the highest volcano in Europe, located in Sicily. 235. **Sublimed**, sublimated. 246. **sovran**, sovereign. 257. **all but**, only.

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence.
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?

So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub
Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed—
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure: and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels; so thick bestrown
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven—once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung

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266. **astonished . . . . pool,** bewildered on the pool that causes forgetfulness. 276. **edge,** front. 285. **Ethereal,** heavenly. **temper.** The word is used concretely for the thing tempered. 288. **artist,** scientist (Galileo), whom Milton had visited. 289. **Fesolé,** Fiesole, a hill overlooking Florence. 290. **Valdarno,** the valley of the Arno river. 294. **ammiral,** admiral's flag-ship.

299. **Nathless,** nevertheless. 303. **Vallombrosa,** a shady valley near Florence in Tuscany (Etruria). 305. **Orion,** the Greek hunter, placed at his death among the stars. His constellation was supposed to cause storms. 307. **Busiris . . . . chivalry.** Busiris was an Egyptian king. Milton considers him the Pharaoh who pursued the children of Israel with his cavalry (*Exodus* xiv).

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile—
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities;
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

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339. **Amram's son,** Moses. Read *Exodus,* x, 13-15. 345. **cope,** dome. 351. **multitude,** the Goths and Vandals (429 A. D.). 353. **Rhene,** Rhine. **Danaw,** Danube.

355. **Libyan sands,** the Sahara Desert. 360. **erst,** formerly. 372. **religions,** rites.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. *Paradise Lost* is a formal epic poem in which Milton observes certain conventions developed by classical writers, notably Vergil. Some of these conventions should be noted in order that you may understand the structure of the poem and the difference between classical epic and more romantic poems like *Beowulf* and *The Faerie Queene.*

(*a*) *Epic Unity.* The classical epic sought to gain unity through compressing the action into a definite plot rather than giving it the form of loosely written history. The chronological method is abandoned. Thus Vergil, telling the story of Aeneas's adventures from the fall of Troy to the founding of Rome, begins in the midst of the action, when Aeneas after long wanderings, is received at the Court of Dido, Queen of Carthage. The hero tells to Dido the story of his adventures up to that time; this portion of the story, antecedent to the main action, is therefore subordinated, and the poet gains a more compact and unified effect than would have been possible if he had used the chronological method of history or romance. Thus Milton, instead of beginning with the story of Satan's rebellion, the war in heaven, and the expulsion of the rebel hosts, opens with the rousing of Satan and his followers from their stupor on the lake of fire. In a later book, an angel tells Adam of the events in heaven, just as Aeneas relates to Dido the story of the events following the end of the Trojan War. Again, Milton's plan for his poem included not only the story of the Fall of Man but also suggestion of the later course of history up to the coming of Christ. The historical or romantic method would have been to narrate these events in chronological order, but Milton adopts the device, also used by Vergil, of having them presented in the form of a series of prophetic visions, witnessed by Adam, near the end of the poem. By such means the epic gains compactness and unity of effect.

(*b*) *The Invocation.* Epic poetry, as viewed by classical writers, had the dignity and authority of history. The epic poem began with a formal invocation of the Muse, who was supposed to dictate or inspire the poem, thus giving special authority. This device Milton follows, but instead of one of the classical Muses he invents an invocation of his own. This invocation is double, being first directed to the Muse of Sacred History, who inspired Moses (lines 6-10) and David (lines 10-12), and second, the Holy Spirit (lines 17-23). His poem, he says, will soar far above the Aonian Mount, whereon the classical Muses were supposed to dwell.

(*c*) *The Epic Hero.* Epic poetry differs from history in that it relates some great action, such as the founding of a race or a nation, through the life-story of a national or racial hero. Thus, the theme of Vergil is the founding of Rome by Aeneas. Milton, as we have seen (page 232), at first thought of taking for his subject events in the early history of England. This he abandoned in order to write of the origin of Man. Adam, not only as an individual but as the founder of the human race, is therefore his hero. Again, epic poetry always stresses divine purpose in human affairs; the religious element is important, and supernatural events and agents are always introduced. Milton therefore has justification for the theological elements in his poem. Satan, the adversary, personification of the evil forces that war on the hero and all that he represents, is presented by Milton with such dramatic power that some have held him to be the true hero. Such a view, however, is wholly incorrect, and is based upon a very partial conception of the theme of the poem as a whole and of its meaning.

(*d*) *Epic Style.* Since the epic is the highest of poetic forms, the style must be elevated and dignified. Classical epics were written in hexameter, the loftiest measure known in Greek and Latin poetry. Milton uses blank verse, which had been developed by Shakespeare and his contemporaries into an instrument of great beauty. Again, classical epic made much use of certain figures, such as the sustained or heroic simile. Milton's similes compare in beauty and variety with the best of Homer and Vergil. They present detached pictures, allow the mind to rest (they really form little interludes) from the severity and intensity of the action, and bring variety into the sustained narrative.

2. The characters mentioned in the selection are Satan and Beelzebub, the two greatest of the fallen angels. Satan's name, before his fall, was Lucifer, the "light-bearer," His rebellion against God was like the war of the Titans on Jove in classical story, and the Angel's account of the battle in heaven, told in Book VI, shows that Milton had the old story in mind. Beelzebub was not a heathen god, but the prince of devils, in Biblical accounts. Later, Milton enumerates the other principal rebels, following similar enumerations in Homer and Vergil. These leaders of Satan's hosts later became heathen divinities, named in the Old Testament as the seducers of the chosen people from the worship of the true God.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Review what is said of *Paradise Lost* on pages 232-235, and find illustrations of the main points in this selection from Book I.

2. Observe (*a*) Milton's statement of his theme (lines 1-6); (*b*) his double invocation, with the differences between the two (lines 6-26); (*c*) the survey of the action of the entire poem (lines 27-49). In this last, be ready to name the chief persons of the action and to state its full extent. How much time is involved? With what event does Milton stop? How does he introduce events subsequent to this, and why does he refer to the "greater Man"? Consult page 236.

3. This selection gives opportunity for the study of Milton's power of description, dramatic realization of character, and the sublimity of his blank verse.

(*a*) *Power of description.* Point out details which help you to form a clear picture of Milton's hell. Point out Milton's contrast between hell and heaven. What effect is gained? What details are given of the flight through chaos (compare page 233)? What idea of the size of Satan and Beelzebub do you gain, and in what lines? Of the number of the fallen angels? Why are these similes of the number of the hosts effective? Why is the simile in lines 200-209 effective?

(*b*) *Dramatic realization of character.* What qualities of Satan are brought out, and in what passages? Do you sympathize with him? Which speech, if any, seems admirable in spirit, and why? Have any changes taken place in Satan's appearance? What characteristic of Satan is stressed as the source of his downfall? What foreshadowing of his future course of action is given, and where? Is there any difference in mind and character between Satan and Beelzebub?

(*c*) *The verse.* Where do the principal pauses (marked by semicolon and period) usually come, in the midst of a verse or at the end? Do you discover any groups, like stanzas, in which the verse is sustained without pause through several lines? These give an effect somewhat like that of stanzas. Why are they better suited to Milton's purpose than stanzaic verse like that of *The Faerie Queene?*

Compare Milton's blank verse with that of Shakespeare by taking a passage of ten or twelve lines from this selection and a passage of equal extent from *Macbeth.* It would be well to choose one of Macbeth's soliloquies and compare it with one of Satan's.

What variations in meter do you notice in the verse of *Paradise Lost?* Find substitutions of trochee, anapest, etc., for the prevailing iambus. What effects are gained?

Study intensively the diction, or language, by choosing words or phrases that appeal to you for *sound, picture-making power,* or *precision.*

Find a passage that seems to you to justify the epithet "organ-voiced" as applied to Milton's verse.

4. Some of the topics given above may be used for oral or written reports. Other topics may be chosen, as follows:

(*a*) Milton and Vergil: the invocation; the statement of epic-purpose; the hostile agent (a supernatural being who is the cause of the action); the style.

(*b*) Milton's use of words, chiefly of Latin origin, in exact accordance with their etymology. Frequently such words are used by him with a meaning different from that of ordinary use. Study the following words intensively, using the dictionary to get etymologies if necessary: *mortal* (line 2); *inspire* (7); *seduced* (33); *horrid* (51); *confounded* (53); *secure* (261); *astonished* (266); *oblivious* (266); *mansion* (268); *entranced* (301); *perfidious* (308); *sojourners* (309); *abject* (312); *astonishment* (317).

(*c*) The Council in Hell. Study the speeches in Book II, using a complete text of *Paradise Lost,* to bring out the character of each speaker and the substance of his argument. The speech of Belial is a very effective piece of refutation, worth careful study by all who are interested in debating.

(*d*) Individual pupils, or groups, may report on later Books, especially VII and IX.

Further Reading

I. ON MILTON'S LIFE

Macaulay, Thomas Babington: *Essay on Milton.* This essay is interesting, though somewhat inaccurate. Special topics to be drawn from a reading of it are: The contrast between the Puritans and the Royalists; Milton and Dante; The character of Milton.

Pattison, Mark: The best brief biography is that by Pattison in the *English Men of Letters Series.*

Raleigh, Walter: *Life of Milton.* This is a stimulating book, though somewhat mature.

II. ON HIS POETRY

Alden, R. M.: *English Verse.* This and the book which follows are valuable for the study of the versification of other great poets also, and should be in the school library.

Corson, Hiram: *A Primer of English Verse.*

Moody, W. V.: The best account of Milton's Poetry is in Moody's introduction to the Cambridge edition.

III. FOR ALLUSIONS

Gayley, C. M.: *Classic Myths.*

A brief history of England, such as Green's or Gardiner's.

PART III

THE REACTION AGAINST ROMANTICISM

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
—Alexander Pope

"NATURE METHODIZED"—*Pope*

(Writers of the period "confined the imagination within the limits of a formal garden")

CHAPTER IX

THE AGE OF DRYDEN AND POPE

Changes after the Restoration.

THE NEW DRAMA: Dramatic Rules—Heroic Plays—Comedy.

JOHN DRYDEN: Life of Dryden—Dryden as a Poet—Dryden's Prose.

OTHER WRITERS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD: Samuel Butler—Samuel Pepys—John Bunyan.

PROSE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: Daniel Defoe—Jonathan Swift—Addison and Steele.

POETRY IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: General Characteristics—Alexander Pope—John Gay—James Thomson—Summary.

Changes After the Restoration. The change from one ideal of life to another is always gradual, like the change in the seasons. We do not say, "Yesterday it was summer; today it is winter." After a time of almost imperceptible or unnoticed alteration in nature, we at length look upon a world that has been transformed. So it was in England after the Restoration, in May of 1660.

The theaters opened again and were crowded with gay spectators. The old plays were revived—Shakespeare's and Jonson's and the romantic dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the last great expression of Renaissance literature, appeared seven years after King Charles rode in triumph through the London streets, and it found an audience. Despite the corruption and licentiousness of the court, the seeming decay of all decency and the repudiation of all the stern morality of Puritan days, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory of the Christian life, clothed in the simple language of the Bible and speaking of sin, repentance, and salvation, was published in 1678 and was read by thousands as a work almost inspired by God.

Yet, one day, men became conscious of change. They responded less eagerly to the burning idealisms of the Elizabethan period. The dramas of Shakespeare seemed, indeed, the work of genius, but it was a wild and romantic genius, in need of pruning and restraint. *Othello* was regarded as a monstrous and unreal tragedy. The introduction of the drunken porter in *Macbeth* was thought to be a sin against good taste. Lear was more sinned against than sinning, so according to the rules of poetic justice he should be rewarded by the return of his throne. Hamlet was complained of because he fought a duel with Laertes, who was beneath him in rank, and because such vulgar creatures as the grave-diggers were permitted to appear on the same platform with a prince of the blood. They began to "improve" Shakespeare. A new version of *Lear*, with a happy ending, was written, and it was this garbled version that held the stage until the nineteenth century. Laertes was made a noble, so that he might fight a duel with the princely Hamlet. Scenes that were thought to be "low" were omitted. Dryden wrote a new version of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which he called *All for Love*, in which Shakespeare's frequent changes of scene and his violation of what were called the unities of time and action, were corrected.

Other illustrations might be given of the changes that took place in the ideals of literary excellence. Some of these changes will be apparent as we go on with our story. They may all be summed up by saying that for nearly a hundred years following the

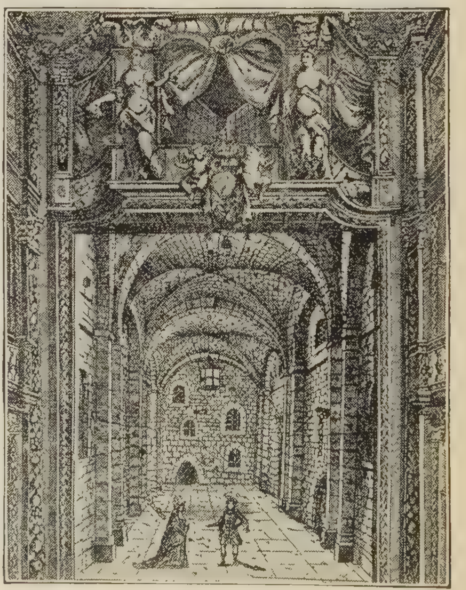
Restoration, there was a reaction against the romanticism that had been the chief characteristic of literature and life in England before that time. Violent emotions, undue enthusiasms, were to be repressed, or if they were suffered to appear, it must be with due regard to good form and in accordance with stated rules. In an essay of the time, a young woman is represented as speaking with enthusiasm of a comedy that she had witnessed. Her lover, who was a literary critic, told her that it was a vile comedy because it transgressed all the rules. To her reply that it had amused her so that she just had to laugh, he responded that she had no business being amused at such an irregular piece of writing. The Elizabethans had been interested in story and character. They had not thought much about strict rules of form. The new age was interested in character, but not in individuality. It preferred people who were types—the typical lover, the typical king, the typical heroine. The "kinds" or forms of literature had set rules; they could not trespass on each other; like the characters in their fictions, they must be "typical." Writers and critics put a bridle on Pegasus, and confined the imagination within the limits of a formal garden.

Yet great service was rendered by the writers of the Restoration period. Prose, in particular, became effective in the modern sense. Satire, both verse and prose, held a new mirror up to nature. The modern essay was created and also the modern novel, destined to take the place of pastoral and epic and the wandering prose romances that had supplied the fiction in earlier times. Men began to take a new interest in literary criticism, that is, in the analysis of a piece of writing in an effort to discover the reasons for its success or failure.

The New Drama

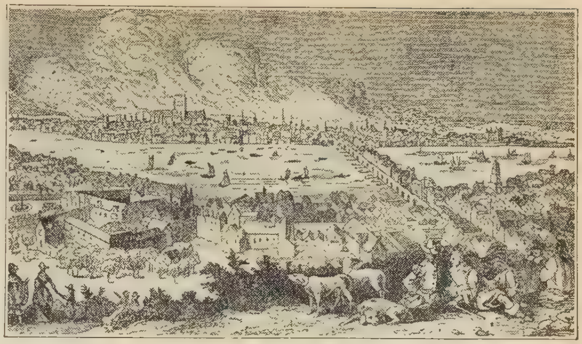
Dramatic Rules. At first this interest in criticism was directed toward the drama. French critics had attained a commanding position because of their adaptation of the rules of Aristotle to the requirements of their drama. The French also had great dramatists of their own, men like Racine and Corneille in tragedy and Molière in comedy, and the influence of this drama as well as of the criticism that accompanied it was very great. In his important *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* Dryden compares the French drama with the work of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. The relative advantages of rime and blank verse in tragedy, and the three unities, are discussed in this essay. These unities were: first, that of action, which meant that the plot of a drama should be single, without any subplot such as the Elizabethans were fond of using; second, the unity of time, which meant that the entire action of the play should take place within twenty-four hours; and, third, the unity of place, which meant that the action should not shift about from one place to another, as was common in Shakesperare's plays. In his essay, Dryden gives a clear statement of these principles, with many illustrations drawn from old and new plays, and he also subjects them to criticism.

Heroic Plays. Many plays were written in heroic couplets (iambic pentameter, riming in couplets), and were supposed to be dramatized heroic romance. Their heroes were commonly historical persons, often great conquerors, but they always subordinated public matters to the de-



A STAGE OF THE PERIOD
(Compare with the Shakespearean stage on page 142)

mands of love and honor. It was common to find fault with Shakespeare's historical plays on the ground that he did not sufficiently stress the influence of love on political action. The heroic plays of the Restoration did not lack in this respect. The hero was often pursued by a jealous but very powerful princess who would separate him from his true love. He conducted himself according to all the rules of love and honor, and at the end of the play was rewarded.



LONDON DURING THE GREAT FIRE, 1666

Comedy. Restoration comedy was more realistic than that of the Elizabethans, but it represented only the life of the small court circle. Love and gallantry were the themes. The plays abounded in sparkling dialogue, and their plots were often well constructed, but they lacked the wholesomeness of Shakespeare's plays. They interested the audiences of the time because of their realism, but now that ideals have changed they have small claim on readers, and are never acted in our theaters.

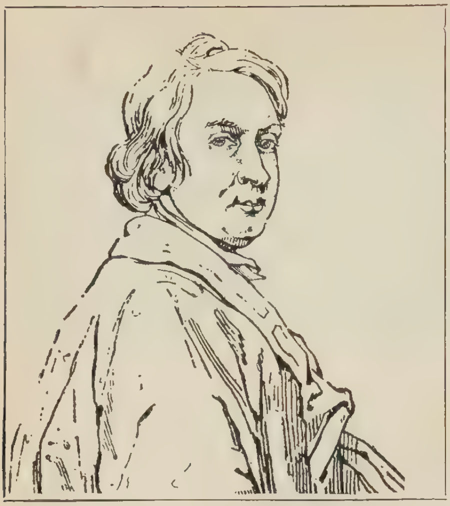
John Dryden (1631—1700)

Life of Dryden. The greatest writer of the period from 1660 to 1700 was John Dryden. He was born in 1631, educated at Cambridge, and went to London shortly before the death of Cromwell in the hope of obtaining a government position. When Cromwell died, he wrote an elegy in his memory, but after the Restoration he welcomed the new King in a long poem written in the heroic couplet. The most important of his early poems is *Annus Mirabilis* (The Wonderful Year), which described, in quatrains, the naval victory over the Dutch, the great fire in London, and the great plague, all events occurring in 1666.

Dryden's life is almost without incident. He depended upon his writings for income, and soon after the Restoration began writing plays. He wrote comedies, heroic dramas, and tragedies, none of them very good, excepting his *All for Love*, an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* to the new "rules," and *Don Sebastian*, a tragedy written late in his career. In 1670 he became poet laureate, and turned his attention to writing about matters of interest to the government. Some of his best writing was in defense of the King. When James II came to the throne, in 1685, Dryden became a Roman Catholic, but three years later, the Revolution of 1688 drove James from the throne and the new rulers, William and Mary, were Protestants. Dryden therefore lost his laureateship and another office that he had held under the crown, and was compelled once more to depend upon his pen as a means of subsistence. He died in 1700.

Dryden as a Poet. Dryden wrote a few odes and lyrics, but by far the greater part of his poetry was written in the heroic couplet. He did much to make this form of verse effective, because he attained great skill in making each couplet complete in itself. In this way he gained epigrammatic effect, displaying wit, satire, and a power of crisp expression that lent itself admirably to portraiture. His principal poems were satires and translations.

Of the satires, *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal* dealt with political matters, and *MacFlecknoe* with literary criticism. All were written in 1681-1682. The first of these was based on the Biblical story, which was used as an allegory of contemporary politics. Shaftesbury and Buckingham plotted to get control of the succession to the crown in behalf of the Duke of Monmouth (Absalom), who was a Protestant, instead of the King's brother, the Catholic Duke of York, who afterwards became James II. The old story of the plot



JOHN DRYDEN

of Absalom against David corresponded very exactly to the situation in England at the time when Dryden wrote, and he made the most of it. The poem does not seem so interesting to us now that we are so far removed from the controversies that called it forth, but one can imagine the delight with which people, reading what seemed to be a versification of a familiar Biblical story, recognized in the portraits of Zimri and Achitophel excellently satirical sketches of Buckingham and Shaftesbury. For a time Shaftesbury was imprisoned, but he was soon released, and his friends had a medal struck in honor of the event. This gave occasion for another satire, named *The Medal*, a pamphlet in verse which severely attacked Shaftesbury. In *MacFlecknoe*, Dryden satirized a rival poet, Thomas Shadwell, whom he makes the King of Dullness.

One of the chief characteristics of the poetry of this period is suggested by what has just been said of Dryden's verse satires. It is that men were coming to use poetry as a means for saying what nowadays would be put in the form of newspaper and magazine articles. Many of these poems were really verse pamphlets. Their purpose was not to express imaginative beauty but to present arguments and to satirize opponents. Dryden's poems were answered by others from the opposing camp, and a war of these verse pamphlets followed. The same tendency to use verse in place of prose is to be seen in two famous poems of religious controversy written by Dryden. The first of these, *Religio Laici* (The Religion of a Layman), was a defense of the Anglican church. Some years later, when he became a Catholic, he wrote *The Hind and the Panther*, an allegory in which the Hind represented the Catholics, whom he was defending, while the Panther represented the Anglicans, and the Wolf represented the Calvinists.

During the last years of his life, Dryden turned his attention to translation. The greater part of Vergil and many selections from Ovid and other Latin authors appeared in rapid succession. In a collection called *The Fables* he published translations from Chaucer and Boccaccio. These verse translations contain some of his best work.

Dryden's Prose. Reference has already been made to the essay on dramatic poetry, perhaps the most famous of all Dryden's critical essays. Other excellent essays on literary topics appeared as prefaces to his various works, notably the translations. As a critic, he was distinguished for his good sense, his openness of mind, and his appreciation of the best in earlier English literature as well as in the classics. At the time when he wrote, it was becoming the fashion to decry the work of early English writers. To many people, the classics were the highest achievement of the ages, and their own times were to be praised because they had the sense to recognize this and to imitate the ancient models. Dryden was himself steeped in classicism, as we have seen, but this did not prevent his appreciating good work wherever found. Thus he said of Chaucer, in a burst of splendid enthusiasm, "Here is God's plenty," and in comparing Shakespeare's work with that of the severely classical Jonson, he remarked, "I admire him [Jonson], but I love Shakespeare."

Dryden wrote prose of the type that we use today. He did not use the long and involved sentences, the learned words, the classical allusions that previous writers had thought necessary to give literary effect. He thought of his reader, not of himself.

Clearness, absence of strain, and conversational quality are delightful things to meet after dealing with the intricate design of the sentences in most prose writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

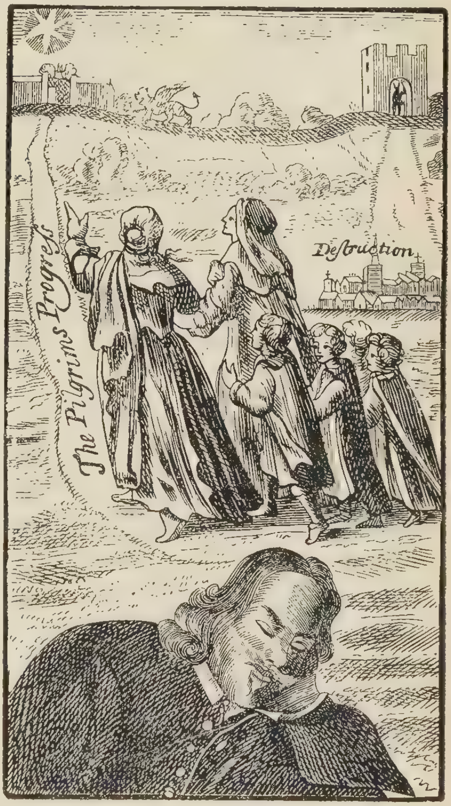
Other Writers of the Restoration Period

Samuel Butler (1612-1680). In 1663 there appeared a verse satire of the Puritans under the name of *Hudibras.* It met with such great favor that additions appeared in the following year and in 1678. Its author, Samuel Butler, had been secretary to one of the Puritan leaders during the Commonwealth, and much of what he put into his poem may be the result of personal observation. After the Restoration, he expressed his hatred of the Puritans in a burlesque romance, somewhat like *Don Quixote,* exaggerated like all burlesques, but with enough of truth to give it currency. It was written in four-accent riming couplets, with many double rimes. This gave it a sort of singsong quality, with well-marked accents, that suited the subject and the times. It is poor poetry, much of it, but it abounds in clever sayings, many of which have become proverbial. Its popularity indicates the increasing interest in satire, but it lacks the polish and smoothness of Dryden's satirical verse.

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703). For the first nine years after the Restoration, Samuel Pepys, who was not a literary man but a clerk of the Navy Board and later Secretary of the Admiralty, kept a diary. He did not publish it, but it was found among his books, a very long document written in cipher. A century later it was rediscovered, translated, and published, and it has proved to be one of the most entertaining books in the world.

The charm of Pepys's *Diary* lies in its artless revelation of the man himself. He tells of the most trivial matters as though they were matters of moment: what he had for dinner, an accident to his foot, his liking for sheep, his flirtations, his quarrel with his wife and the attractions of that good lady when she was presented at court, the joy of the people when the King came in, and his very unconventional impressions of Shakespeare's plays. The interest that this book has for us is increased when we reflect that its author was a man of much importance in the world of affairs.

John Bunyan (1628-1688). The chief work of Bunyan, like that of Pepys, was an autobiography. *Pilgrim's Progress* is the record of the life of its author, told, in the form of allegory, with an intensity and passion that leave no doubt as to the reality of the experience it embodies. But it reveals a personal experience quite different from that of the garrulous Mr. Pepys.



JOHN BUNYAN
(From an Early Edition of The Pilgrim's Progress)

Bunyan was a tinker by trade, with almost no education. The one book he knew well was the Bible. He tells us that his youth was wild and wayward, but after his conversion he began to preach to rural congregations with a power to be compared with that of Wyclif. An old statute against those who refused to conform to the Anglican church was invoked against him, and he spent twelve years in Bedford jail. Here he was well treated, having a few books, some writing materials, and an opportunity to make tagged laces for the support of his family. After his release he again began to preach, but some trouble with the authorities compelled him to spend another year in jail, where he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1678.

Before Bunyan's death this book passed through many editions and was translated into several languages. Since that time its influence has been constant. It unites high religious feeling with the charm of fairy tale and romance and with a simple and realistic story that has seemed to generations of men and women a transcript of their own experience. It is an allegory that requires no learned interpretation, in which the characters are not personified abstractions but real people with fantastic though homely names. The story purports to be a dream of a progress from the City of Destruction through the Slough of Despond, Vanity Fair, and Doubting Castle to the Delectable Mountains and the Celestial City. Giant Despair, the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow, the grim enemy Apollyon, are of the very stuff of faerie, yet they have a reality that the fairy tale cannot attain.

PROSE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Bunyan and Dryden illustrate, in different ways, the great change that was taking place in English prose as an instrument for the interpretation of life. Most prose written in England before this time had been designed for the court or for learned circles. Bunyan's power lay in his mastery of the homely idiom of ordinary men and women and in his mastery of the Bible. What this last influence meant may be illustrated in many ways. Pepys, for example, tells of the impression made upon him by hearing a little boy read stories from the Bible to his father, who was a shepherd. They were far from any house or sight of people, and the experience impressed the worldly Pepys so strongly that he could not get it out of his mind for days. Bunyan used the English language in such a way as to reach people like the shepherd and his little boy, and the scope and power of our prose were immeasurably increased thereby. Dryden's appeal was not to peasants, but the effect of his work was not less revolutionary. He talked of intellectual matters in such a way as to bring them out of the artificialities of the court and the dust of the scholar's study into the light of common day. He was not alone in this. The men who wrote for the Royal Society, we are told, cultivated a "close, naked, natural way of speaking," avoiding the excesses and fineries of earlier styles.

The growing sense of fact, then, whether the facts of religious experience or the facts of ordinary life, helped mold prose into a new instrument. In the early eighteenth century this common sense in matters of style increased. Out of it grew the modern essay, journalism, and the novel.

Daniel Defoe (1661?-1731). Great writers are of two classes. To one belong the geniuses who create a whole world of imagination growing out of the real world of human experience, men like Shakespeare and Milton. To the other class belong men whose fame rests upon a single book. They may have written other books, in most cases they did, but one of the many achieved immortality so that book and author seem one. Walton's *Compleat Angler*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, are examples.

Defoe was a journalist. He ran, from 1704 to 1713 a four-page quarto called *Review of the Affairs of France*. Years later he was interested in other periodicals which represent early English journalism. But he was a journalist also in another and deeper sense. He seized upon the topic that interested or was capable of interesting the public. He had a good sense of news value. This he used in his political career, during which he wrote many papers, often on both sides of a subject. Besides his discussions of public affairs in editorial and special articles, he was as fertile in thinking up new schemes for progress as was Benjamin Franklin, who was indeed influenced by Defoe's *Essay on Projects*. In this essay Defoe proposed an Academy to improve the English tongue, wrote about the education of women, and discussed other

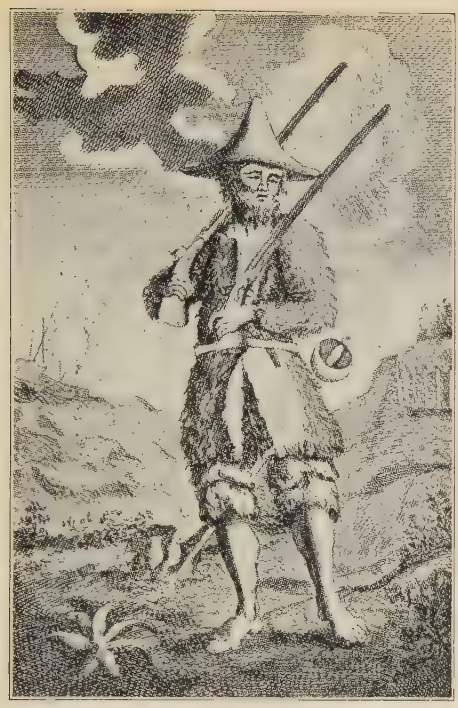


ILLUSTRATION FROM AN EARLY EDITION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

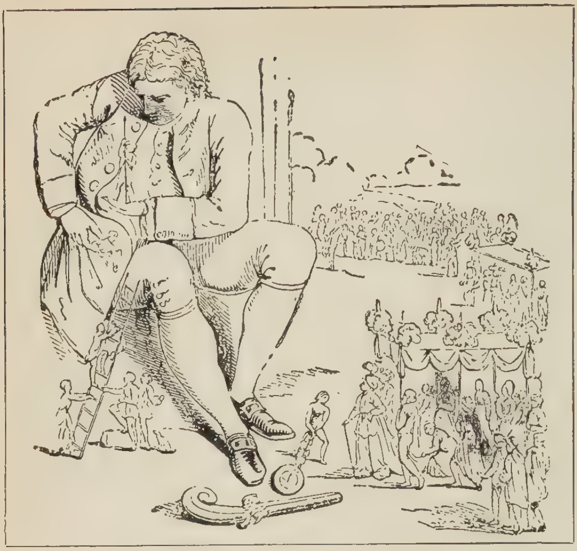
equally interesting matters. His "True-Born Englishman," a poem in defense of King William, went through many editions. For a piece of satire on the religious controversies of the time he got into trouble and was made to stand in the pillory for three days. His popularity was so great, however, that crowds of people visited him, covered the pillory with flowers, and bought copies of his "Hymn to the Pillory."

Defoe's enduring work was in fiction that seemed to be the relation of fact. An example is the famous *Journal of the Plague Year*, which purported to be an account of the Great Plague written by a man who had passed through it. So artfully was it done that for long it was regarded as an authentic document. Yet Defoe was but a child in the year of the plague. This realism he carried on in his masterpiece, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), which was indeed based on fact but was developed into an amazingly convincing story of adventure that at once became one of the most popular books in the world.

Defoe's style is careless, discursive, marked by minute detail. In *Robinson Crusoe* he did not attempt to arouse interest by telling of supernatural or marvelous adventures on the island where the shipwrecked hero was cast ashore; on the contrary he regarded the situation as a problem to be worked out in detail: What would a man do, in such circumstances, to keep the life in his body? The book thus becomes a sort of epitome or summary of the development of the arts of civilization, told without exaggeration or ornament, but as a simple statement of fact. This verisimilitude Defoe carried over into his other stories, of which he published a considerable number in the last years of his life. These stories purported to be biographies of real people. In them, the art of fiction traveled a long way from the country of Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues*, and their influence on the future development of the English novel was very great.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). Swift is to be joined with Bunyan and Defoe in that the book most naturally associated with his name is a story of adventure enjoyed by children, while it also appeals to older people for reasons quite apart from its narrative interest. *Gulliver's Travels* is an adventure story that at first sight is very different from *Robinson Crusoe*. It is peopled by Lilliputians, by giants, and by horses that talk like men; yet it is as realistic as Defoe's work, or Bunyan's.

Swift was born in Ireland and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His childhood and youth were filled with the hardships of grinding poverty, and left lasting impressions of bitterness in his mind. He became secretary to Sir William Temple, an English statesman who was interested in the great literary debate that was then raging as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers. In defense of his patron's position in this controversy, Swift wrote his *Battle of the Books*. It is written in prose of the utmost liveliness, treating the whole matter in a mock heroic vein. Homer and other ancient writers are introduced as contestants against modern writers in a story that burlesques the old tales of chivalry. During this period also, Swift wrote *A Tale of a Tub*, a satire on the various religious sects told in the form of an allegory.



GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS

After Temple's death Swift entered the church, but could get no appointment except a small living in Ireland. He made several visits to London, and became interested in politics. His poems, essays, and pamphlets attracted attention for the power they displayed in the analysis of political and religious conditions, and he became acquainted with many great men. Nevertheless, he was unable to secure any public office, and he returned to Ireland, bitterly railing against his failure. A strange love affair with a young woman, known in his writings as Stella, brought the only element of affection into his lonely life. It is not known whether they were secretly married or not, but after her death in 1728 he sank into the depths of despair.

Of his many writings *Gulliver's Travels* is the best known today. It is a story of the voyages of Lemuel Gulliver, and at first sight seems to be somewhat similar to the old fairy tale about the voyages of Sindbad. There are four adventures: in the pygmy island of Lilliput, in the land of the giant Brobdingnagians, in the flying kingdom of Laputa, and in the land of the Houyhnhnms (pronounced *whĭn'nĕms*), where the rulers and citizens are horses. Like Defoe, Swift made his story seem real through his skillful use of details. He gives minute descriptions, apparently careful measurements; he writes in a plain and matter-of-fact way.

But the book is much more than a story to be enjoyed by children and grown-ups in the way that *Sindbad* or *Robinson Crusoe* or *Treasure Island* are enjoyed. It is filled with deadly irony. Through his hero, Gulliver, Swift affects to praise England and her institutions; in reality the effect is quite the reverse. Irony means ridicule under the guise of compliment, or the use of words in a sense exactly the opposite of the sense in which they are commonly employed. Thus, Swift describes the pygmy emperor in such a way as to show the essential littleness of all kings and all worldly pomp. The Lilliputian government officials seek to win royal favor by cutting capers on a tight rope; and war breaks out because of a dispute as to which end of an egg should be opened. By such means Swift shows the real pettiness of human greatness. In the flying country of Laputa, musicians and scientists compose the court. Their feet never touch the ground; they are helpless idealists with foggy brains; they are literally "up in the air" all of the time. In the last adventure, horses are represented as superior to men; the human race in that country has descended to serfdom, and the contemptuous title of Yahoos fitly marks their degradation and bestiality. Thus, throughout the book, the story conceals scathing criticism of man and his institutions.

Despite their pessimism, there is something tonic and worth while about Swift's writings. He is a foe to all blind optimism and to all stupidity in office. He uncovers the iniquity that may be concealed under a mask of righteousness and patriotism. His plainness of style, his wit, his tremendous intellectual force, render him one of the greatest as well as one of the most tragic figures in literature. He became insane before his death, and the supreme irony of this master of irony was in his bequest of his property to found an asylum for lunatics.

Addison and Steele. We have already noted the influence of the new English prose upon the development of the newspaper and the novel. Defoe's *Review*, besides the news and editorial articles, had a department called the "Scandalous Club," in which some of the lighter aspects of journalism found a place. Swift's prose, apart from his longer works, usually took the form of pamphlets, but for a time he conducted the *Examiner*, a Tory party organ. With Addison and Steele, periodical journalism took a great step in advance, through their publication of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was a distinguished type of the English scholar in politics. He had an excellent classical education, traveled abroad, and wrote some early poems that were praised. One of these poems, "The Campaign," was a celebration of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, and attracted the attention of the Whig leaders. Thus Addison was enabled to accomplish with ease what was denied to Swift all his life, entrance upon a brilliant political career. He held many high offices, including that of Secretary of State. Most of his writing was devoted to political matters, advice on good manners, and literary criticism.

Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729) was in many respects the opposite of his friend. He spent in the army the interval between his college days and his entrance on a literary career, and rose to a captaincy. His life was less steady and assured than Addison's, but despite certain weaknesses he was more lovable and human. His chief writings are found in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, but his letters to his wife are very charming, and he wrote several plays which had great popularity in their own time, though they are forgotten today.

The unique service of the two men was their collaboration upon two journals. The first of these, the *Tatler*, appeared three times a week from 1709 to 1711. It consisted of letters supposed to have been sent from various coffee houses in London. In these coffee houses, which had multiplied with incredible rapidity since the time of Dryden, men gathered to discuss the topics of the day. Various coffee houses became known as places where men of special tastes congregated. In the *Tatler*, letters about political affairs were assigned to the St. James; papers about poetry and the drama came from Will's, and letters about "gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment" came from White's. The letters were really familiar essays, conversational and personal in tone, and they were eagerly read by the belles and beaux of the town. Many of the papers poked fun at fashions, the foibles of women, the tricks of politicians, and affectation and vanity generally.

The *Spectator* was dominated by Addison, as the *Tatler* had been chiefly characteristic of Steele. It ran from 1711 to 1714, and treated a wide variety of topics. The famous papers about the fine old country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, appeared in its pages, as well as Addison's notable series of papers on Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Others dealt with the various types of character found in London at the time. These character sketches, in their realistic analysis through small details, their humor, and their vitality, led the way to the novel of manners.

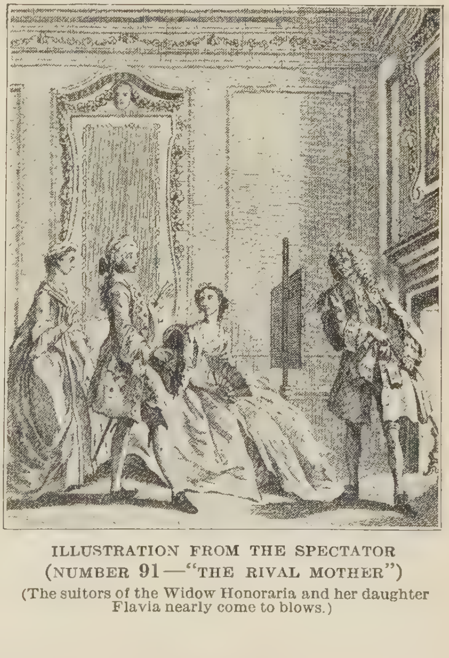


ILLUSTRATION FROM THE SPECTATOR
(NUMBER 91—"THE RIVAL MOTHER")
(The suitors of the Widow Honoraria and her daughter Flavia nearly come to blows.)

In intellectual power, intense sincerity, and the mastery of various shades of prose expression, Swift was far superior to Addison and Steele. They succeeded where he failed because their moral earnestness, no less sincere, was accompanied by kindly humor and tact of unsurpassed quality. Swift became so indignant and so violent that he repelled men; Addison and Steele effected the reforms in manners that they sought through raillery rather than sarcasm, gentle humor rather than fierce invective. Men admired Swift, even feared him; Addison and Steele they loved.

POETRY IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

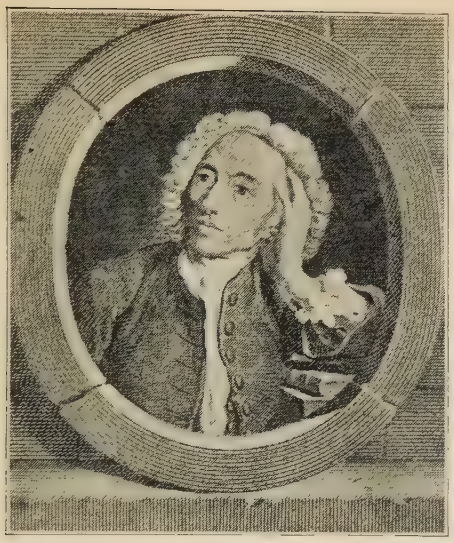
We have already noticed, in the prose of the period 1700-1740, the absence of romantic elements. Love plays no part in this prose. All exaggeration, except for humorous or satirical effect, is avoided. Good manners, restraint, and elevated sentiments are stressed. Moreover, one feels that the way in which a thing is said outweighs the substance of what is said. Form and style and rules of composition are matters of importance. It was a period of sanity and order in life, set over against the exuberance of the Elizabethans, the fanaticism of the Puritans, and the looseness and low moral tone of the Restoration.

General Characteristics. We turn now to the poetry of the period. In it we find the same characteristics, accentuated by the fact that poetry is always apt to be more formal than prose. Here, too, romantic love finds no place. There is fear of the "low" or common. Pope writes about the tragic fate of two peasant lovers who were killed by lightning while seeking shelter from a sudden storm, but he feels it necessary to apologize for writing about such common people rather than about people of social standing. The same dislike for the low led poets to avoid words that seemed prosaic. Coffee was "the fragant juice of Mocha's berry brown"; a spade was "an implement of husbandry"; a boot was "the shining leather that encased the limb"; a field of grain was spoken of as "Ceres' golden reign." Men preferred the general and the typical to the individual and the concrete. Even in the prose character sketches in the essays and periodicals, the persons described are types, not highly individualized people, as in *Macbeth* and other Elizabethan plays. The personal, subjective element that makes romantic poetry vivid, they shunned; as a result there are few sonnets and lyrics, but many odes and more heroic couplets. In fact the couplet was exactly suited to the ideal of poetry then held. It was well-marked in rhythm; it lent itself to the expression of wit and epigram; the narrow space at the disposal of the writer, with the strongly marked end-rime, conduced to neatness and skill in expression, not to boundless, free, enthusiastic manner. Finally, they reveled in the didactic. Much of the poetry of the time was moral or philosophical exposition put in rime instead of in essay form. Pope wrote an *Essay on Man*, and an *Essay on Criticism* in heroic couplets.

These characteristics belong to what is called pseudo-classicism. The writers of the time were well-satisfied with themselves and with their world. They were fond of calling themselves Augustans because they thought that in them the great days of Rome had returned to bless mankind. They stressed "kinds" of literature; and special rules, supposed to correspond to the rules of Aristotle, were formulated to govern these "kinds"—the ode, the satire, the panegyric, and the like. Most of all, they prided themselves on their classical knowledge. They gave themselves and their characters classical names. They made great use of phrases borrowed from Horace, Vergil, and other ancient writers. They made constant use of classical allusions. The chief duty of the poet, they said, was to imitate the classics.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744). The life of Pope contained few incidents outside his literary career. He was an invalid for life, and since he was a Catholic, he was denied the privilege of participation in politics. But he was the first English author to make a great financial success solely through his writings, and he was a man of intellectual vigor and constant industry.

Pope's view of poetry is found chiefly in his *Essay on Criticism* (1711), which



ALEXANDER POPE

shows the influence of Horace and of the great French classic critic, Boileau. The essay was written in heroic couplets of admirable point and vigor. The three cardinal principles of his advice to poets are to follow nature, to use the ancients as standards, and to pay chief attention to the manner of expression. He says,

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

That is, the ideal is to imitate that which is within the bounds of possibility in nature, rather than to imagine "impossible" and extravagant situations and scenes like the romanticists. This "nature," however, is to be "methodized," by which he means that it is to be pruned of irregularities and exuberance by rules. "To copy nature," he says, is to copy those rules discovered by Aristotle and Horace. Moreover, the "what oft was thought" indicates the small value attached to originality; the whole point is to excel in manner of expression. All Pope's poetry is an application of these principles.

In *The Rape of the Lock* (1712) Pope treated a trivial subject with mock-heroic solemnity. A noble lord, in a fit of playfulness, clipped a lock of hair from the head of a fair lady. She resented the liberty, and a quarrel ensued. In his poem Pope undertook to laugh the young people into good humor. He used all the machinery of the old epic poems. There is the quarrel among celestial beings; the introduction of the supernatural elements thought to be necessary in epic poetry; the marshaling of the hosts of battle; the battle itself, which is told in the high Homeric fashion, though the weapons are bodkins and "killing glances." There is also imitation of epic style: the invocations to the Muse, the epic similes, the apostrophes. Through it all runs a gay satire of the foibles of people of fashion; this sketch of life and manners is at bottom by no means complimentary.

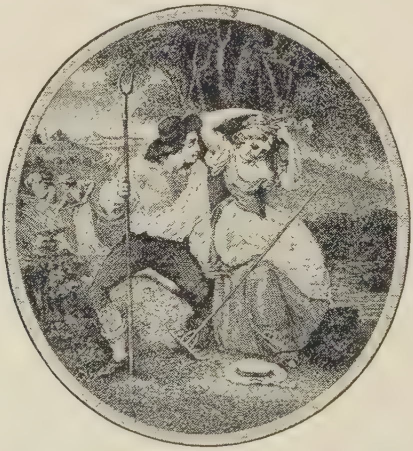
From 1713 to 1726 Pope was engaged mainly upon his great translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. In them he did not reproduce Homer's language or his world; he transformed them into the language and the world of the eighteenth century. His heroes talk and act like the politicians and generals of Pope's time. But his power over the heroic couplet, his adaptations of classic material to pseudo-classic tastes, gave his work prodigious success. He made a fortune, bought an expensive villa at Twickenham on the Thames, ornamented his grounds according to the prevailing modes, and kept on writing.

Pope's later work we must pass over without detailed comment. Toward the end of his life he returned to the verse-essay, producing his *Essay on Man* and the *Moral Essays.* These contain nothing original, but they are excellent summaries of the thought of the time, they are expressed with matchless skill, and they have yielded many familiar quotations to our common speech. Next to Shakespeare, Pope is the most frequently quoted of English poets. In part this is due to his power to sum up, in a couplet, a moral or ethical sentiment, or an observation on life, which is thus delivered in a neat package, ready to be addressed. In part it is due to his unrivaled gift for satire. His satire is not brutal, like Swift's, or genial, like Addison's, but rapier-like, delivering its deadly wound in such a manner that even the victim must admire the grace. Examples are to be found in his *Dunciad*, a mock-epic poem about the dunces of the time, or people whom Pope thought to be dunces, and in the portrait of Addison which he inserted in his verse epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

John Gay (1685-1732). Pope had many imitators and disciples who sought to catch the secret of his verse. Among them was John Gay, an amiable person, who satirized pastoral poetry in his *Shepherd's Week* and in *Trivia* set down in engaging fashion his observations of London streets. He is also to be remembered for his *Fables*, graceful and witty adaptations of the old animal stories, and for his delightful *Beggar's Opera*, in which the famous song about black-eyed Susan is to be found. This opera has recently been revived, to the great delight of numerous audiences. One who listens to the catchy music of this eighteenth-century musical comedy and follows the adventures of the highwayman hero, needs no better proof of the fact that despite changes in costume the world of Addison and Steele and Pope and Gay was the modern world.

James Thomson (1700-1748). In 1725 a young Scotchman named Thomson moved to London and in a short time published a poem called "Winter." It met with great favor, and he added similar poems about the other seasons, printing the whole work in 1730 under the title of *The Seasons*. The chief characteristics of this poem are the use of blank verse somewhat resembling in form and phrase the verse of Milton; the often effective descriptions of rural nature, which were remarkable in a time when most men preferred town to the country; and the moral sentiments that the classicists loved.

Summary. During this period of almost a century, English poetry and prose underwent a transformation. Poetry conformed to set rules supposed to have been derived from the classics; the lyric, the sonnet, and other forms of personal poetry were in disfavor; the prevailing verse form was the heroic couplet, which was used with the greatest skill. Prose became more simple, more conversational, and developed along lines that were to forge a style suitable for the novel and the newspaper. While the Elizabethans were still read, the true admiration of the age was for literature that was unromantic in nature or that burlesqued or satirized romance. It was a period of reaction against the true English genius, and it was destined to give place when that genius again asserted itself.



FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF
THOMSON'S SEASONS

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1660-1735)

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
1660.	Pepys begins his *Diary*	1660.	Stuarts restored to throne of England. Charles II (1660-1685)
1663.	Butler's *Hudibras*		
1664.	*Hudibras* (second part)	1664.	English seize New Amsterdam and name it New York
		1666.	Great Fire in London
1667.	*Paradise Lost* Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*		
1672.	Steele and Addison born		
		1677.	Princess Mary marries William of Orange
1678.	Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* Dryden's *All for Love* *Hudibras* (part third)		
1681.	Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*		
1682.	Dryden's *The Medal*, *MacFlecknoe*, and *Religio Laici*	1682.	William Penn founds Philadelphia
		1685.	James II ascends throne. Duke of Monmouth heads revolt
1687.	Dryden's *The Hind and the Panther*		
		1688.	William of Orange asked to come to England
		1689.	William and Mary ascend throne Bill of Rights and Toleration Act
1690.	Dryden's *Fables*		
		1692.	Persecution of witches in Salem, New England
1701.	Defoe's *True-Born Englishman*	1701.	War of Spanish Succession begins
1702.	*Daily Courant*, first daily paper	1702-1714.	Anne
1704.	Swift's *Battle of the Books* and *Tale of a Tub* Addison's *Campaign*	1704.	Marlborough wins Blenheim *Boston News Letter*, first newspaper in America
1709.	*The Tatler*		
1711.	*The Spectator* Pope's *Essay on Criticism*		
1712.	Pope's *Rape of the Lock*		
		1713.	Treaty of Utrecht leaves English free to choose Protestants for throne
		1714-1727.	George I
1719.	*Robinson Crusoe* (first part)		
1720.	Pope's *Iliad* completed		
		1721-1742.	Walpole prime minister
1722.	Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*		
1725.	Pope's *Odyssey* completed		
1726.	*Gulliver's Travels*		
		1727-1760.	George II
1728.	Gay's *Beggar's Opera*; Pope's *Dunciad*		
1730.	Thomson's *Seasons*	1730.	Methodist church begins at Oxford
1732-1734.	Pope's *Essay on Man*	1732.	Franklin begins to issue *Poor Richard's Almanac* in Philadelphia
		1733.	Oglethorpe founds Georgia

SELECTIONS FROM THE AGE OF DRYDEN AND POPE

From His DIARY

SAMUEL PEPYS

PEPYS APPOINTED SECRETARY TO THE GENERALS OF THE FLEET. THE RETURN OF KING CHARLES

Jan. 1, 1660 (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I stayed at home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's and in going observed the great posts which the City have set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street.

Mar. 5th. To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkney at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the lion and unicorn, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again. To bed.

6th. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it.

22nd. To Westminster, and received my warrant of Mr. Blackburne to be secretary to the two generals of the Fleet.

23rd. My Lord, Captain Isham, Mr. Thomas, John Crewe, W. Howe, and I in a hackney to the Tower, where the barges stayed for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, etc., in the other, to the Long Reach, where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor. (In our way we saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1000 to the people about Limehouse.) Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to the cabin allotted for me, which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord. We were late writing of orders, for the getting of ships ready, etc.

May 1. Today I hear they were very merry at Deal, setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

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3. **great skirts**, a coat which fitted tightly to the waist and then hung in loose, skirt-like folds. 16. **Fleet Street**, always an important London street. 20. **lion and unicorn**, figures in the royal coat-of-arms. 22. **King**, Charles II, son of Charles I (beheaded in 1649). Charles II was restored to the throne in May, 1660. 24. **Parliament**, the Long Parliament, which passed out March 16, having been in session twenty years. 25. **Covenant**, the Solemn League and Covenant signed by the Puritan Parliament (1643) to reform religion. It was used as a test of fidelity to the parliamentary cause.

34. **generals**, a title applied then in the navy also. 36. **My Lord**, Sir Edward Montagu. 46. **Limehouse**, a district along the Thames, now the center of the East and West India docks and one of the worst slum sections of the city. 59. **Deal**, a seaport and bathing resort near Dover.

2nd. In the morning at a breakfast of radishes in the purser's cabin. After that, to writing till dinner. At which time comes Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May Day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any.

May 29th. Abroad to shore with my Lord (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true). On shore we took horses, my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. . . . At last we came upon a very high cliff by the seaside, and rode under it, we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Mathews, that it was not so high as Paul's, my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks, and found it to be not above thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety. From thence toward the barge again, and in our way found the people of Deal going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did fire at my Lord's coming by. For which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliff, we saw and heard our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy. And it being a pretty fair day, we could see above twenty miles into France. Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Sheply's book of Paul's, by which we were confirmed in our wager. . . . This day, it is thought, the King do enter the City of London.

30th. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about £80, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

Matters Personal and Domestic

Oct. 13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

Nov. 22nd. This morning come the carpenters to make me a door at the

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6. **Parliament**, the newly-elected Parliament, royalist in sympathy. 12. **Act of Oblivion**, an act of pardon for all so-called political offenses committed during the King's exile. 26. **Paul's**, the old St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. The central spire, 460 feet high, being of wood, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. 29. **with two sticks**, perhaps by means of sighting and the use of the principle of similar triangles.

55. **Charing Cross**, an important business section of London. 56. **Harrison**, Thomas, appointed by Cromwell to conduct Charles I to trial. He sat as one of the judges that condemned the King to be beheaded. 69. **Whitehall**, a palace in London, practically rebuilt since Pepys's day.

other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1000 or £1400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox come in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses come to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

Feb. 27th, 1661. I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no.

28th. I took boat at Whitehall for Redriffe, but in my way overtook Captain Cuttance and Tiddiman in a boat and so ashore with them at Queenhithe, and so to a tavern with them to a barrel of oysters, and so away. Capt. Cuttance and I walked from Redriffe to Deptford, and there we dined, and notwithstanding my resolution, yet for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. At the opening of this selection from his *Diary* Pepys was twenty-seven and his wife twenty. They were very poor. In cold weather they had no fuel and had to live in the garret to keep warm. It is evident that Pepys had not been in sympathy with the so-called Rump Parliament which governed England during the King's banishment, for he went to hear Peter Gunning, who had continued Church of England services during the Commonwealth, although the state church had been officially abolished. Through his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu, one of the generals of the fleet, he became a secretary in the navy.

2. Point out passages that reveal (*a*) the writer's interest in life, (*b*) the unvarnished sincerity of his narrative, (*c*) his engaging personal qualities, (*d*) his very human personal failings.

3. Compare his style with Bunyan's in (*a*) vividness, (*b*) simplicity, (*c*) imagination.

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

JOHN BUNYAN

[From *The Pilgrim's Progress*]

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater

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5. **whisk,** a kind of cape. 41, 44, 47. **Redriffe, Queenhithe, Deptford,** formerly towns to the southeast of London, now parts of the city.

Title. **Apollyon,** angel of the bottomless pit (*Revelation* ix, 11).

advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; "for," thought he, "had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand."

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apol. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; for the wages of sin is death. Therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out if perhaps I might mend myself.

[*Apollyon now tries to win back his former subject, only to be told by Christian that henceforth he owes allegiance only to the Prince.*]

Apol. I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul."

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now"; and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise"; and with that gave him a deadly thrust,

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4. **in mine eye,** in view. 34-35. **wages . . . death.** See *Romans* vi, 23. 39. **Prince,** Jesus.

52. **spill,** destroy. 88. **Rejoice not, etc.** (*Micah*, vii, 8).

which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight; he spake like a dragon. And on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile and look upward. But 'twas the dreadfullest fight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did, saying,

Great Beelzebub, the Captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out; and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.
But blessed Michael helpéd me, and I
By dint of sword did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless His holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before. So being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; "for," he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

VANITY FAIR

John Bunyan

[From *The Pilgrim's Progress*]

Then I saw in my dream that when they were got out of the wilderness they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years agone, there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as lives, blood, bodies, souls,

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4-6. **Nay . . . . us** (*Romans*, viii). 29. **Beelzebub**, one of the rulers over the devils (*Matthew*, xii, 24). 31. **harnessed**, clad in armor. 33. **Michael**, the archangel (*Revelation*, xii, 7).

72. **Legion**, a devil (*Mark* v, 8, 9).

silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold.

Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world." The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day, too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair therefore is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons; for,

First: The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the fair made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish-men.

Secondly: And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly: But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upward, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the Truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to

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27. **needs . . . world** (*I Corinthians*, v, 10). **Prince of Princes**, Jesus (*Matthew*, iv, 8-11).

63. **bedlams**, lunatics. 64. **outlandish-men**, foreigners. 69. **Canaan**, heaven. 75. **amuse**, astound. 81. **Turn**, etc. (*Psalms*, cxiv, 37). 86. **carriages**, demeanor.

smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and a great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the Truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they therefore in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory, too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides—the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them—they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that were cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience that it won to their side (though but a few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair.

This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

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21. **let**, hinder.

49. **again**, in addition, also. 85. **concluded**, decided upon.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment; but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Fight with Apollyon. 1. Why does Apollyon oppose Christian? Why does Christian attempt to withstand him? How was Christian able to repulse so formidable an antagonist?

2. Apollyon represents the evil which man must overcome in the world. Recount some incident in life today in which someone has won a victory that may be compared with Christian's. Make your selection from your own experience, from your reading, or from public life.

Vanity Fair. 1. What were some of the frivolities and follies in Vanity Fair? Describe some of the idle, silly, or giddy pleasures that you imagine in a Vanity Fair today. Try to be as vivid as Bunyan.

2. Why were Christian and Faithful maltreated at Vanity Fair? What elements of justice were mingled with the maltreatment? Would the frequenters and leading spirits in Vanity Fair today persecute serious-minded persons? Answer by giving instances from actual life.

3. As an allegory compare *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the *The Faerie Queene.* In which are the figures more concrete and genuine? In which are the scenes more vivid and picturesque? In which has the narrative the more human interest?

4. As a prose writer Bunyan may be compared with Bacon and Jonson. Which has the simplest diction? Quote passages to uphold your opinion. Which has the shortest, simplest sentences? How do they differ in choice of subjects? Which of them has the most wisdom? The strongest imagination? Quote specific passages in support of your answer.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

John Dryden

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Chorus: Happy, happy, happy pair! etc.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god;

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1. **for Persia won**, for the winning of Persia, at Arabela, 331 B.C. 2. **Philip's warlike son**, Alexander, son of Philip, king of Macedonia. 9. **Thais**, an Athenian beauty, a favorite of Alexander, who accompanied him on his Persian expedition. 17. **Timotheus**, a famous Greek musician and poet in high favor with Alexander. 22. **from Jove**, with a legend about Jove. Alexander, his head turned by conquests, thought of himself as the son, not of Philip, but of Zeus. 26. **Sublime . . . spires**, raised aloft in coils or spirals. 27. **Olympia**, Olympias, the mother of Alexander, was, according to story, wooed by Zeus. Thus, Zeus, supreme god, is made to be the father of Alexander, world conqueror. 36. **Assumes**, i.e., assumes the conduct of.

Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus: With ravished ears, etc.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus: Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, etc.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse.
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

Chorus: Revolving in his altered soul, etc.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War (he sung) is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus: The prince, unable to conceal his pain, etc.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
"Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries,
"See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,

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37. **nod.** The nod of Zeus shook the heavens. 40. **Bacchus**, god of wine. 44. **purple**, the dark-red flush caused by wine. 46. **hautboys**, oboes. 61. **Changed his hand.** Timotheus began to play a different kind of music. **pride**, i.e., of Alexander. 64. **Darius**, the Persian emperor.

83. **Lydian**, sweet and soothing. See note on line 136, page 238. 112. **Furies**, in classic mythology, snaky-haired women, the avengers of crime.

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"
—The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

CHORUS: And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy, etc.

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

GRAND CHORUS: At last Divine Cecilia came, etc.

ACHITOPHEL

JOHN DRYDEN

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*]

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

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119. **unburied.** The Greeks believed that without burial the soul of the dead person could not cross the Styx to Elysium until years had been spent in wandering. 128. **Thais . . . . way.** An old tradition avers that Thais, at a feast in Persepolis, induced Alexander to set fire to the palace. 130. **Helen,** the beautiful wife of the king of Sparta, whose carrying off by Paris of Troy caused the Trojan War. 133. **bellows,** i.e., of the organ. 139. **vocal frame,** the organ. 142. **added length.** In a reed instrument, like the organ, the tone can be indefinitely prolonged. 147. **drew an angel down.** See Note 1, page 288.

1. **Achitophel.** See Note 1, page 288. 3. **close,** secret. 4. **wit,** disposition. 6. **disgrace.** Shaftesbury had been dismissed from high office. 8. **pigmy body.** He was small of body and enfeebled by disease. 9. **o'er-informed,** filled with too much life. 13. **to boast his wit,** in order to show off his abilities. 14. **wits,** minds. 22. **Got,** begot. **huddled,** confused. 26. **triple bond,** the alliance of 1668, binding England, Holland, and Sweden against France. It was broken in 1670 by the secret Treaty of Dover, in which France and England joined against Holland. 28. **foreign yoke,** that of France. The Treaty of Dover played into the hands of Louis XIV.

ZIMRI

John Dryden

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*]

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's, epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, riming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent or over-civil
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

ON SHAKESPEARE

John Dryden

[From *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*]

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient, poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inward, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater

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Title. **Zimri.** See end of Note 1, page 288. 10. **freaks,** foolish, absurd ideas. 15. **So over-violent or over-civil,** i.e., he had no sane, balanced judgments. 25. **wicked but in will,** so impotent he could not even carry out his evil designs.

5. **still,** always. 7. **luckily,** that is, aptly, and with seeming ease. 20. **clenches,** puns. 27. **Quantum,** etc., as do the tall cypresses above the low-growing shrubs, (from Vergil, *Eclogues I*, 26). 38. **last king,** Charles I. **Ben's,** Ben Jonson's.

part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster;* for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in His Humor*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe. They represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's. The reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them. There is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we

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10. **censure**, judgment. 23. **regular**, observing the unities of time and place. 31. **Humor**, a characteristic mood or affectation.

50. **wit**, genius. 76. **mechanic people**, mechanics, workingmen. 82. **Sejanus and Catiline**, two of Jonson's plays.

had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially. Perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father, of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Vergil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

22. **Discoveries,** a prose work written in 1641, the full title of which was *Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Alexander's Feast. 1. This ode was written in honor of St. Cecilia's day, November 22, which has been celebrated in London nearly every year since 1683. St. Cecilia, a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the third century, has generally been considered the patron saint of music. You will be interested in looking up Raphael's beautiful painting "St. Cecilia." Though Dryden was sixty-eight when he composed this poem, he was so taken with the subject that he sat up all night to finish his composition. He took some two weeks to revise and improve it. It is the most popular, and in some ways the finest, of all Dryden's compositions.

2. What is the theme of the poem? Who is the subject? At what point in his career is he represented? How does this help to make possible the illustration of the theme? How is praise of music turned to praise of St. Cecilia?

3. For each stanza, note (*a*) the kind of music Timotheus plays, (*b*) the effect of the music on Alexander, and (*c*) the way in which the sound and movement of the verse fit and really create the proper mood. The correspondence of sound and sense, as in *hiss* and *hum,* is called onomatopoeia. Dryden, by his remarkable command of meter, could produce lines and longer passages containing this onomatopoetic effect. For example, what line in the third stanza expresses the height of excitement? How does he reflect the liquid effect of the Lydian music in the fifth stanza? How does the last stanza contrast with the preceding one?

4. This poem is called an ode, a name applied to an enthusiastic and exalted lyrical poem, on a lofty subject, with complex or irregular stanzas. The effect of an ode (it should always be read aloud) is due to the varying length of the lines and the varying arrangement of the rimes: (*a*) In the first stanza, lines 3-5 should be read slowly to give the dignity and self-importance the hero feels. The lines which follow combine description with narrative. What is the effect of lines 12-15? Consider the other variations in length of line. (*b*) Note also the rimes, and point out some of the effects gained by them.

5. Dryden's poem has been called rhetorical rather than poetical. Think over some of the finest passages in the poetry you have read so far, such as Marlowe's (page 110):

"Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no wonder can digest."

or Milton's (page 255):

> "And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome."

Do you see anything in such passages that Dryden does not have? Try to explain or at least illustrate the difference.

Achitophel and *Zimri.* 1. These two selections from Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* show why the poem is declared to be the most brilliant satire in the language. The portraits are as sharply cut as a cameo. The allegory in these descriptions was obvious to the public. Charles II had often been compared to David regaining his kingdom. Achitophel (*II Samuel,* xv), his counselor, was easily recognized as the Earl of Shaftesbury, who had been Lord Chancellor and President of the Privy Council. When the poem was issued (November, 1681) Shaftesbury was in prison. He was accused of treason because he opposed the claim of Charles's brother James to the right of succession, and favored the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles. It was hoped that the poem would arouse public feeling (and the jury) against Shaftesbury, but shortly after it was published he was released. Zimri (*I Kings,* xvi) is the

Duke of Buckingham, who in *The Rehearsal* (1671) had ridiculed Dryden's plays.

2. What strokes in the portrait of Achitophel would have been most likely to turn the public against him? What are the wittiest thrusts in the satire of Zimri?

3. Dryden writes here in "heroic couplet," that is, iambic pentameter verse, with the two lines bound together by a rime. Note that in Dryden's couplets the sense is concluded almost always with the second line. There are relatively few run-on lines. Note also that antithesis is very commonly introduced. (*a*) Pick out the best illustrations of these features in these selections. Why does Dryden sometimes introduce triplets? (*b*) Compare the effect of this verse with that of blank verse, illustrating by comparison with both Shakespeare and Milton.

On Shakespeare. 1. What opinions does Dryden express concerning Shakespeare? Do you agree or disagree? Cite passages from *Macbeth* in support of your position. What particular merits does he ascribe to Jonson? Explain "more correct poet" (see pages 263-264 and 272-273). Explain "rules," in Dryden's last sentence.

2. Dryden is called the father of modern English prose. Point out (*a*) his clearness of arrangement, (*b*) the force and clarity of his sentences and diction, (*c*) the ease and fluency of his discussion. (*d*) Compare him in these respects with Bunyan and Milton.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

Daniel Defoe

[From *An Essay on Projects*]

I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so; and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, "What is a man—a gentleman, I mean—good for, that is taught no more?" I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman, with a good estate, of a good family, and with tolerable parts; and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the luster of it will never appear. And 'tis manifest that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask such what they can see in ignorance that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? Or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? Or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when 'tis only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them from being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker, than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not with-

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12. **conversible**, qualified for conversation.

out, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements. . . .

[They should be] taught all sorts of breeding suitable to both their genius and their quality. And in particular, music and dancing, which it would be cruelty to bar the sex of, because they are their darlings. But besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian, and I would venture the injury of giving a woman more tongues than one. They should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech, and all the necessary air of conversation, which our common education is so defective in that I need not expose it. They should be brought to read books, and especially history; and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them.

To such whose genius would lead them to it, I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing, in general, is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp—I believe I may be allowed to say generally so; for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive.

And, without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, his darling creature, to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due luster which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman, well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows:

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy. Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative. Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion—which still is breeding—makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous. And from these she degenerates to

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32. **parts**, talents or intellectual powers. 38. **Tempers**, temperament or disposition.

be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil! . . .

. . . the great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman, and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women. For I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men; and all, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of man, as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost. To say *the weakness of the sex*, as to judgment, would be nonsense; for ignorance and folly would be no more found among women than men.

I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman. She had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs. And when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education that she gave this short reflection on herself: "I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice. 'Tis a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing; and I refer the practice to those happy days—if ever they shall be—when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Education of Women. 1. This passage, from *An Essay On Projects* (1697), is an example of Defoe's modern way of looking at life. Of what did the education of women consist in his day? How has the attitude about educating women changed? What specific qualities does he attribute to them? Is his praise applicable today? Do women of the present age have as full a share in life as Defoe wished, or a fuller? Be specific.

2. Pupils should reread *Robinson Crusoe*, Part I, and someone should report on *Captain Singleton* and *Journal of the Plague Year*. Is Defoe's style homely or polished? Is it graphic or vague? Sincere or artful? Wise or flighty? In his fiction is he realistic or romantic? For all these answers, quote passages to illustrate your point.

POLITICAL ACROBATICS

JONATHAN SWIFT

[From *Gulliver's Travels*]

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and, at last, the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace—which often happens—five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broken his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward several times, according as the stick is advanced or

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39. allowed, acknowledged.

depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk, the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about the court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

WAR

Jonathan Swift

[From *Gulliver's Travels*]

[In his last voyage Gulliver comes to the country of the Houyhnhnms, in which the horses are endowed with reason and are lords and masters of creation. In character they retain the primitive simplicity of animals, being wholly exempt from the vices and sophistication of civilized man. The real beasts of this kingdom are the Yahoos, creatures corrupt and irrational, who yet have forms of human beings. Gulliver is informing his horse master about the state of England.]

The reader may please to observe that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times, for above two years; his Honor often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I further improved in the Houyhnhnm tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it into order as well as I can, without any regard to time, or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his Honor's commands, I related to him the revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France entered into by the said Prince, and renewed by his successor, the present Queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued. I computed, at his request, that about a million of Yahoos might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and, perhaps, a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burned or sunk.

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another. I answered they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamor of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinion hath cost many millions of lives; for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or virtue; wheth-

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45. **Prince of Orange,** William III of England, king from 1689 to 1702. 46. **long war,** War of the Spanish Succession, 1701-1714. 49. **Queen,** Queen Anne (1702-1714).

er it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best color for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarreleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight till they take ours or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war to invade a country, after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honorable, and frequent practice when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honorable of all others, because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who had never offended him, as possibly he can.

There is, likewise, a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in Germany and other northern parts of Europe.

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war, does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to; however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. And, therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannon, culverins, muskets, carbines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bom-

94. **culverin**, a long cannon.

bardments, sea fights; ships sunk with a thousand men; twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air; smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcasses, left for food to dogs and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to set forth the valor of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equaled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation; that although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident that, instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Political Acrobatics. 1. This passage from Chapter III of "A Voyage to Lilliput" in *Gulliver's Travels* reveals the satire that underlies the book. Swift is making fun of the court of George I. In Flimnap he ridicules George I's prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole. The caper on the pack-thread is a reference to Walpole's resignation in 1717. The cushion refers to a duchess in high favor with the monarch. She is supposed to have restored Walpole to the King's regard. The colored threads satirize three of the orders, Garter, Bath, and Thistle, which the King conferred on his courtiers as a mark of special favor.

2. What impression does this give you of the life of courts? Of the wisdom of politicians? Of the value of their ambitions? Does the satire apply today to American politics?

War. 1. This selection is also from *Gulliver's Travels* (Chapter V of "A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms"). What trivial causes of war does Gulliver mention? What caused the War of the Spanish Succession? Does this cause suggest any of those enumerated by Gulliver?

2. What was the cause of the Spanish-American War? The Boer War? The World War? Can any of them be brought under one or more of the causes Gulliver mentions?

3. Write out an account of modern warfare which shall make some of its recent scientific developments clear to a Houyhnhnm. Try to make the conversation as lifelike as Swift does.

4. Does the satire here seem more mellow or more bitter than in "Political Acrobatics"?

5. Pupils shoud reread "A Voyage to Lilliput" and "A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms." Someone should report on *A Tale of a Tub.* Point out examples of the simplicity of Swift's style, his precise use of words, the keenness of his satire, humor, and irony.

From AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

ALEXANDER POPE

[From PART I]

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offense
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment, too?

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First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides.
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The wingéd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.

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You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age.
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorned to draw;
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labored work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem:
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend

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27. **informing**, animating. 31. **wit**, imagination. 32. **much more**, as much judgment in addition. 37. **generous**, thoroughbred.

45. **fable**, plot. 54. **Mantuan Muse**, Vergil, born near Mantua. 55. **Maro**, Vergil (Publius Vergilius Maro). 56. **A work**, the *Aeneid*. 63. **Stagirite**, Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), born at Stagira in Macedonia. His *Poetics* was the beginning and still is a foundation of literary criticism.

(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),
Moderns, beware! Or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom and compelled by need,
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

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[From Part II]

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;
Their praise is still—the style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place.
The face of nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.

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75. **Pegasus**, the winged horse of the Muses.

12. **content**, trust. 23. **decent**, attractive. 24. **vile conceit**, "a far-fetched, unnatural figure" (Johnson). 26. **sort**, fit.

Some by old words to fame have made pretense,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labored nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learnéd smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancients wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dressed.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rimes.
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees";
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened—not in vain—with "sleep."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rimes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

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32. **Fungoso**, a character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humor*, 41. **numbers**, metrical structure of the verse. 45. **haunt Parnassus**, read poetry. Parnassus was a mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses. 49. **open vowels**, vowels without a consonant between—a hiatus. 60. **Alexandrine**, a line of six feet.

65. **Denham, Waller.** Sir John Denham (1615-1669) and Edmund Waller (1605-1687) are always spoken of as the founders of the heroic couplet. 74. **Ajax**, one of the minor heroes of the *Iliad*. 76. **Camilla**, a maiden warrior in the Aeneid, so swift and light that she neither bent the grain nor sank into the water over which she sped. 78-80. **Timotheus' son**, etc. See "Alexander's Feast," lines 17 ff.

PORTRAIT OF ADDISON

Alexander Pope

[From *Epistle to Arbuthnot*]

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease—
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous, eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

THE BOOK OF FATE

Alexander Pope

[From *An Essay on Man*]

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know—
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blessed.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

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5. **fond to rule**, fond of ruling. 17. **Cato**, a reference to Addison's drama, *Cato*. 19. **templars**, lawyers, so-called from The Temple, law buildings in London. **raise**, praise, extol. 22. **Atticus**, Pope's name for Addison.

5. **riot**, feast.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In connection with your study of these selections from *An Essay on Criticism*, review what was said (pp. 263-264; 272-273) about the theories of literature in Pope's time. This *Essay* is the most famous statement of these theories; Pope expresses not merely his own ideas, but, in the main, the ideas of such critics as Dryden, Addison, and Johnson. Their views were derived partially from the French, but ultimately from Horace, the Roman poet who in a verse-essay called *Ars Poetica* (Art of Poetry) had set forth the doctrines of "imitation" and "following nature." From the selection here given you can gain for yourself an idea of eighteenth century theories of verse. They form what has been called a "pseudo-classic" theory of poetic art; those who held such views thought they were following Aristotle's statement of the classical point of view, but they went far beyond Aristotle in emphasis upon rules as against inspiration.

2. In the selection from Part I of the *Essay*, after a censure of false criticism, Pope proceeds to define what he regards as the true basis of sound criticism—to test a poet's work by comparing it with the work of classical writers (the "Ancients"). This passage contains the famous injunction to follow nature. In the selection from Part II, we find what Pope thinks are the chief faults of would-be poets in regard to the style (language, rime, figures, etc.) of poetry, together with some comments on Denham, Waller, and Dryden, whom he regards as true poets. The questions that follow will help you to understand Pope's theory of poetry.

Questions and Topics

Essay on Criticism. Part I. 1. What function has the critic, according to Pope? What is his test for a critic? Do you agree that one must be a poet in order to be capable of judging poetry? Why, or why not?

2. What is Pope's idea of the relation between nature and art? Why should art "work without show" and "preside without pomp"? Where, in this passage, does Pope speak of the necessity for restraint and for curbing enthusiasm?

3. In line 39, such "rules" are referred to as Aristotle had laid down in his treatise on poetry. Pope is right in saying that they were "discovered"; that is, Aristotle examined the best Greek dramas of his time and drew certain conclusions from them as to what are the characteristics of a good drama. But the Latin poet Horace, and the Italian and French critics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had greatly extended the rules so that they covered tragic and epic poetry in great detail. In what he says about "methodized" nature Pope has in mind the difference, for example, between the wild growth of a forest and the trim formal nature of a cultivated garden. Milton, you remember, spoke about the "native wood-notes" of Shakespeare, and in Pope's century Shakespeare was spoken of as a natural genius, wanting art. With these points in mind, determine Pope's attitude, as expressed in this selection, toward Vergil—toward Shakespeare. What was his advice to lesser authors? What standards would Pope use to evaluate a modern work?

Part II. 1. Does Pope value more new thought or apt expression of what we already believe or know? What does he mean by saying that some books or poems have too much "wit"? Define *wit*, as here used.

2. What does he say about language in the sense of style? Do you think he is right? Can you think of speeches or sermons or writings that have sound but not sense? Pope expresses his opinion on this point in lines 13-16. What is "true expression" (line 19)? What does he think of the use of archaic words, such as Spenser used in *The Faerie Queene?*

3. What does he mean by "numbers" in line 41, and what is his opinion of this as a test? What different tests of "numbers" does he mention? Why is line 51 interesting? What does Pope say of conventional phrases and rimes? Why is line 61 interesting? Denham and Waller wrote in the seventeenth century a number of poems in the heroic couplet. They were pioneers in the so-called "closed couplet," which was complete in itself. They were very popular in their own time, but Dryden and Pope surpassed them in mastery of the couplet, so they have only historical interest today.

4. Compare what Pope says of "Alexander's Feast" with your own impression of the poem. Why does Pope praise it so highly?

Portrait of Addison. 1. Pope and Addison were originally great friends, but they quarreled because Addison criticized Pope's plan to revise and enlarge *The Rape of the Lock.* A full account of the quarrel is given in Macaulay's *Essay on Addison.* Pope's "portrait," or "character," as such pieces were sometimes called, has just enough truth in it to give it point, and it is so cleverly written that it is a good illustration of his power to write satirical verse. For what does he praise, or affect to praise, Addison? Bring in evidence from your reading of Addison, or about him, to justify your judgment as to whether the portrait is fair or unfair.

2. Dr. Arbuthnot, to whom Pope addressed the verse-letter from which this selection is taken, was a physician to Queen Anne, a wit, and a Tory politician. He was associated with Swift, Pope, and others in the famous Scriblerus Club, which planned to collaborate in a satire on the abuses of learning. The "Epistle," a sort of autobiography, was printed as a Preface to Pope's *Satires*. A report on the Scriblerus Club will give an interesting side-light on the lives of the famous men who belonged to it.

The Book of Fate. 1. This selection from *An Essay on Man* illustrates Pope's power to phrase philosophical and theological ideas of his time in smooth and polished verse. How, then, does it illustrate his own definition of "true wit"?

2. Express in your own words the view of life given in this passage.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

Joseph Addison

[*The Spectator, No. 159. September 1, 1711*]

*Omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.—*Vergil.*

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated, word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

***Omnem . . . . eripiam**, the cloud, which, intercepting the clear light, hangs o'er thy eyes and blunts thy mortal sight, I will remove.

45. **genius**, a spirit.

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told

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24-25. **standing . . . . tide**, i.e., it did not reach across the flood. 29. **threescore and ten**, the traditional length of human life in years (*Psalms* xc, 10). 35. **thousand arches.** The men before the flood were thought to have lived nearly a thousand years (*Genesis* vi, 3).

85. **some with scimitars**, soldiers.

me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

HYMN

Joseph Addison

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Vision of Mirza. 1. Does Addison look on life with more sweetness or more bitterness than Swift? Is this essay in keeping with the spirit of the *De Coverley Papers?* Does it fit in with Pope's delineation of Addison (page 299)?

2. Regarding this essay as an allegory, compare its purpose with Bunyan's in *Pilgrim's Progress;* with Swift's in *A Voyage to Lilliput.* Which of these allegories is the simplest? The most interesting? The most consistent? The most significant? How is Addison's failure to show the other side of eternity consistent with his nature? What selection from Pope does this bring to mind? Why should Addison make Bagdad the scene of such a mystical vision? Where were the pitfalls most frequent? What did Addison mean to indicate by that? What different types of people does he portray? What creatures represent love? Who were the people on the broken arches?

Hymn. 1. Addison printed this in *The Spectator* (No. 464, August 23, 1712) in an essay on religion. It is a paraphrase of *Psalms* xix, 1-4. If possible get a phonograph record of it set to music by Haydn.

2. What is the meaning of the hymn? Do you think it more, or less, exalted than the psalm?

SONG

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset

To all you ladies now at land
  We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
  How hard it is to write.
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove kind,
  And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
  To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
  By Dutchmen or by wind.
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day—
    With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King with wonder and surprise
  Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
  Than e'er they did of old;

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4. **Original,** originator or creator.

18. **Dutchmen.** See Note 1, page 308. 22. **King,** Charles II.

But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But now our fears tempestuous grow
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play,
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness.
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears.
Let's hear of no inconstancy—
We have too much of that at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

HENRY CAREY

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

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29. **Opdam**, the Dutch admiral. 32. **Goree**, a district on the Dutch coast. 38. **vapor**, boast. 44. **main**, a throw at dice. 45. **ombre**, a Spanish card game usually played by three persons.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dressed all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pound
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley!

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS

John Gay

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many rarely find a friend.
A hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew
When first the horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The horse replied: "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord,
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offense, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."
The goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained;
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offense.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see, the hounds are just in view."

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53. **seven long years**, his period of apprenticeship.

16. **deep-mouthed thunder**, baying of the hounds.
20. **mazy round**, intricate tracks.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN

John Gay

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"Oh, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest;
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For *thou* art present wheresoe're I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard.
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head;
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

James Thomson

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense

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1. **Downs**, an anchorage for ships in the English Channel on the coast of Kent. 11. **glowing**, burning from the friction. 23. **list**, like.

1. **they**, i.e., the clouds. 2. **Scarce staining ether**, hardly to be seen in the sky. 14. **through delusive lapse**, i.e., they are deceived by their slow motion.

The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.

29. **Prelusive**, of the nature of a prelude, introductory.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Sackville

Song. 1. Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, wrote this song at the age of twenty-eight. He had just volunteered for sea duty in the first Dutch War, 1665. The song was written at sea the night before the decisive engagement in which the Dutch admiral Opdam was defeated, with the loss of thirty ships.

2. Is the song tender or light-hearted? Compare it with "Encouragements to a Lover," (page 223); "To Lucasta" (page 224). Which does it more closely resemble in subject? In mood?

3. Why is this song called "society verse"? Look up the term and try to find other specimens in an anthology.

Wilmot

Epitaph on Charles II. 1. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, is remembered now chiefly for his songs. He is called the last of the cavalier poets. These four lines of Wilmot's are perhaps the most famous epigram in English literature.

Carey

Sally in Our Alley. 1. Henry Carey, the author of this famous lyric, was a dramatist and musician. In one of his plays he burlesqued the bombastic tragedies of the time; he described his play as "the most tragical tragedy that was ever tragedized by any company of tragedians." He also wrote "Namby Pamby," a burlesque on Ambrose Philips, a writer of sentimental society verse, so successfully that Philips has ever since been called "Namby Pamby," and the name is also applied to any sentimental composition or person. Carey is also said to have written "God Save the King." "Sally in Our Alley" was suggested to him by his observation of a shoemaker's apprentice and his sweetheart on a London holiday.

2. Who is the speaker? Are there apprentices in America today? If so, how is their position different from that of the apprentices of the period of this poem? How does this subject differ from the subjects of Pope's poetry? Compare it with some love songs of Elizabethan or seventeenth century England.

Gay

The Hare with Many Friends. 1. What is the point, or "lesson," of this fable? Are the incidents well chosen to bring out the point? What gives the story its humor and charm? Compare the couplets with Pope's in length of line; in narrative ease.

Black-eyed Susan. 1. What is the sentiment of this ballad? Compare it as a love-poem with the songs of Shakespeare (page 125).

Thomson

The Coming of the Rain. 1. Is this passage from *Spring* descriptive of a typical landscape or of some particular local scene? Is Thomson's observation as fresh and keen as Milton's in "L'Allegro"? Does Thomson enjoy the scene as much as Milton does his? Are the human figures introduced for contrast or because of the poet's interest in them? Compare with Milton on this point. Is the blank verse as varied and vigorous as Milton's? In your answers to these questions, give the passages that support your views.

CHAPTER X

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

A Period of Transition.

JOHNSON'S CIRCLE: Life of Johnson—Oliver Goldsmith—Other Members of Johnson's Circle.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL: Samuel Richardson—Henry Fielding—Other Novelists of the Period.

THE DRAMA: The Attitude toward Shakespeare—Sentimental Comedy—Goldsmith and Sheridan.

THE DRIFT TOWARD ROMANTICISM IN POETRY: Interest in the Medieval—Thomas Gray—William Collins—William Cowper—Other Signs of Change.

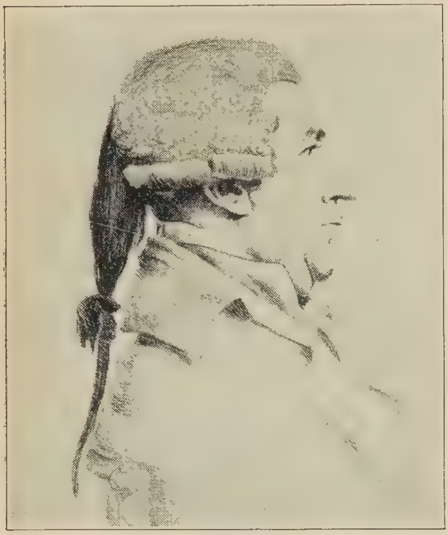
THE REVOLUTION IN POLITICAL THOUGHT: The Return to Nature and Man—Political Consequences of the New Faith in Man—Edmund Burke—Burke's Political Philosophy—Summary.

A Period of Transition. The Age of Johnson is a convenient name by which to distinguish the forty years between the death of Pope (1744) and the death of the great literary dictator himself in 1784. In many ways it was one of the most interesting and significant periods in the entire history of English life and literature. It was a period of transition, although the changes were so gradual that few of the actors on the stage were fully conscious of the significance of the parts they were playing. At its beginning, the ideals of life were those represented by the writings of Pope. Wit, polish of language and manners, the absence of enthusiasm, the tendency to mock at literature and life, and belief in the optimistic theory expressed in Pope's line, "Whatever is, is right"—these were some of the elements that contributed to what has been called "the peace of the Augustans." At its end, the American Revolution had been completed, and the lightning flashes that preluded the French Revolution were playing on the horizon; a new philosophy of the rights of man, and a poetry to fit that philosophy, were sweeping aside the old philosophy and the old poetry; and the artificialities of a society represented by *The Rape of the Lock* were giving way to a social order of which such poems as "A Man's a Man for A' That" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and such documents as the Declaration of Independence, were the expression. During this time, also, the English novel was born; the spirit of English comedy returned to the stage from which it had been banished for many years; the great dramatic interpretations of David Garrick and Mrs. Siddons gave the drama of Shakespeare a human interest and vitality unknown since the death of the master; and, in the writings and speeches of Edmund Burke, English political idealism found its supreme expression.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of this tremendous period is the fact that almost all its elements and many of its leaders were represented in a single group of friends who formed, almost by chance, a club that had no name until it had been meeting for many years. The moving spirit in this club, the personality that informed it and was its sovereign, was Samuel Johnson, a dictionary maker, hack writer, and literary critic, who was no revolutionary, but who wielded an influence beside which the power of kings is shadowy and insubstantial.

JOHNSON'S CIRCLE

Life of Johnson. The writings of Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) possess little popular interest today. His *Dictionary* and his edition of Shakespeare have long been superseded; his periodical essays lack the humor and variety of Addison's and Steele's, so that *Rambler* and *Idler* are little more than names; his allegorical romance, *Rasselas*, has pathetic interest when we reflect that he wrote it when his heart was torn with anguish, in order to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, but we do not know and love the work itself as we know and love Bunyan's allegory; and even his *Lives of the Poets*, the most considerable of his writings, is read today, not for the biographies which it contains, but for its record of the opinions of Samuel Johnson on literature and life. Greater than any book that he made is the book that was made about him by his disciple James Boswell, a great book because it is an intimate revelation of the life of a very great man.



JAMES BOSWELL

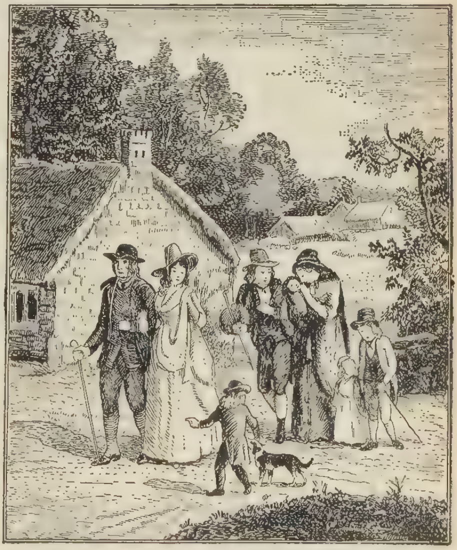
The story of Johnson's life is as fascinating as a romance. The best introduction to that story is the famous essay by Macaulay, in which an orderly account is given of the experiences and the writings of the man, written with the brilliancy that marks Macaulay's power to make the history of a period or of a great man a part of the experience of his readers. After that, Boswell's *Life*, which has been called the greatest biography in our literature, may be read wholly or in part in order to fill in the picture with the bits of conversation, the character sketches of Johnson and his friends, and the wealth of anecdote that Macaulay's brief account could not give.

These two biographies show that the secret of Johnson's power lay in his personality. He was not in sympathy with liberalism in politics, with the development of democracy, nor, indeed, with anything that savored of romanticism. His literary standards were those of the age of Pope: he liked correctness, the couplet, and proper moral sentiments. He expressed himself with vigor and made no secret of his violent prejudices. But while he loved argument, he loved his friends more. The last thirty years of his life, after the poverty that had followed him from his youth had been removed by the income from his writings and a government pension, he devoted largely to conversations with his friends at the Club. Among the men who gathered there were Boswell, Goldsmith, the historian Gibbon, the orator and statesman Burke, the great painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others equally famous for their achievements in a variety of fields. They were all good talkers, but Johnson held the primacy in an assembly of kings. The brilliancy of the conversation at these gatherings called forth his best powers. Alone, or with his pen in hand, he was often morose, lethargic, unable to force himself to work; but at these intellectual tennis matches he became alive, dropped his ponderous literary vocabulary, and said things so filled with character and common sense that they constitute his unique claim to distinction. Through this means he was a power in his own time; through the records kept by Boswell he is still a living figure.

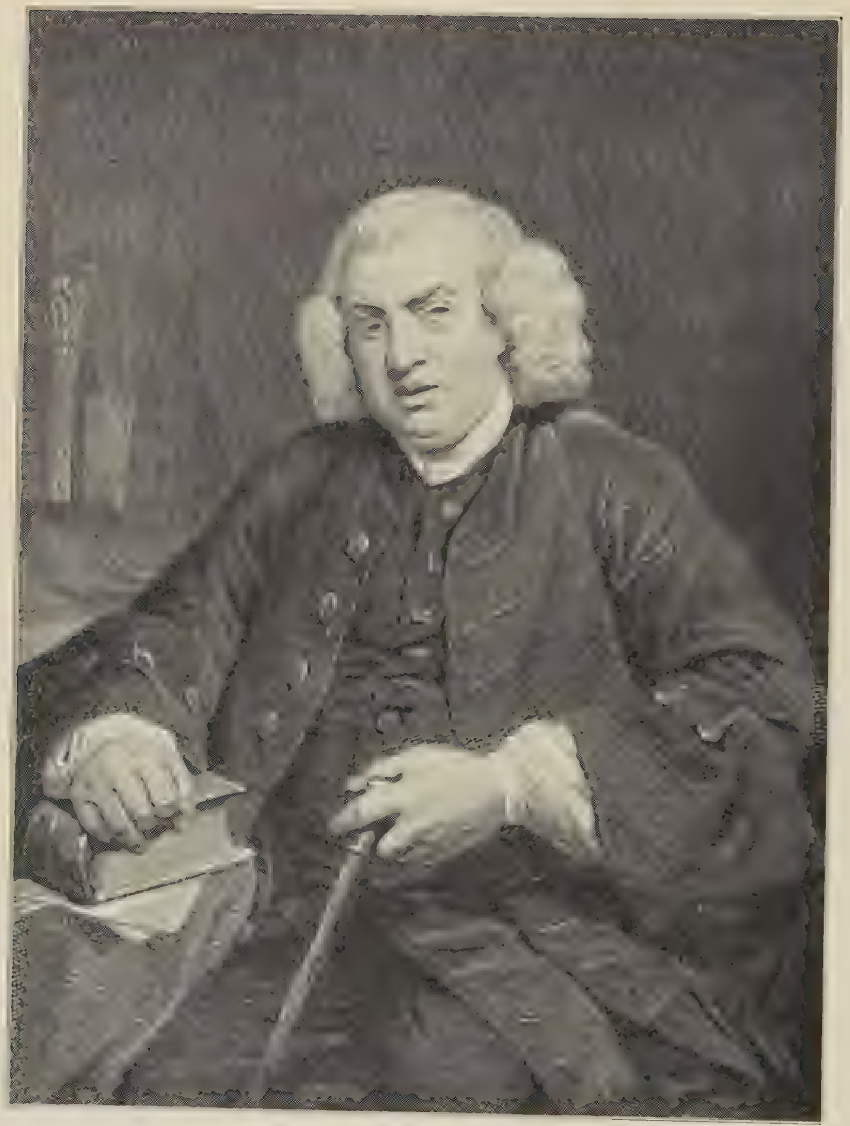
Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Although Goldsmith wrote heroic couplets, moralized in prose and verse, based his criticism of contemporary literature on pseudo-classic rules, and hated the romantic literature of earlier days, he was at heart and in his life an incurable romanticist. He was born in Ireland and educated at Dublin University. Even as a boy he showed the traits that endeared him to Johnson and the other members of the Club: his indisposition to hard work, his fondness for a practical joke, even on himself, his misplaced generosity, and his ability to get into scrapes from which he extricated himself by his wits. He tried various professions without success, the funds for his experiments being supplied by a benevolent uncle. This uncle finally sent him abroad to study medicine, but Goldsmith spent in a freak of generosity the money that had been advanced for his expenses, and gave up his studies to wander about Europe with no other source of income than his wits. An incident that happened to him in his boyhood suggested the plot of *She Stoops to Conquer*, his most famous comedy, and his experiences as a vagabond inspired some passages in his poem, *The Traveller*, and his novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. After his return from his wanderings he tried teaching, with no greater success than his attempts at law and medicine had brought him, and after a time found himself in London, where he earned a little money through various odd jobs as a hack writer. He lived in poverty, for if he earned any money he was pretty sure to give it to the first needy person who crossed his path. Finally, one day, Dr. Johnson came upon him, a prisoner to his landlady for non-payment of his rent. On his table was the manuscript of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which Johnson read with delight and sold to a publisher. From that time on the two men were great friends, and some of the finest wit combats staged at the Club were between the great doctor, who brought all his heavy artillery into action, and the lighter-armed "Noll." For a record of these occasions, and for a very full portrait of Goldsmith's character and opinions, Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is our best source.

Goldsmith made some very distinctive contributions to literature. His chief poems are *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, both of them written in the heroic couplet but differing in many ways from the work of Pope. *The Deserted Village* is one of the best-known poems in the language, partly because of the ease and grace of its verse, and more because of the portraits that it gives of the village schoolmaster and the parson, and its sympathy for rural life. The portraits have often been compared with Chaucer's, and indeed the two men, though far removed in point of time, have in common a love for nature and for types of character found in humble life, while both have rare power of portraiture and a kindly humor that enable them to characterize accurately but with sympathy. Even more important are Goldsmith's contributions to comedy and to prose fiction. The *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) has no great originality of plot, but it tells a story of a clergyman's family with a simplicity and charm that have endeared it to generations of readers and made it one of the best-loved books in the world. In his comedies, *The Good-Natured Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), he sought to rescue comedy from the sentimentality into which it had fallen and to restore humorous characters and situations to the stage.

Other Members of Johnson's Circle. Attention has already been called to the fact that the Club was made up of men distinguished in various fields of life. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who seems to have been the first to suggest that the chance meetings of a few friends might prove more interesting if given an informal organization, was one of the most faithful of



SCENE FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE
(After an illustration in the 1795 edition)



After a portrait by Reynolds

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Johnson's admirers. He won great fame for his work as a painter, his special field being the painting of portraits. He also wrote a series of discourses on art. Edward Gibbon wrote, in the period between 1776 and 1778, his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. No history had been previously written in England on such a vast scale and with the solid foundation of such great learning. David Garrick has already been mentioned as a member of the Club. He was famous for the style of acting that he introduced. Instead of the cold and stilted manner of the times, in which dramatic speeches were given as though they were specimens of elocution, he played Hamlet, Macbeth, and other Shakespearean rôles with an intensity and fire that moved his audiences to the depths. He was also a great theatrical manager, and his company included such famous actresses as Mrs. Cibber and Peg Woffington.

The Development of the English Novel

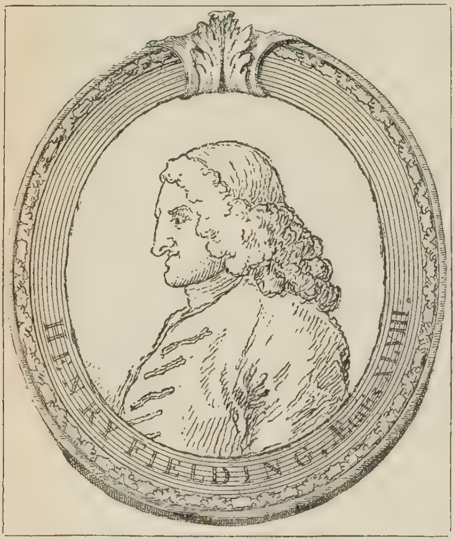
The modern English novel dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. Prose fiction had been popular in England since the time of Elizabeth, but plots were badly managed, characters were not clearly drawn, and the technique of managing dialogue, narration of incidents by the author, and description, was more slowly mastered than the technique of the drama. Thus, Lyly in his *Euphues* has a very slight plot, conceals it pretty thoroughly with his essay-like comments, and knows nothing about making his characters stand forth as real personalities. Sidney's plot in *Arcadia* is over-elaborate, hard to follow, and almost entirely divorced from reality. Bunyan's plot is admirable in every respect, and his characters, though types, are convincing, but he has no love-story, an almost universal element in the plots of modern novels.

We have already noted some features of eighteenth century prose that were to contribute to the development of modern prose fiction. Addison and Steele discovered the interest to be found in minute portrayal of character through description. They have realism; what they lack is plot. Defoe in *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift in *Gulliver's Travels*, told realistic stories, or stories that seemed realistic, without the analysis of emotions and the love motive that their successors were to use. Most of all, perhaps, the sense of fact, the interest in the relations of men and women living in a civilized society, prepared the way for the novelists that were to come. In Richardson and Fielding, who wrote near the middle of the century, we find prose fiction that approximates the technique of modern novelists and appeals to the tastes of modern readers.

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761). The first modern novel came about by the merest accident. Its author was Samuel Richardson, a London printer, who was past fifty before he became an author. He had for some time been interested in young people of the middle class. He had written letters for love-lorn lads and lassies, sometimes supplying the model love letters for both the youth and the maid in the same affair. One day it occurred to him to tell a love story by means of letters. *Pamela* (1740) was the result. The heroine was a servant in a wealthy family. The young man of the house made love to her, but to marry her seemed out of the question on account of the differences in social rank. At length, after many trials, love triumphed and virtue was rewarded.

The merit of this book consists in its searching analysis of character, a plot that avoids the succession of unrelated episodes characteristic of medieval love romance, and a careful arrangement of details so that the story has dramatic unity and climax. The long letters lay bare in the most intimate way the thoughts of the chief characters. There are many moral reflections, and these had great effect on the readers of the story. It is very sentimental, but while people professed to admire the severe classical standards set forth by Pope and his fellows, many of them secretly longed for sentiment, and Richardson supplied sentiment without stint.

Richardson wrote two other very long novels. In the first of these, *Clarissa Harlowe*, the story is somewhat like that of *Pamela*, but the end is tragic. The plot is splendidly managed; each event, each change in the fortunes of the characters, is carefully prepared for and contributes to the slow but inevitable movement toward the tragic conclusion. In *Sir Charles Grandison* he set forth the virtues of the perfect gentleman, but his gentleman is so perfect that he is a tiresome prig. The author excelled in the delineation of female character, and he was rewarded by the adulation of a great feminine audience. Letters poured in upon him from all parts of England and, later, from the continent. When *Clarissa Harlowe* was appearing, in parts, people could hardly wait for the next installment; they besought him not to let Clarissa die. In some families it was the custom, when a new section of the story appeared, for someone to read aloud the chapter. At affecting places in the narrative the reading would be interrupted until the members of the group could go to their rooms and weep, and, having composed themselves, return to resume the story. Pilgrimages were made by enthusiastic devotees to interview the wonderful genius who had so mastered the secrets of the human heart.

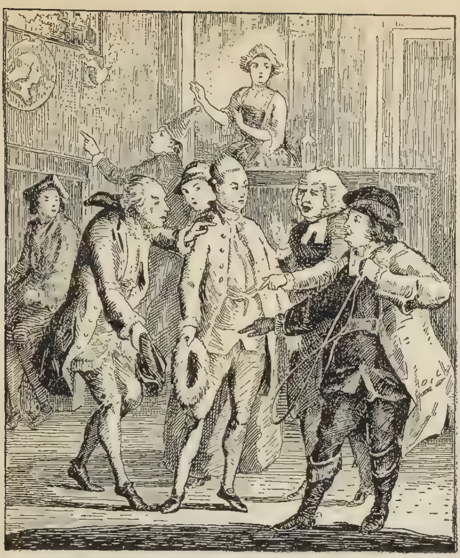


Henry Fielding (1707-1754). It is singular that Fielding, like Richardson, discovered his genius as a writer of fiction comparatively late in life, and by accident. We know little of his education and early life, but as a young man he wrote plays—some of them burlesques that amused contemporary audiences—for London theaters; for a time he was a theatrical manager, and he also studied and practiced law and wrote for the periodicals.

The accident that disclosed to Fielding his true genius was his disgust when he read *Pamela*. He regarded its sentimentality as immoral, and on a sudden impulse resolved to show its silliness by writing a parody. In his *Joseph Andrews* (1742), his hero is the virtuous brother of the virtuous Pamela. To escape the attentions of his mistress he takes to flight. At this point Fielding became so much interested in his story that he forgot all about parodying Richardson and proceeded to write a story of adventure, influenced by Cervantes and the stories of roguery that had been popular in former times. Much of the story is pure farce, but in Parson Adams we find one of the great characters of fiction.

Jonathan Wild, published in 1743, was written to show that greatness does not necessarily involve goodness. From it Fielding turned to writing for the newspapers, but he was meditating, perhaps writing, his greatest novel, *Tom Jones*, which appeared in 1749. His last novel, *Amelia*, was published in 1751.

Tom Jones is a perfect illustration of the comic epic in prose. It contains numerous digressions in the form of little essays on literary topics, some of them setting forth his theory of his art, and written in delightfully informal style. He gains verisimilitude, as Defoe had done before him, through insisting that his narrative is a true history. That he still sought to ridicule Richardson's sentimentality is shown by the fact that he gives his hero the very unromantic name of Tom Jones. Richardson, in turn, responding to the cries of his feminine admirers that Fielding's story was coarse and low, said that he viewed with alarm the "Evil Tendency" of such writing and proceeded to give, in Sir Charles Grandison, the character of a truly perfect gentleman. And in place of Fielding's Sophia, we find Richardson's Signorina Clementina della Porretta.



AN ILLUSTRATION FOR TOM JONES

Fielding was a realist, bluff, hearty, ready to call a spade a spade, not above using words and incidents deliberately calculated to offend the delicate sensibilities of those who adored Richardson as a god. He was a humorist; Richardson a solemn sentimentalist. Fielding's world, though frank and sometimes coarse, was nevertheless wholesome. His novels deal with the open air, the country roads, the heathful life of men and women not much concerned with morbid self-analysis. Above all, the plot of *Tom Jones* is well-nigh perfect. Fielding is descended from Chaucer and Shakespeare, and he is the literary ancestor of Thackeray.

Other Novelists of the Period. The novel speedily became the chief interest of writers and readers, and from Fielding's time to the present no other form of imaginative writings has produced such a volume of work. Of the minor novelists of the eighteenth century there is here no need for detailed treatment. Mention has already been made of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, in which sentiment replaces sentimentality and humor is mingled with pathos. Lawrence Sterne is famous for his *Tristram Shandy* (1759), a curiously compounded story of many episodes, admirable delineation of character (My Uncle Toby, for example), and wild eccentricities of style. In place of describing the charms of the lady with whom Uncle Toby falls in love, he leaves several blank pages, telling the reader to write in a description of his own ideal heroine. He uses the most curious punctuation; black pages and pages curiously mottled interrupt the narrative; he progresses by ejaculations and asterisks. Another well-known writer of the time, Tobias Smollett, is remembered for several extremely realistic but often brutal stories, including one about adventures at sea. Horace Walpole wrote in 1764 a tale of horror, *The Castle of Otranto*, filled with supernaturalism that appealed to the growing taste for romantic themes. Finally, Fanny Burney introduced, in *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, the prose comedy of manners, novels in which polite society is mirrored with delicate and satirical humor. Her work had great influence upon the later novels of Jane Austen.

THE DRAMA

The Attitude Toward Shakespeare. Several aspects of the eighteenth century drama have already been treated. One of these is the criticism of Shakespeare on the basis of the pseudo-classic rules about the unities, "lowness," the intermixture of comic and tragic scenes, and the like. To this should now be added two points. The first is that despite the learning of the period, the discussion of Shakespeare was of a curiously inexact type. Men debated at length the question as to whether he did, or did not, know the classics. Ben Jonson's saying that he had small Latin and less Greek was interpreted to mean that he could not have had the advantage of acquaintance with Aristotle's rules. Since they felt his power, though they also felt that it was wrong to acknowledge power in so irregular a dramatist, they adopted the "original genius" theory. Shakespeare was a child of nature, warbling, as Milton had said, his native woodnotes wild. It did not occur to them either to study the sources of his plays or to study, as Aristotle would have done, his plays in relation to other plays of his own time. Johnson's pretentious edition of Shakespeare, for example, contains no indications that the great doctor had the slightest acquaintance with the work of any other Elizabethan dramatist except Ben Jonson. It was not until late in the century that a serious effort was made to secure a better understanding of Shakespeare through a study of his sources and his relations to his contemporaries.

The second point is that Shakespeare's plays, throughout the major part of the century, were not only presented in garbled versions supposed to be more "correct," but were also presented in costumes and settings of the eighteenth century, not in costumes and settings appropriate to the times represented by the plays. And they were declaimed in the stilted manner of the French theater; the actor did not lose himself in the character, did not read the lines as the character might be supposed to have spoken them. Garrick and others introduced a more natural style of acting, avoiding the ranting and declamatory effects in vogue in that time, yet even Garrick, in his presentation of *Macbeth*, introduced beautiful young women in the parts of the witches, and Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, together with the other principal characters, were dressed according to eighteenth century styles.

Sentimental Comedy. Attention has also been called to Goldsmith's two comedies and to the fact that they re-introduced the normal spirit of English comedy. Goldsmith was warring on what was known as sentimental comedy. Steele had instituted this abomination, early in the century, in his *Tender Husband* and *Conscious Lovers*, plays whose very titles suggest their qualities. Later in the century the influence of Richardson's sentimentality and of the French sentimental comedy gave new life to the sort of thing Steele had perpetrated. Sentimental novels, like Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, were enormously popular. A play with the title *False Delicacy* reflects just the same fondness for sentimental tears.

Goldsmith and Sheridan. The worst thing about this sentimental comedy is that there was nothing comic about it. So greatly did people fear lowness and admire feeling and delicacy that the farcical situations and broad humor of comedy offended them. On this nonsense Goldsmith, and after him Sheridan, made war. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816) returned to earlier English comedy with the addition of satire on contemporary manners. *The Rivals* (1775) and *The School for Scandal* (1777) share with Goldsmith's comedies the distinction of being the only plays of the eighteenth century that are still relished by modern audiences. Their reforms were only temporary; after a short time the drama lapsed again into sentimentality, melodrama, and burlesque.

The Drift Toward Romanticism in Poetry

Interest in the Medieval. One characteristic of a new trend toward Romanticism which we begin to notice during the Age of Johnson and which came to full flower in the early nineteenth century is the revival of interest in the medieval. It will not do to make this the test of romanticism. We cannot say, for example, that if a poet imitates Spenser's and Milton's verse and chooses Arthurian themes he is a romantic poet, while if he writes in heroic couplets and observes the three unities in his dramas he is a classicist.

The real significance of the revival of interest in medieval life and literature is that it indicated a desire to escape from the strict confines and the conventionalities of the Augustans. Such a desire for escape is not peculiar to any one period. The early humanists, for example, sought escape from the formalism of the theology and philosophy of the middle ages through the delight that they found in the utterly different conception of life revealed in the great poets of antiquity. That is, the times of Greece and Rome were, to these men of the fifteenth century, as romantic as medieval life and literature seemed to later generations. In Pope's time, and Johnson's, men prided themselves on their classical scholarship, and one of Pope's favorite injunctions to would-be poets was to follow nature through the imitation of the ancients. But they sought in the ancients merely confirmation for their own views of what a poem or play should be. Their ideas did not indicate escape from the conventional, but

THE CHURCHYARD AT STOKE POGES, SCENE OF GRAY'S FAMOUS ELEGY

confirmation of the conventional. Pope did not try to see Greek life through the eyes of Homer; he looked at Homer through eighteenth century eyes, just as Garrick played Macbeth with a peruke and knee breeches ornamented with silver buckles. So long, therefore, as men despised the medieval period as a time of crude barbarism in contrast with their own enlightened times, there could be no romantic attitude toward the past. So long as they were perfectly satisfied with their own town life, with the coffee-houses, the clubs, the artificialities of rank and social position, the conventional thought about literature and all the questions of life, there could be no romantic attitude toward nature or life remote from court.

But, as Chaucer remarks in his *Prologue*, there come times when folks long to go on pilgrimages to strange places. Such a time, he thinks, comes in the spring, when April pierces with her sweet breath, not only the dry and crackling shrub and tree, but the winter-bound heart of man. Then is the time of romance, when new blood courses through the veins, the thirst for new adventure makes the heart ache, and through contact with some new experience life takes on something of the freshness and glamour of spring.

So it happened that at the very time when Doctor Johnson and his fellow members of the Club were maintaining the excellence and the supremacy of an art tongue-tied by authority, signs of revolt were at hand. Some of these have already been noted; a few others must now be set down.

Thomas Gray (1716-1771). The life of Gray was uncrowded with incidents. He spent some time at Cambridge, where he excelled in the classics, history, and modern languages. After this he traveled for two years, returning to study law. This he soon abandoned and returned to Cambridge, where he held a fellowship and spent the remainder of his life. He made few friends, and kept closely to his college rooms except when now and then he went for a brief journey in Scotland, Wales, and the English lake region. He wrote a few poems, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (1751) being the best known. He was a man of extensive and exact learning, chiefly in the classics, but he also had great interest in medieval literature, and he was one of the few Englishmen of his time who was familiar with Dante.

Gray's poetry falls into three quite distinct periods. Most of his early verse took the form of odes, written in the prevailing style, with conventional diction, many personifications, and many classical allusions. He writes of the "rosy-bosomed Hours," the "Attic warbler" (by which he means the nightingale), and he talks about glades and rushy brinks and the toiling hand of Care. The "Elegy" however, marks a transition to a new style. The theme was a favorite one at that time; many poets wrote about churchyards, the grave, the vanity of human wishes. Many of the ideas expressed in Gray's poem were commonplace, and the language is often conventional. But in two respects the poem looked forward. One of these is in the idea of the unfulfilled renown in humble lives denied the opportunity for developing their full powers. The other is in its style. While there are personifications and classical allusions, there are also stanzas in which fresh, concrete images are presented in language fit to be chiseled on marble. In place of general or typical phrases, he studies to get the precise word to gain concrete effect. Johnson had summed up the pseudo-classical theory by saying, "The business of the poet is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest." But Gray in his "Elegy" as in his later poems proved the interest to be found in the individual and the concrete.

In his last period, Gray departed even more widely from the prevailing mode. "The Bard," for example, is a noble poem on the last of the Druids. The theme is the prophecy of the return of the old British line, descendants of Arthur, to the sovereignty of England through Queen Elizabeth, who belonged to the Welsh family of Tudors. Not only in its theme, but in its spirit, the poem is medieval. Gray's interest in medieval legends is further shown in several poems translated from the old Norse, such as the "Fatal Sisters" (choosers of the slain) and the "Descent of Odin." In these poems, written in a style resembling that of the popular ballad, Gray broke completely from the conventions of his time.

William Collins (1721-1759). Like Gray, Collins began by writing poems in the prevailing style. His later work, such as the "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," however, showed interest in medieval legends. In the full title of this poem, Collins added a statement that he was viewing these old superstitions as the proper subject of poetry. With such heretical views as this, and with the poems of Gray, it is no wonder that Doctor Johnson was indignant, and that his essay on Gray is the most prejudiced and inadequate of all the essays in his *Lives of the English Poets.*

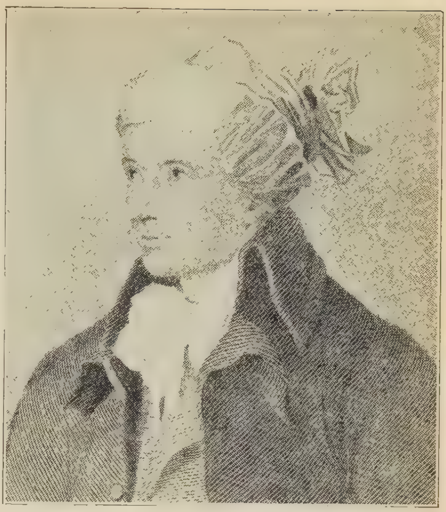
The work of these two men is interesting because, though trained in the rules of the classical school, they broke away from convention and thus pointed the way in which the poetry of the next age was to be distinguished. They suggest a new attitude toward nature, and a new lyric power. In Gray's prose we find not only many personal letters of great distinction but also many passages in which he expresses his delight in the wild and romantic aspects of nature. He did not make this delight the subject of his poetry, as Byron and other great romantic poets were to do in the next century; indeed, it has been suggested that one reason for the extremely small body of poetry that he produced was the fact that he was out of sympathy with the poetic ideals of his own time, but it is highly significant to find, even half-concealed in private letters, such enthusiasm for romantic nature as he has left us. Collins is also interested in nature, and, besides, shows a return of the old lyrical gift that had been silenced by the restraint of poetry by rules. Several of his songs are exquisite enough to remind us of the best of the Elizabethans. In this, also, we have a prophecy of what was to come.

William Cowper (1731-1800). The significance of Cowper consists in the excellence of his letters, in his use of blank verse and the repudiation of many of the conventions of the school of Pope, and in his translation of Homer, which differed widely from Pope's in that he sought to give an exact rendering, not one converted into eighteenth century, terms. His life, like Gray's, has few annals, though he was not bookish like Gray, but rather a lover of out of doors, of simple animals, and of quiet conversation with a few dear friends. He lived at Olney, and one of his first publications was a collection of hymns, called *Olney Hymns*, some of which are well known today. All his life he was subject to attacks of mental disease, and his deep religious feeling often subjected him to fits of profound melancholy. This did not produce the pessimism that tortured Swift; on the contrary, in the intervals between attacks of his disease he was cheerful, and his letters are among the brightest and happiest in our literature.

Cowper went far beyond Gray in his use of nature as a theme in poetry. To this interest he added interest in simple human affections, so that in many ways he reminds us of Burns and Wordsworth.

Other Signs of Change. Three themes have now become well marked as signs of the coming return to romantic types of poetry: the revival of interest in the medieval; the interest in nature; and the interest in simple human affections. All of them indicate rebellion against the constraints and artificiality of the earlier part of the century; they mark the longing for escape, for undertaking pilgrimages to new realms of imaginative life. To the illustrations already given several others must be briefly cited.

The first phases of the revival of medievalism sometimes took strange forms. Modern scholarship had not yet supplied full knowledge of early times, so that the medievalism of the time was uncritical. Often it was not thoroughgoing; that is, men sought to apologize for their enthusiasm or to show that, after all, medieval literature sometimes approached classical standards. A case in point is the work of Bishop Percy, who collected old ballads and published them under the title of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765). Some of his material he found in printed or manuscript form; some of it he got by writing down versions that had been transmitted only through oral tradition. When he found gaps, he supplied new stanzas, and when he thought the text could be improved by making it conform more nearly to prevailing types of poetry, he "improved." But his work, which became widely known, is excellent testimony to the desire to find new types of poetry and new themes. In 1760 James Macpherson published what purported to be translations of ancient Gaelic poems by Ossian. His work was a forgery, but it stirred up an immense amount of interest, and for a time Gray, who was enthusiastic about it, was deceived as to its authenticity. Somewhat the same kind of "medievalism" is found in the so-called *Rowley Poems* (1764) by Thomas Chatterton, a precocious youth of undoubted poetic gift who pretended that he had found some ancient manuscripts. For a long time people were deceived, until it was found that the young poet had merely written, in conventional style, a number of ballad-like poems and then had imparted the flavor of medievalism by the use of preposterous spelling.



WILLIAM COWPER

Finally, "Gothic Romance" flourished. The term "Gothic" was applied, not very accurately, to whatever seemed to be medieval in its lack of restraint and in its sensationalism, as opposed to classical correctness. Attention has already been called to Walpole's romance, *The Castle of Otranto.* This was but one of many similar romances of wild horror that found eager audiences. Clara Reeves wrote *The Old English Baron,* a story of contemporary life in medieval setting; William Beckford wrote *Vathek,* an eastern tale; Anne Radcliffe wrote five Gothic romances in which ruined castles, mysterious doors, supernaturalism of all kinds, were the properties of tales abounding in sensational incidents. The best known of her stories is *The Mysteries of Udolpho.* All these romances were melodramatic, extravagant, and pseudo-historical. But they point forward to the legitimate historical romances of Walter Scott.

THE REVOLUTION IN POLITICAL THOUGHT

The changes which we have just been noting in the literature of the period following 1750 are far more significant than appear on the surface. We are dealing, not with passing fancies about the nature of poetry, changes in fashion like the changes in the dress of men and women, but with an intellectual revolution.

The Return to Nature and Man. Richardson, despite his sentimentality, got hold of the great truth that human success and failure, triumph and tragedy, are not matters confined to the king and his nobility, but that they also touch peasant, serving-maid, men and women of humble rank. Gray meditated, in the country churchyard, upon the "short and simple annals of the poor." Bishop Percy collected ballads loved by people who had had no place in written literature, or who, if they found a place, were generally ridiculed for ignorance and absurdity, or were satirized because they were the mob, the many-headed multitude. And Cowper, loving animals, loving the simple human affections, uniting nature and man, revealed a new definition of the old injunction to follow nature.

The full implications of this return to nature will come out in the next chapter. Here we are tracing its beginnings while yet the authority of the eighteenth century seemed undiminished. The movement was not confined to England. For example, a French writer named Rousseau, who had himself been powerfully influenced by the English Richardson, wrote, shortly after the middle of the century, several essays in which he defined his philosophy of nature. He dwelt much on the idea that human instincts are to be trusted; that men have been too much subjected to institutions, and that they have certain rights, implanted by nature, which transcend the rights of kings and governments. His work had prodigious influence, not because he was an original or a profound thinker, but because he gave expression to certain sentiments that were spreading throughout Europe.

Political Consequences of the New Faith in Man. The political consequences of this emergence of the common man were tremendous, though at first they were vague and uncertain. Governments did not perceive the crisis; things went on much as before. But the time was approaching when new adjustments had to be made. The issues involved a re-definition of the nature of government. Has man certain abstract, inalienable rights, or is he immutably subject to the stable mechanism of the state? Are institutions mere conveniences, the creatures of the generation that controls them, to be overturned at pleasure, or do they represent the accumulated wisdom and experience of many generations, greater than the wisdom and experience of any individuals or any period? How may "government" be reconciled with "liberty"?

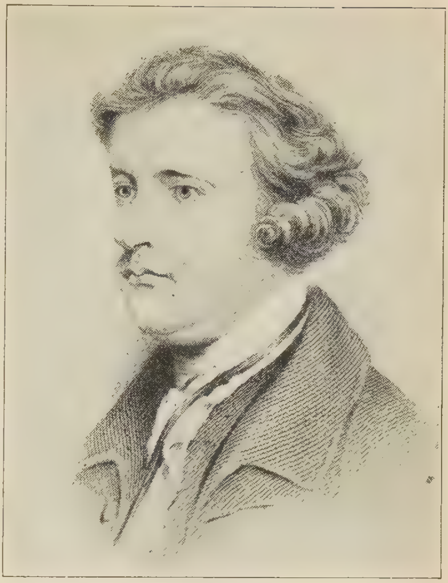
Events that grew out of this debate led to revolutions in America and in France. The subject of the debate was the rights of man. The statesman and thinker who best summed up and interpreted the English tradition, and who most clearly pointed out the adjustments that must be made in English life, was Edmund Burke.

Edmund Burke (1729-1797). Burke was born in Ireland and was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, at the time when Goldsmith was there. He studied law, but did not practice, and went to London, where for some years he engaged in a literary career. An early work on the nature of the sublime in literature and art won a great reputation for him as a philosopher, and exerted profound influence upon German thought. He was a member of Johnson's Club, where the brilliance of his mind made him a leader. After a time he became a secretary in the service of several men of affairs, and at length entered Parliament. He held no public office, and wielded no such official power as Addison. He was usually on the unpopular side, a critic of government, not trusted even by the Whigs, the party to which he belonged.

A list of the causes which Burke espoused shows the character of the man. He defended the Irish against the tyranny of the British government. He defended the Catholics against political persecution. He defended the subject peoples of India against the bureaucracy that had been set up for their government. He defended the cause of the American colonists against the arbitrary and illegal taxation to which they were subjected by the ministry of Lord North. And he bitterly attacked the Revolution in France.

Burke's Political Philosophy. Three aspects of the thought of Burke have a bearing on our understanding of his political philosophy and his relation to English thought. In the first place, he objected to the mechanical theory of the relation between the government and the colonies that was held by Lord North and his ministry. According to this theory, the colonies had no separate life or institutions, but were the property of the crown, sources of revenue only. Burke devoted much time to a patient study of actual conditions in the colonies, and of the sources of the spirit of liberty that had grown up. His speeches on American Taxation (1774) and on Conciliation with the Colonies (1775) illustrate this disposition to rest the case on fact, not on theory; and on an attempt to understand the American point of view.

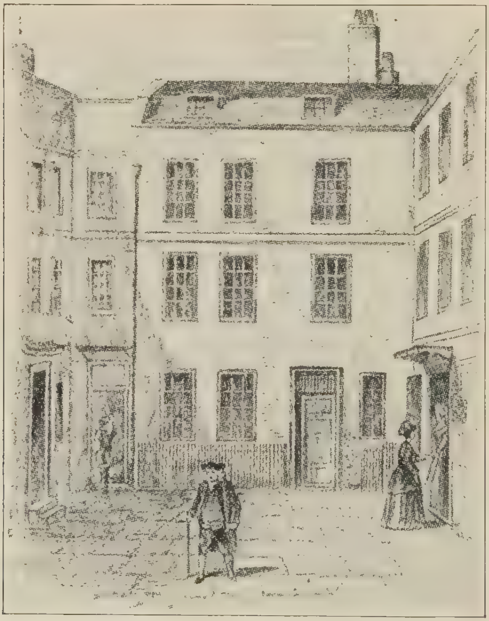
In the second place, he distrusted all abstract theories. In this he showed the same hold on fact that marked his investigation of actual conditions in the colonies. He insisted that the question of the right of the government to tax the colonies did not enter into the debate. He also insisted that the theories of abstract liberty and the rights of man, now spreading throughout Europe with incredible rapidity, were unsound. Liberty, he insisted, is not an abstraction, but always inheres in some sensible or concrete object. The American colonists, for example, looked upon freedom from taxation by the government as the test, and he was careful to point out that Englishmen had always imposed this test of freedom.


EDMUND BURKE

Finally, Burke looked upon government as an organism, not as a mechanism. That is, human institutions have developed through generations of actual living, not by fiat of some theorist or some conqueror. His doctrine of progress, therefore, would involve making such adjustments as may from time to time be necessary; but to overthrow institutions and to substitute some new and previously untried form of government, not the outgrowth of racial experience, seemed to him not progress but the path to anarchy. This explains why Burke, friend to liberty as he was, did not sympathize with the extreme measures of the revolutionists in France. His aim was a liberty connected with order, the reconciliation of government or restraint with that freedom of the individual that is necessary both to human happiness and to the continuance of institutions based on the collective wisdom and experience of generations of men.

The full implications of this debate as to the rights of man, and the new individualism that resulted, will be the subject of the next chapter.

Summary. The Age of Johnson was a period of transition in literature and life. The dominating personality of the period, Doctor Johnson, held by the tenets of the Augustans: distrust of enthusiasm, belief in sanity and order in life and in letters, and strict application of the classic rules. But already there were signs of change. The novel became increasingly important, and in its themes as well as in method it broke with tradition. For the novel dealt with all sorts and conditions of men and women; it was not confined to the courtly or the scholarly class. In poetry, also, new themes were becoming popular. Broader sympathy with man, a distrust of the stilted and conventional diction of earlier eighteenth century poetry, a new love for nature, were characteristics that were to be increasingly important in the next age. Finally, in the writings of Burke we find an interpretation of the meaning of English political institutions that combined imaginative power with a practical sense of what must be done to adapt them to an age in which they were threatened. A new individualism was on the way, destined to make great changes in thought and institutions during the coming century.



From an old wood cut

JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1735-1785)

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS
1738.	Johnson's *London*		
1740.	Richardson's *Pamela*		
1741.	Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*		
		1742.	Walpole leaves office as prime minister
		1745.	Young Pretender attempts to secure the English throne
1746.	Collins's *Odes*		
1747.	Johnson begins his *Dictionary*		
1748.	Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*		
1749.	Fielding's *Tom Jones*		
1750.	Johnson's *Rambler*		
1751.	Gray's *Elegy*		
		1753.	Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sends George Washington against the French
1758.	Johnson's *Idler*		
1759.	Johnson's *Rasselas* Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*		
		1760-1820.	George III
		1763.	England acquires French possessions in America.
1764.	Goldsmith's *Traveller* Chatterton's *Rowley Poems* Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*		
1765.	Percy's *Reliques*	1765.	Passage of the Stamp Act
1766.	Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*		
		1768.	British troops arrive in Boston
1770.	Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*		
1773.	Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*		
1775.	Sheridan's *Rivals* Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America*	1775.	American Revolution breaks out
		1776.	*Declaration of American Independence*
1777.	Sheridan's *School for Scandal*		
1779.	Cowper's *Olney Hymns* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*		
1783.	Crabbe's *The Village*		
		1783.	England recognizes independence of the United States
1784.	Johnson dies		

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

Thomas Babington Macaulay

Samuel Johnson, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was, at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Lichfield and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Michael's abilities and attainments seem to have been considerable. He was so well acquainted with the contents of the volumes which he exposed to sale that the country rectors of Staffordshire and Worcestershire thought him an oracle on points of learning. Between him and the clergy, indeed, there was a strong religious and political sympathy. He was a zealous churchman, and, though he had qualified himself for municipal office by taking the oaths to the sovereigns in possession, was to the last a Jacobite in heart. At his house, a house which is still pointed out to every traveler who visits Lichfield, Samuel was born on the eighteenth of September, 1709. In the child the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterwards distinguished the man were plainly discernible—great muscular strength, accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. The boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye; and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting, and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way; but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek, for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist,

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5. **Lichfield**, a town in Staffordshire. 21. **Jacobite**, an adherent of James II, after his abdication, and, later, of his descendants. 32. **parts**, intellect.

76. **Attic**, from Attica, an ancient division of Greece, the principal city of which was Athens.

and he soon acquired, in the large and miscellaneous library of which he now had the command, an extensive knowledge of Latin literature. That Augustan delicacy of taste, which is the boast of the great public schools of England, he never possessed. But he was early familiar with some classical writers, who were quite unknown to the best scholars in the sixth form at Eton. He was peculiarly attracted by the works of the great restorers of learning. Once, while searching for some apples, he found a huge folio volume of Petrarch's works. The name excited his curiosity and he eagerly devoured hundreds of pages. Indeed, the diction and versification of his own Latin compositions show that he had paid at least as much attention to modern copies from the antique as to the original models.

While he was thus irregularly educating himself, his family was sinking into hopeless poverty. Old Michael Johnson was much better qualified to pore upon books and to talk about them than to trade in them. His business declined; his debts increased; it was with difficulty that the daily expenses of his household were defrayed. It was out of his power to support his son at either university, but a wealthy neighbor offered assistance; and, in reliance on promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity cf extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory, but not unprofitable, study. On the first day of his residence he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius; and one of the most learned among them declared that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments.

At Oxford Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity, which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. He was driven from the quadrangle of Christ Church by the sneering looks which the members of that aristocratical society cast at the holes in his shoes. Some charitable person placed a new pair at his door, but he spurned them away in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. No opulent gentleman commoner, panting for one-and-twenty, could have treated the academical authorities with more gross disrespect. The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendency. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements. He had early made himself known by turning Pope's "Messiah" into Latin verse. The style and rhythm, indeed, were not exactly Vergilian, but the translation found many admirers and was read with pleasure by Pope himself.

The time drew near at which Johnson would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a Bachelor of

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4. **Augustan**, of the days of Augustus Caesar, when the greatest Latin literature was produced. 10. **sixth form**, senior class in a preparatory school. 12. **restorers of learning**, the Italians Petrarch (1304–1374) and Boccaccio (1313–1375), and other writers of the Renaissance. 33. **either university**, Oxford or Cambridge.

48. **Macrobius**, a Roman grammarian of the fifth century whose essays Johnson probably read. 53. **three years**, actually "barely fourteen months." 66. **one-and-twenty**, at which time he would inherit his fortune and do as he pleased.

Arts; but he was at the end of his resources. Those promises of support on which he had relied had not been kept. His family could do nothing for him. His debts to Oxford tradesmen were small indeed, yet larger than he could pay. In the autumn of 1731 he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance, and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life, during the thirty years which followed, was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner-table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing-room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease his senses became morbidly torpid and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection, for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium; they reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul, and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

With such infirmities of body and of mind this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the midland counties. At Lichfield, his birthplace and his early home, he had inherited some friends and acquired others. He was kindly noticed by Henry Hervey, a gay officer of noble family, who happened to be quartered there. Gilbert Walmesley, registrar of the ecclesi-

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7. **1731**, Johnson had not been in continuous residence since 1729. 37. **would**. He apparently did so only once. So of the other incidents.

astical court of the diocese, a man of distinguished parts, learning, and knowledge of the world, did himself honor by patronizing the young adventurer, whose repulsive person, unpolished manners, and squalid garb moved many of the petty aristocracy of the neighborhood to laughter or to disgust. At Lichfield, however, Johnson could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar school in Leicestershire; he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of dependence was insupportable to his haughty spirit. He repaired to Birmingham and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery. In that town he printed a translation, little noticed at the time, and long forgotten, of a Latin book about Abyssinia. He then put forth proposals for publishing by subscription the poems of Politian, with notes containing a history of modern Latin verse; but subscriptions did not come in and the volume never appeared.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted, for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription extolling the charms of her person and of her manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed, with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, "Pretty creature!"

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange and his temper so violent that his schoolroom must have resembled an ogre's den. Nor was the tawdry, painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used many years later to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of *Irene* in manuscript, and two or

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11. **usher**, under-teacher. 23. **by subscription.** If enough subscribers pledged themselves in advance to meet the cost of printing, the book was published. 24. **Politian** (1454–1494), an Italian poet and professor in the University of Florence, a "restorer of learning" who wrote in both Latin and Italian. 38. **Queensberrys and Lepels**, families of the aristocracy. 41. **ceruse**, a kind of cosmetic.

79. **David Garrick** (1717–1779), the most famous English actor of the age.

three letters of introduction from his friend Walmesley.

Never since literature became a calling in England had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London. In the preceding generation a writer of eminent merit was sure to be munificently rewarded by the government. The least that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place, and if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might hope to be a member of Parliament, a lord of the treasury, an ambassador, a secretary of state. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular—such an author as Thomson, whose *Seasons* were in every library; such an author as Fielding whose *Pasquin* had had a greater run than any drama since *The Beggar's Opera*—was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliations and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic, though uncouth, frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad, for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed and as comfortably lodged as a poet.

Some time appears to have elapsed before Johnson was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day which was passing over him. He never forgot the generosity with which Hervey, who was now residing in London, relieved his wants during his time of trial. "Harry Hervey," said the old philosopher many years later, "was a vicious man, but he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." At Hervey's table Johnson sometimes enjoyed feasts which were made more agreeable by contrast. But in general he dined, and thought that he dined well, on sixpennyworth of meat and a pennyworth of bread at an alehouse near Drury Lane.

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste in cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and *à la mode* beef-shops, was far from

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54. **knot**, a pad that eased the burden of a load. 77. **Drury Lane**, a short street in one of the busiest parts of old London—not very respectable at that time. 94. **ordinaries**, restaurants.

delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long or a meat-pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily the insolence which, while it was defensive, was pardonable, and in some sense respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him. All the sufferers, however, were wise enough to abstain from talking about their beatings, except Osborne, the most rapacious and brutal of booksellers, who proclaimed everywhere that he had been knocked down by the huge fellow whom he had hired to puff the Harleian Library.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* That journal, just entering on the ninth year of its long existence, was the only periodical work in the kingdom which then had what would now be called a large circulation. It was, indeed, the chief source of parliamentary intelligence. It was not then safe, even during a recess, to publish an account of the proceedings of either House without some disguise. Cave, however, ventured to entertain his readers with what he called Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput. France was Blefuscu; London was Mildendo; pounds were sprugs; the Duke of Newcastle was the Nardac Secretary of State; Lord Hardwicke was the Hurgo Hickrad; and William Pulteney was Wingul Pulnub. To write the speeches was, during several years, the business of Johnson. He was generally furnished with notes, meager, indeed, and inaccurate, of what had been said; but sometimes he had to find arguments and eloquence both for the ministry and for the opposition. He was himself a Tory, not from rational conviction—for his serious opinion was that one form of government was just as good or as bad as another—but from mere passion, such as inflamed the Capulets against the Montagues or the Blues of the Roman circus against the Greens. In his infancy he had heard so much talk about the villainies of the Whigs and the dangers of the Church that he had become a furious partisan when he could scarcely speak. Before he was three he had insisted on being taken to hear Sacheverell preach at Lichfield Cathedral and had listened to the sermon with as much respect, and probably with as much intelligence, as any Staffordshire squire in the congregation. The work which had been begun in the nursery had been completed by the university. Oxford, when Johnson resided there, was the most Jacobitical place in England, and Pembroke was one of the most Jacobitical colleges in Oxford. The prejudices which he brought up to London were scarcely less absurd than those of his own Tom Tempest. Charles II

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26. **puff**, praise. **Harleian Library**, the library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. His valuable collection of books and manuscripts is now a part of the British Museum. 30. **Cave**, Edward (1691–1754), founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

46. **Blefuscu**, an island, in *Gulliver's Travels.* 47. **Mildendo**, a city in the same book. **pounds**, the British pound sterling. 64-65. **Capulets, Montagues**, two noble houses in *Romeo and Juliet*, at age-long enmity with each other. 65-66. **Blues, Greens.** The spectators of Roman chariot races indicated their partisanship by wearing the colors of rival charioteers. 73. **Sacheverell** (1674–1724), a famous Tory preacher in London, suspended by the Whigs in 1710, reinstated by the Tories in 1713. 87. **Tom Tempest**, a character drawn by Johnson in *Idler*, No. 10.

and James II were two of the best kings that ever reigned. Laud, a poor creature who never did, said, or wrote anything indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman, was a prodigy of parts and learning over whose tomb Art and Genius still continued to weep. Hampden deserved no more honorable name than that of "the zealot of rebellion." Even the ship money, condemned not less decidedly by Falkland and Clarendon than by the bitterest Roundheads, Johnson would not pronounce to have been an unconstitutional impost. Under a government the mildest that had ever been known in the world—under a government which allowed to the people an unprecedented liberty of speech and action, he fancied that he was a slave; he assailed the ministry with obloquy which refuted itself, and regretted the lost freedom and happiness of those golden days in which a writer who had taken but one-tenth part of the license allowed to him would have been pilloried, mangled with the shears, whipped at the cart's tail, and flung into a noisome dungeon to die. He hated dissenters and stock-jobbers, the excise and the army, septennial parliaments and continental connections. He long had an aversion to the Scotch, an aversion of which he could not remember the commencement, but which, he owned, had probably originated in his abhorrence of the conduct of the nation during the Great Rebellion. It is easy to guess in what manner debates on great party questions were likely to be reported by a man whose judgment was so much disordered by party spirit. A show of fairness was indeed necessary to the prosperity of the *Magazine*. But Johnson long afterwards owned that, though he had saved appearances, he had taken care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it; and, in fact, every passage which has lived, every passage which bears the marks of his higher faculties, is put into the mouth of some member of the opposition.

A few weeks after Johnson had entered on these obscure labors, he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. It is probable that what he had suffered during his first year in London had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal has described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets that overhung the streets of Rome. Pope's admirable imitations of Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles* had recently appeared, were in every hand, and were by many readers thought superior to the originals. What Pope had done for Horace, Johnson aspired to do for Juvenal. The enterprise was bold, and yet judicious. For between Johnson and Juvenal there was much in common, much more certainly than between Pope and Horace.

Johnson's "London" appeared without his name in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem, but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a

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2. **Laud**, William (1573–1645), Archbishop of Canterbury. He was beheaded by the Puritans for supporting Charles I. 8. **Hampden**, John (1594–1643), a statesman who resisted Charles the First's tax of ship-money. 12. **Falkland**, Lucius Cary (1610–1643), a Royalist statesman, who first supported the Puritans. **Clarendon**, Edward Hyde (1608–1674), one of Charles the First's chief advisers, who, however, sympathized at first with the Puritans. 13. **Roundheads**, Puritans, so-called because they did not wear the long hair of the Cavaliers. 30. **dissenters**, those opposed to the Church of England. 31. **excise**, an internal tax on goods manufactured, sold, or consumed within the country. 32. **septennial parliaments**. Fearing to face the election to a new Parliament, the Whigs had passed a Septennial Act, by which the existing Parliament prolonged its term of office four years longer than was allowed by law. It superseded the Triennial Act.

39. **Great Rebellion**, in behalf of the son and grandson of James II, who were excluded from the British throne. 42-43. **judgment . . . disordered**. This is another of Macaulay's exaggerations. 62. **Juvenal** (60–140 A. D.), a powerful Roman satirist. 68. **Horace** (65–8 B. C.), a graceful lyric poet of the Augustan age.

week. Those small critics who are always desirous to lower established reputations ran about proclaiming that the anonymous satirist was superior to Pope in Pope's own peculiar department of literature. It ought to be remembered, to the honor of Pope, that he joined heartily in the applause with which the appearance of a rival genius was welcomed. He made inquiries about the author of "London." Such a man, he said, could not be long concealed. The name was soon discovered, and Pope, with great kindness, exerted himself to obtain an academical degree and the mastership of a grammar school for the poor young poet. The attempt failed and Johnson remained a bookseller's hack.

It does not appear that these two men, the most eminent writer of the generation which was going out and the most eminent writer of the generation which was coming in, ever saw each other. They lived in very different circles, one surrounded by dukes and earls, the other by starving pamphleteers and index-makers. Among Johnson's associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in his blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last run over by a hackney coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sat cross-legged; and the penitent imposter, George Psalmanazar, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the folios of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an alehouse in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted was Richard Savage, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, who had seen life in all its forms, who had feasted among blue ribands in St. James's Square, and had lain with fifty pounds weight of irons on his legs in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty and the ungrateful insolence with which he rejected their advice. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with some scraps of broken meat, and lay down to rest under the piazza of Covent Garden in warm weather, and in cold weather as near as he could get to the furnace of a glass-house. Yet in his misery he was still an agreeable companion. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes about that gay and brilliant world from which he was now an outcast. He had observed the great men of both parties in hours of careless relaxation; had seen the leaders of opposition without the mask of patriotism; and had heard the prime minister roar with laughter, and tell stories not over decent. During some months Savage lived in the closest familiarity with Johnson; and then the friends

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30. **Boyse**, Samuel (1708–1749), a poet of no genius. 42. **George Psalmanazar** (1679–1763), a celebrated impostor who deceived even the Royal Society. Johnson regarded him highly.

51. **Richard Savage** (1697–1743), a poet remembered only because of Johnson's life of him. 54. **blue ribands in St. James's Square**, people of high rank (wearing the Order of the Garter) living in the fashionable part of London. 57. **Newgate**, the famous London prison near St. Paul's Cathedral. 73. **piazza**, arcades. **Covent Garden**, a large London square containing many well-known coffee-houses and a fruit and flower market, the latter of which is still flourishing.

parted, not without tears. Johnson remained in London to drudge for Cave. Savage went to the west of England; lived there as he had lived everywhere; and, in 1743, died, penniless and heart-broken, in Bristol jail.

Soon after his death, while the public curiosity was strongly excited about his extraordinary character and his not less extraordinary adventures, a life of him appeared, widely different from the catchpenny lives of eminent men which were then a staple article of manufacture in Grub Street. The style was indeed deficient in ease and variety, and the writer was evidently too partial to the Latin element of our language. But the little work, with all its faults, was a masterpiece. No finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language, living or dead, and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author was destined to be the founder of a new school of English eloquence.

The *Life of Savage* was anonymous, but it was well known in literary circles that Johnson was the writer. During the three years which followed he produced no important work, but he was not, and indeed could not be, idle. The fame of his abilities and learning continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was then no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a Dictionary of the English Language in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas, and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of his task.

The Prospectus of the *Dictionary* he addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had long been celebrated for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the delicacy of his taste. He was acknowledged to be the finest speaker in the House of Lords. He had recently governed Ireland, at a momentous conjuncture, with eminent firmness, wisdom, and humanity; and he had since become Secretary of State. He received Johnson's homage with the most winning affability and requited it with a few guineas, bestowed doubtless in a very graceful manner, but was by no means desirous to see all his carpets blackened with the London mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen, by an absent, awkward scholar, who gave strange starts and uttered strange growls, who dressed like a scarecrow and ate like a cormorant. During some time Johnson continued to call on his patron, but, after being repeatedly told by the porter that his lordship was not at home, took the hint, and ceased to present himself at the inhospitable door.

Johnson had flattered himself that he should have completed his *Dictionary* by the end of 1750, but it was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749 he published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. It

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13. **catchpenny**, cheaply made to be sold to the poor and ignorant. 15. **Grub Street**, a street in Old London where poverty-stricken men of letters lived. 34. **Warburton**, William (1698–1779), Bishop of Gloucester, and eminent as a literary critic during Johnson's life.

49. **Earl of Chesterfield**, Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694–1773), remembered chiefly for his graceful *Letters to His Son*. 56. **conjuncture**, crisis.

is, in truth, not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or to the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring us all Rome in tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus, the laurels on the doorposts, the white bull stalking toward the Capitol, the statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. It must be owned, too, that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantages, and has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his Pagan model. On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles; and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero.

For the copyright of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" Johnson received only fifteen guineas.

A few days after the publication of this poem, his tragedy, begun many years before, was brought on the stage. His pupil, David Garrick, had, in 1741, made his appearance on a humble stage in Goodman's Fields, had at once risen to the first place among actors, and was now, after several years of almost uninterrupted success, manager of Drury Lane Theater. The relation between him and his old preceptor was of a very singular kind. They repelled each other strongly, and yet attracted each other strongly. Nature had made them of very different clay, and circumstances had fully brought out the natural peculiarities of both. Sudden prosperity had turned Garrick's head. Continued adversity had soured Johnson's temper. Johnson saw, with more envy than became so great a man, the villa, the plate, the china, the Brussels carpet, which the little mimic had got by repeating, with grimaces and gesticulations, what wiser men had written; and the exquisitely sensitive vanity of Garrick was galled by the thought that, while all the rest of the world was applauding him, he could obtain from one morose cynic, whose opinion it was impossible to despise, scarcely any compliment not acidulated with scorn. Yet the two Lichfield men had so many early recollections in common and sympathized with each other on so many points on which they sympathized with nobody else in the vast population of the capital that, though the master was often provoked by the monkey-like impertinence of the pupil, and the pupil by the bearish rudeness of the master, they remained friends till they were parted by death. Garrick now brought *Irene* out, with alterations sufficient to displease the author, yet not sufficient to make the piece pleasing to the audience. The public, however, listened with little emotion, but with much civility, to five acts of monotonous declamation. After nine representations the play was withdrawn. It is, indeed, altogether unsuited to the stage and, even when perused in the closet, will be found hardly worthy of the author. He had not the slightest notion of what blank verse should be. A change in the last syllable of every other line would make the versification of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" closely resemble the versification of *Irene*. The poet, how-

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4. **Wolsey**, Thomas (1475–1530), a celebrated cardinal and statesman, under Henry VIII, finally arrested for treason. 8. **Sejanus**, a Roman courtier, and a favorite of the Emperor Tiberius. He was finally put to death for attempting to usurp the throne. 37. **Goodman's Fields**, a small theater near the Tower of London. 41. **Drury Lane Theater**, one of the principal theaters of London, originally opened in 1663. It has been rebuilt a number of times.

ever, cleared, by his benefit-nights and by the sale of the copyright of his tragedy, about three hundred pounds, then a great sum in his estimation.

About a year after the representation of *Irene*, he began to publish a series of short essays on morals, manners, and literature. This species of composition had been brought into fashion by the success of the *Tatler*, and by the still more brilliant success of the *Spectator*. A crowd of small writers had vainly attempted to rival Addison. The *Lay Monastery*, the *Censor*, the *Freethinker*, the *Plain Dealer*, the *Champion*, and other works of the same kind had had their short day. None of them had obtained a permanent place in our literature, and they are now to be found only in the libraries of the curious. At length Johnson undertook the adventure in which so many aspirants had failed. In the thirty-sixth year after the appearance of the last number of the *Spectator*, appeared the first number of the *Rambler*. From March, 1750, to March, 1752, this paper continued to come out every Tuesday and Saturday.

From the first the *Rambler* was enthusiastically admired by a few eminent men. Richardson, when only five numbers had appeared, pronounced it equal, if not superior, to the *Spectator*. Young and Hartley expressed their approbation not less warmly. Bubb Dodington, among whose many faults indifference to the claims of genius and learning cannot be reckoned, solicited the acquaintance of the writer. In consequence probably of the good offices of Dodington, who was then the confidential adviser of Prince Frederick, two of his Royal Highness's gentlemen carried a gracious message to the printing-office and ordered seven copies for Leicester House. But these overtures seem to have been very coldly received. Johnson had had enough of the patronage of the great to last him all his life, and was not disposed to haunt any other door as he had haunted the door of Chesterfield.

By the public the *Rambler* was at first very coldly received. Though the price of a number was only twopence, the sale did not amount to five hundred. The profits were therefore very small. But as soon as the flying leaves were collected and reprinted they became popular. The author lived to see thirteen thousand copies spread over England alone. Separate editions were published for the Scotch and Irish markets. A large party pronounced the style perfect, so absolutely perfect that in some essays it would be impossible for the writer himself to alter a single word for the better. Another party, not less numerous, vehemently accused him of having corrupted the purity of the English tongue. The best critics admitted that his diction was too monotonous, too obviously artificial, and now and then turgid even to absurdity. But they did justice to the acuteness of his observations on morals and manners, to the constant precision and frequent brilliancy of his language, to the weighty and magnificent eloquence of many serious passages, and to the solemn, yet pleasing, humor of some of the lighter papers. On the question of precedence between Addison and Johnson, a question which, seventy years ago, was much disputed, posterity has pronounced a decision from which there is no appeal. Sir Roger, his chaplain, and his butler, Will

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1. **benefit-nights.** In those days playwrights were given the proceeds from certain performances. 32. **Richardson**, Samuel (1689–1761), the famous author of *Pamela* (1740) and *Clarissa Harlowe* (1748). 35. **Young**, Edward (1683–1765), a poet, now obscure, who was famous for his *Night Thoughts* (1744), a graveyard poem. **Hartley**, David (1705–1757), a philosopher and physician. 37. **Bubb Dodington** (1691–1762), Baron Melcombe, a patron of literary men.

44. **Frederick**, the Prince of Wales, who lived in London, at Leicester House.

Wimble and Will Honeycomb, the Vision of Mirza, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Everlasting Club, the Dunnow Flitch, the Loves of Hilpah and Shalum, the Visit to the Exchange, and the Visit to the Abbey are known to everybody. But many men and women, even of highly cultivated minds, are unacquainted with Squire Bluster and Mrs. Busy, Quisquilius and Venustulus, the Allegory of Wit and Learning, the Chronicle of the Revolutions of a Garret, and the sad fate of Aningait and Ajut.

The last *Rambler* was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost broken-hearted. Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude. But all his affection had been concentrated on her. He had neither brother nor sister, neither son nor daughter. To him she was beautiful as the Gunnings and witty as Lady Mary. Her opinion of his writings was more important to him than the voice of the pit of Drury Lane Theater or the judgment of the *Monthly Review*. The chief support which had sustained him through the most arduous labor of his life was the hope that she would enjoy the fame and the profit which he anticipated from his *Dictionary*. She was gone; and in that vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone. Yet it was necessary for him to set himself, as he expressed it, doggedly to work. After three more laborious years, the *Dictionary* was at length complete.

It had been generally supposed that this great work would be dedicated to the eloquent and accomplished nobleman to whom the Prospectus had been addressed. He well knew the value of such a compliment; and therefore, when the day of publication drew near, he exerted himself to soothe, by a show of zealous, and, at the same time, delicate and judicious, kindness, the pride which he had so cruelly wounded. Since the *Ramblers* had ceased to appear, the town had been entertained by a journal called *The World*, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed. In two successive numbers of *The World* the *Dictionary* was, to use the modern phrase, puffed with wonderful skill. The writings of Johnson were warmly praised. It was proposed that he should be invested with the authority of a dictator, nay, of a pope, over our language, and that his decisions about the meaning and the spelling of words should be received as final. His two folios, it was said, would of course be bought by everybody who could afford to buy them. It was soon known that these papers were written by Chesterfield. But the just resentment of Johnson was not to be so appeased. In a letter written with singular energy and dignity of thought and language he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The *Dictionary* came forth without a dedication. In the preface the author truly declared that he owed nothing to the great, and described the difficulties with which he had been left to struggle so forcibly and pathetically that the ablest and most malevolent

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30. **Gunnings**, two sisters of humble birth so famous for their beauty that one married a count and the other a duke. 31. **Lady Mary**, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689–1762), a society leader of the time whose *Letters* are delightful reading.

52. **Prospectus.** It was the custom for the author to publish, before the appearance of his work, a lengthy statement of his plan and purpose in writing the book. Such a prospectus might name or indicate the patron, or ask for subscriptions. 53. **He**, i. e., Chesterfield. 80. **letter.** See page 384.

of all the enemies of his fame, Horne Tooke, never could read that passage without tears.

The public, on this occasion, did Johnson full justice, and something more than justice. The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cold esteem. But Johnson's *Dictionary* was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has ever excited. It was, indeed, the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure. The definitions show so much acuteness of thought and command of language, and the passages quoted from poets, divines, and philosophers are so skillfully selected that a leisure hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages. The faults of the book resolve themselves, for the most part, into one great fault. Johnson was a wretched etymologist. He knew little or nothing of any Teutonic language except English, which, indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language; and thus he was absolutely at the mercy of Junius and Skinner.

The *Dictionary*, though it raised Johnson's fame, added nothing to his pecuniary means. The fifteen hundred guineas which the booksellers had agreed to pay him had been advanced and spent before the last sheets issued from the press. It is painful to relate that twice in the course of the year which followed the publication of this great work he was arrested and carried to sponging-houses, and that he was twice indebted for his liberty to his excellent friend Richardson. It was still necessary for the man who had been formally saluted by the highest authority as Dictator of the English language to supply his wants by constant toil. He abridged his *Dictionary*. He proposed to bring out an edition of Shakespeare by subscription; and many subscribers sent in their names and laid down their money. But he soon found the task so little to his taste that he turned to more attractive employments. He contributed many papers to a new monthly journal, which was called the *Literary Magazine*. Few of these papers have much interest; but among them was the very best thing that he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyns's *Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*.

In the spring of 1758 Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays entitled the *Idler*. During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated, while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. The *Idler* may be described as a second part of the *Rambler*, somewhat livelier and somewhat weaker than the first part.

While Johnson was busied with his *Idlers*, his mother, who had accomplished her ninetieth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her, but he had not failed to contribute largely, out of his small means, to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright; and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain, for the book was *Rasselas*.

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1. **Horne Tooke** (1736–1812), a politician and philologist, whose knowledge of etymology surpassed Johnson's. 29. **Junius** (1589-1677) **and Skinner** (1623-1667), seventeenth century philologists whose etymologies Johnson followed. 40. **sponging-houses**, taverns owned by the bailiffs, where arrested debtors were kept for a day before being sent to prison.

61. **Jenyns**, Soame (1704–1787), an acute theological writer, beyond his depth in this *Inquiry*.

The success of *Rasselas* was great, though such ladies as Miss Lydia Languish must have been grievously disappointed when they found that the new volume from the circulating library was little more than a dissertation on the author's favorite theme, the Vanity of Human Wishes; that the Prince of Abyssinia was without a mistress and the Princess without a lover; and that the story set the hero and the heroine down exactly where it had taken them up. The style was the subject of much eager controversy. The *Monthly Review* and the *Critical Review* took different sides. Many readers pronounced the writer a pompous pedant, who would never use a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word of six, and who could not make a waiting-woman relate her adventures without balancing every noun with another noun and every epithet with another epithet. Another party, not less zealous, cited with delight numerous passages in which weighty meaning was expressed with accuracy and illustrated with splendor. And both the censure and the praise were merited.

About the plan of *Rasselas* little was said by the critics; and yet the faults of the plan might seem to invite severe criticism. Johnson has frequently blamed Shakespeare for neglecting the proprieties of time and place and for ascribing to one age or nation the manners and opinions of another. Yet Shakespeare has not sinned in this way more grievously than Johnson. Rasselas and Imlac, Nekayah and Pekuah are evidently meant to be Abyssinians of the eighteenth century—for the Europe which Imlac describes is the Europe of the eighteenth century—and the inmates of the Happy Valley talk familiarly of that law of gravitation which Newton discovered, and which was not fully received even at Cambridge till the eighteenth century. What a real company of Abyssinians would have been may be learned from *Bruce's Travels.* But Johnson, not content with turning filthy savages, ignorant of their letters and gorged with raw steaks cut from living cows, into philosophers as eloquent and enlightened as himself or his friend Burke, and into ladies as highly accomplished as Mrs. Lennox or Mrs. Sheridan, transferred the whole domestic system of England to Egypt. Into a land of harems, a land of polygamy, a land where women are married without ever being seen, he introduced the flirtations and jealousies of our ballrooms. In a land where there is boundless liberty of divorce, wedlock is described as the indissoluble compact. "A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of each other. Such," says Rasselas, "is the common process of marriage." Such it may have been, and may still be, in London, but assuredly not at Cairo. A writer who was guilty of such improprieties had little right to blame the poet who made Hector quote Aristotle, and represented Julio Romano as flourishing in the days of the oracle of Delphi.

By such exertions as have been described Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. He had from a child been an enemy of the reigning dynasty. His Jacobite prejudices had been exhibited with

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2. **Miss Lydia Languish**, a character in Sheridan's play, *The Rivals*, who liked romantic novels.

53. **Bruce's Travels**, a volume by James Bruce (1730–1794), a renowned African explorer. 60. **Mrs. Lennox**, Charlotte Lennox (1720–1804), celebrated for her novel *The Female Quixote* (1752). Johnson admired her. **Mrs. Sheridan**, mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, herself a novelist and playwright. Johnson praised her. 80. **poet**, Shakespeare. Hector appears in *Troilus and Cressida*, II, ii; Julio Romano in *A Winter's Tale*, V, ii. Both Aristotle and Romano lived later than Shakespeare implied.

little disguise both in his works and in his conversation. Even in his massy and elaborate *Dictionary* he had, with a strange want of taste and judgment, inserted bitter and contumelious reflections on the Whig party. The excise, which was a favorite resource of Whig financiers, he had designated as a hateful tax. He had railed against the commissioners of excise in language so coarse that they had seriously thought of prosecuting him. He had with difficulty been prevented from holding up the Lord Privy Seal by name as an example of the meaning of the word "renegade." A pension he had defined as pay given to a state hireling to betray his country; a pensioner, as a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey a master. It seemed unlikely that the author of these definitions would himself be pensioned. But that was a time of wonders. George the Third had ascended the throne, and had, in the course of a few months, disgusted many of the old friends and conciliated many of the old enemies of his house. The city was becoming mutinous; Oxford was becoming loyal. Cavendishes and Bentincks were murmuring. Somersets and Wyndhams were hastening to kiss hands. The head of the treasury was now Lord Bute, who was a Tory, and could have no objection to Johnson's Toryism. Bute wished to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted.

This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to the daily toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence—to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

One laborious task, indeed, he had bound himself to perform. He had received large subscriptions for his promised edition of Shakespeare; he had lived on those subscriptions during some years; and he could not without disgrace omit to perform his part of the contract. His friends repeatedly exhorted him to make an effort, and he repeatedly resolved to do so. But, notwithstanding their exhortations and his resolutions, month followed month, year followed year, and nothing was done. He prayed fervently against his idleness. He determined, as often as he received the sacrament, that he would no longer doze away and trifle away his time; but the spell under which he lay resisted prayer and sacrament. His private notes at this time are made up of self-reproaches. "My indolence," he wrote on Easter Eve, in 1764, "has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year." Easter, 1765, came, and found him still in the same state. "My time," he wrote, "has been unprofitably spent and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me." Happily for his honor, the charm which held him captive was at length broken by no gentle or friendly hand. He had been weak enough to pay serious attention to a story about a ghost which haunted a

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14. **Lord Privy Seal**, keeper of the privy seal, which must be affixed to nearly all state papers. 29. **mutinous**, Whig in feeling. 30. **loyal**, Tory in sentiment. **Cavendishes and Bentincks**, prominent Whig families. 32. **Somersets and Wyndhams**, Tory families. 33. **kiss hands**, kiss the hands of the King in token of submission.

house in Cock Lane, and had actually gone himself, with some of his friends, at one in the morning, to St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, in the hope of receiving a communication from the perturbed spirit. But the spirit, though adjured with all solemnity, remained obstinately silent; and it soon appeared that a naughty girl of eleven had been amusing herself by making fools of so many philosophers. Churchill, who, confident in his powers, drunk with popularity and burning with party spirit, was looking for some man of established fame and Tory politics to insult, celebrated the Cock Lane Ghost in three cantos, nicknamed Johnson "Pomposo," asked where the book was which had been so long promised and so liberally paid for, and directly accused the great moralist of cheating. This terrible word proved effectual; and in October, 1765, appeared, after a delay of nine years, the new edition of Shakespeare.

This publication saved Johnson's character for honesty, but added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning. The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The best specimen is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of Hamlet. But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless, edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators. Johnson had, in his Prospectus, told the world that he was peculiarly fitted for the task which he had undertaken, because he had, as a lexicographer, been under the necessity of taking a wider view of the English language than any of his predecessors. That his knowledge of our literature was extensive is indisputable. But, unfortunately, he had altogether neglected that very part of our literature with which it is especially desirable that an editor of Shakespeare should be conversant. It is dangerous to assert a negative. Yet little will be risked by the assertion that in the two folio volumes of the *English Dictionary* there is not a single passage quoted from any dramatist of the Elizabethan age except Shakespeare and Ben. Even from Ben the quotations are few. Johnson might easily, in a few months, have made himself well acquainted with every old play that was extant. But it never seems to have occurred to him that this was a necessary preparation for the work which he had undertaken. He would doubtless have admitted that it would be the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of Aeschylus and Euripides to publish an edition of Sophocles. Yet he ventured to publish an edition of Shakespeare without having ever in his life, as far as can be discovered, read a single scene of Massinger, Ford, Decker, Webster, Marlowe, Beaumont, or Fletcher. His detractors were noisy and scurrilous. Those who most loved and honored him had little to say in praise of the manner in which he had discharged the duty of a commentator.

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1. **and had actually gone himself.** Macaulay does Johnson an injustice. Johnson was one of the investigators, and wrote the report that exposed the conspiracy. 12. **Churchill**, Charles Churchill (1731–1764), a violent satirist, whose *Ghost* (1762–1763) attacks Johnson in Books II and III. 38. **Wilhelm Meister**, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre* (apprenticeship), a novel by Goethe. The passages alluded to may be found in Vol. IV, iii-xiii, and Vol. V, iv-xi.

68. **Ben**, Ben Jonson.

He had, however, acquitted himself of a debt which had long lain heavy on his conscience, and he sank back into the repose from which the sting of satire had roused him. He long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a Doctor's degree, by the Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the King with an interview, in which his Majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. In the interval, however, between 1765 and 1775 Johnson published only two or three political tracts, the longest of which he could have produced in forty-eight hours, if he had worked as he worked on the *Life of Savage* and on *Rasselas.*

But though his pen was now idle his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon those with whom he lived, and indirectly on the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial talents were, indeed, of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, wit, humor, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. As respected style, he spoke far better than he wrote. Every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period of the *Rambler.* But in his talk there were no pompous triads, and little more than a fair proportion of words in *osity* and *ation.* All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. He uttered his short, weighty, and pointed sentences with a power of voice, and a justness and energy of emphasis, of which the effect was rather increased than diminished by the rollings of his huge form and by the asthmatic gaspings and puffings in which the peals of his eloquence generally ended. Nor did the laziness which made him unwilling to sit down to his desk prevent him from giving instruction or entertainment orally. To discuss questions of taste, of learning, or casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on anybody who would start a subject; on a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach or on the person who sat at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunkmaker and the pastrycook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist, of the age. Garrick brought to the meetings his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of

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9. **Royal Academy**, founded in 1768 for the advancement of the fine arts. Sir Joshua Reynolds was its first president. Johnson's professorship was merely honorary.

79-80. **the service . . . pastrycook**, that is, for linings and wrapping-paper.

stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits—Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life, and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might, indeed, have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's Club.

Among the members of this celebrated body was one to whom it has owed the greater part of its celebrity, yet who was regarded with little respect by his brethren, and had not without difficulty obtained a seat among them. This was James Boswell, a young Scottish lawyer, heir to an honorable name and a fair estate. That he was a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous, was obvious to all who were acquainted with him. That he could not reason, that he had no wit, no humor, no eloquence, is apparent from his writings. And yet his writings are read beyond the Mississippi, and under the Southern Cross, and are likely to be read as long as the English exists, either as a living or as a dead language. Nature had made him a slave and an idolater. His mind resembled those creepers which the botanists call parasites, and which can subsist only by clinging round the stems and imbibing the juices of stronger plants. He must have fastened himself on somebody. He might have fastened himself on Wilkes, and have become the fiercest patriot in the Bill of Rights Society. He might have fastened himself on Whitefield, and have become the loudest field preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists. In a happy hour he fastened himself on Johnson. The pair might seem ill matched. For Johnson had early been prejudiced against Boswell's country. To a man of Johnson's strong understanding and irritable temper the silly egotism and adulation of Boswell must have been as teasing as the constant buzz of a fly. Johnson hated to be questioned; and Boswell was eternally catechizing him on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes propounded such questions as, "What would you do, sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?" Johnson was a water-drinker, and Boswell was a winebibber, and indeed little better than an habitual sot. It was impossible that there should be perfect harmony between two such companions. Indeed, the great man was sometimes provoked into fits of passion, in which he said things which the small man, during a few hours, seriously resented. Every quarrel, however, was soon made up. During twenty years the disciple continued to worship the master; the master continued to scold the disciple, to sneer at him, and to love him. The two friends ordinarily resided at a great distance from each other. Boswell practiced in the Parliament House of

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42. **Southern Cross**, a constellation of the southern heavens, consisting of five stars somewhat in the form of a cross.

53. **Wilkes**, John (1727-1797), a politician and political agitator. He became a popular hero, was four times elected to Parliament, and the same number of times expelled. 56. **Whitefield**, George (1714–1770), one of the founders of the Methodist Church; he was known to both Boswell and Johnson.

Edinburgh, and could pay only occasional visits to London. During those visits his chief business was to watch Johnson, to discover all Johnson's habits, to turn the conversation to subjects about which Johnson was likely to say something remarkable, and to fill quarto notebooks with minutes of what Johnson had said. In this way were gathered the materials out of which was afterward constructed the most interesting biographical work in the world.

Soon after the club began to exist Johnson formed a connection less important indeed to his fame, but much more important to his happiness, than his connection with Boswell. Henry Thrale, one of the most opulent brewers in the kingdom, a man of sound and cultivated understanding, rigid principles, and liberal spirit, was married to one of those clever, kind-hearted, engaging, vain, pert young women, who are perpetually doing or saying what is not exactly right, but who, do or say what they may, are always agreeable. In 1765 the Thrales became acquainted with Johnson, and the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship. They were astonished and delighted by the brilliancy of his conversation. They were flattered by finding that a man so widely celebrated preferred their house to any other in London. Even the peculiarities which seemed to unfit him for civilized society—his gesticulations, his rollings, his puffings, his mutterings, the strange way in which he put on his clothes, the ravenous eagerness with which he devoured his dinner, his fits of melancholy, his fits of anger, his frequent rudeness, his occasional ferocity—increased the interest which his new associates took in him. For these things were the cruel marks left behind by a life which had been one long conflict with disease and adversity. In a vulgar hack writer such oddities would have excited only disgust. But in a man of genius, learning, and virtue, their effect was to add pity to admiration and esteem. Johnson soon had an apartment at the brewery in Southwark and a still more pleasant apartment at the villa of his friends on Streatham Common. A large part of every year he passed in those abodes—abodes which must have seemed magnificent and luxurious, indeed, when compared with the dens in which he had generally been lodged. But his chief pleasures were derived from what the astronomer of his Abyssinian tale called "the endearing elegance of female friendship." Mrs. Thrale rallied him, soothed him, coaxed him; and, if she sometimes provoked him by her flippancy, made ample amends by listening to his reproofs with angelic sweetness of temper. When he was diseased in body and in mind, she was the most tender of nurses. No comfort that wealth could purchase, no contrivance that womanly ingenuity, set to work by womanly compassion, could devise, was wanting to his sick-room. He requited her kindness by an affection pure as the affection of a father, yet delicately tinged with a gallantry which, though awkward, must have been more flattering than the attentions of a crowd of the fools who gloried in the names, now obsolete, of Buck and Maccaroni. It should seem that a full half of Johnson's life, during about sixteen years, was passed under the roof of the Thrales. He accompanied the family sometimes to Bath and sometimes to Brighton, once to Wales, and once to Paris. But he

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56. **Southwark**, a district of London just south of the Thames. 58. **Streatham Common**, about five miles farther south. 87. **Buck, Maccaroni**, terms for men of fashion (like our "dude"). 92. **Bath**, one of the fashionable resorts of England, situated on the Avon. **Brighton**, one of the leading seaside resorts in Great Britain, located on the English channel.

had at the same time a house in one of the narrow and gloomy courts on the north of Fleet Street. In the garrets was his library, a large and miscellaneous collection of books, falling to pieces and begrimed with dust. On a lower floor he sometimes, but very rarely, regaled a friend with a plain dinner—a veal pie, or a leg of lamb and spinach, and a rice pudding. Nor was the dwelling uninhabited during his long absences. It was the home of the most extraordinary assemblage of inmates that ever was brought together. At the head of the establishment Johnson had placed an old lady named Williams, whose chief recommendations were her blindness and her poverty. But, in spite of her murmurs and reproaches, he gave an asylum to another lady who was as poor as herself, Mrs. Desmoulins, whose family he had known many years before in Staffordshire. Room was found for the daughter of Mrs. Desmoulins, and for another destitute damsel, who was generally addressed as Miss Carmichael, but whom her generous host called Polly. An old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper, completed this strange menagerie. All these poor creatures were at constant war with each other and with Johnson's negro servant Frank. Sometimes, indeed, they transferred their hostilities from the servant to the master, complained that a better table was not kept for them, and railed or maundered till their benefactor was glad to make his escape to Streatham or to the Mitre Tavern. And yet he, who was generally the haughtiest and most irritable of mankind, who was but too prompt to resent anything which looked like a slight on the part of a purse-proud bookseller or of a noble and powerful patron, bore patiently from mendicants, who, but for his bounty, must have gone to the workhouse, insults more provoking than those for which he had knocked down Osborne and bidden defiance to Chesterfield. Year after year Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, Polly and Levett, continued to torment him and to live upon him.

The course of life which has been described was interrupted in Johnson's sixty-fourth year by an important event. He had early read an account of the Hebrides, and had been much interested by learning that there was so near him a land peopled by a race which was still as rude and simple as in the Middle Ages. A wish to become intimately acquainted with a state of society so utterly unlike all that he had ever seen frequently crossed his mind. But it is not probable that his curiosity would have overcome his habitual sluggishness, and his love of the smoke, the mud, and the cries of London, had not Boswell importuned him to attempt the adventure, and offered to be his squire. At length, in August, 1773, Johnson crossed the Highland line, and plunged courageously into what was then considered, by most Englishmen, as a dreary and perilous wilderness. After wandering about two months through the Celtic region, sometimes in rude boats which did not protect him from the rain, and sometimes on small shaggy ponies which could hardly bear his weight, he returned to his old haunts with a mind full of new images and new theories. During the following year he employed himself in recording his

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45. **Mitre Tavern**, a noted tavern in a court off Fleet Street. It was Johnson's favorite resort.

56. **Osborne**, Thomas, a bookseller, whom Johnson had knocked down, because of impertinence. 65. **Hebrides**, a group of islands off the west coast of Scotland.

adventures. About the beginning of 1775 his *Journey to the Hebrides* was published, and was, during some weeks, the chief subject of conversation in all circles in which any attention was paid to literature. The book is still read with pleasure. The narrative is entertaining; the speculations, whether sound or unsound, are always ingenious; and the style, though too stiff and pompous, is somewhat easier and more graceful than that of his early writings. His prejudice against the Scotch had at length become little more than matter of jest; and whatever remained of the old feeling had been effectually removed by the kind and respectful hospitality with which he had been received in every part of Scotland. It was, of course, not to be expected that an Oxonian Tory should praise the Presbyterian polity and ritual, or that an eye accustomed to the hedgerows and parks of England should not be struck by the bareness of Berwickshire and East Lothian. But even in censure Johnson's tone is not unfriendly. The most enlightened Scotchmen, with Lord Mansfield at their head, were well pleased. But some foolish and ignorant Scotchmen were moved to anger by a little unpalatable truth, which was mingled with much eulogy, and assailed him whom they chose to consider as the enemy of their country with libels much more dishonorable to their country than anything that he had ever said or written. They published paragraphs in the newspapers, articles in the magazines, sixpenny pamphlets, five-shilling books. One scribbler abused Johnson for being blear-eyed; another for being a pensioner; a third informed the world that one of the Doctor's uncles had been convicted of felony in Scotland, and had found that there was in that country one tree capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. Macpherson, whose *Fingal* had been proved in the *Journey* to be an impudent forgery, threatened to take vengeance with a cane. The only effect of this threat was that Johnson reiterated the charge of forgery in the most contemptuous terms, and walked about, during some time, with a cudgel, which, if the imposter had not been too wise to encounter it, would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, "like a hammer on the red son of the furnace."

Of other assailants Johnson took no notice whatever. He had early resolved never to be drawn into controversy; and he adhered to his resolution with a steadfastness which is the more extraordinary because he was, both intellectually and morally, of the stuff of which controversialists are made. In conversation he was a singularly eager, acute, and pertinacious disputant. When at a loss for good reasons, he had recourse to sophistry; and when heated by altercation, he made unsparing use of sarcasm and invective. But when he took his pen in his hand, his whole character seemed to be changed. A hundred bad writers misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a refutation, or even of a retort. The Kenricks, Campbells, MacNicols, and Hendersons did their best to annoy him, in the hope that he would give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or

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29. **Mansfield**, William Murray, Earl of (1705–1793), Lord Chief Justice of England (1756–1788).

50. **Macpherson**, James (1736–1796), a Scottish school master who claimed that his publications *Fingal* (1762) and *Temora* (1763) were translations from the poems of Ossian, a Gaelic bard and warrior of the third century.

Campbell, to MacNicol or Henderson. One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter—

> Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum.

But Johnson took no notice of the challenge. He had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die. He always maintained that fame was a shuttlecock which could be kept up only by being beaten back, as well as beaten forward, and which would soon fall if there were only one battledore. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apophthegm of Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself

Unhappily, a few months after the appearance of the *Journey to the Hebrides* Johnson did what none of his envious assailants could have done, and to a certain extent succeeded in writing himself down. The disputes between England and her American colonies had reached a point at which no amicable adjustment was possible. Civil war was evidently impending; and the ministers seem to have thought that the eloquence of Johnson might with advantage be employed to inflame the nation against the opposition here and against the rebels beyond the Atlantic. He had already written two or three tracts in defense of the foreign and domestic policy of the government; and those tracts, though hardly worthy of him, were much superior to the crowd of pamphlets which lay on the counters of Almon and Stockdale. But his "Taxation No Tyranny" was a pitiable failure. The very title was a silly phrase, which can have been recommended to his choice by nothing but a jingling alliteration which he ought to have despised. The arguments were such as boys use in debating societies. The pleasantry was as awkward as the gambols of a hippopotamus. Even Boswell was forced to own that, in this unfortunate piece, he could detect no trace of his master's powers. The general opinion was that the strong faculties which had produced the Dictionary and the *Rambler* were beginning to feel the effect of time and of disease, and that the old man would best consult his credit by writing no more.

But this was a great mistake. Johnson had failed, not because his mind was less vigorous than when he wrote *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week, but because he had foolishly chosen, or suffered others to choose for him, a subject such as he would at no time have been competent to treat. He was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read or thought or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners; but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother country was a question about which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men must fail when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to

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6-7. **Maxime . . . tecum,** I am most eager to dispute with you if you are willing. 26. **Bentley,** Richard (1662–1742), one of the greatest of English classical scholars and critics.

49. **Almon and Stockdale,** leading booksellers of Johnson's time.

paint landscapes like those of Wilson. Happily, Johnson soon had an opportunity of proving most signally that his failure was not to be ascribed to intellectual decay.

On Easter Eve, 1777, some persons, deputed by a meeting which consisted of forty of the first booksellers in London, called upon him. Though he had some scruples about doing business at that season, he received his visitors with much civility. They came to inform him that a new edition cf the English poets, from Cowley downward, was in contemplation, and to ask him to furnish short biographical prefaces. He readily undertook the task—a task for which he was preëminently qualified. His knowledge of the literary history of England since the Restoration was unrivaled. That knowledge he had derived partly from books, and partly from sources which had long been closed—from old Grub Street traditions; from the talk of forgotten poetasters and pamphleteers who had long been lying in parish vaults; from the recollections of such men as Gilbert Walmesley, who had conversed with the wits of Button; Cibber, who had mutilated the plays of two generations of dramatists; Orrery, who had been admitted to the society of Swift; and Savage, who had rendered services of no very honorable kind to Pope. The biographer therefore sat down to his task with a mind full of matter. He had at first intended to give only a paragraph to every minor poet, and only four or five pages to the greatest name. But the flood of anecdote and criticism overflowed the narrow channel. The work, which was originally meant to consist only of a few sheets, swelled into ten volumes—small volumes, it is true, and not closely printed. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The *Lives of the Poets* are, on the whole, the best of Johnson's works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent, and, even when grossly and provokingly unjust, well deserve to be studied. For, however erroneous they may be, they are never silly. They are the judgments of a mind trammeled by prejudice and deficient in sensibility, but vigorous and acute. They therefore generally contain a portion of valuable truth which deserves to be separated from the alloy; and, at the very worst, they mean something, a praise to which much of what is called criticism in our time has no pretensions.

Savage's *Life* Johnson reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that life, will turn to the other lives, will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances he had written little and talked much. When, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skillful critic in the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and in the *Lives of the Poets* is so obvious that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Among the lives the best are perhaps those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. The very worst is, beyond all doubt, that of Gray.

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1. **Wilson,** Richard (1714–1782), a noted English landscape painter. 29. **Walmesley** (1680–1751), a well-known lawyer who entertained young Johnson. 30. **Button,** proprietor of a famous coffee-house near Covent Garden, in Addison's day. 31. **Cibber,** Colley (1671–1757), a popular actor and comic dramatist. 33. **Orrery,** John Boyle, Earl of (1707–1762), a weak author who was intimately acquainted with great men. 35. **services,** furnishing gossip and scandal about authors.

This great work at once became popular. There was, indeed, much just and much unjust censure; but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves. Malone computed the gains of the publishers at five or six thousand pounds. But the writer was very poorly remunerated. Intending at first to write very short prefaces, he had stipulated for only two hundred guineas. The booksellers, when they saw how far his performance had surpassed his promise, added only another hundred. Indeed, Johnson, though he did not despise, or affect to despise, money, and though his strong sense and long experience ought to have qualified him to protect his own interests, seems to have been singularly unskillful and unlucky in his literary bargains. He was generally reputed the first English writer of his time. Yet several writers of his time sold their copyrights for sums such as he never ventured to ask. To give a single instance, Robertson received four thousand five hundred pounds for the *History of Charles V*; and it is no disrespect to the memory of Robertson to say that the *History of Charles V* is both a less valuable and a less amusing book than the *Lives of the Poets.*

Johnson was now in his seventy-second year. The infirmities of age were coming fast upon him. That inevitable event of which he never thought without horror was brought near to him; and his whole life was darkened by the shadow of death. He had often to pay the cruel price of longevity. Every year he lost what could never be replaced. The strange dependents to whom he had given shelter, and to whom, in spite of their faults, he was strongly attached by habit, dropped off one by one; and, in the silence of his home, he regretted even the noise of their scolding matches. The kind and generous Thrale was no more; and it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. But she survived to be the laughing-stock of those who had envied her, and to draw from the eyes of the old man who had loved her beyond anything in the world tears far more bitter than he would have shed over her grave. With some estimable and many agreeable qualities, she was not made to be independent. The control of a mind more steadfast than her own was necessary to her respectability. While she was restrained by her husband, a man of sense and firmness, indulgent to her taste in trifles, but always the undisputed master of his house, her worst offenses had been impertinent jokes, white lies, and short fits of pettishness, ending in sunny good-humor. But he was gone; and she was left an opulent widow of forty, with strong sensibility, volatile fancy, and slender judgment. She soon fell in love with a music-master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover anything to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion. But the struggle irritated her nerves, soured her temper, and at length endangered her health. Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner toward him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham; she never pressed him to return; and, if he came unbidden, she received him

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6. **Malone,** Edmund (1741–1812), a distinguished Shakespearean scholar who edited Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* 27. **Robertson,** William (1721–1793), a Scottish historian.

76. **soon,** in three years. **music-master,** Piozzi, actually a notable violinist; this is another example of Macaulay's prejudice. 77. **Brescia,** a province of Italy.

in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection, and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left forever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out. Here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have at all impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. His asthma tormented him day and night. Dropsical symptoms made their appearance. While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life had married an Italian fiddler; that all London was crying shame upon her; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in *Hamlet*. He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She, meanwhile, fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mount Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man with whose name hers is inseparably associated, had ceased to exist.

He had, in spite of much mental and much bodily affliction, clung vehemently to life. The feeling described in that fine but gloomy paper which closes the series of his *Idlers* seemed to grow stronger in him as his last hour drew near. He fancied that he should be able to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate, and would probably have set out for Rome and Naples but for his fear of the expense of the journey. That expense, indeed, he had the means of defraying; for he had laid up about two thousand pounds, the fruit of labors which had made the fortune of several publishers. But he was unwilling to break in upon this hoard, and he seems to have wished even to keep its existence a secret. Some of his friends hoped that the government might be induced to increase his pension to six hundred pounds a year; but this hope was disappointed, and he resolved to stand one English winter more. That winter was his last. His legs grew weaker; his breath grew shorter; the fatal water gathered fast, in spite of incisions which he, courageous against pain, but timid against death, urged his surgeons to make deeper and deeper. Though the tender care which had mitigated his sufferings during months of sickness at Streatham was withdrawn, he was not left desolate. The ablest physicians and surgeons attended him, and refused to accept fees from him. Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Windham sat much in the sick-room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while

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32. **Ephesian matron**, a widow who fell in love with a soldier in the midst of violent grief for her husband and married him the same day. **two pictures**, a reference to Hamlet's comparison of his father, the murdered king, with his uncle, the usurper (*Hamlet* III, iv, 54 ff). 41. **Mount Cenis**, in the French-Italian Alps.

85. **Windham**, William (1750–1810), a Whig statesman and orator. 88. **Frances Burney**, (1752–1840), afterwards Madam D'Arblay, the author of *Evelina* (1778) and other popular novels.

Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison.

Since his death, the popularity of his works—the *Lives of the Poets*, and, perhaps, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, excepted—has greatly diminished. His *Dictionary* has been altered by editors till it can scarcely be called his. An allusion to his *Rambler* or his *Idler* is not readily apprehended in literary circles. The fame even of *Rasselas* has grown somewhat dim. But though the celebrity of the writings may have declined, the celebrity of the writer, strange to say, is as great as ever. Boswell's book has done for him more than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons, and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man.

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1. **Langton,** Bennet (1737-1801), a Greek scholar remembered now only as the friend of Johnson.

51. **anfractuosities,** windings and turnings.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

1. Look up Lichfield on a map of England. Where are Staffordshire and Worcestershire? What are the other midland counties?

2. Compare Johnson's education up to his eighteenth year with yours. Speak of differences in subjects, system, amount, and kind of voluntary reading, etc.

3. The English universities are organized differently from American colleges. They consist of many separate colleges, each having its own dining-hall, library, chapel, tutors, and so on. Christ Church was composed of a very aristocratic group of students. The gentlemen commoners, so-called because they dined at the college halls, or "commons," were the highest class of students socially. All students wore gowns to distinguish them from the townspeople.

4. Macaulay exaggerates in line 68, page 325. Johnson was apparently never guilty of "gross disrespect." The account of Johnson's marriage also contains exaggeration. Mrs. Porter was forty-six; he was twenty-six. Boswell says she had a superior understanding. Her oldest daughter was six years younger than Johnson. She had property amounting to about $4000, with which Johnson was able to open his school. Johnson's nickname for her was "Tetty" or "Tetsy." In his youth, according to Boswell, he had "passed much time in the company of ladies . . . . remarkable for good breeding." Why do you think Macaulay made these boisterous misstatements?

5. The journey of Johnson to London in 1737 closes the first period of his life. What different attempts to make a living has he already made? Why has each one failed? Do his abilities and training indicate that he will succeed?

6. Try to illustrate Macaulay's statements about the state of literature in 1737 (page 328, lines 2-46) by giving the positions gained by Steele, Prior, Addison, Swift, and others of Pope's day. Then see if you can find estimates of the incomes of such later writers as Scott, Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, and Macaulay himself.

7. You should get clearly in mind the distinction between Whig and Tory. In general the Tories were conservative and often Jacobite. The Whigs were progressive and stood for democratic principles. Study the footnotes and explain why you think Johnson and the Tories hated dissenters, septennial parliaments, and excise (see Johnson's own definition of "excise" in note on line 31, page 358). To what party do you think Macaulay belonged?

8. Compare Johnson with his different friends during his struggle for success. Speak of both character and literary achievement.

9. Report on Johnson's poetry of this period. Compare "London" with "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Which is the more vigorous as satire? Compare "The Vanity of Human Wishes" with Juvenal's Tenth Satire (use Dryden's translation). Do you agree with Macaulay's judgment?

10. In compiling his *Dictionary* Johnson had the help of only a few copyists. He himself supplied all the "etymologies, definitions, and various significations." Look at the preface to any recent unabridged dictionary. How many different authors are listed? What besides definitions does the modern dictionary give? Try to draw up definitions of your own for words like "book," "study," "home," "pen." Compare them with dictionary definitions.

11. Make a list of Johnson's prose writings of this period (1737-1762) with the dates. Characterize each briefly. A class program should be drawn up. A number of pupils should each choose one work and present a report or brief paper on it. (*a*) The student taking the *Rambler* might illustrate the comparison with Addison which Macaulay suggests, selecting two papers from Addison and two from Johnson. Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley* papers are in Book Three of this series. "The Vision of Mirza" is in this volume (page 301). The "Journal of the Retired Citizen" is No. 183 of *The Spectator;* the "Everlasting Club," No. 72; "Dunnow Flitch," Nos. 607, 608; "Hilpah and Shalum," Nos. 584, 585. The *Rambler* numbers to which Macaulay refers are 142, 138, 82, 126, 22, 161, and 186 respectively. (*b*) The report on *Rasselas* should quote from Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* to show that eighteenth century writers often selected a scene or characters remote from England as an indirect means of criticizing Englishmen. After making the reports the class might vote on its preference for Addison or Johnson.

12. The years 1732-1762 cover the second period of Johnson's life. Review this period (pages 326-337) and answer the following questions. What struggles did he pass through? What friendships did he form? What was his first achievement? What established his ascendancy in literary circles? Which is his most successful work of this period? Why had he never amassed a competence?

13. What is a pension in America? What was it in England? Should Johnson have accepted the pension? Would three hundred pounds be a handsome sum today?

14. A program should be drawn up on the famous men in the Club. If possible, a complete edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* should be consulted (make use of the index), and the best anecdotes of each man related to the class. The eminence of each should be made clear.

15. What characteristics of Dr. Johnson are brought out in his life at the Club? In his relations with Boswell? With the Thrales? In his conduct of his household? In his trip to the Hebrides and the resulting controversies? (Macaulay again exaggerates on this last topic. He is also perhaps too severe on Boswell.)

16. Compare the *Journey to the Hebrides* and the *Lives of the Poets* with his earlier prose writings. Was Johnson a good traveler? Is his book on the Hebrides a good book of travel? In what sense is the *Lives of the Poets* a better book? How does its style differ from that in his earlier volumes? If possible, illustrative passages should be read in class.

17. Why are Johnson's works not popular today? Why is he so well known? What were some of the "anfractuosities" of his mind and temper? What qualities make him "a great and a good man"?

Review

Remember that Macaulay was a nineteenth century author. (*a*) Is his diction simple or rhetorical? Quote to prove. Compare him with Swift and Dryden in this respect. (*b*) Are his sentences well-knit or loose? In quoting, compare him with Addison and Defoe. (*c*) Note his paragraphs. Does he sum them up in a single sentence? Test several of them. If so, where does the topic sentence come? (*d*) Are his transitions clear? Point out several to establish your opinion. In this respect compare him with the earlier prose writers we have studied. Which writer—Bacon or Macaulay—seems to you to care more for the reader of his works? In what ways is this manifest?

From THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

James Boswell

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL MEET

[1763] This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing, an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration by figuring to myself a state of solemn, elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of "Dictionary Johnson," as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick, the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson. But he never found an opportunity, which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate

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1. [1763]. The first four excerpts (pages 351-355) belong to this year. 33. **doubt**, suppose.

him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for he seized the expression "come from Scotland," and retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check, for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

AN EVENING AT THE MITRE TAVERN

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing Street, Westminster. But on the preceding night, my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence. There is nothing," continued he, "in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behavior, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, sir," said he, "I suppose this must be the law since you have been told so in Bow Street. But if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, sir, you may quarter two life-guardsmen upon him, or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments, or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of asafetida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr.

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67. **Sir John Fielding**, Justice of Westminster, a half-brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist.

Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie.

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe, for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble, wild prospects. JOHNSON. "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of nature cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some commonplace observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned, adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why, yes, sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper, and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

JOHNSON, THE BEAR

Soon afterwards he supped at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, with a company whom I collected to meet him. He was this evening in remarkable vigor of mind, and eager to exert himself in conversation, which he did with great readiness and fluency. When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." BOSWELL. "Yes, sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander, Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the elegance of his own manners was, perhaps, too sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behavior. One evening when his Lordship did me the honor to sup at my lodgings he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my Lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress

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5. **John Ogilvie**, a Presbyterian minister of Scotland who wrote dull poems. 30. **Caledonia**, the poetic name for Scotland.

54. **Soon afterwards**, in May, 1768. 80. **Signor Baretti**, an Italian writer devoted to London life and English literature. He and Johnson became intimate.

upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"

A TRIP TO GREENWICH

I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. "Come," said he, "let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there." The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. "Most certainly, sir, for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir," said the boy, "I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir," said he, "a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

We landed at the Old Swan and walked to Billingsgate, where we took oars and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country."

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study. And here I am to mention, with much regret, that my record of what he

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8. **Utrecht**, where Boswell's father was sending him to study law. 10. **Greenwich**, on the Thames, a few miles below London; famous for its fish, its park, and its public buildings. 14. **the Temple-stairs**, steps from near the gardens of the Temple (buildings for lawyers and law students) to the surface of the Thames. 35. **Orpheus**. See *L'Allegro*, line 145, and *Il Penseroso*, line 105. On the Argonautic expedition Orpheus calmed a storm by his playing.

50. **Old Swan**. They landed here because it was dangerous to row under the arches of old London Bridge. They walked to a wharf below the bridge to take the boat. 51. **Billingsgate**, a wharf and fish-market near the bridge. 60. **Methodists**, at that time a relatively new sect and subject to much ridicule.

said is miserably scanty. I recollect with admiration an animating blaze of eloquence which roused every intellectual power in me to the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much that my memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse, for the note which I find of it is no more than this: "He ran over the grand scale of human knowledge; advised me to select some particular branch to excel in, but to acquire a little of every kind."

BOSWELL TRAPS JOHNSON INTO MEETING WILKES

[1776] My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each, for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

My booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I, therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL. "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to

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17. **same time**, May, 1776. 18. **John Wilkes.** See note on line 53, page 341.

60. **Jack Ketch**, an English executioner (died 1686).

be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray, forgive me, sir; I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's; it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." BOSWELL. "But my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened downstairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir," said she, pretty peevishly, "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home."—"Madam," said I, "his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day, as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him today. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson that, "all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay"; but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a coach, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."—JOHNSON. "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which

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25. **Mrs. Williams**, the blind friend of Dr. Johnson who acted as housekeeper for him. She was unmarried, the term *Mrs.* in the eighteenth century being often applied to spinsters.

84. **Gretna Green**, a village across the border in Scotland where runaway couples were married.

was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court at Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humor. There were present, besides Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater, the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

THE DICTIONARY

[1755] Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's *Dictionary;* and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy money, by different drafts, a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?"—"Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.' " "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

The definitions have always appeared to me such astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect and precision of language as indicate a genius of the highest rank. This is what marks the superior excellence of Johnson's *Dictionary* over others equally or even more voluminous, and must have made it a work of much greater mental labor than mere lexicons, or wordbooks, as the Dutch call them. They who will make the experiment of trying how they can define a few words of whatever nature will soon be satisfied of the justice of this observation, which I can assure my readers is founded upon much study and upon

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55. [1755]. In a complete edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, this excerpt comes earlier than the preceding. The *Dictionary* was published before the two men met.

communication with more minds than my own.

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus *windward* and *leeward*, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined the same way; nor was he at all disconcerted when an instance was pointed out to him. A lady once asked him how he came to define *pastern* "the knee of a horse"; instead of making an elaborate defense, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." His definition of *network* has often been quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. But to these frivolous censures no other answer is necessary than that with which we are furnished by his own preface:

"To explain requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found."

His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, as his *Tory*, *Whig*, *pension*, *oats*, *excise*, and a few more cannot be fully defended, and must be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence. Talking to me upon this subject when we were at Ashbourne in 1777, he mentioned a still stronger instance of the predominance of his private feelings in the composition of this work than any now to be found in it. "You know, sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to *renegado*, after telling that it meant 'one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter,' I added, 'Sometimes we say a Gower.' Thus it went to the press, but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out."

Let it, however, be remembered that this indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm toward others, but sometimes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task. Thus: "*Grub Street*, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*."—"*Lexicographer*, a writer of dictionaries, *a harmless drudge*."

JOHNSON'S PECULIAR GAIT

[1781] On Monday, March 19, I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, met him in Fleet Street, walking, or rather indeed moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short Life of him published very soon after his death: "When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet." That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langdon saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burden again.

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15. **network**, "anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." 30. **Tory**, "one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state and apostolical heirarchy of the Church of England; opposed to a Whig." **Whig**, "the name of a faction." 31. **pension**, "an allowance made without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." **oats**, "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." **excise**, "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

ON POVERTY AND ON RESTORING ONE'S HEALTH

[1782] The following letters require no extracts from mine to introduce them.

To James Boswell, Esq.

"Dear Sir: Whatever might have been your pleasure or mine, I know not how I could have honestly advised you to come hither with borrowed money. Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident; he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence: many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. I say nothing of the personal wretchedness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb. Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however be remembered that he who has money to spare has it always in his power to benefit others; and of such power a good man must always be desirous."

To Mr. Perkins.

"Dear Sir: I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life.

"Observe these rules:

"1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

"2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

"3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

"4. Take now and then a day's rest.

"5. Get a smart seasickness, if you can.

"6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

"This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

"I wish you, dear sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery. I am, dear sir,

"Your most affectionate, humble servant, Sam Johnson."

A GREAT CONVERSATIONALIST

[1783] Dr. Goldsmith once said to Dr. Johnson that he wished for some additional members to the Literary Club, to give it an agreeable variety; "for," said he, "there can now be nothing new among us; we have traveled over one another's minds." Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, "Sir, you have not traveled over *my* mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right, observing that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different coloring; and coloring is of much effect in everything else as well as in painting."

Johnson used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he

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4. **To James Boswell**, dated June 3, 1782. 38. **Mr. Perkins**, at one time the manager of Mr. Thrale's brewery; at the time of this letter (July 28, 1782), his successor.

65. **once**, in 1783. 74. **Sir Joshua**, Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), a celebrated portrait painter.

could, both as to sentiment and expression; by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy. The consequence of this, Sir Joshua observed, was that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected.

Yet, though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy. Dr. Johnson perceiving it, changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might be expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said that it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the Justice's swelling diction (smiling) so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained.

Sir Joshua once observed to him that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. "No matter, sir," said Johnson; "they consider it as a compliment to be talked to, as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached to say something that was above the capacity of his audience."

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance.

However unfavorable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?"—"Why, sir," said Johnson, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

Though his usual phrase for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with "a very pretty company," and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation;* there was nothing *discussed.*"

THE CLOSING HOURS OF HIS LIFE

[1784] Amidst the melancholy clouds which hung over the dying Johnson his characteristical manner showed itself on different occasions.

When Dr. Warren, in the usual style, hoped that he was better, his answer was, "No, sir; you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance toward death."

A man whom he had never seen before was employed one night to sit

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59. **George Buchanan** (1506–1582), a Scottish historian.

up with him. Being asked next morning how he liked his attendant, his answer was, "Not at all, sir; the fellow's an idiot; he is as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse."

Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, "That will do—all that a pillow can do."

As he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said: "An odd thought strikes me; we shall receive no letters in the grave."

He requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynolds: to forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

Dr. Brocklesby having attended him with the utmost assiduity and kindness as his physician and friend, he was peculiarly desirous that this gentleman should not entertain any loose speculative notions, but be confirmed in the truths of Christianity, and insisted on his writing down in his presence, as nearly as he could collect it, the import of what passed on the subject; and Dr. Brocklesby having complied with the request, he made him sign the paper, and urged him to keep it in his own custody as long as he lived.

Johnson, with that native fortitude, which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The Doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered.

Having, as has been already mentioned, made his will on the 8th and 9th of December, and settled all his worldly affairs, he languished till Monday, the 13th of that month, when he expired, about seven o'clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place.

A few days before his death, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, "Doubtless, in Westminster Abbey," seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a poet. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice.

I trust I shall not be accused of affectation when I declare that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." I shall, therefore, not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend, which he uttered with an abrupt felicity, superior to all studied compositions: "He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up.—Johnson is dead.—Let us go to the next best:—there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."

Many who trembled at his presence were forward in assault when they no longer apprehended danger. When one of his little pragmatical foes was invidiously snarling at his fame, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the Reverend Dr. Parr exclaimed, with his

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79. **friend**, William Gerard Hamilton (1729–1796), a noted English politician. 95. **Parr**, Samuel (1747–1825), a friend of Johnson's, famous for his learning.

usual bold animation, "Aye, now that the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him."

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate.

Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice and a slow, deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What was Macaulay's opinion of Boswell? Is it borne out by these passages? Cite particular paragraphs. What qualities of Johnson attracted Boswell? Did he understand Johnson's weaknesses? What was Johnson's attitude toward Boswell? Does this agree with Macaulay's view? Always cite proof for your opinions.

2. Compare Macaulay and Boswell as biographers. How do they differ in (*a*) purpose, (*b*) attitude toward Johnson, (*c*) methods of presenting material? Which gives the truer notion of Johnson? Which do you prefer to read?

3. What characteristics of Johnson's are most clearly brought out by these selections? Do you find any instances of rudeness in his conduct? Which is the most humorous remark recorded here? His wisest saying? From which of his opinions do you differ most strongly? Which of the two letters quoted shows most of his character? Make your points clear by drawing a contrast with Boswell.

Short Papers

The answers to the three sets of questions above can be turned into interesting reports or papers. Other topics that have proved interesting are:

1. A comparison of two of Johnson's friends, showing why he liked them and why they liked

him. (For this, use freely the index to a complete Boswell's *Life*).

2. Account for Johnson's leadership.

3. Show why you would, or would not, like to associate with Johnson.

4. Imagine Johnson in your English class, at your debating society, in the school library, commenting on modern novels, poetry, or plays, or in some other situation that appeals to your fancy. You should try to make him act and talk in a characteristic manner.

5. Explain several of the ways in which Johnson showed his independence.

Further Reading

Abbott, H. V. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* This abridged edition is fascinating reading, and may be made the basis for several reports by individual pupils or a group.

Bailey, J. C. *Dr. Johnson and his Circle.* This will help you to see both Boswell and Johnson in a new light.

Carlyle, Thomas. *Heroes and Hero-Worship.* Run through the chapter on "The Hero as a Man of Letters" until you reach the paragraph on Johnson.

Essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson." This takes a view of Boswell exactly the opposite of Macaulay's.

Newton, A. Edward. *Doctor Johnson. A Play.* Though not very dramatic, this play gives a very mellow view of the great lexicographer.

Thackeray, W. M. *The Virginians.* This famous novel brings in Dr. Johnson.

Tinker, Chauncey B. *Young Boswell.* One of the most recent books on Boswell, and one of the most clarifying. It gives a quite different picture of Boswell from that drawn by Macaulay.

From THE PREFACE TO AN EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, 1765-1768

Samuel Johnson

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favor and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honors at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible, and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion, it is proper to inquire by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favor of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpracticed by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions. They are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theater, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into a fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered—is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and pre-

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24. **Euripides** (480–406 B. C.), an Athenian tragic poet. 31. **fable**, plot, story. 34. **Hierocles**, an Alexandrian philosopher of the fifth century A. D., some of whose sayings Johnson translated.

served, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to any other claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion. Even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world. Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare: that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Boswell, in speaking of the Preface, says that Dr. Johnson has displayed the "excellencies and defects" of Shakespeare "with a masterly hand." He adds, "A blind, indiscriminate admiration of Shakespeare had exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners. Johnson, by candidly admitting the faults of his poet, had the more credit in bestowing on him deserved and indisputable praise." Boswell praises Johnson as a commentator, but says that his researches were not ample. He ends his comments by saying: "He has enriched his edition with a concise account of each play, and of its characteristic excellence. Many of his notes have illustrated obscurities in the text and placed passages eminent for beauty in a more conspicuous light; and he has in general exhibited such a mode of annotation as may be beneficial to all subsequent editors."

2. Reread Macaulay's estimate of Johnson's *Shakespeare* (pages 338-339) and summarize it briefly. Then compare the opinions of Macaulay and Boswell. On what points do they agree? Where do they differ? Which opinion do you consider more just?

3. Review what the various critics of the time said of Johnson's style when the *Rambler* and *Rasselas* appeared (see page 334, lines 30 ff, and page 337, lines 1 ff). Read again a few paragraphs of the Preface and try to locate lines that support both the adverse and the favorable comments of these critics. Are Johnson's long sentences easy or hard to understand? Are the parts of a particular periodic sentence nicely balanced? Is the thought obscure on first reading? Compare Johnson's style as shown in this selection with Dryden's; with Boswell's; with Macaulay's. Which do you prefer? Why?

4. Johnson says that Shakespeare's characters are species, not individuals. That is, they represent types of mankind. From your study of Shakespeare, do you think Johnson's statements correct? (Recall specific characters

such as Prince Hal, Falstaff, Rosalind, Portia. Do you remember each one as an individual person so characterized as to stand out clearly like the portrait of some friend of yours; or do you remember each as a type that might represent any one of a large number of persons you know?)

5. According to Johnson, Shakespeare's characters "act and speak as the reader thinks he would have spoken or acted on the same occasion." Call to mind some scene from *Macbeth* or any other of Shakespeare's plays. Try to put yourself in the place of one of the characters and decide if his or her words and actions are the same as you would use in the same circumstances.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Oliver Goldsmith

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love;
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,

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12. **decent**, having a neat beauty. 17. **train**, company of people.

25. **simply**, in a simple fashion. 37. **tyrant**, landholder increasing his holdings. See Explanatory Note 1, page 374. 40. **half a tillage**. The landlord keeps the land for hunting purposes.

And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green.
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,

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52. **decay**, become few. 54. **breath**, that is, of the king who confers the title of nobility. 57. **A time**, not to be found in history—only in the poet's dream.

81. **train**, train of memories.

Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

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106. **famine**, hungry beggars. 113. **evening**, afternoon. 122. **vacant**, free from care. 126. **gale**, breeze.

140. **mansion**, dwelling. There is no suggestion of size. 142. **passing**, surpassingly.

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher, too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown drafts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,

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199. **boding**, fearing what was to happen. 209. **terms**, the sessions of the law courts. They were determined partly by certain days, such as Easter, that fall at different times in successive years. 210. **gauge**, estimate the capacity of casks.

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains! This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,

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231. **use**, to hide holes or discolored spots on the walls. 232. **twelve good rules.** These rules of conduct, such as, "Urge no healths," "Pick no quarrels," etc., were frequently engraved beneath a portrait of Charles I, to whom they were attributed. **game of goose**, a kind of checkers. 244. **woodman's ballad**, hunter's or forester's song. 248. **mantling bliss**, foaming ale. 257. **vacant**, carefree.

280. **Has robbed.** The man of wealth, in his silk robe, does not need to cultivate the soil. The numerous poor men would cultivate the same tract intensively. 283. **needful product**, product needed at home but shipped abroad to pay for luxuries. 287. **plain**, beautiful by nature.

Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue, fled—
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

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300. **band**, family. 316. **artist**, poetry, painting, etc. 318. **black gibbet**. Even trifling crimes were punished by hanging.

322. **chariots**, coaches or carriages. 330. **thorn**, hawthorn bush. 335. **idly**, foolishly. 344. **Altama**, the Altamaha River in Georgia. The colony had been founded in 1732 as a refuge for debtors and others in distress.

Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draft more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind, connubial Tenderness are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,

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392. woe, internal disease. 401. they, the rural virtues, to be enumerated.

Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

DAVID GARRICK

Oliver Goldsmith

[From *Retaliation*]

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind—
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street reëcho the shouts that you raised
When he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Oliver Goldsmith

[From *Retaliation*]

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;

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418. **Torno's cliffs,** the cliffs of Lake Tornea in the north of Sweden. **Pambamarca,** a mountain in Ecuador. 425. **of native strength possessed,** relying on their own resources instead of foreign trade.

23. **Kenricks,** William Kenrick, an enemy of Goldsmith who wrote reviews and plays. **Kellys,** Hugh Kelly, a friend of Garrick's whom Goldsmith disliked. He wrote sentimental comedies. **Woodfalls,** Woodfall, publisher of the *Morning Chronicle.* 26. **be-Rosciused,** called a second Roscius. Roscius (died 62 B.C.) was the greatest of Roman comic actors. 32. **Beaumonts and Bens,** men of the quality of Francis Beaumont and Ben Jonson.

Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Deserted Village. 1. Goldsmith had in mind no particular village as the subject of his poem. He said that it was the result of his observation for four or five years, in his excursions from London into the country. The common land near villages (i.e., land owned by the community as a whole) had been settled upon by poor men without any legal right. During this period (1750-1785) they were in many cases driven away homeless and without any payment. Moreover, large landholders bought out the adjacent small holders. These changes increased the number of landless laborers. Goldsmith deplored this, as he did the rapid increase of luxury in cities. He was wrong in supposing that population was decreasing or that the landless laborers emigrated. These matters make little difference to the reader today. The beauty of the poem lies in the generous sentiment and the charming scenes and the gentle sketches of lovable characters.

The poem shows some influences derived from Goldsmith's memories of his childhood home in Ireland. The pastor was perhaps suggested by Goldsmith's brother Henry. The schoolmaster may have been Thomas ("Paddy") Byrne, a retired soldier.

2. Goldsmith wrote this as a didactic poem, one meant to teach a lesson or to instruct. This purpose is brought out in his address to Poetry (lines 407-430). Quote lines that contain the main themes of the poem. In what parts of the poem does Goldsmith describe the effects of consolidating many small farms into one large estate? Make a list of the passages attacking luxury. What forms does "the rage for gain" take in the United States?

3. Which is to you the most touching section of the poem? Where does Goldsmith show sincere sympathy with the poor? Where does he show his genuine liking for the simple pleasures of the country?

4. Which are the most enjoyable character sketches in the poem? Do you like Goldsmith's or Chaucer's parson the better? What are the most delightful lines in the address to Poetry?

5. In a sense this is pastoral poetry. Compare it with "Lycidas" and with Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd." Which shows the better acquaintance with rural life? Is Goldsmith as specific and realistic as the poets of country life today? Quote specific poems from Frost, Gibson, Riley, and any other poets you know.

6. Compare Goldsmith's heroic couplets with those of Dryden and Pope. What differences do you note? Which seem to you the most graceful? Brilliant? Polished? Vigorous?

7. This poem is so very famous that you should memorize at least one passage of fifteen or twenty lines. Be prepared to explain why you choose this passage, and to deliver it before the class.

David Garrick; Sir Joshua Reynolds. 1. These selections, from *Retaliation*, show the witty side of Goldsmith. The first was written to get even with Garrick, who had made a playful attack on him. Which are the most amusing strokes in the portrait of Garrick? What praise of Garrick is mingled with the satire?

2. What points does Goldsmith make about Reynolds? Which of the two men did the Club admire the more? Get your evidence from this passage.

3. A student who has access to a complete Boswell should use the index to find all the references to Garrick and Reynolds. How much truth is there in Goldsmith's satire?

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746

William Collins

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

---

8. **hard of hearing.** Reynolds had caught a cold while studying the paintings in the Vatican at Rome. It resulted in the deafness which forced him to use an ear-trumpet.
9. **Raphael, Correggio,** famous Italian painters of the fifteenth century.

ODE TO EVENING

William Collins

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved—while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car,

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Ode Written in 1746. 1. At the time Collins wrote this poem, in the beginning of 1746, England was engaged in a foreign and a civil war. In the war of the Austrian Succession

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1. **If.** The conclusion comes in lines 15-20. **oaten stop,** the shepherd's pipe, made of reed or oaten straw. The stops are the holes, the opening and closing of which produce the "pastoral song." 7. **brede,** embroidery. 21. **folding-star,** a star used by shepherds to indicate the time for putting the sheep into the fold.

41. **wont,** is wont to do. 47-48. **Affrights . . . robes,** i. e., in winter, twilight is short, night coming quickly. 50. **Fancy, Friendship, Science.** These personifications stand for writing poetry, receiving friends, studying books.

(1740-1748) English soldiers had been mowed down at the battle of Fontenoy, May 11, 1745. In the war against the Young Pretender (grandson of James II), who claimed the British throne, English soldiers again fell at Preston Pans, September 21, 1745, and at Falkirk, January 23, 1746. Collins may have had all these engagements in mind.

2. Which of the personifications is, in your opinion, the most lovely and appropriate? Why does the poet place them in this order? Why is the poem called an ode?

3. The delicate melody of this exquisite poem can be felt only by those who memorize it.

Ode to Evening. 1. This lovely poem should be read several times aloud to bring out the beauty and subtlety of the music, which is in keeping with the softness and quiet of twilight. Do you think the absence of rime helps to create the mood, or hinders? In one version the second line reads,

"May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear."

Which version do you prefer?

2. Besides unusual power over melody, Collins has a great sensitiveness to landscape. (*a*) Of the two pictures in his supposition (lines 1-14), which is to you the finer? Compare one of them with *Macbeth*, III, ii, 40-43. What is the difference in mood between Shakespeare and Collins? (*b*) Collins rewrote lines 29-32 thus:

"Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam."

Which is to you the more in keeping with twilight? (*c*) Do you like lines 33-40 or 41-48 the better? Point out phrases that are decisive in your choice. Three other changes were made by Collins in his revision: Line 49 became:

"So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed;"

"smiling Peace" in line 50 became "rose-lipped health"; and in the last line "hymn" was substituted for "love."

3. Looking back over the poems you have read since Milton, can you explain why Collins is regarded as the purest lyric poet from Milton to Burns? Take up particular poems, like "Alexander's Feast."

ODE ON THE SPRING

THOMAS GRAY

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring
And float amid the liquid noon.
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors dressed;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:

---

1. **Hours**, the Horae of classical mythology. They accompanied Venus and brought about the changes of the season. 3. **expecting**, awaiting. 4. **purple**, with bright vivid coloring of all hues. 5. **Attic warbler**, the nightingale. 23. **peopled**, filled with insects. 42. **sportive kind**, the insects.

Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets;
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets;
No painted plumage to display.
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Thomas Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

---

1. **parting**, departing, dying. 6. **air**, object of the verb *holds*. 16. **rude**, humble, unpolished. 20. **lowly bed**, the bed on which they slept when alive.

33. **heraldry**, high descent. 35. **Awaits**, singular because the subject is *hour*. 39. **fretted vault**, the arched roof of the church, ornamented with carvings. 41. **storied urn**, a burial urn on which an inscription gives some of the deeds of the departed. **animated**, lifelike. 43. **provoke**, call forth, arouse.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,

---

50. **spoils of time**, treasures of knowledge accumulated through the centuries. **unroll.** Before the invention of printing, books were long rolls of parchment. 51. **Chill**, chilling. **rage**, enthusiasm. 52. **genial**, natural. 57. **Hampden.** See note on line 8, page 330. 60. **Cromwell**, Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658), the great leader of the Puritan Revolution. In the eighteenth century he was believed to have sacrificed his country to his ambition. 71–72. **Or heap . . . flame**, a reference to the practice of writing verses flattering the rich and great to secure patronage. See Johnson's famous letter, page 384. 73. **Far**, being far. **madding**, acting madly.

78. **frail memorial**, crumbling headstone. **still**, habitually. 81. **spelt by th' unlettered muse**, misspelled by the uncultured poet. There are several misspellings on the stones in the graveyard. 85. **to dumb forgetfulness**, modifying *resigned*. 92. **Ev'n in . . . fires**, our former affections and desire to be remembered are still alive after the spark of life is put out. 93. **thee**, the poet—Gray himself. 95. **chance**, perchance. 100. **lawn**, a grassy field.

Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to Misery, all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(*There they alike in trembling hope repose*),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Ode on the Spring. How does the thought of this ode differ from that in Collins's "Ode to Evening"? How does the time of day differ? How do the pictures in each differ? In which are the personifications more imaginative? Which poem is the more musical?

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. 1. This elegy, it has been said, is "the most popular poem ever written in any language." Gray thought that much of its popularity in his own day was due to the subject. So many poems were written on death in the eighteenth century that they have been grouped under the title "The Churchyard School." But he was wrong in supposing this universal interest explained the wide appeal of the poem. It has the beautiful consistency of any work of art. The quiet fall of dusk near the ivy-covered tower of the church leads us insensibly into the mournful reflections on the obscure lives of these farmers and laborers and to the closing glimpse of the poet's own death. Compare also what is said of the poem on page 318.

2. To get at the thought of the poem, make an outline of it. Give as exact a summary as you can in a single sentence of each part. State the meaning of the whole poem in a single sentence. Compare this thought with Donne's sonnet on Death (page 220).

3. Note, especially in the descriptive passages, the careful choice of words. For example, why is *wind* (line 2) better than *winds?* Why does Gray use so many words with long *o*'s, like *tolls, lowing, slowly, homeward?* How does he bring out the feeling of growing darkness and the keener hearing that comes with it? Go through the opening and closing descriptive passages in this way. Compare these pictorial elements with those in Collins's "Ode to Evening." Which are to you the more lovely?

4. Gray probably worked on this poem for eight years (1742-1750). Some of his diction reminds us of Pope, as "ply her evening care" (line 22) or "hoary-headed swain" (line 97). Go through the poem, picking out the concrete phrases that flash a picture on the mind. Some critics think the epitaph is more artificial in diction than the rest of the poem. Show why you agree or disagree.

5. In his revisions Gray omitted two of his original stanzas. The first one of these came after line 100:

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

Is it appropriate? Should it have been retained or omitted? The second stanza came after line 116:

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Apply the same questions as above.

6. You will observe that the poem is written in quatrains of five-stress lines. What is the

rime-scheme? Has the verse dignity? Harmony? Variety? Prove by quotations.

7. As an elegy, compare the poem with "Lycidas." Which is the simpler? Which has the more permanent interest? Which is the more personal? The more democratic? Which seems to you the more beautiful poem? Always quote to establish your opinion.

8. If you cannot memorize all of this elegy, memorize at least a section. Give good reasons for your choice, and deliver it before the class.

TO MARY

William Cowper

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow;
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of my sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But, ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY

William Cowper

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

Title. **Mary**, Mrs. Mary Unwin. Cowper had been living at the Unwin home since 1767. 2. **first**, in 1773, when he suffered an attack of melancholia, a form of insanity. 5. **fainter**. Mrs. Unwin had become a paralytic in 1791. She died in 1796.

50. **past**, a reference to his temporary insanity. *The Castaway*. 7. **Albion**, the ancient name of England; now its poetic name.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
  That, pitless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford;
  And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
  Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
  Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
  Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
  In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
  His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length his transient respite past,
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
  Could catch the sound no more;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
  We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

---

19. had, would have.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To Mary. What stanzas reveal best Cowper's simplicity and sincerity? His emotion? Where is the pathos deepest?

The Castaway. 1. This poem was suggested by an incident in Lord George Anson's *Voyage Round the World* (1748), but its vividness comes from Cowper's loss of his earlier belief that he would spend eternity with the saints in heaven.

2. What stanzas are most picturesque? Which expresses Cowper's despair most bitterly? Where does the artificial eighteenth-century diction appear?

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LETTERS

TO CHAMBERLAIN DASHWOOD

JOSEPH ADDISON

Geneva, July, 1702

DEAR SIR: About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuffbox in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honor for. You did not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a snuffbox without returning my acknowledgments than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have since the beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuffbox,

Non cuicumque datum est habere Nasam.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation did I not know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, pray, sir, do me the justice to esteem me

Your most, etc.,

TO HIS WIFE

Sir Richard Steele

June 20, 1717

Dear Prue: I have yours of the 14th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the length of it. I do not know another whom I could commend for that circumstance; but where we entirely love, the continuance of anything they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations, once for all, pray take it for granted that my regard and conduct toward all and singular of them shall be as you direct.

I hope, by the grace of God, to continue what you wish me, every way an honest man. My wife and my children are the objects that have wholly taken up my heart; and as I am not invited or encouraged in anything which regards the public, I am easy under that neglect or envy of my past actions, and cheerfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the head of us; and I stooped to a female reign as being naturally made the slave of beauty. But to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, give me leave to say, while I am here at leisure, and come to lie at Chelsea, what I think may contribute to our better way of living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and her husband, and if you take my advice, I would have them have a being at our house, and Mrs. Clark the care and inspection of the nursery. I would have you entirely at leisure to pass your time with me in diversions, in books, in entertainments, and no manner of business intrude upon us but at stated times. For, though you are made to be the delight of my eyes, and food of all my senses and faculties, yet a turn of care and housewifery, and I know not what prepossession against conversation-pleasures, robs me of the witty and the handsome woman to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure us plenty of all things, and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, cheerful discourses, and gay sights, attended by me. This may be done by putting the kitchen and the nursery in the hands I propose; and I shall have nothing to do but to pass as much time at home as I pos-

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10. **Mr. Bays**, the principal figure in a burlesque comedy *The Rehearsal* (1671), satirizing Dryden. 22. **Non cuicumque**, etc., it is not given to everyone to have a nose. 26. **Horace** (65-8 B.C.), a Latin poet, from whom many quotations are taken.

sibly can, in the best company in the world. We cannot tell here what to think of the trial of my Lord Oxford; if the ministry are in earnest in that and I should see it will be extended to a length of time, I will leave them to themselves, and wait upon you. Miss Moll grows a mighty beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene; and if I throw away a little money in adorning my brats, I hope you will forgive me. They are, I thank God, all very well; and the charming form of their mother has tempered the likeness they bear to their rough sire, who is, with the greatest fondness, your most obliged and most obedient husband,

Rich. Steele.

TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE

The Earl of Chesterfield

September 5, 1748

As women are a considerable, or at least a pretty numerous, part of company, and as their suffrages go a great way toward establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world—which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it—it is necessary to please them. I will therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain *arcana*, that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must with the utmost care conceal, and never seem to know. Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle and sometimes wit, but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together. Some little passion or humor always breaks in upon their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or their supposed understandings depreciated instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humors and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters, though he often makes them believe that he does both—which is the thing in the world that they are proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business—which, by the way, they always spoil—and, being justly distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult them—I say, who seems, for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly are best flattered upon the score of their understandings; but those who are in a state of mediocrity are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces; for every woman who is not absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome, but, not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so; whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due, but wants to shine and to be considered on the side of her under-

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3. **Lord Oxford**, Robert Harley (1661–1724), a prominent politician who in 1715 was impeached for treason. He was acquitted shortly after this letter was written. 30. **arcana**, secrets. 39. **consequentially**, logically.

standing; and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left but her understanding, which is consequently—and probably in more senses than one—her weak side.

But these are secrets that you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex. On the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world must be gallant, polite, and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*, and make it either current, or cry it down and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please, and flatter them, and never to discover the least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive. . . .

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

SAMUEL JOHNSON

February 7, 1755

MY LORD: I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Vergil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed

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9. **Orpheus.** See note on line 61, page 245. 17. **beau monde**, fashionable world. 40. **Le vainqueur**, etc., the conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

66. **shepherd in Vergil**, in Eclogue viii.

though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON

THOMAS GRAY

Pembroke Hall, Saturday, 1765

DEAR MASON: I rejoice; but has she common sense? Is she a gentlewoman? Has she money? Has she a nose? I know she sings a little, and twiddles on the harpsichord, hammers at sentiment, and puts herself in an attitude, admires a cast in the eye, and can say *Elfrida* by heart. But these are only the virtues of a maid. Do let her have some wifelike qualities, and a double portion of prudence, as she will have not only herself to govern, but you also, and that with an absolute sway. Your friends, I doubt not, will suffer for it. However, we are very happy, and have no other wish than to see you settled in the world. We beg you would not stand fiddling about it, but be married forthwith, and then take chaise and come all the way to Cambridge to be touched by Mr. Brown, and so to London, where, to be sure, she must pass the first winter. If good reasons, and not your own nor her coquetry, forbid this, yet come hither yourself, for our copuses and Welsh rabbits are impatient for you.

I sent your letter to Algarotti directly. My coserella came a long while ago from Mr. Holles, I suppose, who sent me, without a name, a set of his engravings, when I was last in town; which, I reckon, is what you mean by your fine presents. The *Congresso di Citera* was not one of the books. That was my mistake. I like his treatises very well.

I hope in God the dedicatorial sonnet has not stayed for me. I object nothing to the second line, but like it the better for Milton, and with him too I would read *in penult.* (give me a shilling) "his ghastly smile," etc. But if you won't put it in, then read "wonted smile," and a little before "secure from envy." I see nothing to alter. What I said was the best line is the best line still. Do come hither, and I will read and criticize "your amorous ditties all a winter's day." Adieu, I am truly yours. I hope her hair is not red, though.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON

WILLIAM COWPER

March 29, 1784

MY DEAR FRIEND: It being his Majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the Parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected. As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard side,

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18. **Elfrida**, a verse drama by Mason. 37. **copuses**, a hot drink of beer, wine, and spices served in a loving-cup. 40. **coserella**, small matters.

49. **sonnet**, written by Mason. 54. **ghastly smile.** *Paradise Lost*, Book II, line 846. 61. **amorous ditties.** *Paradise Lost*, Book I, line 449. 66. **Majesty**, George III (1738-1820).

where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the unusual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlor, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlor were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducting. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribband from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, Puss scampered; the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town however seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the country, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified because it was evident that I owed the honor of his visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them. Many thanks for the worsted, which is excellent. We are as well as a spring hardly less severe than the severest winter will give us leave to be. With our united love, we conclude ourselves yours and Mrs. Newton's affectionate and faithful,

W. C.
M. U.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To Chamberlain Dashwood. Does the vivacity of this note of thanks seem in keeping with Addison's character as you saw it in *The Spectator?*

To His Wife. What part of this letter shows that Steele is a member of Parliament? What is his chief interest? Is there anything here to remind one of *The Spectator?*

To His Son. Can you see why Chesterfield's letters are considered the best book of manners in the century? Try to picture Chesterfield at a social function. Do you consider him an essentially chivalrous gentleman?

To Chesterfield. Why has this been called a "declaration of independence"? Was the rebuff deserved? What phrases are most telling? What characteristics of Johnson appear in the letter?

To Mason. What is the tone of this letter? Where is the banter most witty? What is the spirit of the criticism of *Elfrida* in the first stanza?

To John Newton. 1. John Newton (1725-1807) had been curate of Olney and had helped Cowper on his *Olney Hymns.* At the time of this letter he was rector of the church of St. Mary Woolnoth in London.

2. The dispute between Crown and Commons to which Cowper refers was as to whether the Commons should be entirely independent of the King. The people, unlike Cowper, decided in favor of the King and his new prime minister, young Pitt, who was only twenty-four years old. It was one of the most exciting elections in years; hence the invasion of Cowper's quiet retreat.

3. How does your impression of Cowper from this letter differ from the impression you form from his poems (page 380)? Cowper has been called the best letter-writer in English. Give some reasons for the excellence of his letters.

Review

An interesting program may be arranged by having several imitations of these letters read in class. Each student on the program may select a subject in life today corresponding to that of the author he selects to imitate. He should try to adopt something of the tone of his model. The class may criticize and select the most successful effort.

The letter as a type of literature is discussed in *Literature and Life, Book Three,* page 455, with examples (pages 504-518).

THE PASSING OF CHIVALRY

EDMUND BURKE

[From *Reflections on the Revolution in France*]

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This famous passage from Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* has reference to Marie Antoinette, whom Burke had seen on his visit to France in 1773-1774. The disgrace of which he speaks is the fact that on October 6, 1789, her apartments at Versailles were invaded and she was carried off to Paris to become a prisoner in the Tuilleries. Is he sorry for the Queen herself, or for the pageantry of her position? For an analysis of Burke's political theories, see page 321.

2. Was Burke right about the passing of the age of chivalry? When do you think chivalry was at its height? What new notion of chivalry do you get from Burke's definition?

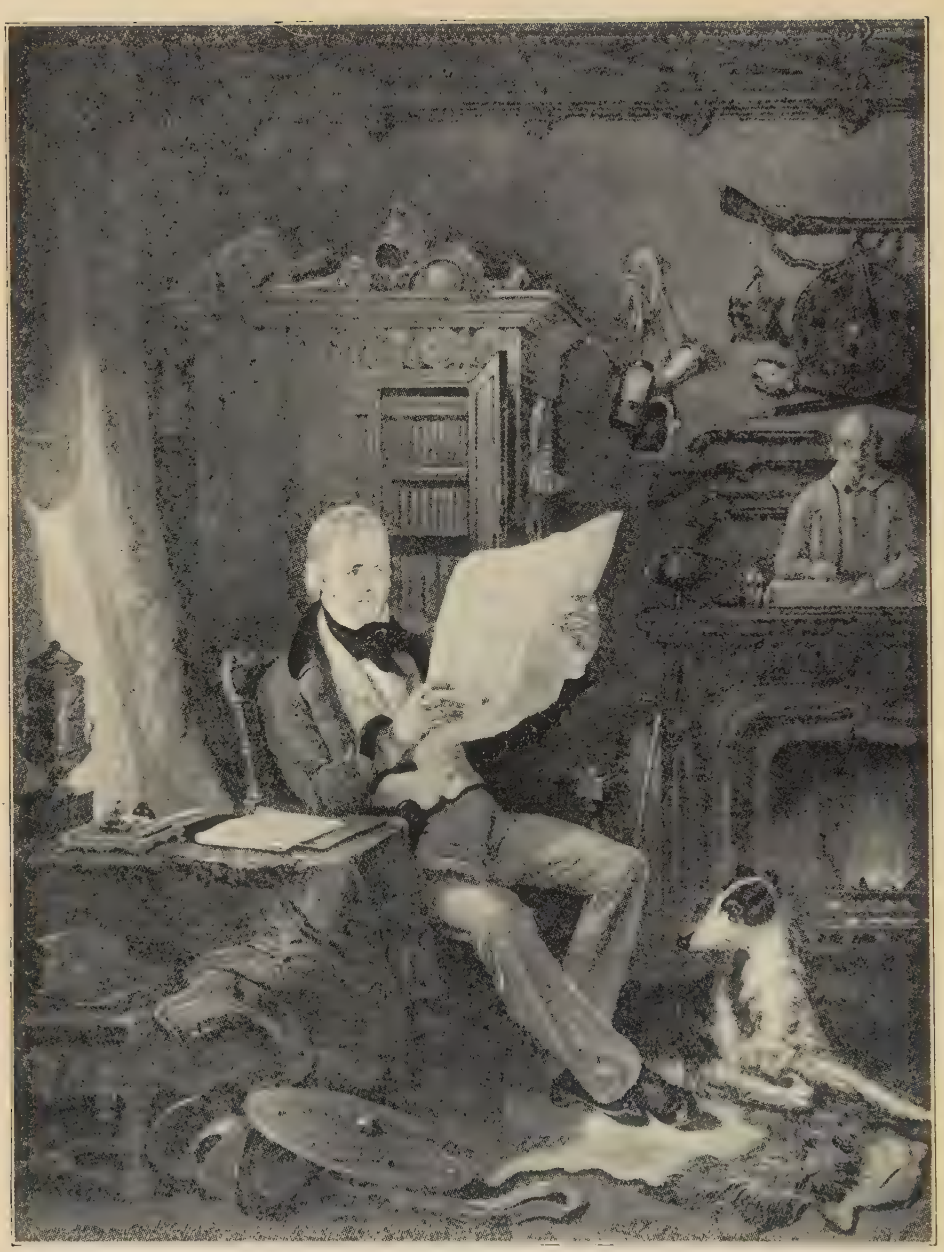
3. How does this view of the French Revolution differ from that of Dickens in *A Tale of Two Cities?* Which does the modern historian support?

4. Why is this passage admired? What feeling runs through it? What part is most eloquent in expressing this feeling?

PART IV

THE RETURN TO THE TRADITION

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame.
—Percy Bysshe Shelley



Sir William Allan

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(In his highly romantic tales the spirit of the age finds voice.)

CHAPTER XI

THE NEW ROMANTICISM

Political Revolution—The Industrial Revolution—Revolution and Literature.

Robert Burns: Life of Burns—Burns as a Poet—Burns as a Singer.

William Wordsworth: Wordsworth and Burns—Life of Wordsworth—The *Lyrical Ballads*—*Tintern Abbey*—Wordsworth's View of Nature—His View of Poetry—Types of His Poetry—Summary.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge: The Medieval in Romantic Poetry and Prose—Life of Coleridge—Wordsworth and Coleridge—Other Poems of the Supernatural—Coleridge as a Critic.

Sir Walter Scott: Scott as a Man—His Poetry—His Prose Romances—The Scope of His Historical Romances—Summary.

New Currents.

Lord Byron: Life of Byron—Byron in Exile—Byron as a Poet.

Percy Bysshe Shelley: Life of Shelley—Shelley's Poetry.

John Keats: Life of Keats—The Classical Poems—The Metrical Romances—The Odes.

Summary.

English romanticism of the nineteenth century has been described as a return to the medieval, as a return to nature, and as a rebirth of wonder. Scott's historical romances illustrate the first; the nature poetry of Burns and Wordsworth the second; and such poems as Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" the third. All three were marked characteristics of English literature from the time when Burns published his first little volume of poems in 1786 to the death of Scott in 1832. They do not give us a complete definition of Romanticism, but they will help us to understand how great was the difference between the literature of the Romantic period and the literature of the time of Pope and Addison.

The new Romanticism, like that of the Renaissance, resulted from changes in modes of life and thought. In the earlier period, these changes were connected with the passing of medievalism and the discovery of new worlds. They resulted in greater freedom for the imagination, and the stimulus that comes from broader and deeper intellectual life. In the transition to the nineteenth century the changes, while different in some respects, were alike in the kind and intensity of their effects.

Political Revolution. The rise of modern democracy is marked by the growing importance of the common man. Great progress had been made in England since the old days when kings ruled by Divine Right. But the Revolution of 1688, while it established the supremacy of Parliament, did not create a Parliament that was truly representative of the whole people. In Johnson's time the population of England was about eight millions; only about one hundred and fifty thousand of these were citizens with the right to vote. The great lords and landowners controlled the elections; the common man had no more voice in government than in the days of Henry V.

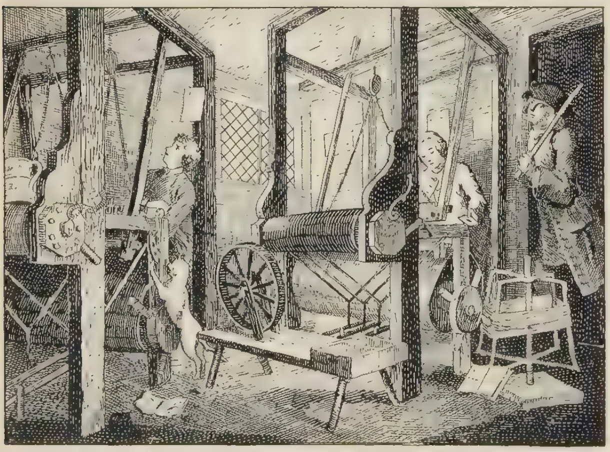
Along with this, there was complete indifference to poverty and the sufferings that came therefrom. Pope's idea of the universe—"whatever is, is right"—was typical. To poverty might be thrown some charitable crumbs, but not much was done to make it possible for the poor man to help himself. Taxed heavily, without representation in Parliament, with little chance to own property, with no choice of vocation, it was his lot to suffer.

But as the eighteenth century went on, signs of change were manifest. A great movement toward prison reform testified to a broader kindliness. The Wesleyan revival was a new birth of religion, and it was carried on among the poor. Rousseau's insistence on the dignity and worth of man has already been cited. He held that man in a state of nature—that is, before the advent of civilization—had been perfect; from this perfection he had degenerated through the institutions and the customs of civilized life. But a return to more natural ways of living, he thought, would restore the golden age. This faith in the so-called perfectibility of man became a cardinal principle with theorists influenced by Rousseau. One phase of it is represented by a statement, in a book by the great French philosopher called *The Social Contract*, that all men are equal, that all have certain inalienable rights, and that government is merely a convenience, based on a contract, in which the partners are all the people.

These are mere suggestions of some of the currents that were beginning to stir men's minds and that were destined to sweep away the conventions of the Augustans, along with the ancient monarchy of France and the dominion of England over her American colonies. The revolutions in America and in France were tremendous events that altered the course of history. Inevitably they produced effects on literature, some of which we shall trace in this chapter.

The Industrial Revolution. The changes in life as the eighteenth century closed were not all political. A different and vaster revolution was also in progress, destined to touch the daily life of millions of people even more nearly than the political changes that were shaking the thrones of Europe. Like other revolutions, it involved adjustment to new conditions, and this process of adjustment brought suffering and death to many before the process was completed. This great transformation has been called the Industrial Revolution.

A series of great discoveries and inventions opened the way into a new world. Toward the end of the century machinery for spinning and weaving cotton and woolen thread transformed one of the most important of industries. The development of steam as a source of power, after 1765, reacted upon every form of manufacture, so that inventions multiplied with great rapidity. These inventions meant that one man and a machine could do the work formerly done by many men. Since the machines were controlled by a few men or groups of men, who employed laborers as they needed them, the industrial revolution ushered in a new era, in which problems of the relations of capital and labor, previously unknown, became new factors to add to the complexity of life. Factories manned by hundreds of laborers took the place of the old system, by which most necessities of life had been made, in private houses, by men who employed a few apprentices. A similar transformation took place in farming, where great landowners employed labor as it was needed and drove tenants and small landowners away. Towns increased in population. People lived on the wages they received, or did not live at all. Child labor,

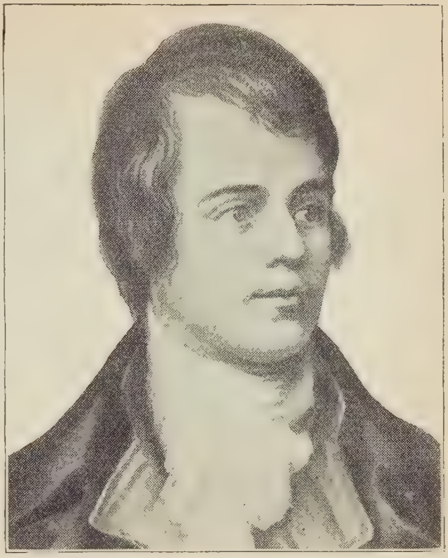

WEAVING
(After a contemporary illustration of the industries of the period by the artist Hogarth)

crowded tenements, the sufferings incident to a revolution whose causes were not fully understood and to which adjustments came slowly, were evils that drove many to despair.

Revolution and Literature. The effects of these two revolutions on literature did not become fully apparent until well along in the nineteenth century. Politically, the movement had its climax in England in 1832, with the passage of a Reform Bill that greatly extended the privilege of voting. Industrially, the process is not yet complete, for the relations between capital and labor are still matters for study and adjustment. But sympathy for the hard lot of the poor man, the feeling that the worth of the individual should not depend upon worldly rank, and the enthusiasm for new political theories, all had immediate influence on the literature of the period that we are now to study. The poets found a new world of imagination and sympathy. This new world had many provinces: nature; history and legends of former times; the brotherhood of man. Each of these supplied themes that inspired the prose and poetry of a new romanticism.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

The poetry of Burns represents a complete break with the ideals of the Augustans. For one thing, Burns wrote about simple themes, topics that Pope and his school would not have regarded as fit subjects for poetry. Pope wrote about fashionable life, or put into finely polished verse theories about literature or the moral reflections of his time. Burns wrote about dogs, mice, the field daisies, the life of peasants. In his poetry, the language of unlettered men took the place of the artificial language of people whose language was as formal as their lives. Burns also wrote about love, in a series of poignant lyrics such as English poetry had not known since the Elizabethan period. Finally, he everywhere expressed a sense of the dignity of simple life. He made no apology for his cottager; indeed, he asserted that the true greatness of his native Scotland was to be sought in such life as he described in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." Furthermore, in poem after poem he sang the brotherhood of man, and the "inalienable rights" on which the American Declaration of Independence is based.



ROBERT BURNS

Life of Burns. The boyhood of Burns was spent on farms rented by his father. He had almost no formal schooling, and had access to few books. So little prospect was there of his being able to make a living that he planned to emigrate to America, and his first book of poems was printed in 1786 in order to raise money for his passage. This book made such an impression, however, that he gave up the plan and went to Edinburgh instead. Here he became a popular hero, and did little work beyond collecting some material for additional poems. Two years later he married Jean Armour and settled on a farm at Ellisland. He made little headway against poverty, and was compelled to take a minor government office in 1791. The last five years of his life were filled with tragedy; he was very poor, suffered greatly from illness, and his poetic gift failed him.

Burns as a Poet. Among his many poetic gifts Burns had the power of looking straight at men and events and telling

THE RIVER DOON, IN THE LAND OF BURNS
(The "bonie Doon" in his poetry.)

just what he saw. He avoided the conventional method of the poets who wrote earlier in the century. Thus, Pope had written a poem about Windsor Forest. He knew the scenes, and had a definite subject, but he "methodized" it according to the rules for such writing. That is, instead of describing that particular forest, he really had in mind an idealized or typical forest, and as a result we get no impression of reality. Even the descriptive poetry of the writers who came a little later than Pope, men like Gray or Goldsmith, presented scenes that were more or less idealized. Goldsmith's village, sweet Auburn, has been identified, yet the account of it that we find in the poem might be applied to many other villages. So, too, Gray's churchyard, while described in concrete terms and not at all in the fashion used by English imitators of the classical pastorals, impresses us as typical rather than individual.

With Burns it was not so. Whether the poem touches some personal experience on his Scottish farm, as in the lines about the daisy, or combines nature description, portraiture, and narrative, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," he never fails to suggest reality. He learned, or the knowledge was born in him, to keep his eye on the object. This object he describes, not the class to which it belongs, or a dreamlike creation of his fancy.

To descriptive power Burns added the power to tell a story in verse. Here, too, his work shows the transition from one age to another. Pope had written admirable verse-narrative—witty, filled with satire and clear portrait drawing, and telling a story with speed and effectiveness. Yet he was self-conscious where Burns was instinctive. In such a verse-story as Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," for instance, we lose all thought of rules, imitation of models, theories of art. It is told with an exuberance that suggests Shakespeare's Falstaff scenes. We are made a part of a little group, listening to a rare story that one of our number is pouring forth with a relish and gusto far removed from the careful and sedate manner of Addison or the malicious and cynical precision of Pope. We are not seated before the fire in a club or a coffee-house; still less do we find ourselves in a drawing-room. According to contemporary legend, when Burns was composing this poem, he was observed a little apart, swinging his arms, jumping about, and showing the greatest glee. That very spirit he has translated into the story itself, and, in truth, the mantle of Chaucer rested, for a moment, on this plowboy of Scotland, so that he could have qualified to become one of the immortal nine-and-twenty who journeyed to Canterbury.

Burns as a Singer. But the supreme gift of Burns was the gift of song. Here we compare him with the great singers of Shakespeare's day. In the seventeenth century Ben Jonson's lyrics, the lyrics of Herrick, a few occasional songs by Cavalier poets, and the religious lyrics of Herbert and Vaughan carried on something of the great Elizabethan tradition; but in them we notice a falling away of the fine, careless rapture which is the heart of song. They are studied, artful, clever, only now and then spontaneous. Even this impulse to song languished and died during the time of Dryden, Pope, and Johnson, so that the songs of Burns are a rebirth, preluding a second Elizabethan period.

William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

Wordsworth and Burns. In sharp contrast with the tragic life of Burns is the calm and meditative career of Wordsworth. The two men differed as greatly in temperament as in the scenes amid which they played their parts in the drama of life. Burns was intense, tragic on occasion; he also brought to bear on life a humor which shifted like a spotlight playing on a stage, changing its hues to fit the scene, illuminating with a kindly glow the tenderer moments while always capable of showing forth in pitiless white light the hypocrisy and cant of which its master was aware. On the other hand, Wordsworth, after a period of romantic revolt against the wrongs of society, settled into a conservatism that took small account of what men actually were suffering and achieving. The whole matter may be summed up by saying that Burns got his insight not only by gift of nature, but by his actual life among Scottish peasants; while Wordsworth was a detached observer of human life, his real life being within himself, a world of speculation and thought.

Life of Wordsworth. The boyhood of Wordsworth was passed amid scenes of great natural beauty. He was an athletic youth, a lover of skating, mountain-climbing, swimming, and rowing. He was deeply sensitive to the beauty of nature in its most romantic aspects, and has recorded in his poetry many boyish experiences. Nature was alive to him, as to the old Greeks: the huge peak seemed to stride after him like a living thing; there were presences and breathings in the forests and on the hills; the world was filled with fairy enchantment.

After four years at Cambridge, during which he made several vacation journeys through parts of England, and, in his last vacation, through France and Switzerland, he was uncertain as to his next step. Late in 1791 he went to France, where the Revolution was in progress. He took a deep interest in the cause of the people. He tells us how deeply impressed he was by the signs of an ancient civilization; of his thoughts about the dignity and charm of that old life; of the recollections of heroes and heroines of French romance, and of his impression of the beauty of the castles and royal palaces that gave romantic charm to the landscape. As he thought of all this beauty, like Milton with his love of storied windows richly dight, he felt the shame of the destruction involved in the revolutionary movement. But he and his friend Beaupuy, a revolutionist, chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, " 'Tis against *that*
That we are fighting."

The incident illuminates, as by a lightning flash, the conflict in Wordsworth's mind and in the thought of the period. Romantic love of the past, the glory of institutions which had stood, like old castles, while generations had come and gone; all the richness of tradition and legend, of chivalry, of brave knights and fair ladies; the reverence instinctively paid to kings and nobles—these were in conflict with a new sense of the misery of poverty, of the

GRASMERE VALE AND LAKE, IN THE "WORDSWORTH COUNTRY"

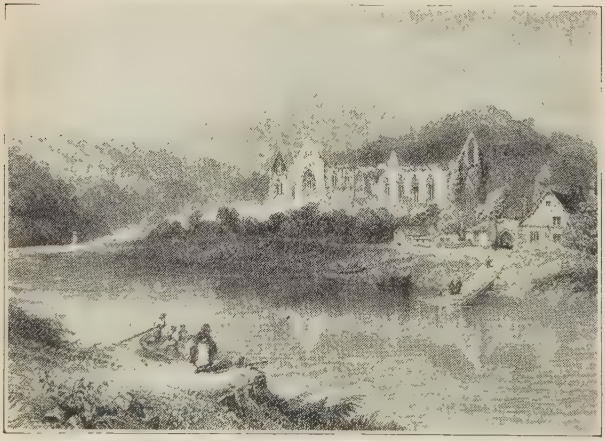
injustice that bowed down the peasant into serfdom, and of the awful waste of talents thwarted because they had no means of coming to fruition. Wordsworth had an instinctive sympathy for some of Rousseau's doctrines—equality, inalienable rights, the inborn nobility of man. But he also loved the dignity of human institutions, the slow growth of time.

Before he had thought his way through the dilemma, he was called home, and, a little later, came under influences that directed his life into different channels.

The first of these influences was personal. A small legacy made it possible for him to live without the necessity of entering a profession, so he continued his study, with some writing, at Racedown, where his sister Dorothy kept house for him and powerfully influenced his thought. Of her the poet testifies that she opened his eyes to the beauty of simple things. Shortly afterwards, he met Coleridge. The friendship that sprang up between the two men, united with the influence of Dorothy, resulted in the publication, in 1798, of one of the most remarkable books in English literature, the *Lyrical Ballads.*

The remainder of Wordsworth's life is written in his poetry, not in deeds or in external events of any kind. With Coleridge he made a tour of Germany, where he was influenced somewhat by German thought of the time, but where he chiefly meditated on English scenes and subjects for English poetry. In 1800 a second issue of *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, with some new poems. The remaining half century of his life he spent at Grasmere and Rydal, in the beautiful English lake region, with Dorothy and Mary Hutchinson, whom he married in 1802. Several vacation journeys constitute almost his only annals, except that for the last seven years of his life (1843-1850) he was poet laureate.

The Lyrical Ballads. Coleridge and Wordsworth talked of many things in those days when, they thought, "it was bliss to be alive, and to be young was very heaven." The revolution in France, the rights of man, the nature of poetry, were subjects for eager debate. They agreed, on the last subject, that the verse of Pope and his followers could not be called poetry. They objected to its themes, its "rules," and its diction. So they resolved to write some poems that should be everything that poetry of the conventional type was not. There were to be two themes, which they thought to be the sources of all true poetry: the poetry of simple objects and aspects of nature, and the poetry of the supernatural. In the first, poetic truth was to be attained through seeing the miraculous in common things; in the second, exaggeration and the mere melodramatic horror of the "Gothic" romances should be avoided through restraint and simplicity. The veil between the real and the supernatural, they thought, was very thin. Wordsworth was to give something of the mystery and charm of the unseen world to his treatment of nature; Coleridge was to make the supernatural seem natural. Examples of their method are "Tintern Abbey," by Wordsworth, and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."



TINTERN ABBEY *Bartlett*

Tintern Abbey. This poem is not a description of the old abbey which Wordsworth had visited some years before, when he was still powerfully moved by the French Revolution. We learn nothing of its architecture, its beauty, or its history; the real subject is an interpretation of the influence of nature on the poet's own life. Poetry, to

Wordsworth, springs from "emotion recollected in tranquillity." That is, the poet does not look on a scene or object or pass through an emotional experience, and then set down immediately his observations. In his lines to the daffodils, for example, he says that their full beauty is appreciated, not at the moment of seeing, but afterwards, in vacant or pensive mood, when, recollecting the beauty, his heart fills with pleasure, "and dances with the daffodils." So with the poem about Tintern Abbey. He says that during his absence the beauty of the scene has been to him an unconscious influence for good. In moments of contemplation, he has gained from this recollection a deeper insight into the mysteries of life. Now, as he returns, he realizes that he has changed. The wild joy he formerly took in nature has gone; yet he is aware of a new beauty, a feeling for humanity, and a consciousness of a divinity in nature and man.

Wordsworth's View of Nature. One or two of these ideas need emphasis in order that they may be understood, since they affect the greater part of Wordsworth's poetry. In another poem, "Expostulation and Reply," he speaks about the senses as the sources of much of our knowledge. To the materialists of the eighteenth century, these were the only sources; we can know nothing except through the senses. But to Wordsworth there is another source, equally authentic—the knowledge that we gain through intuition and reflection. There are powers, he says, which are independent of the senses, and which give us, of themselves, a transcendental or super-sensual knowledge:

> Nor less I deem that there are Powers
> Which of themselves our minds impress;
> That we can feed this mind of ours
> In a wise passiveness.

So, in "Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth speaks of a serene and blessed mood in which all the burden and mystery of the world are lightened, so that, unconscious of the external world of sense, with "an eye made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy . . . we see into the life of things."

Such a view of the use of nature as a means to the perception of truth Wordsworth expresses in many places. He did not, like Herrick, see in the beauty of the flower merely a symbol of the short life of all beauty. He did not, like Burns, identify the tragedy of the field mouse destroyed by his plow with the tragedy of his own life. Still less did he find in nature merely beautiful objects and pictures to be translated into measured verse. Nature was to him a source of spiritual insight. So in his great "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" (1804-1806), he again speaks of the fact that he no longer sees in nature the merely sensuous beauty which had so enthralled him as a youth, but a deeper joy, born of experience—

> Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

His View of Poetry. Something has already been said of Wordsworth's idea that poetry is the product of emotion recollected in tranquillity. Further definition is found in his statement that it is "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." This, in itself, serves to mark the revolutionary nature of his work. For Pope and his school had denied "powerful feelings." It is true that Wordsworth did not approve extravagance or exaggeration; "the gods," he says, "approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul." But he was much concerned with this soul; he was not ashamed to speak of it, and he valued nature and the deeds of men chiefly for the effects they produced on his inner life. Moreover, Wordsworth found in simple and concrete words the truest poetic value. For the fine phrases of the Augustans he had no use, nor for their conventionalized allusions to classical myths, and the epithets or adjectives that accompanied each noun like the animals trotting in pairs into the ark. Wordsworth believed that the language of peasants, in its simplicity, concreteness, and smack of the soil, was redolent of poetry. Burns had discovered this secret, and Wordsworth's poetry, like that of Burns, is free from artificiality. Like Burns, he kept his eye on the object; he did not try to disguise the object in such a way as to suggest a guessing contest.

Finally, Wordsworth believed in the greatness of poetry as the highest of all knowledge. "Poetry," he says, "is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man." Therefore, the subjects of poetry are not ancient myths, deeds of heroes, pretty descriptions of life and manners, but all intellectual and emotional experiences. The discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, the engineer, are proper subjects of the poetic art. For poetry is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." That is, men do not make additions to knowledge, discover the laws of nature, even transfer to their own minds the learning that has been accumulated by past investigators, unless they are touched by imagination and passion. The soaring imagination of a Galileo is akin to the poetic imagination of a Milton. Wordsworth holds that the poet discovers that which is authentic in the world of man, as the scientist discovers that which is authentic in the world of nature.

Types of His Poetry. We have given particular attention to the nature poems, because his most distinctive work is filled with his love and interpretation of nature. Whether lyric or narrative, ode or sonnet, the theme is the same. Yet we should not forget his mastery of poetic form. Only Milton and Shakespeare equaled him as a writer of sonnets. His odes are the greatest in English literature. He wrote few verse narratives, but some of them, such as "Michael" and "Laodamia," show his distinction. As a lyric poet, we compare him with Burns. Finally, in such longer poems as *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*, he combined autobiography with his philosophy of life in such a way as to create a new type of English poetry, less moving than his more intense lyrics, but none the less filled with his peculiar power.

Summary. From this survey it will be seen that the intellectual element in Wordsworth's poetry is more pervasive than in the poetry of his predecessors, and that it is different in quality. Pope, for example, wrote essays in verse, but his essays were summaries of existing opinion, not results of his own voyages of discovery. Many other poets had written didactic verse, telling readers what they should or should not think or say or do. But Wordsworth is not didactic in any conventional sense. He spoke of the mind of Newton, "voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone." And this relationship between science and poetry, between the scientific investigator and the poet, is to Wordsworth no fancy, but inspiring fact. "All deep things are song," said Carlyle, speaking of the poetry of Burns. To this Wordsworth would have subscribed. The power of song he shares with Burns. The humor of Burns he lacks, and also, with a few exceptions, the narrative gift of Burns. But in the power to shed something of supernatural light over the simpler forms of nature, to give to the familiar the charm of romance, and to make this romance the means of escape from what he regarded as the false reality of the senses into a world of spiritual truth, he attains authority as one of the greatest of our prophets of song.

Burns and Wordsworth represent that aspect of the new romanticism which looked to nature and to man's relations with nature and with his fellows for inspiration and for subjects. Burns identifies man and nature; he is a fellow sufferer with the field mouse; the daisy's fate suggests his own; his cottager lives according to nature, not according to the rules of the artificial civilization of court and city; the themes of his poetry are the simple natural affections and the brotherhood and dignity of man. Wordsworth finds in nature an avenue to truth. In both poets there is escape from conventional thought about life and poetry into a new world, bathed in something of the light of days when the world was young.

All the poets of the romantic revival show something of this fresh and vigorous love of nature, this tendency to find poetry in fields avoided by the Augustans, or unknown. As Carlyle remarked of Burns, these subjects had long been available; the true poet finds no lack in themes; "it is not the dark place that hinders, but the dim eye."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

The Medieval in Romantic Poetry and Prose. We are now to consider the second great field in which the new romanticism found expression. The awakening of the interest in medieval themes and forms of literature we have traced in the preceding chapter. Old ballads, old romances, old legends were studied by scholars, collected by antiquaries, and imitated by writers who sought new fields. Elizabethan poetry and drama, which had seemed crudely medieval to the men who admired only classical regularity of form, took on new meaning to eyes and ears purged of Augustan superiority and willfulness. Burns and Wordsworth caught the new note. The Scottish poet traveled about in search of old songs. The ballads of his countrymen, revived by several Scottish writers just before his own time, were dear to him, and he set new words to old tunes so deftly that it seemed as though tunes and words had been made for each other. And Wordsworth, not at all a collector of legends or romance, catches the ancient heritage that underlies the song of the highland girl—

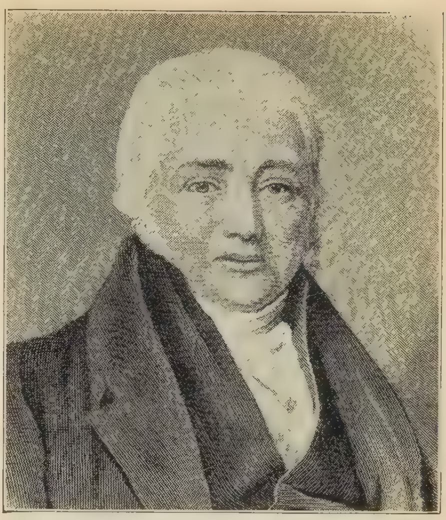
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Responsive to the reawakened sense of mystery, he writes of

> The light that never was, on sea or land.

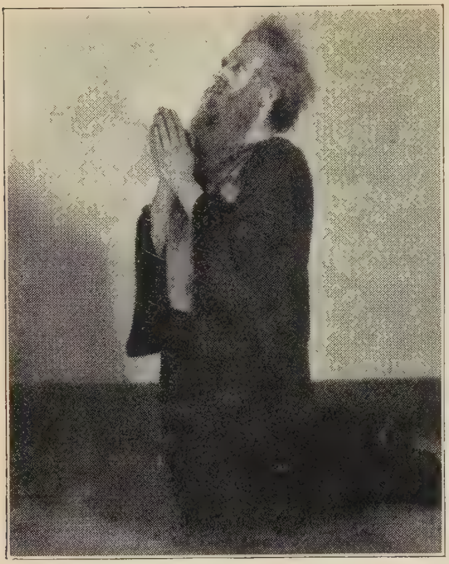
Two great writers of the early nineteenth century, Coleridge and Scott, are inseparably connected with this medieval aspect of the romantic movement.

Life of Coleridge. The boyhood of Coleridge, like that of Wordsworth, was influenced by scenes of great natural beauty. He was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devon, where his father was vicar and schoolmaster. Inheriting a love for nature and for speculation on all sorts of out-of-the-way subjects, he impressed his teachers with the extraordinary fertility of his mind. He translated Greek poetry, studied philosophy, lived in an imaginary world of romance and adventure. At Cambridge he excelled in the classics, but became restless, ran away, and joined the army. A little later he became interested in the French Revolution and the theories about equality and the rights of man. He planned to emigrate to America in order to establish an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna. This period of restlessness and uncertainty was ended by his association with Wordsworth, which began late in 1796.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Wordsworth and Coleridge. As we have already seen, the intimacy between these two men led to the publication, in 1798, of the *Lyrical Ballads*. The task that Coleridge set for himself was to write poetry in which the supernatural should seem real, and he contributed, among other poems, "The Ancient Mariner." This poem seems, at first, to be an imitation of the old ballads of the supernatural like "The Demon Lover" or "The Wife of Usher's Well." It has the ballad stanza; it uses ballad rimes; it is filled with archaic words and turns of expression; it even has a marginal gloss or explanation of the story, in the manner of some of the medieval manuscripts. But it is far more than an imitation. Coleridge has used the old superstition about the sacred albatross to tell a story of mystery and horror in such a way as to convince you of its truth. It is a supreme illustration of the power of



THE ANCIENT MARINER

a modern poet to evoke the terror felt by primitive man when faced by the mystery of life.

The influence of Wordsworth on the poem is also evident. You remember what was said of Wordsworth's insistence on the "harmony" between man and nature, and of the spiritual insight gained through perception of this harmony. This thought Coleridge expresses, not, like Wordsworth, through a poem describing some natural object, but through legend. The poem teaches the ministry of love. The Mariner is condemned to a life that is far more terrible than death. His suffering is spiritual, not physical. He cannot pray until the hate that is in his heart has turned to love. This love springs from nature—the sight of the moon, a revelation of the unearthly beauty of the light that rests upon the sea. As soon as nature has taught this lesson of love, the spell is broken.

Other Poems of the Supernatural. To this same period in Coleridge's life belong "Kubla Khan" and *Christabel.* The first is a mere fragment, but it illustrates the same power of giving reality to the unearthly. It is also clothed in language of haunting and mysterious beauty. *Christabel,* too, is incomplete, though it gives the main outlines of a romance in verse. The story is based upon a very large class of medieval legends about a witch that could take on the form of a lovely girl for certain periods but must carry on her body some mark of her diabolical nature. Such is Geraldine, whom the heroine Christabel befriends and takes to her room. Coleridge tells of the appearance of the ghost of Christabel's mother, who seeks thus to protect her daughter; and, in an unfinished continuation of the poem, he tells of Sir Leoline, the father, who, like Christabel, is apparently to be subjected to the spell.

Even the part of the poem that we have does not tell this story in straightforward fashion. The poet suggests rather than narrates, and this suggestion is of a world filled with mystery and elfin magic. Its compelling power over us is enhanced by the form of verse. It is the four-accent couplet of Milton's early poems, used much more freely in that the number of unstressed syllables varies. It moves fitfully, uncertainly, suiting the swiftly changing moods of the dream-like poem. The whole is a vision of the uncanny, but not such a matter-of-fact and humorous incursion into it as we find in "Tam O'Shanter."

Coleridge as a Critic. In their incompleteness and mystery these poems are typical of the peculiar genius of their author. Coleridge's poetic gift, while very great, was fitful, not sustained. It flowered under Wordsworth's influence; when that influence was withdrawn Coleridge ceased to be a poet and became a philosopher. With this aspect of his genius we are not at present concerned, further than to note that his lectures and essays on Shakespeare and his interpretation of Wordsworth, together with other critical writings, ushered in a new school of literary criticism, utterly different from the cold formalism of the Augustans because it worked through imagination and sympathy rather than through "rules."

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

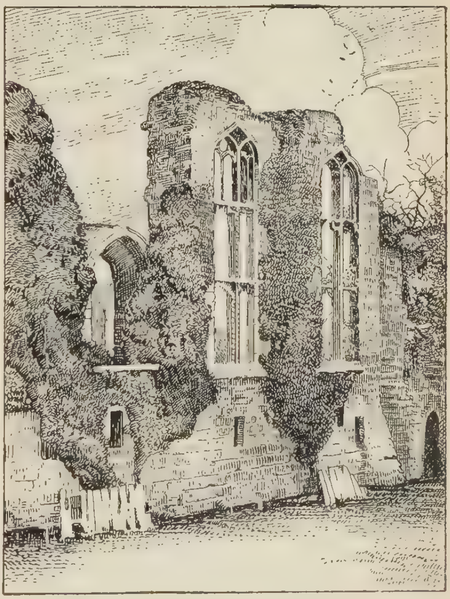
The world called forth by the imagination of Coleridge was no real world. He used the forms of medieval ballad and romance to create a pageant as insubstantial as that of Prospero in Shakespeare's *Tempest.* The medievalism of Scott was different. In metrical romances like *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and its followers, and in the long series of the Waverley novels, he re-created a past and filled it with bustling life. The world of "Kubla Khan" or *Christabel* is not far away from the world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest;* Scott's world is the world of Shakespeare's historical plays.

This is one secret of his tremendous popularity. Wordsworth and Coleridge waited long for an audience; it required time for the true significance of their work to penetrate beyond a small circle. With Scott it was not so. His stories appealed to old and young of every rank in life, and to the most varied types of intelligence; they found lodgment in the affections of people like those who had witnessed the Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV* and the pomp and circumstance of *Henry V*.

Scott as a Man. Scott was objective. He had no self-consciousness. He did not analyze his emotions or trouble about "wise passiveness" or "the life of things," in the manner of Wordsworth. Moreover, he lived the life he described. He developed a great estate at Abbotsford, which he ruled like a feudal lord. His dogs and horses, his trophies of the chase, the circle of adoring retainers, the crowds of visitors from all parts of the world, his kindness to struggling young authors to whom he was a patron much like the lordly patrons of literature in older times, the magnificent scale on which he lived—all these contributed to the effect. He was helped by his wonderful personality. There was nothing snobbish or exclusive about him; his sovereignty came through the divine right of genius. The best-loved characters in his fictions are evidences of his love of people, and they are drawn with a sympathy that reminds us of the characters that give human interest to Shakespeare's historical plays. Knightly ideals of conduct, too, were not to him mere sentimental or imaginary abstractions. When his publishers failed for more than a hundred thousand pounds, he might have avoided paying the debt, but he assumed it all, and spent the last six years of his life in toil for the money to discharge this debt of honor.

His Poetry. Scott's interest in the history and legends of his native country developed when he was a boy. He went about the country collecting ballads and seeing for himself the places to which legends were attached. In 1802 he published the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which contained many of the ballads he had collected, together with some imitations of his own.

From ballad he passed to verse romance. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake* appeared during the years 1804-1808. They were filled with action; their personages were not dreamy and remote but vigorously drawn and easily understood; they contained passages describing the lovely scenery that he knew so well; and they were expressed in verse easy to read and to remember. He used the four-accent couplet, not subtly like Coleridge, but with strongly marked rhythms. His ideal, he said, was to write verse that should please "soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition."

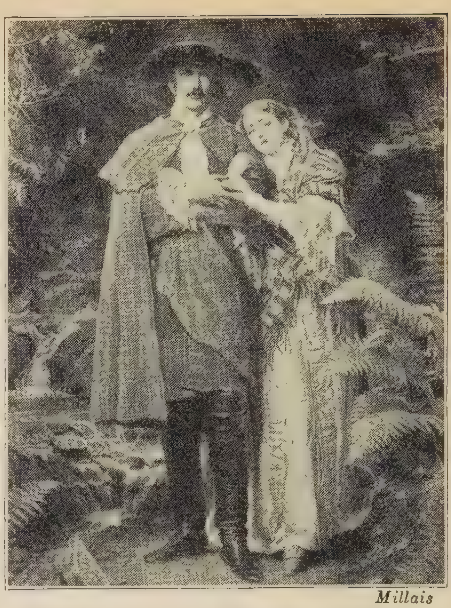


RUINS OF KENILWORTH
SCENE OF ONE OF SCOTT'S FAMOUS NOVELS

His Prose Romances. Scott's first period, to which his poetry belongs, ended in 1814. At that time he found the manuscript of a prose tale that he had begun many years before. It aroused new interest in him, and he completed the story in a few weeks and published it, anonymously, as *Waverley.* The identity of the writer was not long a secret, and Scott entered upon his true kingdom. In verse narrative he has been surpassed, but in his own field of the historical romance he is still master.

In this field he was helped by his knowledge of history, and, what is more important, by his gift of the historical imagination. His mind was filled with facts, the result of long years of historical study, but he was the master of his facts. "Monk" Lewis, who achieved popularity through his "Gothic" romance called *The Monk,* told Scott that it was necessary to have a ghost or a witch in order to create the atmosphere of wonder, but Scott did not depend upon these or any other mechanical devices. His method was to tell stories of his own creation, true to the spirit of the times that he dealt with, and to put the creatures of his imagination against a background in which persons known to history moved. It was so with Shakespeare, who made the times of Henry IV and Henry V vivid, not so much through the dramatized history, as through people like Falstaff, Pistol, and Fluellen. Like Shakespeare, too, he possessed humor, adding thereby to the effect of reality.

The Scope of his Historical Romances. Scott's historical romances may be divided into three classes, according to the periods which they represent. To the first group (1814-1819) belong the stories of Scottish scenes and legends, such as *Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian,* and *The Bride of Lammermoor.* The second group (1820-1822) begins with *Ivanhoe,* and deals with earlier periods of English history. To this group belong, besides *Ivanhoe,* his two stories dealing with the times of Mary Queen of Scots, *The Monastery* and *The Abbot;* his romance of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, *Kenilworth;* and a story of the time of James I, *The Fortunes of Nigel.* In the group beginning with *Quentin Durward* in 1823, Scott annexed the continent of Europe to his domain. *Quentin Durward* is a story of the adventures of a young Scot at the court of France in the fifteenth century, and *The Talisman* is a brilliant story of the English king, Richard of the Lion Heart, and the Crusades.



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THE MASTER AND LUCY
CHARACTERS IN THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

Summary. Scott wrote at top speed, making few revisions. Into his tales he poured his own enthusiasm and vitality, and these qualities were passed on to his readers. Lord Holland said of *Waverley,* "We did not one of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout." When a new novel appeared, all other occupations were pretty much suspended until it had been devoured. In this mighty cycle of heroic tales the Wizard of the North continued a noble tradition, in which romanticism means simply romance.

New Currents

Thus far we have noted three main characteristics of the new romanticism: a broader human sympathy; a consciousness of the beauty and the spiritual significance of nature; and renewed interest in medieval themes, legends, and forms of literature. All these traits are to be found in the three major poets yet to be considered in this chapter, but they add others of their own.

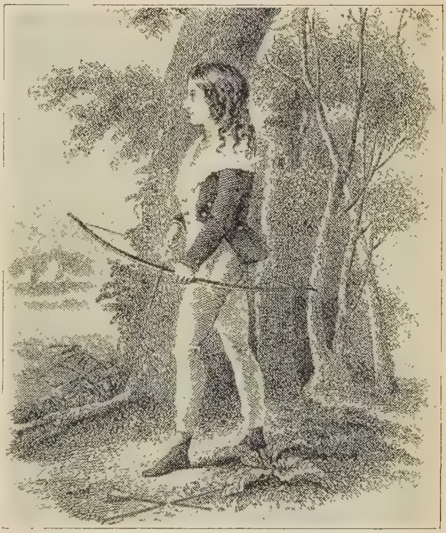
During the years when the great and sinister figure of Napoleon dominated the thought and imagination of Europe (1800-1815) like some new planet or prodigious comet in the political firmament, the poets of the earlier romantic period became conservative. After Waterloo (1815), the liberal cause began slowly to regain some of its lost ground, but to the ardent spirits of a group of younger poets, chief among them Byron and Shelley, England still seemed what it had seemed to Wordsworth in 1802, "a fen of stagnant waters."

Byron, Shelley, and Keats wrote most of their poetry between 1812 and 1822. They were all dead ten years before the death of Scott; and Wordsworth, who lived until 1850, wrote a large body of poetry after they had done their work. Yet they are so separated from the earlier group that they seem to belong to another generation. Byron and Shelley spent the last years of their short lives in Italy, and Keats died there. They were out of sympathy with conditions in England, but in southern Europe they found already at work the impulses that were to culminate later in the century in the independence of Greece and the achieving of national unity by Italy. Such a struggle appealed to English liberals with peculiar force. Greece, the home of the highest civilization of ancient times, now became a center of romantic adoration, and to her cause Byron gave his life. Italy, the land of Vergil and of the might of ancient Rome, the land, also, of Dante and of the great artistic and literary triumphs of the Renaissance, once more proved her power to awaken the imagination and genius of English poets.

Byron, Shelley, and Keats, then, represent passionate revolt against the complacency and indifference of prevailing English thought. Their romanticism is marked by the attempt to escape from what they thought the spiritual blindness of their time. All were exiles. Like Dante, also an exile, Byron poured forth the bitterness of his heart in proud and indignant scorn. Shelley was like Ariel in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, calling forth a dream-world in which he found beauty and ideals beyond the comprehension of earthborn creatures. Keats found escape in the world of romance, loving life and beauty for themselves, and writing poetry that took no account of the political injustice of his time or of the sufferings incident to the progress of the industrial revolution.

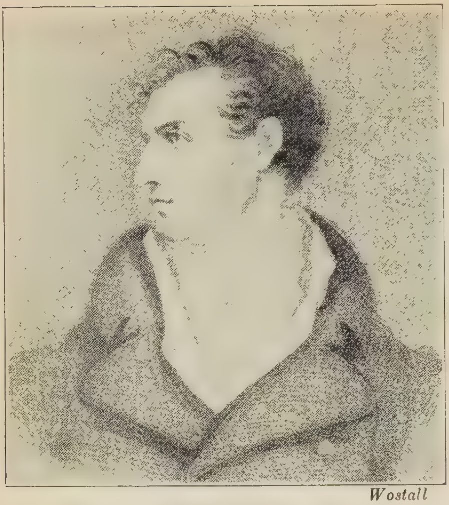
LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

Life of Byron. George Gordon, Lord Byron, came of a turbulent and high-spirited race. He was a handsome lad, and a slight deformity of his foot added to the romantic interest that he inspired. He loved oriental romances, the Old Testament, and the wilder aspects of nature. In 1807 he published a small volume of verse, not very good, which was treated scornfully by the *Edinburgh Review*. Two years later he replied in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satire in the manner of Pope's "Dunciad," in which he slashed vigorously at all the poets, good and bad, of his day. A period of foreign travel (1809-1811) resulted in the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. In



From an old drawing

BYRON AS A BOY



Wostall

LORD BYRON

this poem, which was written in the Spenserian stanza and at first used many of the old words found in *The Faerie Queene*, Byron thought of himself as a wandering knight in search of adventure. His pilgrimage took him through Albania, Greece, and the islands of the Aegean, and the poem is filled with descriptions of romantic scenery and of thrilling adventures. Since the public identified Byron with his hero, he became the center of popular interest. No such stories of travel had been known in his time or for long before. A series of oriental romances, which he wrote soon after his first great success, stimulated this interest, and quite displaced the metrical romances of Scott in the favor of the public. Scott was a feudal baron, a lordly King Arthur; Byron was a wandering knight, not of the Table Round, but gaining romantic interest through his reputation for unconventional life. His unfortunate marriage, which was ended by a sudden and mysterious separation from his wife and his departure from England forever, added to this interest and helped to give his writings wide currency.

Byron in Exile. In 1816 Byron left England for the continent. During that summer, spent in Switzerland, he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold*, "The Prisoner of Chillon," and *Manfred*. The first of these is memorable for the description of Waterloo, the characterization of Napoleon, and the descriptions of mountains, lakes, storms—aspects of nature that appealed to his own wild and turbulent soul. "The Prisoner of Chillon" illustrates his love of liberty. *Manfred*, a drama, had its origin in the wild Alpine scenery, owes something to the old legend of Faust in its representation of a hero who was a magician, and is filled with the spirit of revolt.

The inspiration of the works written in 1816 was closely connected with Byron's hatred of tyranny, whether political or intellectual. The next year he went on into Italy, where he wrote the fourth and last canto of *Childe Harold*. In this canto he writes of Venice and of St. Mark's, of the past glories of Italian literature and of Rome—

> O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires!

He meditates on the vanity of human greatness, on tyranny once more, and on the reaction which had seemed to put an end to the progress of the liberal spirit. Yet there are passages that did much to keep alive the love of liberty and that made Byron's pen more powerful than an army in rousing patriots all over Europe to fight in the cause of liberty—

> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
> Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind!

This faith in freedom Byron sealed by a self-dedication as dramatic as anything in his writings. After several years of life in Italy, during which he wrote a very large body of poetry, he went to Greece to raise an army to fight the Turkish overlord. To this cause he gave his fortune and his life. His death at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824, ended a career that gave thrilling evidence of the power of the human spirit to fight, even in adversity, against Holy Alliances, Napoleons, and all the forces that would keep it in such dungeons as that of Chillon's castle.

Byron as a Poet. Some of the qualities of Byron's poetry are apparent from what has been said of his life and his principal writings. His work is intensely personal; in a sense he was always his own hero, which means that even in his narrative and dramatic works we find chiefly the reflection of his own thoughts and feelings. This hero is moody, passionate, at war with society and its institutions, a devotee of individual liberty. As a result, Byron is often guilty of excess. He is like Marlowe, and like some of Marlowe's heroes—a man of boundless ambition, intense egotism, disregardful of many of the facts of life. Passionately devoted to freedom, he venerated Washington, saw in America the best hope of the world, and loved all the heroes of the past who had struck blows for liberty.

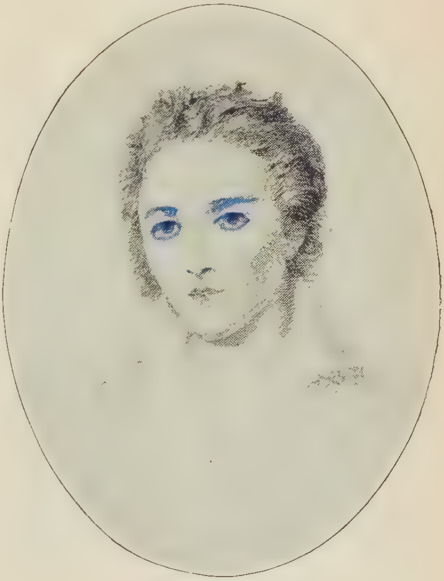
To the many romantic qualities of his life and poetry Byron added wit, ironic humor, and rare satirical power. Perhaps his greatest poem is *Don Juan*, written in Italy in the last years of his life, in which he takes his hero on a pilgrimage of adventure in various parts of the world, but interjects many passages satirizing English life and opinion. He had marvelous power in describing nature. His lyrics, sometimes sentimental, at times achieve true greatness. He was a master of narrative. He wrote a very large amount of verse, much of it filled with the errors and faults of hasty composition. He could not revise; he succeeded at once or let the failure stand. But in spite of the faults of his verse and his life he is one of the greatest of English poets.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

Life of Shelley. Like Byron, Shelley could not adapt himself to convention. He got into trouble at Oxford because of a pamphlet. He made a runaway marriage which turned out unhappily. He wrote tracts filled with ideas then deemed revolutionary, although many of these ideas have since become a part of English law. The influence of William Godwin, an English revolutionist who wrote *Political Justice* and a novel called *Caleb Williams*, increased his distaste for English institutions, and in 1818 he went to Italy. Here he passed the few years that remained to him, living happily with his second wife, a daughter of Godwin, and wrote his best poetry. In 1822, while returning from a visit to some English friends, his boat capsized and he was drowned.

Shelley's Poetry. Shelley was a poet and idealist, not a systematic thinker. In *Prometheus Unbound*, for example, he adapted the old myth of a giant condemned by Jove to unending torture because of his gift of fire to man, to an allegory of the sufferings of humanity under the tyranny of power. His Prometheus is the human race itself, heroic, loving liberty, but chained by tyranny. At length he is released, and a new Golden Age begins. The way to liberty, clearly pointed out by Burke, is in Shelley's drama obscure; what use is to be made of liberty when won, and the nature of the institutions through which it is to be preserved, are equally obscure. But in its inspiring power and the lyrical beauty of its verse it is one of the great productions of poetic genius.

Examples of Shelley's rare lyrical power are found everywhere in his poetry. Among his most important poems are "Adonais," "Ode to the West Wind," "The Cloud," and "To a Skylark." The first of these, an elegy in memory of Keats, reminds us of Milton's "Lycidas." There is a procession of mourners who lament the loss of the young poet. There is also



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

invective, as in Milton's poem; Shelley attacks the reviewers in whose criticism of the poems of Keats he found a cause for the poet's early death. Like "Lycidas," "Adonais" treats of the immortality of poetry. The last stanzas are a sublime paean to the might of the poet, the immortality of the spirit of man, and the contrast between the work of this spirit and all earthly triumphs. "Such as he," he says—

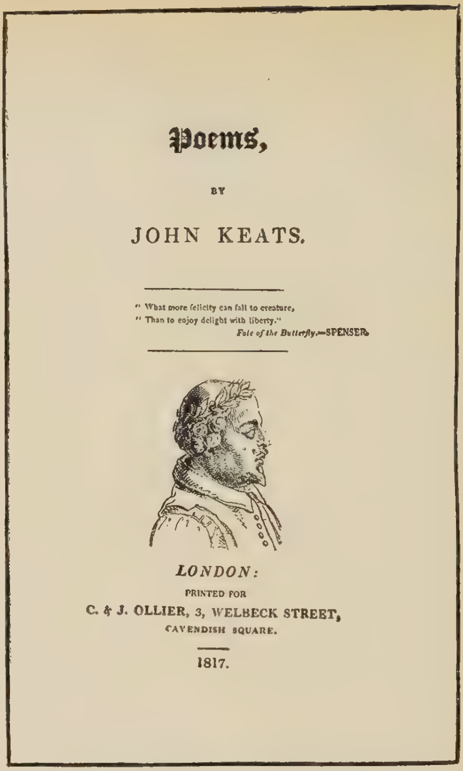
Such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

In the "Ode to the West Wind" the same supreme gift of song is manifest. The spirit of the wind is invoked as the enchanter that drives the dead leaves like ghosts, drives the clouds and the storm, and lashes the calm sea to fury. This succession of images dominates the poem, rising to the climax in which he wishes the wind to play upon him as upon the forest, to drive his dead thoughts over the universe so that they may become the seeds of a new birth, promise of the spring that is to usher in a better world.

In these and other poems we have abundant illustration of Shelley's distinction as a lyric poet. For narrative he had no skill. He wrote one powerful tragedy, *The Cenci*, in the Elizabethan manner, and an eloquent and inspiring prose *Defense of Poetry*. As a lyrist he occupies a place among the immortals, because of the inexhaustible variety of his measures, the richness and beauty of his figures, and the bird-like music of his song. His own "Skylark" truly reveals him; the gladness of the song, for which he prayed in the last stanza, passed into him, and the world stops to listen while he sings.

John Keats (1795-1821)

The tragic fate that cut off the careers of Byron and Shelley in their prime also pursued John Keats. He differed from the other two poets in that his finest work is untouched by the bitter passions of the time. In his poetry he had nothing to say of political liberty; he traveled in the realms of gold opened up by his books and by his imagination. His first poetry was immature, surfeited by his undisciplined fancy, indistinct in thought. He had time for only three slender volumes, published in 1817, 1818, and 1820, yet the progress he made in that short time constitutes one of the most astonishing chapters in the history of literature.



Poems,

BY

JOHN KEATS.

"What more felicity can fall to creature,
"Than to enjoy delight with liberty."
Fate of the Butterfly.—SPENSER.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
C. & J. OLLIER, 3, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1817.

TITLE-PAGE OF KEATS'S POEMS, FIRST EDITION

Life of Keats. Born in humble circumstances in London, without the aristocratic connections of Byron or the wealth of Shelley, Keats's education was interrupted when he was only fifteen years of age. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, and served for several years in London hospitals. A friend gave him a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and this led him into his true kingdom. Besides Spenser, he read much in medieval romance. Without knowledge of Greek, he was introduced to Homer's world through the great Elizabethan translation by Chapman. Of this last experience, and what it meant to him, he has left unforgettable record in a famous sonnet.

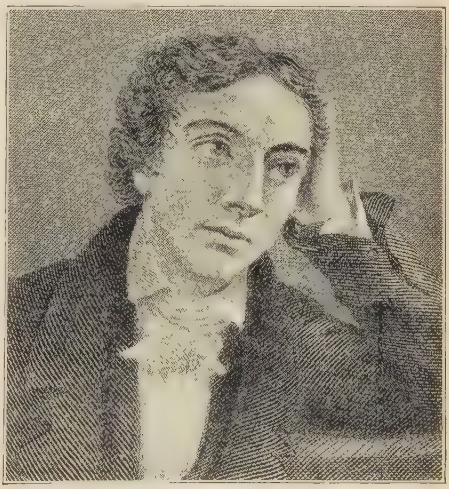
The result of these influences was that he definitely gave himself to the writing of poetry. For this, like Milton, he resolved to prepare himself through study. Milton, indeed, became his master in "Hyperion," written in 1818-1819. He began the study of Greek and Italian and extended greatly his acquaintance with literature; but he also went on a tramping tour through the Highlands, because, he said, he thought this "would give me more experience, rub off more prejudice, use me to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in poetry than would stopping at home among my books."

Early in 1820 he was stricken by mortal disease. He went to Italy in the vain hope of regaining health, but after a few months in Rome he died, in February, 1821.

The Classical Poems. Keats excelled in both narrative and lyric verse, but besides some sonnets and a few miscellaneous lyrics his most important work may be grouped under the headings Classical Poems, Metrical Romances, and Odes. To the first group belong "Endymion" and "Hyperion." In "Endymion" he adapted the classical myth about the love of a mortal for the moon-goddess in such a way as to make of it, though incomplete, a poem distinguished for its beauty and for its reflection of his own quest for beauty. It is written in the heroic couplet, in a manner, however, very different from that of Pope, for instead of closing each couplet with epigrammatic condensation, he allowed the thought to continue, placing the pauses at irregular intervals. In "Hyperion," Keats again made use of classical myth in such a way as to create a new myth of his own. The overthrow of the old order of gods by the younger deities is an allegory of the conquest of the universe by beauty. Milton's influence is evident in the blank verse, which is used with great power; in the theme, which involves the whole structure of the universe; and in the severe restraint with which it is written. It is only a fragment, but a fragment suggesting some colossal statue of ancient art, with a solemn beauty like that of old Greek poetry.

The Metrical Romances. Keats wrote four narrative poems that re-create medieval romances as "Hyperion" re-creates ancient myth. "Isabella," a story drawn from the fourteenth century Italian writer, Boccaccio, illustrates his power to treat a tragic theme with mingled beauty and pathos. "Lamia" is a story of an enchantress, such as Coleridge introduced in his *Christabel*, but Keats differs from Coleridge in that he tells the story with medieval richness of detail, not in the manner of suggestion which we noted in the earlier poem. "The Eve of St. Agnes" also gives the impression of reality, mingled with a richness of imagery and diction that makes the tale resemble a medieval tapestry. It is a story filled with sensational incident, told with great narrative skill, yet it produces an entirely different impression from that given by the minstrelsy of Scott. Keats does not hurry us along from incident to incident, but lingers lovingly over details, painting pictures in words, extracting the full flavor of romance, and ending with the note of regret for the passing of the love and beauty of bygone times—

> And they are gone; aye, ages long ago
> These lovers fled away into the storm.



John Keats

"La Belle Dame sans Merci," a ballad-like version of the old folk-tale about a mortal loved by a fairy, conveys briefly yet poignantly this regret for the passing of old romance.

The Odes. Even greater than his metrical romances are his Odes. "To a Nightingale" should be contrasted with Shelley's "Skylark." Each is typical of its author. In place of the soaring, ethereal quality of Shelley's poem we find the very essence of all the beauty of the earth. Beginning in sadness, it rises to a statement of the immortality of beauty. The individual singer is mortal and must die, but song itself knows neither time nor death. The verse the poet hears this passing night is the same that was heard in ancient days by emperor and clown, by Ruth amid the alien corn, by those who once looked through magic casements on the foam of the perilous seas of fairyland. In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" the immortality of beauty is once more affirmed. Here it is the beauty of art. When he himself and all his generation have passed away, he says, this exquisite product of ancient art, commemorating scenes from a life and civilization that disappeared long ago, shall still remain: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

In one of his letters Keats spoke of his indifference to mere popular applause or condemnation. His only regard, he said, was for "the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of Great Men."

Summary

The poetry reviewed in this chapter was all produced within the time of a single generation. No other period of English literature save only the Elizabethan, and few periods in the history of world literature, can match this great awakening of the creative spirit. From one point of view it was an age of revolt in literature as well as in politics, but it must not be forgotten that the revolt was a characteristic, not a cause. Great poetry does not come because writers resolve to break completely with the past and to produce forms of verse and prose never known before. The true explanation of the new romantic poetry is not that it repudiated the ideals of the eighteenth century poets, but that it sprang from a quickened imagination and was stimulated by intellectual currents that were sweeping through Europe. It was creative, not merely destructive, in temper.

These new currents affected prose as well as poetry. In a later chapter some aspects of nineteenth century prose will be discussed.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1786-1832)

ENGLISH LITERATURE	AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS
1786. Burns's *Poems* (Kilmarnock edition)	1786. Philip Freneau's *Poems*
	1787. Constitutional Convention meets in Philadelphia
1789. Blake's *Songs of Innocence*	1789. Franklin's *Autobiography* Washington inaugurated
1790. Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*	
1791. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*	
1793. Burns's *Poems* (two volumes, Edinburgh)	
	1796. Washington's *Farewell Address*
1798. Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*	1798. Hopkinson's *Hail Columbia* first sung in Philadelphia theater
	1798-1801. Charles Brockden Brown, first American novelist, writes his romances

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1786-1832)—Continued

ENGLISH LITERATURE		AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS	
		1799.	Washington dies
1802.	*Edinburgh Review* established		
		1803.	United States purchases Louisiana from France Napoleon attempts to invade England
1805.	Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*	1805.	Nelson triumphs over French fleet at Trafalgar
1807.	Wordsworth's *Poems*		
1808.	Scott's *Marmion*		
1809.	Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*	1809.	Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York*
1810.	Scott's *Lady of the Lake*		
1811.	Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*		
1812.	Byron's *Childe Harold* (cantos i and ii)	1812-1815.	War between England and the United States
1813.	Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*		
1814.	Scott's *Waverley*		
		1815.	Battle of Waterloo
1816.	Byron's *Childe Harold* (canto iii)		
1817.	Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* Keats's *Poems*		
1818.	Byron's *Childe Harold* (canto iv) Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Poets*		
1819.	Byron's *Don Juan* (cantos i and ii)	1819.	Bryant's *Thanatopsis* Irving's *Sketch Book* Manchester Massacre awakens sympathy for laboring classes
1820.	Scott's *Ivanhoe* Keats's *Odes* Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*	1820-1830.	George IV
1821.	De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*	1821.	Cooper's *Spy* Missouri Compromise
1822.	Lamb's *Essays of Elia*		
1824.	Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* Shelley's *Posthumous Poems*		
1825.	Scott's *Talisman*		
		1826.	Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*
		1828.	Webster's *Dictionary*
		1830-1837.	William IV
1832.	Scott dies	1832.	First Reform Bill increases representation in Parliament

THE NEW ROMANTIC PERIOD

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

JANE ELLIOTT

I've heard them lilting, at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting, before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae more lilting at our ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

---

3. **ilka**, every. **loaning**, lane. 4. **wede**, vanished. 5. **bughts**, sheep-pens. **nae**, no. **scorning**, teasing. 6. **dowie**, low-spirited. **wae**, sorrowful. 7. **daffing**, jesting. **gabbing**, chatting. 8. **Ilk ane**, each one. **leglin**, pail. 9. **hairst**, harvest. 10. **bandsters**, men who bind up the sheaves. **lyart**, hoary. **runkled**, wrinkled. 11. **fleeching**, coaxing.

13. **swankies**, strapping lads. 14. **bogle**, hobgoblin. 17. **Dool**, sorrow. 18. **ance**, once.

SELECTIONS FROM BURNS

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"
And aye the saut tear blins her e'e.

"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

---

4. **saut**, salt. **blins her e'e**, blinds her eye.

13. **cruel lord.** See note on page 417. 14. **trow**, believe. 15. **monie**, many. **sair**, sore.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

> O Prince! O chief of many thronéd pow'rs
> That led th' embattled seraphim to war.
> —MILTON.

O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnéd bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' though yon lowin heuch's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-winged tempest flyin,
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruined castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, through the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' wavin sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When, wi' an eldritch, stoor "quaick, quaick,"
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squattered like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' withered hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For O! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gane
As yell's the bill.

* * * *

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted trav'lers are allured
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is.
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,

---

2. **Clootie**, hoofed one. 3. **Wha**, who. 5. **Spairges**, splashes. **brunstane cootie**, brimstone dish. 6. **scaud**, scauld. 7. **wee**, little while. 9. **sma'**, small. 11. **skelp**, slap. 14. **kend**, known. 15. **lowin heuch**, flaming pit. **hame**, home. 17. **lag**, slow. 18. **blate**, shy, afraid. **scaur**, timid. 19. **Whyles**, sometimes. 20. **a'**, all. 22. **Tirlin the kirks**, unroofing the churches. 30. **eldritch croon**, unearthly moan. 32. **douce**, grave. 33. **Aft yont**, often beyond. **bummin**, humming. 34. **eerie**, uncanny. 35. **boortrees**, shrub-elders, planted much of old in hedges of barnyards.

37. **Ae**, one. 38. **sklentin**, slanting. 40. **Ayont the lough**, beyond the lake. 41. **rash-buss**, clump of rushes. 42. **sugh**, moan. 43. **nieve**, fist. 45. **eldritch**, unearthly. **stoor**, hoarse. 47. **Awa**, away. **squattered**, flapped. 49. **warlocks**, wizards. 54. **Owre howkit**, over disinterred. 56. **kirn**, churn. 57. **taen**, taken. 59-60. **An' dawtit . . . . bill**, and the petted, twelve-pint cow has gone as dry as the bull. 61. **thowes**, thaws. **snawy**, snowy. **hoord**, hoard. 62. **boord**, surface. 63. **kelpies**, spirits. 67. **spunkies**, will-o-the-wisps. 68. **wight**, fellow. 69. **bleezin**, blazing.

Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
An' all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
In shady bower—

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog,
An' played on man a cursèd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruined a'.

D'ye mind that day when, in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw;
An' lowsed his ill-tongued wicked scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rime.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Though, faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her—
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it—
The vera tapmost, tow'rin height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' gray as ony grozet

---

75. **maun**, must. 78. **Aff straught**, off straight. 79. **Lang syne**, long ago. 83. **swaird**, sword. 85. **snick-drawing**, scheming. 87. **brogue**, trick. 88. **fa'**, fall, fate. 89. **shog**, shake. 90. **'Maist**, almost. 91. **bizz**, flurry. 92. **Wi' . . . gizz**, with smoky rags and singed wig. 93. **smoutie phiz**, smutty face. 95. **sklented**, directed. **man of Uzz**, Job (*Job* i, 6-12). 98. **hal'**, holding, possessions. 99. **botches**, angry tumors. 100. **claw**, blow. 101. **lowsed**, let loose. **scawl**, scold (his wife). 102. **warst ava**, worst of all. 104. **fechtin**, fighting. 105. **Sin'**, since. **Michael did you pierce**. See *Revelation* xii. 107. **Wad ding . . . Erse**, would surpass the power of Lowland or Highland tongue. 109. **Cloots**, hoofs. **ken**, know. 110. **Bardie**, bard, poet. **rantin**, roistering. 111. **linkin**, tripping.

113. **jinkin**, dodging. 116. **wad ye**, if you would. **an' men'**, and mend (your ways). 117. **aiblins**, perhaps. 118. **stake**, a chance in the game. 119. **wae**, sad.

To a Louse. 1. **gaun**, going. **crowlin ferlie**, crawling wonder. 2. **sairly**, strongly. 3. **strunt**, strut. 4. **Owre**, over. 6. **sic**, such. 7. **wonner**, wonder. 9. **daur**, dare. **fit**, foot. 13. **Swith**, off and away! **haffet**, hair at the temples. **squattle**, settle. 14. **sprattle**, scramble. 17. **horn nor bane**, a comb (made of horn or bone). 19. **haud**, hold. 20. **fatt'rels**, ribbon-ends. 25. **bauld**, bold. 26. **ony grozet**, any gooseberry.

O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum!
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum.

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fye!
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish
sang.

---

27. **rozet**, rosin. 28. **smeddum**, powder. 30. **droddum**, breech. 32. **flainen toy**, flannel cap. 33. **aiblins**, perhaps. **bit duddie**, little ragged. 34. **wyliecoat**, undervest. 35. **Lunardi**, balloon-shaped bonnet. Lunardi was the name of a famous balloonist. 36. **daur**, dare. 37. **dinna**, do not. 38. **abread**, abroad. 40. **blastie**, little wretch. 41. **Thae**, those. 47. **lea'e**, leave.

Title. **Auld Lang Syne**, a long time ago. 5. **jo**, sweetheart. 9. **be your pint stowp**, pay for your pint measure. 14. **twa hae**, two have. **braes**, hillsides. 15. **pou'd**, pulled. **gowans**, wild daisies. 16. **fit**, foot. 19. **paidled**, paddled. **burn**, brook. 20. **dine**, dinner-time. 21. **braid**, broad. 24. **fiere**, comrade. 25. **gie's**, give us. 26. **gude-willie waught**, draft of good-will.

Title. **Jo**, sweetheart. 2. **acquent**, acquainted. 4. **brent**, straight (not sloping from baldness). 5. **beld**, bald. 7. **pow**, head. 11. **cantie**, jolly. 13. **maun**, must.

Contented wi' Little. 1. **cantie**, cheerful. 3. **gie**, give. **skelp**, crack. 4. **cog**, bowl. **guid swats**, good new ale.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a soger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humor are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has passed?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae!
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be!
It is the wished, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
  I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
  And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonie bird that sings
  But minds me o' my Jean.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie;
  Some counsel unto me come len'.
To anger them a' is a pity,
  But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
  In poortith I might mak a fen'.
What care I in riches to wallow,
  If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller—
  "Guid day to you"—brute! he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
  But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
  And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
  But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

---

5. **whyles**, sometimes. **claw**, strike. 6. **soger**, soldier. **faught**, fight. 8. **daur**, dare. 9. **towmond**, twelvemonth. **fa'**, lot. 10. **sowthers**, solders, i. e., makes up for. 13. **snapper**, stumble. **stoyte**, stagger. 14. **jad gae**, jade go.

Mary Morison. 5. **bide the stoure**, bear the struggle. 9. **Yestreen**, last evening. 10. **gaed**, went. **ha'**, hall. 13. **this**, i.e., this one. **braw**, gaily dressed.

20. **faut**, fault. 21. **gie**, give.

Title. **Jean**, Jean Armour, who became his wife. 1. **airts**, directions. 5. **row**, roll. 14. **shaw**, wood. 16. **minds**, reminds.

Tam Glen. 1. **tittie**, sister. 2. **len'**, lend, give. 3. **a'**, all. 5. **sic a braw**, such a fine. 6. **poortith**, poverty. **fen'**, shift. 8. **mauna**, must not. 10. **ben**, in (to the parlor). 11. **o' his siller**, of his money (silver). 13. **minnie**, mother. **deave**, deafen.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordained I maun take him,
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, "Tam Glen."

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry!
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

BONIE DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

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17. **gin**, if. 18. **mark**, an old Scotch coin worth about twenty-seven cents. 19. **maun**, must. 20. **wha**, who. 21. **valentines' dealing**. It was a custom for young people to pair off by drawing slips of paper on which names were written. 22. **mou**, mouth. **gied a sten**, gave a leap. 23. **ane**, one. 25. **waukin**, watching. 26. **droukit sark**, wet shirt. **ken**, know. 27. **staukin**, stalking. 28. **breeks**, breeches. 30. **gie**, give. 31. **Gif**, if. 32. **lo'e**, love.

Bonie Doon. 1. **braes**, hillsides. 2. **sae**, so. 7. **minds**, reminds. 8. **fause**, false. 12. **wist na**, knew not. 13. **Aft hae**, often have. 15. **ilka**, every. 17. **pu'd**, pulled. 19. **staw**, stole.

Title. **Afton**, a small river in Ayrshire. 16. **birk**, birch.

BONIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—
Thy subjects, we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley—
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On blythe Yule-night when we were fou—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched and Duncan prayed—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
"Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
"For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!"
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes, let doctors tell—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick, as he grew hale—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And, oh! her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoored his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!

1. **Lesley**, Miss Lesley Baillie, whom, with her father, Burns accompanied on horseback some fifteen miles toward England. He composed the poem as he rode back to Dumfries. 2. **gaed**, went. **Border**, the boundary between England and Scotland. 3. **gane**, gone. **Alexander**, Alexander the Great. 13. **skaith**, harm. 14. **wad belang thee**, belongs to thee. 17. **aboon**, above. **tent**, watch over. 18. **steer**, molest. 22. **Caledonie**, Caledonia, the poetic name for Scotland. 24. **nane**, none.

Duncan Gray. 2. **o't**, of it. 3. **fou**, full (drunk). 5. **coost**, tossed. 6. **asklent**, askance. **unco skeigh**, very skittish. 7. **Gart**, made. **abeigh**, aloof. 9. **fleeched**, wheedled. 11. **Ailsa Craig**, a rocky islet near the Ayrshire coast. 13. **baith**, both. 14. **Grat**, wept. **een**, eyes. **bleer't an' blin'**, bleared and blind. 15. **lowpin o'er a linn**, leaping over a waterfall. 19. **sair to bide**, hard to endure. 22. **hizzie**, hussy. 31. **spak sic**, spoke such. 38. **smoored**, smothered. 39. **crouse and canty**, joyful and happy.

Title. **Highland Mary**, Mary Campbell, daughter of a sailor at Clyde. 4. **drumlie**, muddy. 5. **simmer**, summer. **unfauld**, unfold. 9. **birk**, birch.

The golden hours on angel wings
  Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
  Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
  Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
  We tore oursels asunder;
But O! fell Death's untimely frost,
  That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
  That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
  I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
  That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And moldering now in silent dust
  That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
  Shall live my Highland Mary.

18. **fu'**, full. 23. **cauld**, cold. 30. **lo'ed**, loved.

A RED, RED ROSE

My luve is like a red, red rose
  That's newly sprung in June;
My luve is like the melodie
  That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
  So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
  And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
  Though it were ten thousand mile.

1. **luve**, love. 8. **a'**, all. **gang**, go.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Flowers of the Forest. 1. This poem is representative of the burst of song-writing in the eighteenth century in Scotland. Everybody, from peer to peddler, from the daughter of an earl to the keeper of an alehouse, wrote songs. Jane Elliott (1727-1805) was a sister of the diplomatist and statesman, Lord Minto.

2. The song is a lament for the disaster at Flodden in 1513. The Scotch army, 30,000 strong, was defeated by the English. King James IV of Scotland and from 5000 to 12,000 of the Scots lost their lives.

3. Which lines are the most picturesque? Would you guess that the author was a noblewoman? Why? What gives the poem its melancholy and romantic air?

Lament for Culloden. 1. The battle of Culloden, or Drummossie Moor, was fought in the western Highlands of Scotland, near Inverness, April 27, 1746. The Young Pretender, supported by the Highlanders, was defeated by the Duke of Cumberland, the "cruel lord" of the poem.

2. Is this or Jane Elliott's "lament" the more vivid? The more intense? How does each represent the melancholy strain in the Scotch?

Address to the Deil. 1. From the first four stanzas what notion do you get of Burns's feeling about the Devil—is it fear, admiration, hate, scorn, contempt, satiric amusement?

2. Of the different superstitions of the Scotch peasants that Burns describes, which is to you the most interesting? The most laughable?

3. Of the Biblical episodes, which reveals Burns's humor more clearly?

4. What phrases in the poem are the most vivid and graphic?

5. What is Burns's final feeling about the Devil? How does it differ from Milton's (see page 253, lines 30 ff.)?

6. The stanza form of this poem is almost as natural to Burns as the heroic couplet was to Pope. A large part of his non-lyrical poetry is written in it. It was the most familiar stanza for Scottish poetry in his day. Has it a solemn or a humorous effect? Quote to prove. What other poems by Burns in this book are in the same stanza? What is the effect in each poem?

To a Louse. 1. Both remonstrance and persuasion were used to keep this poem out of the Edinburgh edition. Why was the effort made, do you suppose? Why was Burns right in printing it?

2. What lines are the best examples of Burns's humor?

3. What makes the final stanza one of the most famous in all of Burns's writing?

Auld Lang Syne; John Anderson, My Jo; and *Contented wi' Little.* 1. These are songs. To get the full feeling which they express, they should be sung.

2. What is the sentiment of each poem? Which is the most personal? The most fervent?

3. Why do you suppose "Auld Lang Syne" is the best-known of Burns's songs all over the world?

Love Songs. 1. The nine poems which follow, beginning with "Mary Morison" and ending with "A Red, Red Rose," are among the most charming love songs in our language. Which one is the lightest? Which two are the most humorous? Of the two, which reveals character the more interestingly and truly? Do you think "Bonie Doon" or "A Red, Red Rose" the more simple and penetrating? Who is the speaker in each? Is "Jean" or "Highland Mary" the more heartfelt and deep? Always quote lines or stanzas to support your view.

2. What type of people does Burns choose for his songs? In this respect how does he differ from Dryden and Pope? Is his language natural for these characters? Do his rhythms and meters suit his subjects?

3. Many of Burns's songs have been sung by famous singers. The class should arrange a program of phonograph records.

REVIEW

1. Do you like Burns best for his humor, his patriotism, or his sentiment? Quote passages to illustrate each of these qualities.

2. In earlier volumes of this series you have read "To a Mountain Daisy," "Bannockburn," "For A' That and A' That," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," and "Tam O'Shanter." Point out some features of Burns's genius that are brought out in these poems.

Further Reading

I. FOR CLASS REPORTS

A series of reports should be presented to the class on other poems of Burns. For example, the following four groups might be made the basis for four reports: (*a*) "A Bard's Epitaph," "Poor Mailie's Elegy," "Tam Samson's Elegy"; (*b*) "Epistle to J. Lapraik," "Second Epistle to J. Lapraik," "Epistle to William Simpson"; (*c*) "The Auld Farmer's New-year Morning Salutation to His Auld Mare, Maggie," "Halloween," "Bessy and Her Spinning Wheel"; (*d*) "M'Pherson's Farewell," "It Was A' for Our Rightfu' King," "Scots Wha Hae." Each report should bring out (*i*) what the poems in the group have in common, (*ii*) what they show about Burns the man and Scotch life in general.

II. MORE EXTENSIVE READING

Those who wish to read more widely in Burns may use either the one volume Cambridge or the Globe edition of the poet. Each has a life prefixed.

III. BIOGRAPHIES

For reports on the life of Burns, read John Nichol's life in the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* Longer lives are those of J. Stuart Blackie and J. C. Shairp.

THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

WILLIAM BLAKE

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Tiger and *Piping Down the Valleys Wild.*
1. When you see a tiger at the zoo, you think chiefly of its litheness and grace. When you read of it in books of adventure, you tremble at its cruelty. Blake was puzzled by this combination of beauty and malignity.

2. What does the poet admire about the tiger? What does he fear or shudder at?

3. What gives these two poems their apparent simplicity? What is the meter of each? Where is it varied to fit the thought? Which is the most beautiful stanza in each?

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH

WE ARE SEVEN

——A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green; they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears.
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Ev'n in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

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2. **Dove**, the name of several streams in England.

LUCY GRAY

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray—
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"Tonight will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father! will I gladly do.
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same.
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL AT INVERSNEYDE

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head.
And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn—
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart.
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness.
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer;
A face with gladness overspread!

Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech—
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality.
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.
Then why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single, in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands.
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending.
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;

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16. **Hebrides**, a group of islands to the west of Scotland.

Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with pain
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;

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22. **machine,** body.

Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause—
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea.
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine—
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

---

9. **Dear child**, Wordsworth's sister Dorothy. **here**, on Calais beach. 12. **in Abraham's bosom**, in the presence of God (*Luke* xvi, 22).

London, 1802. 4. **hall and bower.** The hall was the public dwelling of the Teutonic chieftain, and the bower the private apartments.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old.
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two voices are there. One is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice;
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him—but hast vainly striven.
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

PERSONAL TALK

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk.—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my sight;
And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;

---

13. **Proteus**, the shepherd of Neptune's flocks of seals.
14. **Triton**, a son of Neptune, who could stir or calm the waves by blowing on his sea-shell.

It Is Not to Be Thought of. 4. **with pomp**, etc., quoted from Book II, line 53 of an historical poem, *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars* (1595), by Samuel Daniel.

1. **of the sea**, England. 2. **of the mountains**, Switzerland.

Personal Talk. 8. **Painted**, to guide the dancers.

And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave—the meanest we can meet!

Wings have we, and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure—wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, preëminently dear—
The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancor, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought.
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not.
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust.
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires;

---

41. gentle lady, Desdemona, in Shakespeare's *Othello*.
42. heavenly Una, in *The Faerie Queene*.

I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee. I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY,
ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE
DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild, secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
                    These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure, such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,

Of aspect more sublime—that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
                                        If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
   And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills, when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led—more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
                                        Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee; and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service—rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

ODE

ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;

---

9. **natural piety**, religious regard for nature.
Ode. 23. **tifflely utterance**, the first four stanzas.

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon;
Both of them speak of something that is gone.
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat;
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

---

28. **fields of sleep**, the remote fields filled with quiet and repose.

103. **humorous stage**, the stage on which men and women are exhibited as affected by various whims or moods, as, "business, love, or strife." 104. **persons**, dramatis personae, or characters in the play. 105. **equipage**, retinue.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind—
Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

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112. **eternal deep**, deep mysteries of eternity. 118. **thy immortality**, the light from the eternal world from which he has recently come. It has no reference to his not dying. 128. **life, custom**, conventional notions. 141. **obstinate questionings**, doubts concerning the actual existence of things of sense, i. e., the physical.

I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

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190. **relinquished**, lost (not voluntarily).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

We Are Seven. 1. Wordsworth's own account of the composition of this poem may be found in a complete edition of his works. The poem belongs to the time when Coleridge and Wordsworth were discussing the nature of poetry, and it was published in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). Review what was said (page 396) about the twofold purpose of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and determine in what respects "We Are Seven" conforms to Wordsworth's plan for his own contribution.

2. Does the poem remind you of the ballads in any respect? How does it differ from them? Is there any suggestion of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"?

3. How does the poem illustrate what has been said (pages 397-398) about Wordsworth's theory of poetry?

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways; A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal; and *Three Years She Grew.* These three poems, all on a girl, Lucy, were written in 1799 during Wordsworth's sojourn in Germany. What is the chief emotion of the poet in each?

Lucy Gray. This poem was based on an actual incident. What is the poet's feeling for Lucy? How is the poem ballad-like? How is it unlike the old English ballads?

To a Highland Girl at Inversneyde. 1. Wordsworth's sister Dorothy tells of the meeting with this girl on August 28, 1803, while she and her brother were making a tour of Scotland. It was a rainy afternoon, and the girl was dressed in a plaid falling to her feet, her face only being uncovered. The lake is Loch Lomond.

2. What reveals the depth of Wordsworth's emotion on this occasion? Why is he so deeply affected? What is your feeling for the girl? Quote passages that give you this feeling most strongly. Which picture, of the several that the poet calls up, is to you the most beautiful?

3. How does this poem illustrate Wordsworth's interest in young people? In nature? What earlier poems illustrate the same interests?

4. What seems to you the chief quality of Wordsworth's style? Consider his diction, his versification, his figures of speech in this poem. Give illustrations of the same points from earlier poems.

The Solitary Reaper. 1. The scene which occasioned this poem was witnessed by Wordsworth and his sister a few days after they had crossed Loch Lomond.

2. What is Wordsworth's feeling about this Scottish girl? Quote the lines that reveal it most clearly. What occasions this feeling? What lines are most suggestive, i. e., say most in a few words?

3. What pleasure does Wordsworth derive from memory? Where has he shown this before?

She Was a Phantom of Delight. This is the poet's tribute to his wife in 1804. For what does he prize her? Some pupil should read aloud to the class "O Dearer Far Than Light," written to her twenty years later. Has any change taken place?

Character of the Happy Warrior. 1. What effect has war upon the "happy" warrior? Is this the usual effect of war? What is the ambition of the "happy" warrior about promotion; honor; wealth; excitement?

2. In the final lines (65-85), as indeed through the whole poem, Wordsworth had in mind two men, his brother John, a sea captain who went down with his ship on February 5, 1805, and Lord Nelson, who later in the same year met his death on board the *Victory* at the critical battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. What is the trait singled out for praise in this concluding section?

3. How does this poem differ from Wotton's "The Character of a Happy Life" (page 126)? Is there any similarity of thought?

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge and *It Is a Beauteous Evening.* 1. The first of these sonnets was "written on the roof of a coach," as the poet and his sister were leaving London for France.

2. What does Wordsworth admire in this city scene? How does this interest fit in with his interests in preceding poems?

3. The second sonnet was composed a short time after the preceding, when the travelers had reached Calais. What is the thought in this sonnet? What contrast between this scene and the scene from the bridge? Just as a picture, why does this scene appeal to Wordsworth?

London, 1802 and *The World Is Too Much With Us.* What similarity in subject and in mood do you note in these two sonnets? What difference in thought? Which is the more like the Wordsworth you have already seen? Show whether the thought of these poems applies to America today.

It Is Not to Be Thought of and *Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.* 1. The first of these poems was written in 1802 when England feared an invasion from Napoleon. What mood does it reflect? Which is stronger, the octave or the sestet?

2. The second was written in 1807, when Napoleon was at the height of his power. Switzerland had been subjugated in 1798, although a measure of liberty had been restored to her in 1803. The sea voice is, of course, England's. What is the thought of this sonnet? What does the octave contribute to it? The sestet? What is the mood? Which lines express it most clearly?

3. Are the preceding six sonnets English or Italian in form (see page 129)? Compare them with Shakespeare's in subject, in dignity or sincerity of emotion, in significance of thought. Another report, oral or written, might carry out the same comparison with Milton's sonnets.

Personal Talk. What are the conspicuous interests of Wordsworth as revealed in these sonnets? How does he differ from Burns?

Ode to Duty. 1. Show that each of the figures in the first stanza is appropriate. Illustrate, if possible, from life today or from your own experience.

2. Many young people are in the state described in lines 9-24. Which lines describe it most clearly?

3. In what sense is Duty an "awful Power"? How can she shed "the light of truth"?

4. Does this poem emphasize "Thou shalt not" or "Thou shalt"? What does freedom mean to Wordsworth? State in a single sentence Wordsworth's belief about duty. Is it true?

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud. 1. What two pleasures does Wordsworth get from nature? Do you get both?

2. How does the poem illustrate Wordsworth's definition of poetry?

Lines. 1. From Wordsworth's description in lines 1-22, try to picture the scene that called forth this rich and beautiful poem.

2. What three gifts has Wordsworth owed to the memory of his previous visit to the banks of the Wye?

3. Contrast the feeling about nature Wordsworth had in his youth with his feeling at the time of this visit.

4. In which stage is his sister now? What service does he expect nature to render her? In what way does the thought here resemble that in "The Daffodils"?

5. In the passage quoted below, Tennyson considered "Whose dwelling," etc., one of the grandest lines in all English poetry. Can you give reasons for this judgment?

> "And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

6. Review what has been said (page 397) about Wordsworth's philosophy of nature as revealed in this poem. Find passages in the poem that illustrate the statements made in that analysis.

Ode on Intimations of Immortality. 1. What signs of joy does Wordsworth observe in nature? Try to find all that are mentioned in the first fifty lines. Why, in spite of his happiness, is Wordsworth not perfectly content? Quote lines that best express his discontent.

2. The next four stanzas (lines 58-128) answer the question in lines 56-57. (*a*) The first stanza develops the idea that the soul, which is eternal and never dies, comes into a human body at birth from a glorious heavenly home, though the memory of it fades gradually as the child grows older. Which lines express this conception most beautifully? (*b*) How, according to the next two stanzas, is this first vision gradually lost? (*c*) Why is the child still called an "eye among the blind" (line 111)? What are the heritage (line 111) and the truths (line 115) which men have lost?

3. The key to lines 129-167 lies in a statement by Wordsworth: "I was often [in childhood] unable to think of external things as having external existence. Many times while going to school I have grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality." Quote the lines where he restates

this poetically. What importance does he attach to these childish misgivings? Quote the lines that most clearly state this importance.

4. How do the instincts of childhood restore his joy in nature? How does his mature reason supplement the fading childish intuitions?

5. What reflection of human life does Wordsworth find in nature? In what way is nature now a great solace and inspiration to him? In what sense does she "intimate" that man is immortal?

6. It is said that the great ode is implied in the short poem "My Heart Leaps Up." Show whether this is true.

7. One belief of Wordsworth about children is given in "We Are Seven"; another in the sonnet, "It Is a Beauteous Evening." What is each belief? How is each related to this "Ode"?

8. This poem of Wordsworth's is often considered the greatest ode in the English language. (*a*) Point out places where the length of line and kind of meter are finely chosen to express the thought. In what meter are the reflective passages written? What is the effect of the shorter lines? (*b*) Give instances of the use of rimes for emphasis and linking of parts. (*c*) Do you consider this a rhetorical (see page 288, note 5) or a genuinely poetical ode? Cite passages that bear out your opinion.

REVIEW

1. Looking over all of Wordsworth's poetry in this volume, draw up a list of the subjects that interested him. What features of childhood and youth does he love? Quote poems to illustrate. What relation does he find between nature and human life? What qualities does he admire in men? Why does he love England? Perhaps you will wish to work your answers up into a paper.

2. What are the outstanding qualities of Wordsworth's style? Compare him with Pope in diction, imagery, and rhythm. This assignment should be worked out in a carefully phrased paper.

Further Reading

Those who wish to make a fuller acquaintance with Wordsworth's poetry will find the best of his poems listed below. The titles under each heading are arranged in the order in which they were written.

I. FOR CLASS REPORTS

Narratives: "Simon Lee," "Nutting," "Matthew," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "To Joanna," "Resolution and Independence," "Yarrow Unvisited," "The Affliction of Margaret," "The Fir Grove," and "Yarrow Visited." The report or paper on these poems ought also to include a statement of the kinds of nature Wordsworth liked, his sympathies with human life, and the influence he thought nature has on human life. Include comparisons on these points with poems in this volume. Compare Wordsworth as a narrative poet with Scott.

Lyrics: "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "The Sparrow's Nest," "Written in March," "To a Butterfly" (two poems), "To a Skylark" (two poems), "To the Small Celandine" (two poems), "To the Daisy" (four poems), "The Green Linnet," "At the Grave of Burns," "To the Cuckoo," "O Nightingale, Thou Surely Art." On the basis of these poems a report or paper should be drawn up, comparing Wordsworth with Milton or with Burns as a lyric poet. Illustrate the subjects that stir emotion in each poet, the intensity and sincerity of feeling in each poet, and the music of the verse.

Sonnets: "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic," "When I Have Borne in Memory," "Nuns Fret Not," "To Sleep," "Methought I Saw," "Surprised by Joy," "There, Said a Stripling," "Most Sweet It Is." On the basis of these sonnets, compare Wordsworth with Shakespeare or Milton as a writer of sonnets. Always illustrate your points.

II. BIOGRAPHIES

Those who wish to study further about Wordsworth's life should read the following:

Harper, G. M.: *Wordsworth.* This is the most complete biography, in two volumes.

Hinchman, W. S.: The *Life* in the Great Writers Series.

Myers, F. W. H.: The *Life* in the English Men of Letters Series.

Winchester, C. T.: *Wordsworth, How to Know Him.*

The article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

SELECTIONS FROM SCOTT

ROSABELLE

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*]

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth today.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth today?"

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
Tonight at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME

[From *Marmion*]

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the newborn year
The fittest time for festal cheer.
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While Scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly;
And, dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,

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10. **inch**, island. 21. **the ring they ride**, an amusement of the nobility which replaced tournaments. The horseman tried to carry off on a spear the ring, which was suspended at a height above the course.

38. **pale**, inclosure. 39. **foliage-bound**. The foliage was carved round each pillar. 41. **pinnet**, pinnacle. 42. **rose-carved**. The rose was carved because of the name Roslin, though the name meant a waterfall on a promontory.

Christmas in the Olden Time. 7. **Iol** (yule), the Danish word for Christmas. **mead**, a fermented beverage made of water, honey, and malt. 17. **Scalds**, Norse poets or bards.

As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merrymen go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside;
And Ceremony doffed her pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair,"
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ránger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White skirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made:
But, oh! what maskers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this willfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

---

23. **Odin**, the supreme deity of the ancient Scandinavians. 34. **kirtle sheen**, bright skirt. 44. **underogating**, without losing anything in esteem. 45. **post and pair**, an old game of cards. 55. **No mark**. In feudal times the nobles occupied a raised platform at one end of the hall, while their followers ate at a lower table. 65. **trowls**, passes round the table.

74. **lists**, likes. **mumming**, merrymaking in disguise, a remnant of the early mystery plays. 78. **dight**, decked. 82. **broached**, opened the cask of.

Jock of Hazeldean. 7. **loot**, let. 13. **ha'**, hall. 19. **managed**, trained.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

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25. **kirk**, church. 29. **bower and ha'**. See note on line 4, page 424. 31. **Border**, i.e., between the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Rosabelle. This ballad is taken from the sixth canto of Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Some student should volunteer to read the whole *Lay*, rehearse the story briefly, and indicate the exact circumstances under which this ballad is sung. In this connection he might point out other famous passages or read them to the class; for example, Deloraine's night ride, the preparations in Branksome Hall to repel the besiegers, the coming of Watt Tinlinn to Branksome, or the celebrated description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight.

Christmas in the Olden Time. This passage is taken from the introduction to the sixth canto of *Marmion.* Some student should volunteer to make a report similar to that suggested for *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Jock of Hazeldean. The first stanza of this song is ancient. Compare the whole poem with "A Red, Red Rose" and "Auld Lang Syne," which Burns based on ancient songs.

REVIEW

1. Compare "Rosabelle" with "Tam O' Shanter." Which is more eerie? Romantic? Human? Humorous?

2. What romantic features do you find in the three poems by Scott? Can you find any explanation of why he was in his day more popular than Wordsworth or Coleridge? Why is Wordsworth now considered the greater poet?

3. In the passage from *Marmion,* what phrases remind you of poetic diction in the age of Pope? In the three poems, what particularly vivid or picturesque phrases do you find? Is Scott's diction as simple and poetic as Wordsworth's? Quote from both poets to prove.

Further Reading

1. Besides *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion,* the student should reread *The Lady of the Lake* (in Book One of this series). The report should deal with the coming of Roderick Dhu and the fight between Fitz-James and Roderick. How does the poet's feeling for nature differ in this poem from that of Wordsworth in "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey"?

2. An alert and ambitious class should also provide for reports on Scott's prose romances. One set may deal with the Scotch novels: *Guy Mannering, Old Mortality, Rob Roy,* and *The Heart of Midlothian.* Three English novels, *Ivanhoe, Kenilworth,* and *Woodstock,* may be grouped with *The Talisman* and *Quentin Durward.* How are his prose romances like his metrical romances? How are they different? What did Scott love in medieval life?

3. Some of the class should by all means read selections from Lockhart's *Life of Scott.* The report should bring out the character of Scott. It may contain a comparison of Lockhart's *Scott* with Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

SELECTIONS FROM COLERIDGE

KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM

A FRAGMENT

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But, oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted

Title. **Kubla Khan**, Kubla the Khan, or Emperor. 1. **Xanadu**, a region in Tartary.

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail.
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there—
And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!—
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

CHRISTABEL

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high;
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothéd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe;
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air

To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone;
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
(Said Christabel) "And who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness;
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear."
Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:

"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine.
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn;
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is—
For I have lain entranced iwis—
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke;
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand"—thus ended she—
"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
"Oh, well, bright dame, may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth, and friends withal,
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose; and forth with steps they past
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blessed,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth;
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate.
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court; right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side:

---

92. **iwis**, certainly. 108. **chivalry**, body of knights. 129. **The lady sank.** It was believed that evil spirits could not cross, without aid, a threshold which had been blessed to keep them away.

"Praise we the Virgin all divine,
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court; right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch;
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;

And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
"Oh, softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet.
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered—"Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her deathbed she did say
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist, cold brow,
And faintly said, " 'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank;
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
"All they who live in the upper sky
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.

---

152. **scritch**, screech.

217. **wildered**, bewildered.

But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro
That vain it were her lids to close;
So halfway from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropped to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
Oh, shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems halfway
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah, well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
"In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest tonight, and wilt know tomorrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel when she
Was praying at the old oak tree,
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy, leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together pressed,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh, call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet iwis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!
And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And if she move unquietly,
Perchance 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?

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288. **bale**, sorrow. 306. **tairn**, tarn, a small mountain lake. 310. **fell**, moor, wild field.

But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call—
For the blue sky bends over all!

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone—and the birch in its stead is grown.
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Kubla Khan. 1. This poem was composed in a dream. On awakening Coleridge wrote it down just as he had dreamed it, but before he had finished, a visitor came in. When he left, Coleridge could not remember the rest of the poem.

2. Which of these adjectives apply to the poem: matter-of-fact, musical, imaginative, thoughtful, visionary, prosaic, full of suggestion, colorful?

Christabel. Observe the supernatural element in this poem. Why must Geraldine be lifted across the threshold? Why does the mastiff moan? Why does the flame dart out from the white ashes? Why does Geraldine mention Christabel's dead mother? Where is it clear that Geraldine is an enchantress?

Review

1. Pick out the most beautiful of Coleridge's descriptions of nature. Does he show power of very minute observation, or are his scenes broad and general? (This will be a test of your own observation.) Compare him in these respects with Wordsworth, always quoting to illustrate your point.

2. The meter of these poems should be studied carefully. Coleridge thought it was based "on a new principle; namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet the accents will be found to be only four." (*a*) Study these variations to discover why the line is lengthened or shortened; for example, lines 3, 10, 16, 49-52, and so on. Explain to the class. (*b*) Compare this verse with Scott's in "Christmas in the Olden Time" (page 435). What is the difference in the effect? In which does the movement of the rhythm more delicately fit the varying mood of the poem? (*c*) Is the principle really new or is it the fundamental principle of all English verse? Go back to earlier periods in literary history before you decide.

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow;
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well;
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met;
In silence I grieve

That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

MAID OF ATHENS

Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

Maid of Athens! I am gone;
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

There be none of Beauty's daughters
  With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
  Is thy sweet voice to me;
When, as if its sounds were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming
And the lulled winds seem dreaming!

And the midnight moon is weaving
  Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
  As an infant's asleep.
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer's ocean.

LAKE LEMAN

[From *Childe Harold*]

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue;
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
  Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

To fly from need not be to hate mankind;
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,

---

6. The translation of this Greek line is, "My life, I love you." 14. **zone**, girdle. 15. **token-flowers**, flowers used to convey messages; for example, a bunch of flowers tied to the hair meant, "Take me and fly." 21. **Istambol**, Constantinople.

Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come with hues of night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness; on the sea
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake—
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the rushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear?

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture; I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life;
I look upon the peopled desert past
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the spirit of each spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? Should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? And stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

NIGHT

[From *Childe Harold*]

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear

---

30. arrowy, swift.

Night. 4. Jura, a picturesque mountain range between France and Switzerland.

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep—
All heaven and earth are still. From the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self; it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty—'twould disarm
The specter Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

From CHILDE HAROLD

CANTO IV

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered; let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak

---

12. **brakes**, thickets. 43. **Cytherea's zone**, the magic girdle of Venus (who was known also as Cytherea). Anyone who wore it acquired untold charm.

The deep prophetic fullness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

That curse shall be forgiveness. Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain.
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire.
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear.
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie.
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—

---

17. **not altogether of such clay.** This is perhaps the most arrogant passage in English poetry. 24. **Janus glance**, glance looking two ways, as Janus, the Roman god, was represented as looking in two directions.

37. **seal is set**, curse is ended. **dread power**, spirit of the past. 38. **here**, in the Coliseum. 50. **Circus**, Rome's amphitheater, where contests were held. 53. **listed spot**, the "lists" for a tournament. 55. **gladiator**, a famous statue in the museum on the Capitol Hill in Rome. It is really of a Gaul dying on any battlefield.

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And there, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much, and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! From its mass,
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared.
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all, years, man have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear
Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead—
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World!" From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

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69. **Dacian**, of Dacia, a province of the Roman Empire. Rumania and a section of Hungary are parts of what it once comprised. 82. **From its mass.** For centuries the ruined Coliseum supplied stones for builders.

95. **garland forest**, the growth of shrubs and weeds that formerly sprang up from the crevices. 96. **Like laurels**, etc. Caesar is said to have liked to wear the laurel to hide his baldness. 100. **While stands**, etc. This is ascribed to the Venerable Bede, about the beginning of the eighth century.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

When We Two Parted; Maid of Athens; and *She Walks in Beauty.* 1. These three lyrics are personal. "When We Two Parted" was probably inspired by a love affair when Byron was only fifteen. He wrote it five years later. "Maid of Athens" arose from his short acquaintance with a girl under fifteen on his first visit to Athens. "She Walks in Beauty" he wrote on returning from a ballroom where he had seen the wife of a cousin. She wore black, as she was in mourning, but had many spangles on her dress.

2. Which of these three lyrics seems to you the most genuine in sentiment? The most musical?

3. The meter of each of these poems is very irregular. Your only guide must be your ear. Does this irregularity interfere with the rhythm? Point out lines that illustrate your answer. Does the rhythm fit the emotion closely? Again illustrate.

4. In connection with these, read "The Dream," "The Glory That Was Greece," "The Destruction of Sennacherib," "On this Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year." What new notion of Byron do you derive from them?

Lake Leman. 1. This selection is taken from *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanzas 68-75. Review what was said about this poem on page 403 ff.

2. Why does Byron dislike crowds and men? What attracts him in nature? Compare his feeling with Wordsworth's in "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey." To which of the stages in Wordsworth's feeling for nature does Byron's feeling correspond? Quote the similar passages from the two poets.

Night. 1. This selection also comes from *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanzas 86-92.

2. What is the mood of lines 1-54? What passages bring out this mood most clearly? What is the mood of lines 55-63?

3. Which of these two passages reveals the more of Byron? Which contains the more stirring descriptions of nature? Quote to illustrate.

Childe Harold, Canto IV (stanzas 134-145). 1. In lines 1-36 what is the sentiment? Where is it most fierce or intense? Most proud or arrogant? Can you learn from a biography of the poet whether he is justified in this bitterness?

2. What feeling does the Coliseum arouse in Byron? In describing the gladiator, does he give his own feelings or those of the gladiator? What is the most eloquent part of the description of this statue?

3. According to Hobhouse, "when one gladiator wounded another, he shouted, 'Hoc habet' or 'Habet,' 'He has it.' The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and, advancing to the edge of the arena [the "here" of line 73], supplicated the spectators [on the tiers of seats, the "there" of line 74]. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs and he was slain." What two striking contrasts does Byron draw in lines 64-81?

4. Which of the lines (82-108) descriptive of the ruin are most impressive? Most characteristic of Byron?

REVIEW

1. Do you like Byron better as a descriptive or a lyric poet? Are his finest descriptions of nature or of art? Quote the best poems or passages of each kind. Where does he express a desire to escape from civilization? Is he more or less self-centered than Burns? Than Wordsworth? Compared with each, is he more or less vigorous in expression? Beautifully suggestive? Sincere and penetrating?

2. *Childe Harold* is written in the Spenserian stanza. Read over some of the stanzas of *The Faerie Queene* (pages 114 ff.). Which poet is the more musical? The more dream-like? The more forceful? In more direct contact with facts? With human nature?

Further Reading

I. FOR CLASS REPORTS

Reports should be brought in on other of Byron's poems in the Cambridge or some other complete edition: "The Prisoner of Chillon" (printed in Book Two of this series, page 20); *Childe Harold,* Canto III, stanzas xvii-xlv; Canto IV, stanzas clxxv-clxxxvi; "Mazeppa," stanzas ix-xx; *Don Juan,* Canto II, stanzas xxix-li. Do you discover any new sides to Byron in any of these passages? What further illustration of aspects already studied?

II. BIOGRAPHIES

Encyclopedia Britannica: The article here is an excellent brief account.

Jeaffreson, J. C.: *The Real Lord Byron.* This is an interesting volume. It contains much detail about Byron and his surroundings.

Nichol, John: *Byron* (in the English Men of Letters Series).

Noel, Roden: *Lord Byron* (in the Great Writers Series).

Trelawney, E. J.: *Records of Byron, Shelley, and the Author.* This volume is very entertaining reading.

LESSER POETS OF THE NEW ROMANTICISM

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

CHARLES LAMB

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

ROSE AYLMER

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Ah, what avails the sceptered race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

HOHENLINDEN

THOMAS CAMPBELL

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

---

7. **love**, Ann Simmons, whom Lamb recalls in his essay "Dream Children." 10. **friend**, Charles Lloyd (1775-1815), a minor English poet. 16. **Friend of my bosom**, Coleridge.

Title. **Rose Aylmer**, the daughter of Lord Aylmer, a friend of Landor's. 1. **sceptered race**, a reference to the titled Aylmer family.

Hohenlinden. 1. **Linden**, Hohenlinden, a town in Austria. In the battle fought here in 1800 between the Austrians and the French, Campbell was near at hand. The French were victorious. 4. **Iser**, a river in Bavaria.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Thomas Moore

Oft, in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
  Of other days around me;
    The smiles, the tears,
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimmed and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather;
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

Thomas Moore

The harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
  Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

RUTH

Thomas Hood

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell.
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou should'st but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

---

23. **Frank**, the French. **Hun**, the Austrians.

Title. **Tara**, a hill some miles northwest of Dublin. On it, according to legend, stood the palace of the ancient kings of Ireland.

Ruth. 1. **corn**, wheat or oats. 15. **stooks**, shocks of grain.

SELECTIONS FROM SHELLEY

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED

One word is too often profaned
  For me to profane it;
One feeling too falsely disdained
  For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
  For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
  Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
  But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
  And the heavens reject not—
The desire of the moth for the star,
  Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
  From the sphere of our sorrow?

MUSIC WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovéd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

I FEAR THY KISSES

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

---

1. **One word**, love. 8. **that**, love.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine
O belovéd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

---

11. **champak**, a flower of India something like our magnolia.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

---

19. **singled**, picked out. 20. **what it once possessed**, the person it has once loved. 23. **frailest**, the poet himself. 30. **eagle**, lofty.

15. **unbodied**, disembodied.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves;

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine.
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might.
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean

---

53. **deflowered**, opened out.

96. **measures**, musical strains.

Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear—
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out.
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, never more!

A DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main—
Wail for the world's wrong!

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

---

22. **The sage.** Shelley had no one in particular in mind.

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill;
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver—hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst—oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers,
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves—oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision—I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

---

21. **Maenad.** The Maenads, usually represented as mad or frenzied, were the priestesses of Bacchus. 31. **coil,** windings. 32. **Baiae's bay,** a Roman resort at the western end of the Bay of Naples.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The first six of Shelley's poems given here are love songs. Their melody is so magical that the best way to study them is to memorize them. Which seems to you the most spontaneous? The saddest? The most thoughtful? The most ethereal? The most conversational?

To a Skylark. 1. Divide the poem into four parts, as: (*a*) lines 1-30, Quality of the Skylark's Song, etc. Point out the most beautiful pictures in each part and the most musical rhythms. In what section does the poet begin to think of himself rather than the bird? Which stanzas are the most direct revelation of the poet's soul? Which contains the deepest thought? How does this poem differ from Wordsworth's "To a Skylark"?

Stanzas Written in Dejection. How does the mood of this poem differ from that of "To a Skylark"? Why is the stanza different?

To Night; A Lament; and *A Dirge.* Why does Shelley long for night? Which of the personifications is the loveliest? How do "A Lament" and "A Dirge" differ in feeling? In thought?

Ode to the West Wind. 1. You can divide this poem into two parts. What is the purpose of each? Where does the poet begin to think of his own spirit rather than of the wind?

2. The poem has been described as one long figure of speech. What figure is meant?

3. This ode is written in *terza rima.* Indicate the interlacing rime-scheme by letters. What is the meter?

4. What gives the poet hope in the conclusion? How does the conclusion resemble the close of "To a Skylark"? How do the two poems differ in mood? Discover from the two poems, what were "the world's wrongs" that saddened Shelley? Do they persist today?

REVIEW

Compare Shelley with Wordsworth. Which loves to dwell on the poetry of common things? On unearthly beauty? Which creates the more magically suggestive phrases, such as Milton's "under the opening eyelids of the morn"? The more delicately undulating music in the verse? Quote passages to bear out your opinions. On the whole, which seems to you the greater lyric poet? This comparison, after discussion in class, should be written out as a report.

Further Reading

I. POEMS

Further reading of Shelley's poems might include "Ozymandias," "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills," "The Cloud," "A Dream of the Unknown," "To the Moon," "With a Guitar: to Jane," "To Jane: the Invitation," "The Recollection," "The Question," "The Poet's Dream." What new insight do these give into Shelley's genius?

II. BIOGRAPHIES

The biography of Shelley in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is by William Rossetti, himself a poet. The best detailed biography is that by Edward Dowden in two volumes.

SELECTIONS FROM KEATS

PROEM TO ENDYMION

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching. Yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms.

---

18. brake, thicket.

And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read—
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys. So I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished; but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness;
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;
O ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quired!

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth, too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;

---

20. **dooms**, destinies. 35. **Endymion**, a beautiful shepherd youth, on Mount Latmos, who was kissed by the moon goddess. Keats's poem is in four books. 42. **youngest**, earliest. 50. **vermeil**, bright red.

62. **thorough**, through.

On the Sea. 4. **Hecate**. See note on line 52, page 160. 14. **quired**, sang.

Title. **La Belle**, etc., the beautiful lady without compassion. 8. **zone**, girdle.

She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lulléd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes, too,
Pale warriors; death-pale were they all,
Who cried—'La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

ODE ON THE POETS

Bards of passion and of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven, too,
Double-lived in regions new?
—Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine, melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earthborn souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven, too,
Double-lived in regions new!

THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dressed as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's signboard flew away

---

19. **as**, as if.
Ode on the Poets. 8. **parle**, speech.

12. **Dian**, Diana. The fawn was a favorite companion of the moon goddess. 20. **numbers**, verses. 28. **Never . . . . cloying**, never put to sleep, never satiated with delights.

Title. **Mermaid Tavern**, a favorite resort of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other Elizabethan dramatists. 2. **Elysium**, in Greek mythology, the dwelling-place of happy spirits after death. 12. **bowse**, drink heavily.

Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-wingéd dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draft of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim—

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer. 1. **realms of gold**, great poems or other great literature. 8. **Chapman**. See note on this poem, page 462. 11. **Cortez**, a mistake for Balboa.

Ode to a Nightingale. 2. **hemlock**, a drug made from the leaves of the poisonous hemlock herb. 4. **Lethe**, a river of Hades, the drinking of whose waters caused forgetfulness of the past.

13. **Flora**, Roman goddess of flowers. 14. **Provençal song**, poetry of the troubadours of Provence, in southern France. 16. **Hippocrene**, the spring of the Muses on Mount Helicon, in Greece. 32. **Bacchus and his pards**. The chariot of the god of wine was sometimes represented as drawn by leopards. 33. **viewless**, invisible.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rime,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Silvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rime—
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!

---

43. **embalméd**, balmy. 64. **clown**, peasant. 66. **Ruth**. See *Ruth* ii in the Bible.

7. **Tempé**, a beautiful valley in Thessaly. **Arcady**, a region in the heart of the Peloponnesus surrounded by mountains. Poets have long celebrated it as the scene of ideal rural life in the Golden Age.

Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

---

41. **Attic**, pertaining to Athens, where the highest perfection in sculpture was obtained. **brede**, decoration.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

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3. **charactery**, printed characters. 6. **romance**, the wonders of the heavens, of all creation. 8. **hand of chance**, the inspiration that comes to a poet.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Endymion. 1. What causes for low spirits does Keats mention? What two kinds of beauty give him joy? In lines 25-33, what suggestion of Wordsworth do you find?

2. From the description of the seasons, which do you think was the favorite of Keats?

3. Study the use of the heroic couplet in this poem. What makes these couplets seem so different from those of Dryden or Pope?

On the Sea. What does Keats like about the sea? How does the thought of this sonnet differ from that in "It Is a Beauteous Evening," or "The World Is Too Much with Us"? Is the sonnet Italian or English in form?

La Belle Dame sans Merci. 1. Old romances and legends tell many stories of mortals who are beguiled by a fairy into a world of mystery. After a period of happiness, they often find themselves back in the real world and try vainly to recover the lost enchantment. Keats distills the very essence of romance, and also suggests the bareness and prose of a life from which romance has fled. What details in the poem suggest these two things?

2. Which lines comprise the question to the knight? Which lines comprise the answer?

3. Who is the Lady? What experience does the poem narrate? Compare the poem with Thomas Rymer (Book One of this series, page 255).

Ode on the Poets and *The Mermaid Tavern.* 1. Can you see why these various Elizabethan poets appealed to Keats? Did he find more pleasure in their "passion" or their "mirth"?

2. Compare these poems with "L'Allegro." How do they differ in subject? In mood? Which poet is the more restrained and classical?

3. Is the tone playful or grave? Is the music delicate or sonorous? Is the style sparkling or rich?

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer. George Chapman (1557-1634) was an Elizabethan dramatist, best known for his translation of Homer's *Iliad* into English verse. Keats could not read Greek. A friend showed him this translation. They sat up nearly all night reading it, parting only at dawn. When the friend sat down to breakfast, he found this sonnet, which Keats had sent him. Does the mistake of Cortez for Balboa affect in any way the truth of the emotion? What are the finest figures in this sonnet?

Ode to a Nightingale. 1. In the spring of 1819 Keats listened often to the song of a nightingale which had built its nest near the house in which he was living. He was still very sad from the death of his brother in the preceding December. He refers to this sorrow in lines 1 and 26. A friend notes that after his brother's death "he began to droop," partly because he suspected that he was himself a victim of consumption.

2. Each stanza in this ode is a unit. What gives each its unity? What lines seem to you most magical in melody or suggestiveness? What mood runs through the whole poem? Is the poem romantic or classic?

3. Compare this ode with Shelley's "To a Skylark" in picturesque elements, poetic phrases, music, and way of looking at life.

Ode on a Grecian Urn. 1. Keats found the inspiration for this poem in the Elgin marbles of the British Museum. These, among the finest specimens of Greek sculpture, were brought to England by Lord Elgin. In the Museum and elsewhere he saw also marble vases, on which were cut in low relief various scenes. His recollection of these vases is responsible for this famous ode.

2. Which stanza contains the finest contrast? The most beautiful picture? The deepest conviction of Keats? What mood runs through the poem?

3. The three central stanzas are often said to contain the supreme poetry of the ode. Express the thought of these stanzas in your own words.

4. Review what was said of this poem on page 408, and find illustrations in the poem.

When I Have Fears. 1. This cry from the very heart of Keats records what actually happened. His death cut short the development of a great poetic genius. What two deep longings does he describe?

2. In what form does he repeat the opening phrase, "When I have fears"? Is the repetition beautiful or tiresome? Is the sonnet Italian or Shakespearian in form? How does it differ from "On the Sea" and "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" in form? In mood?

REVIEW

1. Compare Keats and Wordsworth as to perception of natural beauty. Of the stages of love of nature described in "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," which did Keats share with Wordsworth? Quote lines that illustrate your point.

2. How does Keats differ from Shelley as a lyric poet? Which seems the more spontaneous? Which has the more soaring ambition?

3. Does Keats or Byron have the wider sympathy with human emotion? The greater love of literature and art? The keener interest in ideals and the actual struggles of life?

Further Reading

I. FOR CLASS REPORTS

Narratives: One set of reports may deal with some of Keats's narrative poems, to be found in either the Globe or the Cambridge edition: "The Eve of Saint Agnes" (found in Book One of this series, page 13); "Isabella" (to these two poems apply the questions given for "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and then compare them with *The Faerie Queene* as to stanza, imagery, and verse); "Hyperion." Compare this poem with *Paradise Lost* in theme and style.

Odes: Other odes should be read for comparison with his greatest, which are printed in this volume. For example, "Melancholy," "Indolence," "To Psyche," "To Autumn." Which of these seems to you the finest? What do they add to your conception of Keats?

Sonnets: Among his sonnets you should read: "To Sleep," "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket," "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent," "On Sitting Down to Read King Lear Once Again," "To Homer," "The Last Sonnet" Compare them with Wordsworth's and Milton's sonnets.

II. LETTERS

Some pupil should report on Keats's interests and character as seen in his letters. For example, one might read those to his brother George, and to his friends Haydon and Brown. If these prove interesting, read any or all of the others.

III. BIOGRAPHIES

If a complete biography is wanted, either Sidney Colvin's or William Rossetti's will prove satisfactory.

CHAPTER XII

VICTORIAN ROMANTICISM AND REALISM

Romance and Reality—The Future of Poetry.

Political and Social Conditions: Parliamentary Reform—The Birth of an Era.

Alfred Tennyson: Early Life—Maturity—His Relation to Life—His Range—*Idylls of the King*—The English Idylls—The Classical Poems—Tennyson's Lyrics—*In Memoriam*—Dramas—Tennyson's Later Life.

The Art and Thought of Tennyson: His Art—His Thought.

Robert Browning: Early Life—His First Writings—*Bells and Pomegranates*—The Dramatic Monologue—*Men and Women*—*The Ring and the Book*.

The Art and Thought of Browning: Browning as a Poet—His View of Life.

Other Victorian Poetry: Elizabeth Barrett Browning—Matthew Arnold—Dante Gabriel Rossetti—William Morris—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Summary.

Romance and Reality. The romanticism of the early nineteenth century was founded, in part, on the desire to escape from actual conditions into a dream-world in which happiness and justice might be found. This dream-world took various shapes. Sometimes it appeared as a re-creation of the romance of medieval times; through ballad and legend and old history you crossed over into a land of faerie, peopled by folk like Christabel, the lovers who fled on St. Agnes Eve, the knights and ladies of Scott's romances. Sometimes it was found in a field of daffodils or beside a mountain lake or near the ruins of an old abbey. In such places Nature became a divinity capable of initiating her followers into mysteries. Wordsworth found such a world, you remember, when he was sick at heart because the ideals of human brotherhood and emancipation were first distorted by the passions of the French Revolution and then crushed by Napoleon's career of conquest. Turning from the wrecked human world, he said that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." And sometimes, as with Shelley, this dream-world was an imaginary vision of a Golden Age that was to return to bless mankind. The last lines of his "Ode to the West Wind," the closing scenes of his *Prometheus*, his lyric, "The World's Great Age Begins Anew"—all illustrate this dream of future happiness set over against the harsh realities of life in Shelley's England.

This does not mean, as of course you know, that the poets of the age of Wordsworth were blind to realities. You have only to think of Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton—

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters . . .

or his sonnet on the seeming triumph of materialism—

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers—

or the noble passages on liberty scattered through his poetry; or Shelley's perception of the evils of the winter that held icebound the idealism of England—

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn—mud from a muddy spring—
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field, . . .
A Senate, Time's worst statute unrepealed—
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

From all this poetry we gain the impression of sharp contrast between the real world and the ideal. At some far time, perhaps, the two may blend; in the meantime, the poet finds room for freedom only in the ideal world created by his imagination. This idealism, piercing through the confusion and seeming hopelessness of actual conditions, the poets of the age of Wordsworth expressed in words of flame.

The Future of Poetry. In 1825 Macaulay published his first important essay. His subject was Milton, and in the essay he maintained that there could never be any more great poetry, since "as civilization advances, poetry necessarily declines." He had warrant, seemingly, for such a statement. Keats, Shelley, Byron, were dead. Coleridge was immersed in philosophical speculation. Scott was writing prose fiction. To Wordsworth still remained a quarter of a century, but most of his later verse seemed more like prose than poetry. The "getting and spending," the "fen of stagnant waters," the blindness of politicians—all seemed far removed from the faith in beauty, in ideals, in the reality of poetic insight into the meaning of life. Shelley had said, a few years previously, that poets are "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," and Carlyle was to apply to Burns a little later the old saying, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." But in 1825 the brilliant young Macaulay, deeply read in history, not at all an idealist, keenly alive to what we call the "practical," held, with seeming reason, to the opinion that the days when poetry was to count for anything in the world were gone forever.

In 1842 Alfred Tennyson published the volume of poems which won him fame; in 1841-1846 Browning's *Bells and Pomegranates* announced the appearance of another great poet. Thus the prophecy of 1825 was disproved.

Before we study the life and work of these two great poets, let us look a bit more carefully at what was going on in England as the middle of the century approached.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Parliamentary Reform. Victoria became Queen of England in 1837. Five years previously, the Reform Bill had extended the suffrage to all persons of the upper and middle classes, but laborers on farms and in the factories and mines were still denied the privilege of participating in government. For them there was no educational system; women and children worked long hours in mines and factories; the high tariff on grain made the cost of bread almost prohibitive. The progress of the Industrial Revolution, as has already been explained, brought thousands to despair. The Chartist movement was an attempt to secure a People's Charter which should end these abuses by further extension of the right to vote. Reformers also sought to abolish property qualifications for membership in Parliament, so that representatives of the laboring classes might be sent to the national assembly, and to do away with the tariff on grain. Aroused by popular demonstrations, Parliament corrected some of the abuses of child labor, regulated the hours of labor, and took steps to protect women-workers. Parliament also abolished many of the laws that called for capital punishment, reformed the dreadful conditions in the prisons, and adopted many other humanitarian measures. In 1838 and the year following, the Anti-Corn-Law League carried on a campaign that resulted, in 1846, in the repeal of the tariff on grain. As a result the cost of living was immediately reduced.

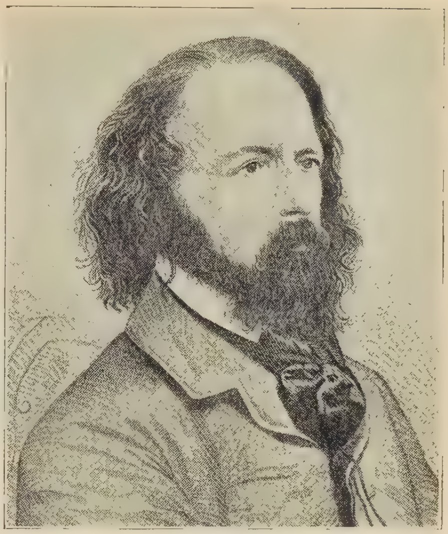
The Birth of an Era. For extended discussion of the progress of the industrial and political revolution you must consult other books. Here we can point out only a few of the changes that were making England a new nation. The discontent that sought relief through parliamentary reform was not solely political; it sprang from the transformation wrought by the introduction of machinery, railroads, steamships, and cheap printing. Cities sprang up overnight; wealth increased enormously; England became an empire with vast colonial possessions. Finally, the advance in science taught new respect for unbiased truth. All these influences combined to bring about a new literature. The facts and conditions of life brought poets, novelists, and essayists face to face with reality.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Early Life. Alfred Tennyson was born August 6, 1809, in the rectory of Somersby in Lincolnshire. He was one of twelve children. Even as a boy, he wrote verses. He tells us that when he was eight years old he composed a verse that he thought very fine—"With slaughterous sons of thunder rolled the flood." He wrote an epic in Scott's manner and also imitated Pope's translation of Homer by writing a long poem in the heroic couplet. In 1827, he published, with his brother Charles, a little book called *Poems by Two Brothers.*

In 1828 Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he belonged to a club called "The Apostles," where he discussed problems of philosophy, politics, and literature. He was a youth of great energy, of great personal charm, and with a capacity for friendship. The most important events of his college life were his association with Arthur Hallam, son of a distinguished historian, and the publication, in 1830, of *Poems Chiefly Lyrical.* A year later he was needed at home, and left college without taking a degree. His father's death shortly afterwards put the chief management of the estate on Alfred's shoulders; he published a second volume of poetry in 1833, and thereafter was silent for nine years.

Maturity. In part this silence was due to the hostile attitude of the reviewers; in part it was due to his own severe self-criticism. In some respects Tennyson's life presents analogies with that of Milton. Both dedicated themselves early to poetry. Both held that the poet is a prophet, an interpreter, as Milton said, of "the best and sagest things." To this end, the poet must be a man of learning; he must look upon his work as a fine art, demanding exquisite skill and constant revision, and he must seek not merely to amuse but to teach. In the years that passed before Tennyson again published a volume of poems, he wrote much, destroyed much, and waited. He passed through a season of profound discouragement, for Arthur Hallam, the friend who believed most sincerely in his high poetic gift, met an untimely death while traveling in Europe.



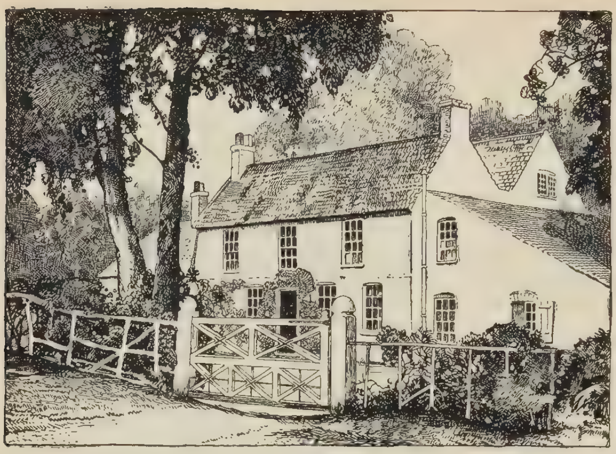
ALFRED TENNYSON

In 1842 he published, in two volumes, *Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* Many of the earlier poems reappeared, but they were greatly changed and improved, and the new poems had an authority and perfection that met instant and universal response. One of the most interesting facts about Tennyson's poems is that they were frequently assigned for translation into Greek and Latin verse; only poetry of classic finish could be so used.

In 1847 he published *The Princess,* which Tennyson himself rightly called "A Medley." It is a discussion of the place of woman, set in a background that reminds us in some respects of Shakespeare's early comedy, *Love's Labor's Lost,* together with some suggestions of a modern university. It is partly humorous, partly serious. The songs that it contains are among the loveliest of Tennyson's lyrics.

The full maturity of his genius, however, begins with the year 1850, when he published new editions of his poems, with additions, and the first edition of his great elegy, *In Memoriam.* In the same year he married Emily Sellwood, and succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate.

His Relation to Life. Tennyson wrote a very large body of poetry. His life was long; he won success at a comparatively early age; he had no great sorrows, save



SOMERSBY RECTORY, TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE

in the death of Hallam, and no struggle against poverty or adverse conditions. He did not, like Milton, interrupt his career in order to engage in work far removed from study and writing. Yet he must not be thought of as a recluse or hermit, living solely among books. He had a large circle of friends, some of them powerful in this world's affairs, like Gladstone; others of humble station. From both he learned much. He was eagerly responsive to life. But it was as an observer and interpreter of life, not as an actor, that he looked about for the themes of his poetry.

His Range. Tennyson's poetry may be classified as narrative, lyric, and dramatic. In all three fields he was a supreme artist. His narratives have a wide range, including such modernizations of medieval romance as the *Idylls of the King*, and such versions of classical story as "Ulysses" and "Tithonus," together with poems like *The Princess* and a group of English idylls. Among his lyrics we find many simple songs on a wide variety of subjects, but he also is a master of the ode, while in his elegy on the death of Hallam, *In Memoriam*, he produced a work that is unique in its combination of sustained lyric power with a treatment of some of the deepest problems of life. Finally, he is remembered as a dramatist who brought back something of the sweep and power of the Elizabethans.

Idylls of the King. For two-thirds of a century Tennyson was occupied with his interpretation of the Arthurian legend. His interest in this legend began with "The Lady of Shalott," published in 1833, and with a version of the Lancelot story; in the volume of 1842 he published "Sir Galahad" and "Morte d'Arthur"; other idylls appeared from time to time. The first use of the title *Idylls of the King* was in 1859, when four idylls were published. Ten years later four new idylls were added, but it was not until 1888 that the entire work was finished in the form in which we know it.

These facts are significant, because no other theme engrossed the attention of the poet through so long a time. They show how important he thought it to be, and the revisions and additions show how carefully he studied all his work. In the beauty of their form, and in their revelation of the poet's thought about life, this Arthurian epic occupies a place in Tennyson's work similar to that of *The Faerie Queene* in Spenser's work, and *Paradise Lost* in the poetry of Milton.

While Tennyson's sources are to be found in various medieval versions of Arthurian romance, he does not present a picture of medieval life, as Scott did in his verse romances. He uses the story, as Spenser had used it in the sixteenth century, as a means for creating an imaginary world of his own in which the life of his time should also be reflected. Like Spenser's, his poem is not unified except for the fact that Arthur frequently appears in it. Tennyson's separate idylls are "little pictures" chosen from the mass of Arthurian material, dealing with separate though highly significant adventures or episodes. As in Spenser, too, there is allegory. Tennyson said that his theme was the war of sense on soul; in his poem the king represents the soul, and his institution of the Round Table corresponds, in a way, to Spenser's conception of ideal knightly character. In *The Faerie Queene* this ideal character is warred on by evils that seek to destroy it. In Tennyson, material things, false idealisms, and disloyalty are all opposed to the knightly ideal, and overcome it. Arthur's birth and coronation introduce the story. His government is to do away with all injustice and to institute a better world order. For a time his vision prevails, but selfishness creeps in. Even the search for the Holy Grail is condemned because the knights leave the work they have vowed to accomplish in order to follow "wandering fires." In this respect we are reminded of *Piers the Plowman*, for Tennyson holds that the heavenly vision comes most truly to him who works "in the space of land allotted him to plow."

The English Idylls. The best known of the poems belonging to the English group is "Enoch Arden," which appeared in 1864. For years previously, however, Tennyson had been interested in the portrayal of scenes and characters from simple English life. "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," and "Dora" belong to this group, poems filled with sentiment, telling simple love stories, at times leading to a tragic conclusion. In a later group, of which two poems about "The Northern Farmer" are examples, he made use of dialect with humorous effect. The characters in these dialect poems are drawn from life; the language they speak is accurate in detail, and they abound in dramatic interest.

AN ILLUSTRATION BY DORÉ FOR ONE OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

The Classical Poems. With the group of classical poems we return to the influences that came to Tennyson from books. Like the *Idylls*, these poems do not truly reproduce the life which they represent, but serve as backgrounds or frames for the poet's own interpretations. The best examples are "The Lotos Eaters" and "Ulysses," of which the first represents the desire to escape from active life, while the second is an inspiring interpretation of a life filled with high adventure.

Tennyson's Lyrics. Throughout his life Tennyson wrote lyric poetry, and the lyrical element in his narrative work is always apparent. For such poetry he was gifted because of his knowledge of music, his mastery of rime, the great variety of his stanzas, and, most of all, because of his exquisite sense of form. His lyrics spring from an emotional nature that was deep and varied. He writes of love and death, of war, of national pride, of religious faith. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is one of the most famous battle-lyrics in the language; the songs in *The Princess* introduce childhood and love in such a way as to bring out the inner meaning of the poem; "Crossing the Bar" is the supreme lyric of faith triumphing over death.

In Memoriam. Tennyson's finest poem, excepting perhaps *The Idylls of the King*, was written in memory of his friend Arthur Hallam. It belongs among the great elegiac poems of English literature, such as "Lycidas" and "Adonais." Unlike these, it is not a pastoral, but a series of what the poet called "short swallow-flights of song" that express his own spiritual life in the seventeen years of their composition. They have the effect of a sonnet sequence, except that the separate lyrics vary in length. They are bound together by stanzas or poems that mark the passing of time—Christmas, Easter, the anniversaries of Hallam's death. They also represent the poet's own progress from the deep despair of the time immediately following his friend's death, through intermediate stages of hope and doubt, to the final triumph of faith. *In Memoriam* is remarkable not only for the truth with which it reveals Tennyson's own spiritual life and for its beauty, but also for its accurate though perhaps unconscious interpretation of the period during which it was written.

Dramas. Further evidence of the great range of Tennyson's power as a poet is found in the fact that toward the end of his life he wrote several plays in blank verse. *Becket,* dealing with the times of Henry VIII, has had a long stage history. The best of his other plays, *Harold* and *Queen Mary,* were also dramatizations of English history.

Tennyson's Later Life. Much of Tennyson's life after his marriage was spent at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, and at Aldworth, his beautiful Sussex home, where he sought retirement, spending his time in study and writing. He was interested not only in literature and history, but also in several branches of science. From his studies he emerged from time to time for a holiday tour, but his real life he found in his own home. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage. His death occurred October 6, 1892.

The Art and Thought of Tennyson

His Art. Mention has already been made of the great care with which Tennyson reviewed and corrected his verse. Despite this, his industry was so great that he produced an extraordinary amount of poetry. This poetry is singularly even in quality. Almost from the first he was a master of all the effects to be gained through rime, stanza, and the choice of apt and poetic words. His blank verse, best illustrated by the *Idylls,* carried on the great tradition of this verse form as it has been practiced since the time of Shakespeare. *In Memoriam* is famous not only for its content but for its adaptation of the elegiac stanza, four lines riming *a b b a,* with which he gets many varied effects. In such longer lyrics as the famous "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," rime and stanza are varied in a way that suggests organ music. Throughout his poetry one finds the charm of vivid and poetic imagery. His descriptions of nature are warmer and more colorful than Wordsworth's, more exquisite than Byron's.

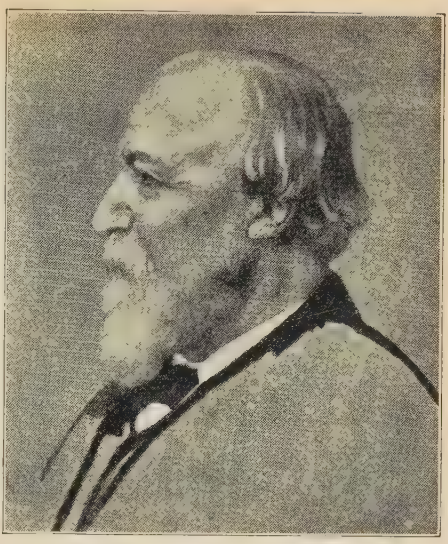
His Thought. Deeply sensitive to the intellectual currents of his own time, and deeply versed in literature and life, Tennyson's poetry is significant for its thought as well as for its beauty. He was a great friend of Gladstone, was interested in the reforms that were being made, and wrote many poems on political and patriotic themes. On the whole, he was conservative in politics. He praises England as a land of freedom, but this freedom is one that "broadens slowly down, from precedent to precedent." All hasty change, therefore, he deplores. His interest in science has already been mentioned. Scientific investigation in his time seemed to many people to be taking a course calculated to destroy religious faith, and frequently in Tennyson's poetry we find reflections of this feeling. He wrote many poems on the conduct of life and on the problem of sin. "The Palace of Art," for example, is an allegory showing the wickedness of withdrawing from life in order to develop one's own intellectual and artistic tastes. The theme, as we have seen, is also treated in "The Holy Grail"; and many other poems might be cited to show that the fundamental ideas of Tennyson are to be grouped around the central theme of faithful service in one's own station. He represents the solid virtues of his time, with nothing of the reformer or the ardent enthusiasms of the revolutionary epoch in his work. Compared with the vigor and intensity of Browning, or with the passionate indignation of Carlyle, he seems pallid and at times sentimental. His fame will rest, ultimately, upon the richness and exquisite beauty of his style.

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

Early Life. Robert Browning was the son of a London banker who was also a collector of old books, a lover of poetry, and a man of vigorous and interesting personality. In one of his poems Browning tells us that his father made the events of the Trojan War vivid to him by improvising a drama in which the cat, the dogs, the pony, and a servant were actors. The father also made up rimes to assist Robert in memorizing Latin declensions. In a home filled with books the boy acquired a taste for reading such varied authors as Milton, Pope, and the romantic poets. He was a lover of pictures, and was allowed to visit the famous Dulwich gallery before he had reached the age established by the rules; he was a musician of ability; and thought for a time of becoming an artist. Most of his early education was secured at home; he did not attend Oxford or Cambridge, but after a short period of study at London University, went abroad. As a boy he was interested in animals, took lessons in riding, boxing, and fencing, and prepared to be a poet by reading the whole of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary.*

His First Writings. Shelley exerted a strong influence on young Browning, and the result was the publication of a poem named *Pauline,* in 1833. It is largely autobiographical, is filled with praise of Shelley, and is not very clear. Ten years later he published a long poem on the life and spiritual experiences of Paracelsus, a great scientist of the sixteenth century. Before he wrote it, Browning made a careful study of his hero's life and times, and though it was too difficult a poem to be popular, it brought him praise from thoughtful people, who recognized in it work of rare promise. As a result he became acquainted with the great actor Macready, for whom he wrote, a little later, a drama called *Strafford,* which dealt with the times of Charles I.

Bells and Pomegranates. In a series of small books, called *Bells and Pomegranates,* Browning published, 1841-1846, some of his most interesting poetry. The series contained several dramas, some lyrics, and many examples of a literary type called the dramatic monologue. Among the dramas perhaps the best known is *Pippa Passes,* in which a little girl from the silk factory sets out on a holiday. She passes several houses in which the occupants have reached some crisis of their lives, and her song influences them without her knowledge. The plan of the little drama is highly ingenious, and it allowed Browning to show his power to write lyrics of fresh and original beauty and also to reveal character through a single brief but powerfully conceived scene. Here is where he excelled. For dramatic work in which a sustained plot was to be revealed he had no great genius; his action was too apt to be buried beneath psychological analysis; but in presenting a character or a small group of characters in a scene full of dramatic significance he excelled.



ROBERT BROWNING

The Dramatic Monologue. This power he manifested to the full in his dramatic monologues, some of which appeared in the series called *Bells and Pomegranates* and others in later collections. In these the poet himself does not appear, that is, he does not *narrate* the story. Some one person, the chief character in the scene, is the sole speaker. His monologue makes clear the situation, reveals his own character, and portrays also other persons so vividly that we are fully conscious of their presence. Thus, in "My Last Duchess" the speaker is a vain and very wealthy old noble, who is talking with a young man sent as an envoy to arrange a second marriage for the Duke. To this envoy the speaker describes his first wife in such a way as to show us her beauty of person and character, and also to betray his own mean, cruel, cultivated personality. As they talk, we are made aware of the wealth of the Duke, of his priceless art treasures; and we are also made aware of the spiritual poverty that makes him merely the keeper, not the possessor, of these treasures.

Men and Women. Despite the excellence of the eight volumes published in *Bells and Pomegranates*, Browning's reputation grew very slowly. He found one reader, however, whose appreciation was destined to prove of supreme importance. A reference she made to his poetry led first to a correspondence and later to an acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett. She was supposed by her family and herself to be a hopeless invalid, but Browning married her secretly (1846), and took her to Italy, where she gained strength and happiness. Until her death, in 1861, the Brownings lived in Italy, where both studied art, wrote, and enjoyed a wide circle of friends, among them being many Americans.

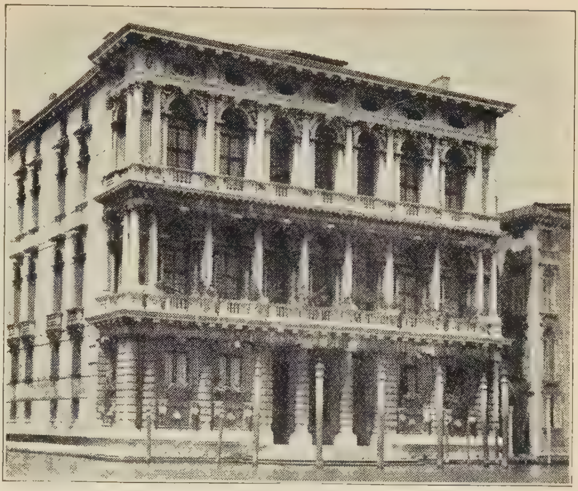
In 1855 two volumes called *Men and Women* were published by Browning. The title shows his supreme interest in personalities. He was a profound student of character, drawing his materials, however, not from the observation of contemporary life, but from a careful reconstruction of the life and times in which the subject of his poems lived. Thus, his interest in art led him to study the history of Italian art in the early Renaissance. This he did, not only through art galleries and pictures, but also through exhaustive research among old documents and histories. From an interest in the personality of men whom he chose for his subjects he proceeded to an interpretation of the times in which they lived. Monologues like "The Bishop Orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," or "Fra Lippo Lippi," or "Andrea del Sarto" are therefore interesting for their story, for their superb analysis of character, and for their interpretation of history. He wrote, not as a teller of tales, not as a romancer, but as a person who seeks to give a realistic view of a person and a period, presenting them, of course, through the medium of his own interpretation.

Such studies of men and women cover a range that is Shakespearean in extent. He writes of artists, musicians, prelates. His "Grammarian's Funeral" is an interpretation of the spirit of the early Renaissance revival of the classics. His "Epistle of Karshish" is a study of the effect of the story of the life and miracles of Christ upon a shrewd and skeptical Arabian physician. In "Abt Vogler" he presents a study of a musician, and in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" of the wisdom of age. In "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" his method is admirably shown. The line which gives the title to the poem he found in Shakespeare's *King Lear*. This was enough for Browning. He does not tell a romantic tale, such as Keats tells in "The Eve of St. Agnes," or Coleridge in "Christabel." The Dark Tower, a place of mystery, and the weary knight who had spent his life in searching for it, are both etched with sharp definiteness, but Browning's deeper interest is in this knight—his feelings, his weariness and disillusion, his brave challenge to whatever might issue from the dread tower. It is not romance, but the interpretation of romance.

The Ring and the Book. This fundamental interest in the souls of men and women is illustrated by the powerful and original work named *The Ring and the Book* (1868–1869), written after the death of Mrs. Browning, whose spirit he invokes in one of his most beautiful little poems, "O Lyric Love." In a second-hand bookshop he had chanced upon "an old yellow book," which contained an account of a murder trial in Italy. This story Browning tells in the words of various people concerned with the tragedy and certain people outside the main group who pass comments on it. In all, the story is repeated twelve times, Browning's object being to show how hard it is to arrive at the real truth, and also, as in the dramatic monologues, to reveal various types of characters through their own testimony.

THE ART AND THOUGHT OF BROWNING

Browning as a Poet. There are many differences between Browning and Tennyson. Browning did not revise and polish his verse. He was not careful of rime or poetic form. He was frequently obscure and difficult in expression, and gives the



THE PALAZZO REZZONICO, VENICE, WHERE BROWNING DIED IN 1889

impression of not caring whether his reader understands or not. In one of his most mystifying and difficult poems, *Sordello*, he says that "who will may hear Sordello's story told," but to extract this story from the hundreds of lines of intricate language is no slight task. Browning made no apologies and by no means sought to placate his readers. He remarked that he did not propose to write poetry that should be a substitute for an after-dinner cigar or the latest novel.

Because of his difficulty, his reputation grew far more slowly than Tennyson's. Yet he offers a reward so great to those who seek it that his audience, though small, is devoted to him, and societies have been formed for the study of his works. It must also be remembered that by no means all of his work is thus difficult, and that he produced a large number of poems of flawless artistic excellence. Like Tennyson, he uses every variety of stanza and verse. These, however, are more individual. His lyrics are superb, but they are unlike the lyrics written by earlier poets.

His View of Life. Though Browning's chief interest was in men and women and he analyzed the secret springs of character with unerring skill, we find less immediate contact between his poetry and the actual events of his century than is the case with Tennyson. He works on the basis of the unchanging character of the human heart. He writes about a medieval artist or scholar, or about a Renaissance bishop, or an imaginary Arab physician, not about an English farmer or sailor or business man.

This is not to say that he was divorced from his time. If he says nothing about the corn-law agitation, or the labor problem, or the freedom broadening slowly from precedent to precedent, he treats of other subjects that had direct interest for his day—the emancipation of Italy, for example, or the problem of religious doubt. Most of all, he represents the optimism and faith that were excellencies as well as defects of the nineteenth century. He is perhaps too cheerful and confident. But he is not mawkish. In his poetry and his life he stands for vigor and for intellectual sincerity. Finally, he opened up new fields for poetry. For the transcendental philosophy of nature, the poems about revolution and fraternity, the dramas about a Golden Age, the imitations of ballads and old romances, he substituted new themes, as he also substituted a new poetic style. In his unconventional thought and the startling originality of his expression, he looks toward Whitman and certain tendencies in modern verse. His attitude toward poetry is one that inspires respect, for his appeal is to people who are willing to do a little thinking, not to those who seek languidly to be amused.

OTHER VICTORIAN POETRY

Tennyson and Browning have made so large a place in the poetry of the nineteenth century that we are apt to forget their contemporaries. In fact, however, the failure of poetic inspiration which Macaulay found in 1825 is disproved not only by the achievement of these two transcendent poets but by the number of their contemporaries and the quality of their work. Of this work only a bare outline can be given here.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861). Mrs. Browning is remembered as the author of one of the greatest cycles of love-sonnets since the time of Shakespeare. These sonnets were written about her love for Robert Browning, and they were published under the title *Sonnets from the Portuguese* in order not to betray their intimate nature. Besides this sonnet sequence, Mrs. Browning wrote a number of lyrics, and a novel in verse, *Aurora Leigh.*

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888). As in earlier periods, many writers of the nineteenth century wrote both prose and verse. Matthew Arnold began, like Scott, as a poet, and then turned to prose, in which he won his highest reputation. His poetry should be considered in connection with this chapter, however, because it illustrates two leading qualities of Victorian poetic literature—polish and correctness of form, and sensitiveness to the religious unrest of the period. His elegies, "Thyrsis," on the death of his friend Arthur Hugh Clough, and "Rugby Chapel," on the death of his father, reflect not only personal grief but also a certain despair—only in human love and in the beauty of nature can any peace be found. This mood is frequent in Arnold's other poetry, such as "Dover Beach"; and even in his great verse narratives, *Sohrab and Rustum* and *Balder Dead*, the elegiac element is very strong.

Arnold was a master of classical literature. *Sohrab and Rustum*, based on a Persian legend, is told in the manner of Homer, as is *Balder Dead*, the source of which is a Norse heroic legend. In an earlier period such subjects would have been treated after the manner of medieval romances; but Arnold treats them as episodes from some epic told in the style of the classics.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882). In "Fra Lippo Lippi," one of his poems about Italian art, Browning speaks of the painter who instead of presenting conventional scenes (the old "types" we found in eighteenth century poetry) shows the beauty and wonder in ordinary life and scenes. This sensitiveness is one of the tests of the romantic spirit in poetry and art.

About the middle of the century several men who were interested in painting and poetry formed themselves into a group called the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Their purpose was to restore to English art something of the freshness and simplicity of Italian art before the time of Raphael. In the group was Dante Rossetti, the son of an Italian exile then living in England. Later, the group included, also, such great poets as William Morris and Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Rossetti was a poet as well as an artist. In "The King's Tragedy" (an account of the death of the Scottish King James I), the ballad-like "Sister Helen" and "Rose Mary," and the famous "Blessed Damozel," he combined the richness of detail which was a cardinal principle of the Brotherhood with a genuine re-creation of the spirit of wonder. In this work there is no didacticism and no merely literary "imitation." He recaptured the spirit of Coleridge's "Christabel," and Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes."

William Morris (1834-1896). The increasing interest shown by poets in the other arts, already noted in the studies of Browning and in the life of Rossetti as poet and painter, finds added illustration in the career of William Morris. As a college student he was deeply moved by religious feeling, taking special interest in medieval Christianity. For a time he thought of entering the Church, but decided at last to become an architect and to combine with the profession an interest in social reform. Through his friendship for Rossetti he studied painting, and he wrote some poems, notably an Arthurian piece, "The Defence of Guenevere," in something of Rossetti's manner.

After his marriage, in 1860, Morris built a house which he furnished in accordance with ideas gained by his study of interior decoration. So deeply engrossed did he become in this work that he determined to set up in business as a decorator. His company included Rossetti and the great painter Burne-Jones. Despite his business interests, he wrote a great deal of poetry. He published *The Life and Death of Jason* in 1867 and, in the following year, *The Earthly Paradise.* These were collections of metrical romances, set in story frames like that of the *Canterbury Tales*, and telling with amazing vigor tales of old Greek or medieval life. In 1875 a third great collection appeared, *Sigurd the Volsung*, in which he made use of Norse and Teutonic heroic legend.

Meantime, Morris interested himself in social and political movements. He became a socialist, and wrote some essays for a socialist journal. To his contributions to the arts he added a new interest, that of fine printing, and through the Kelmscott Press published a series of books distinguished for their beauty in type and binding. In a sense, then, we may look upon Morris as a successor of Chaucer, because of his collection of medieval tales, and of Caxton, because of his interest in printing. Through a life of variegated interests and occupations, his early passion for medievalism was the master-impulse.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909). Swinburne is remarkable for the new melodies which he extracted from metrical forms that had been used for centuries, and for the extraordinary range of his subjects. He proved the abiding attractiveness, for poets of the nineteenth century, of drama written in the Elizabethan manner, such as his trilogy on the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. In *Atalanta in Calydon* and many other poems he dealt with stories drawn from the classics. His *Poems and Ballads* suggests the Pre-Raphaelites. Arthurian romance is presented, in heroic couplets that seem almost like a new form of verse, in his *Tristram of Lyonesse*. Current European themes appear in his "Song of Italy" and other poetry in praise of Mazzini and the Italian revolution. Love, the sea, children, British imperialism—here are other subjects found in the mass of his poetry. In all this work he wrote with a fluency and music that are astounding.

SUMMARY

Swinburne's career, which extended into the twentieth century, proved the inexhaustible fertility of the English language and poetic forms. The Victorians continued the movement inaugurated late in the eighteenth century: a renewed interest in the medieval, a deeper sympathy for humanity, a sense of the value, for poetry, in man's relations to nature. To this they added much: greater attention to style and form, wider range of subjects, the influence that comes from a larger audience.

While the poetry of the Victorian period was not like that of Wordsworth's time, revolutionary in temper, it was still occupied with the problems of the individual human soul—its desire for expression, its relations to the infinite, the effect upon it of what Wordsworth called "this unintelligible world." Indeed, the problem was complicated because it was no longer political or theological alone, but included the dislocations of industrial revolutions and the destruction of the old conceptions of the order of the universe through the progress of science.

In order to understand the effect of these new intellectual currents on literature, we shall need to study, not merely Victorian poetry, but the criticism of life supplied by prose.

VICTORIAN ROMANTICISM AND REALISM

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

SONGS FROM "THE PRINCESS"

The Child's Grave

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

The Cradle Song

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The Bugle Song

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Tears, Idle Tears

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,

That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life, the days that are no more!

A Small, Sweet Idyll

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropped upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild,
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air.
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I read, before my eyelids dropped their shade,
"The Legend of Good Women," long ago
Sung by the morning-star of song, who made
His music heard below—

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, though my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renownéd brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,

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7. **underworld**, the sea beyond the horizon.

A Small, Sweet Idyll. 13. **silver horns**, the peaks of the mountains. 15. **firths of ice**, glaciers. 16. **huddling**, covered with ridges. **furrow-cloven**, crevasses or splits in the ice. 17. **dusky.** The dark water of the melting ice is in sharp contrast with the snows of the glacier itself.

25. **azure pillars**, columns of smoke that rise straight in the calm air.

A Dream of Fair Women. 5. **Dan**, master.

And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints battered with clanging hoofs;
And I saw crowds in columned sanctuaries;
And forms that passed at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst through with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scattered over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
And hushed seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the selfsame way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seemed to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddlebow,
That bore a lady from a leaguered town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep,
Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered far
In an old wood; fresh-washed in coolest dew
The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fallen across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb, dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulcher
Is not so deadly still.

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turned
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root through lush green grasses burned
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drenched in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

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27. **tortoise**, a movable roof used to protect soldiers in ancient times while they were working a battering ram.

And from within me a clear undertone
Thrilled through mine ears in that unblissful clime,
"Pass freely through; the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chiseled marble, standing there—
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech. She, turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place:

"I had great beauty. Ask thou not my name.
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady; in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,"
I answered free. And turning I appealed
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws.
"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse;
This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which men called Aulis in those iron years.
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern, black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
Touched; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
"I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below
Then when I left my home."

Her slow, full words sank through the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea.
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here,
That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold, black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
"I governed men by change, and so I swayed
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the blood,
According to my humor, ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood;
That makes my only woe.

"Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull, cold-blooded Caesar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?

"The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck; we sat as god by god;
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

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85. **lady**, Helen of Troy. 100. **one that stood beside**, Iphigenia (see note 4, page 485).

123. **a voice**, that of Cleopatra. 139. **Caesar**, Augustus, the first Roman Emperor. 143. **Nilus**, the Nile River.

"We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which out-burned Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailéd Bacchus leaped into my arms,
Contented there to die!

"And there he died; and when I heard my name
Sighed forth with life, I would not brook my fear
Of the other. With a worm I balked his fame.
What else was left? Look here!"

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite.)

"I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name forever!—lying robed and crowned,
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided through all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight,
Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipped his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of someone coming through the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn.

"The torrent brooks of hallowed Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling through the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine;
All night the splintered crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, through the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charmed and tied
To where he stands—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow,

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite;
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's towered gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leaped forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath." She rendered answer high:
"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

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145. **Libyan**, pertaining to ancient Libya, the part of northern Africa west of Egypt. 146. **Canopus**, one of the very brightest stars in the heavens. 150-151. **Hercules . . . Bacchus**, at once the heroic and the convivial type. 155. **the other**, Augustus.

178. **someone coming**, the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite (see note 6, page 485).

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that nature gave,
Lowered softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darkened glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was rolled into the sky,
Strength came to me that equaled my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race
Hewed Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth"—here her face
Glowed as I looked at her.

She locked her lips; she left me where I stood.
"Glory to God," she sang, and passed afar,
Thridding the somber boscage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice, full of care,
Murmured beside me. "Turn and look on me:
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!
O me, that I should ever see the light!
Those dragon eyes of angered Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust.
To whom the Egyptian: "Oh, you tamely died!
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger through her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stolen to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broadened on the borders of the dark,

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243. **Thridding**, making her way through. **boscage**, thick growth. 249. **a low voice**, that of Rosamond Clifford (see note 7, page 485). 259. **Fulvia**, wife of Antony, whose name Cleopatra puts in place of Eleanor. 263. **captain of my dreams**, Venus, the morning star.

Ere I saw her, who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that love can vanquish death,
Who kneeling with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compassed, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blessed,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be expressed
By sighs or groans or tears;

Because all words, though culled with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

"OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS"

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, godlike, grasps the triple forks
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears,

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

---

266. **her who clasped**, Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More (see page 100). She preserved her father's head after his execution, and was buried with it in her arms. 269. **her who knew**, Eleanor, Queen of Edward I of England. She sucked the blood from a wound made by a dagger thought to be poisoned.

14. **isle-altar**, England. 15. **triple forks**, symbolic of the supremacy of the sea. Neptune's scepter was a trident.

From IN MEMORIAM

PROEM

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and, lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned;
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss.
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blessed,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

---

33. **my sin.** See note 4 on this selection, page 486.

I. 1. **him**, Goethe (1749-1832), the greatest of German poets, who wrote many different kinds of poetry. 4. **dead selves**, simply experiences, which die as soon as they are past. 14. **long**, ultimate.

XXVII. 6. **field of time**, as opposed to eternity. 12. **want-begotten rest**, content due to lack (want) of higher qualities.

LIV

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and nature then at strife,
That nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no;
From scarpéd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me;
I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath;
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Though nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace; come away; the song of woe
Is, after all, an earthly song.
Peace; come away; we do him wrong
To sing so wildly; let us go.

Come; let us go; your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind.
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass, my work will fail.

LIV. 3. **pangs of nature**, diseases. **sins of will**, conscious, purposeful violations of moral law. 4. **taints of blood**, hereditary impulses.

LVI. 2. **scarpéd**, steeply sloping. **quarried stone**, which shows fossil remains of extinct forms. 8. **And he.** The completion of the predicate is in line 19, "Be blown." 22. **prime**, primeval ages. 23. **tare**, tore.
LVII. 6. **leave behind**, i. e., in the grave.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set, slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu, adieu," forevermore.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallowed ground.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light.
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have been still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die.

VASTNESS

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanished face;
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanished race.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourned by the wise, Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies;

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame;
Thraldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, followed up by her vassal legion of fools;

Trade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn;
Desolate offing, sailorless harbors, famishing populace, wharves forlorn;

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide downway with her flying robe and her poisoned rose;

Pain that has crawled from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light;

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne;

Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate;
Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laureled graves of the great;

Love for the maiden, crowned with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean;

National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the village spire;
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapped in a moment of fire;

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without mind;
He that has nailed all flesh to the Cross, till self died out in the love of his kind;

Spring and summer and autumn and winter, and all these old revolutions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of empire—change of the tide—what is all of it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last?
Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence, drowned in the deeps of a meaningless past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?—

. . . .

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him forever; the dead are not dead but alive.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

---

10. **recks not,** considers it nothing. 16. **downway** passage.

24. **golden mean,** sufficiency without excess, moderation. 26. **ruckle,** rattle.

Crossing the Bar. 3. **moaning of the bar,** a reference to an old superstition that the outgoing tide, in rolling over the sand bar, gave forth a mournful sound at the time of a death.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

The Child's Grave. What settles the quarrel? In one edition Tennyson omitted lines 6-9. Do you think they should have been permanently left out? Why?

Cradle Song. Does the point of view change in the second stanza? In this family of three, which is the central figure?

The Bugle Song. 1. Tennyson wrote this song after a visit to the beautiful Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, where he heard a bugle blown. What time of day is pictured?

2. What is described in the first two stanzas?

3. "Our echoes," in the third stanza, has reference to the influence that one loved person has on another. What contrast does Tennyson suggest?

Tears, Idle Tears. This poem, a blank verse lyric, was written at Tintern Abbey "when the woods were all yellowing with autumn, seen through the ruined windows." Tennyson says, "It is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture, and the past, and not the immediate today in which I move." Where is this longing for the past most poignantly expressed?

A Small, Sweet Idyll. 1. This poem, also a blank verse lyric, was written in the Alps, and pictures the waste heights in contrast with the rich valleys below. What is the thought of the lyric? What is the incongruity of "a sunbeam by the blasted pine" or a star shining near an icy peak (lines 5, 6)? Point out the onomatopaeia in the last three lines. What does it contribute to the lyric as a whole?

2. Can you see why Tennyson ranked this poem (for its simple rhythm and vowel music), as among his "most successful work"?

The Songs as a Whole. 1. These songs from *The Princess* are among the most lovely that Tennyson wrote. (*a*) How do they differ in meter? Note that the last two are in blank verse—a very unusual form for a lyric. In "Tears, Idle Tears" what is the effect of the fifth line in each stanza? In "A Small, Sweet Idyll" what lines call forth emotion?

2. Some pupil should read *The Princess*, to report on how these songs are introduced and on how they help to bring out the central idea of the long poem.

A Dream of Fair Women. 1. Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women* celebrates eight women of earlier times who were famous for their faithfulness in love, such as Alcestis, who died to save her husband from dying. Is Tennyson's allusion to Chaucer apt? Why?

2. Of the various scenes that flit through the poet's mind before entering the "gulfs of sleep," which is to you the most vivid or beautiful? What have they to do with women?

3. The wood in lines 53-84 represents the past. What details of the picture are particularly appropriate?

4. Look up in a classic mythology or an encyclopedia the stories of Helen and Iphigenia (lines 85-120). How are the stories related to each other? Do the pictures that Tennyson draws agree with classical accounts? What is the emotion of each woman? Which is the most brilliant picture?

5. Do the description and actions of Cleopatra (123-176) agree with other accounts you have read? Does any part of Tennyson's vision give you a new conception of her?

6. Read the account, in *Judges* xi, of "the daughter of the warrior Gileadite." What does Tennyson add (177-248) to this Biblical version? Compare the attitude of the Hebrew maiden with that of Iphigenia. Compare her with Cleopatra.

7. The last of the "fair women" is Rosamond Clifford (died about 1176), who was beloved by Henry II of England. She was cruelly murdered by Queen Eleanor. Compare Rosamond with Cleopatra.

8. The clue to the poem is given in lines 281-284. Compare this yearning with that expressed in "Tears, Idle Tears." Which poem expresses the longing most beautifully? Most poignantly?

9. "A Dream of Fair Women" shows Tennyson's power as a descriptive poet. Compare him as to carefulness of observation, relation between natural scenery and man,

and vividness of poetic phrasing with Milton, Thomson, Gray, and Goldsmith.

Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights. This poem outlines the change from ancient times to the present. In early ages of despotism there was no freedom, but ideals of liberty gradually spread among the people, particularly in England. What lines show Tennyson's conservatism? What would Byron or Shelley say of this poem? Wordsworth?

Proem (from *In Memoriam*). 1. *In Memoriam* was written to commemorate the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the brilliant son of Henry Hallam, the historian. He and Tennyson had been intimate friends at Cambridge University. The year after taking his degree he died (September 15, 1833) after a very brief illness. Further information about the poem and its relation to Tennyson's thought and art will be found on page 467.

2. To understand the invocation in the "Proem," you should read *I John* iv, 8-21. The third stanza suggests Tennyson's reason for believing in the immortality of the soul: since God puts a longing for immortality in human beings, He must also be just enough to provide a future life to satisfy it. Lines 15-16 express his belief in the freedom of human will. He thought life would not be worth living if we had not the power to determine our own acts.

3. Tennyson's youth had been passed in an atmosphere of undisturbed religious belief. During his manhood systems of thought were changing. New scientific theories ("a beam in darkness" of line 24) had made many very skeptical of some accepted religious beliefs. Tennyson held that scientific knowledge ought to grow, but that the men of science ought to reverence divine truths, just as everyone had before (line 28) these disturbing scientific doctrines began to be discussed.

4. Tennyson's sin (line 33) was not lack of reverence, but sorrow for the loss of his friend. He feared his deep grief might fail in submission to God.

5. You see, then, that in this elegy Tennyson considers some of the most searching problems of life. You have not yet reflected upon death, immortality, or free will with much feeling. If you will consider them with Tennyson, you will forevermore understand better the problems of mature life.

6. This invocation to "immortal love" corresponds to the ancient epic poet's invocation of the muse. Whom did Milton invoke in *Paradise Lost?* Why is Tennyson's invocation appropriate here?

I. This introductory poem gives Tennyson's conviction about grief. He once believed that grief helped to develop the soul. Now that grief has come upon him, he feels only the bitterness, because it is the direct result of his love. He prefers this suffering to a fading of his love. Would you?

XXVII. In spite of his sadness, the poet does not wish a peace that might come from a limited ability to feel. He prefers freedom of action and breadth of experience. Here he touches again on freedom of will. Do you agree with him?

LIV. Tennyson returns here to his belief in immortality, but he concedes that his only reason for believing is his own hope. Which figure best expresses the idea of happiness in a future life? Our ignorance in our present state?

LV. How do these stanzas continue the discussion: "What basis have we for believing in immortality?" How does Tennyson explain lines 7-8? In this poem is his hope stronger or weaker than in LIV?

LVI. Tennyson in these lines examines the evidence that geology offers from a study of fossil remains of early stages of animal life. He finds (line 7) that geology knows nothing of the soul. What aspects of man's activity lead him to look for a soul? Why does he call the battles of dinosaurs "mellow music" compared to man without an immortal soul? Why does he wait till after death ("behind the veil") for an answer to the destiny of man?

LVII. The poet here calls his sister away from this sad subject. These poems enshrine his friend richly, but he fears that even this shrine will not last. What will endure as long as he is alive?

CIV. This poem was written while Tennyson was living in Epping Forest on a hill looking down on Waltham Abbey, "The church below the hill." At this new residence, there were no associations to remind him of Hallam. It was the third Christmas since the death of his friend.

CVI. This New Year's Eve immediately follows the third Christmas. Where does the poet indicate the disappearance of his personal grief? What public wrongs does he wish to disappear? Have they disappeared in the years that have passed since the poem was written? What forms of good does he wish to arrive? How much of his wish is fulfilled today? Can you find any vigor or hopefulness here that has been missing in earlier divisions?

CXXX. Does Tennyson here think of Hallam as a person still or as a spirit merged with nature? Why is he happy at the thought of death? Compare this poem with the pantheistic description of nature in "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," page 427, lines 95-102.

The Poem as a Whole

1. The stanza of this poem is famous. Tennyson thought he had invented it, though Ben Jonson had used it long before. (*a*) What is the line? The rime-scheme? What would have been the effect of alternate rime on the flow of the verse? (*b*) Find stanzas that are pensive or pathetic. Find others that are resonant or sonorous. (*c*) Find a stanza that is complete in itself and others that are linked together closely in thought.

2. Compare the poem in thought and mood with Milton's "Lycidas," Shelley's "Adonais," Arnold's "Thyrsis," and Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Vastness. 1. This poem was written in 1885, more than fifty years after Hallam's death. What are some of the sharpest contrasts that Tennyson at the age of seventy-six found in the world? What would make all these contrasts meaningless? Point out the lines that most feelingly express this lack of significance. What does make the struggle worth while? What has personal affection to do with immortality?

2. What effect does Tennyson produce by this eight-stress dactylic measure? How does it differ from that of *In Memoriam*—is it quieter, more breathless, more fervent, more impressive?

Crossing the Bar. This, the most famous of Tennyson's lyrics, came to him "in a moment" in his eighty-first year. He explained the "Pilot" as "That Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us." In what sense has this the same theme as *In Memoriam* and "Vastness"? How does it differ in mood?

Further Reading

I. From the Poems

Poems on Classic Themes: Tennyson wrote many poems on classic themes; a number of these that you will enjoy reading are: "Ulysses," "Oenone," "Death of Oenone," "Tithonus," "Tiresias," "Demeter and Persephone, "The Lotos Eaters." Draw up a report on his handling of Greek material as compared with Keats's in "Endymion," Ode on a Grecian Urn," and "Hyperion." Which is more personal? More classic? More modern in spirit?

Patriotic Poems: Tennyson wrote many patriotic poems. Read "You Ask Me Why," "Love Thou Thy Land," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," "The Revenge," "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Reflective Poems: Poems such as "Wages," "The Higher Pantheism," and "Lucretius," may be studied, in addition to "Vastness," to illustrate Tennyson as a reflective poet. What subjects interested him most in these poems?

II. Biographies

Chesterton and Garnett: *Tennyson.*

Tennyson, Hallam: *Memoir.* This is the best life (in two volumes).

van Dyke: *The Poetry of Tennyson.*

SELECTIONS FROM BROWNING

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A Child's Story

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.
Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

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1. **Brunswick**, a state in Germany.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking.
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council.
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

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24. **Corporation**, the aldermen or burgesses.

89. **Cham**, same as Khan, ruler of the Tartar Empire in Central Asia. 91. **Nizam**, the sovereign of Hyderabad in India. 95. **guilder**, an old coin worth about forty cents.

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary;
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

---

169. **poke**, bag. 182. **stiver**, a Dutch coin worth about two cents.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings.
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,

---

214. on the rack, in torment.

To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day,
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said;
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

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290. **Transylvania,** in Hungary. 296. **trepanned,** ensnared.

1. **Ratisbon,** a city on the Danube in Bavaria, besieged by Napoleon in 1809. 7. **prone,** stretched forward. 11. **Lannes,** Jean Lannes, a brilliant field marshal. He was killed later in this campaign. 19. **a boy,** in reality, a man. 29. **flag-bird,** the eagle on the standard. **vans,** wings. 35. **film,** subject of the verb "sheathes."

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I;
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky.
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

---

10. **pique**, point of the saddle.

31. **Hasselt**, about eighty miles from Ghent. The distance between Ghent and Aix is a little over a hundred miles. 49. **buffcoat**, a thick leather coat. Naturally, it would be heavy. 50. **jack-boots**, heavy boots coming to the knee.

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which—the burgesses voted by common consent—
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

Morning, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,

"As well as if thy voice today
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him, that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew;
The man put off the stripling's hue;

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay;

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear;

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways;
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day; he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite;

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

---

25. **Gabriel**, one of the archangels, the herald of good tidings. 27. **cell**, Theocrite's humble work-room. 49. **tiring-room**, dressing-room.

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer;

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ;
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died;
They sought God side by side.

CAVALIER TUNES

I

MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song:

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

CHORUS.—
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHORUS.—
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

Then God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.

CHORUS.—
March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II

GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

Cavalier Tunes. 1. **Kentish**, from the county of Kent, in southwest England. **Sir Byng.** For an understanding of the proper names in these songs, see note 1 on page 511. 3. **pressing**, enlisting. 76. **dome**, cathedral.

7. **carles**, churls. 8. **parles**, speeches. 14. **Serve**, may it serve. 22. **Nottingham**, where King Charles's standard was raised in 1642, thus marking the beginning of the Civil War.

Title. **Rouse**, a full glass or bumper (in answer to the toast).

Chorus.—
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

Chorus.—
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III

Boot and Saddle

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

Chorus.—
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

Chorus.—
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array;
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Chorus.—
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counselors; what counsel they?

Chorus.—
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;

---

16. **Noll**, Oliver Cromwell.
Boot and Saddle. 11. **fay**, faith.

10. **whitethroat**, European warbler.

In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me; how can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

"DE GUSTIBUS——"

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees
—If our loves remain—
In an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say—
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the bean-flowers' boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine
—If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands—
In a seaside house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, forever crumbles
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl barefooted brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there's news today—the king
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling—
She hopes they have not caught the felons.
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her—Calais)—
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she,
So it always was, so shall ever be!

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY)

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh, the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;

Title. **De Gustibus** —, a part of the Latin *De gustibus non disputandum*, "There is no disputing about tastes." 2. **If our loves remain**, i. e., after death. 4. **cornfield**, a wheat field. 22. **cicala**, cicada or locust. 35. **king**, the Bourbon king (from a French line), Francis II, who was expelled by his subjects, led by Garibaldi, a few years later than the time of this poem.

36. **liver-wing**, right wing (here, arm). 40. **Queen Mary**, Mary Tudor, who grieved over England's loss of Calais in 1558 after two hundred years of possession. Browning applies her saying to his love of Italy.

You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights.
You've the brown plowed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin;
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in;
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the postoffice such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero;
"And moreover"—the sonnet goes riming—"the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."
Noon strikes—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still; it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still—ah, the pity, the pity!

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33. **corn**, wheat, rye, or barley. 34. **thrid**, make their way through.

39. **diligence**, a public stagecoach. 42. **Pulcinello-trumpet**, trumpet announcing the Punch and Judy show. 43. **scene-picture**, a picture advertising the new play. 44. **liberal thieves**, probably patriots working for Italian independence. The "Person of Quality" supports Austria (the poem was written in 1855). 47. **Reverend Don So-and-So.** For this and **our Lady**, line 51, see note 1, pages 511-512. 56. **tax**, a fee paid on everything entering the town.

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals;
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a ribband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allowed;
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  —He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
  Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

"Why?" Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his degree
Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us.
That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why."

THE PATRIOT

It was roses, roses, all the way,
  With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
  The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

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20. **whom**, the lower classes whom the Liberals were rousing to action.

29. **fight on**, that is, the leader should fight on with his new party, the Conservatives.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone.
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay. I am safer so.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her bloodhounds through the countryside,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fireflies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love—
How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance. She did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath; they disappeared;
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,

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19. **Shambles' Gate,** the entrance to the place of execution.

The Italian in England 3. **Austria.** See note 1, page 512.

25. **Lombardy,** a northern division of Italy.

"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us. The State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen, and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the Duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebrae begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, "*Whence comes peace?*"
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
"*From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?*"—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes.
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew."
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path. At last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me; she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the seashore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distill
In blood through these two hands. And next—
Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last—
Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay—
Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think, then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt. What harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

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75. **Duomo**, the most famous church in Padua. 76. **Tenebrae** (literally, "darkness"), a religious service commemorative of the crucifixion. 82. **From Christ and Freedom**, the watchword used by the patriot's party.

127. **new employers**, Austria.

EVELYN HOPE

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her bookshelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass;
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me;
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand!
There, that is our secret; go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

MY LAST DUCHESS

Ferrara

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now. Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a-day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned—since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I—
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only called that spot

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3. **Frà**, friar. 4. **a-day**, day by day.

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek. Perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed, the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

INSTANS TYRANNUS

Of the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

I struck him; he groveled, of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinned him to earth with my weight
And persistence of hate;
And he lay, would not moan, would not curse,
As his lot might be worse.

"Were the object less mean, would he stand
At the swing of my hand!
For obscurity helps him and blots
The hole where he squats."
So I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain! Gold and jewels I threw;
Still he couched there perdue;
I tempted his blood and his flesh,
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cates and the flagon's best spilth;
Still he kept to his filth.

Title. **Instans Tyrannus**, oppressing tryant. 4. **mind**, liking. 13. **obscurity**, insignificance. 18. **perdue**, in concealment. 20. **mesh**, designs. 21. **cates**, delicacies. **spilth**, that which is poured out lavishly.

Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, did I press;
Just a son or a mother to seize!
No such booty as these.
Were it simply a friend to pursue
'Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me in person or pelf
What he owes me himself!
No; I could not but smile through my chafe;
For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit
—Through minuteness, to wit.

Then a humor more great took its place
At the thought of his face,
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
'Twixt the brows, all that air one is fain
To put out of its pain.
And, "No!" I admonished myself;
"Is one mocked by an elf,
Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
The gravamen's in that!
How the lion, who crouches to suit
His back to my foot,
Would admire that I stand in debate!
But the small turns the great
If it vexes you—that is the thing!
Toad or rat vex the king?
Though I waste half my realm to unearth
Toad or rat, 'tis well worth!"

So I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole, with never a break,
Ran my fires for his sake;
Overhead, did my thunder combine
With my underground mine,
Till I looked from my labor content
To enjoy the event.

When sudden . . . How think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend"?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe pressed!
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So *I* was afraid!

PHEIDIPPIDES

Χαίρετε, νικῶμεν *

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, demons and heroes, honor to all!
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in praise
—Aye, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the aegis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever—O latest to whom I upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no specter that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,

23-24. **Had . . . press**, if he had relatives, then there would be a means of hurting him if I pressed the advantage. 35. **humor**, mood. 44. **gravamen**, burden of the whole matter. 45. **lion**, i. e., a great lord. 47. **admire**, be amazed. 48. **turns**, turns into. 60. **event**, outcome.

63. **marge**, margin, edge. 64. **targe**, shield. 65. **boss**, knob in the center. 69. **Just . . . complete**, just as my vengeance was complete.

*Rejoice! We conquer. 2. **demon**, a kind of divinity, between the gods and the heroes, that guarded families and individuals. 3. **thee**, Pan, in line 8. 4. **Her**, Athena, or Minerva, the patron goddess of Athens. **aegis**, shield. 5. **ye**, Artemis, or Diana, the huntress, and Apollo. **buskin**, a shoe laced about the ankle. 9. **Archons**, the nine rulers of Athens. **tettix**, a golden grasshopper worn in the hair of the Athenians "because these insects are supposed to spring from the ground, and thus they showed they [the Athenians] were sprung from the original inhabitants of the country."

"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I obeyed,
Ran and raced; like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city. Two days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.
Into their midst I broke; breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?
How—when? No care for my limbs!—there's lightning in all and some—
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athené, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must!' "

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come—does Athens ask aid—may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the gods!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast;
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Athens—except for that sparkle—thy name, I had moldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back,
—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet "O gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

"Oak and olive and bay—I bid you cease to enwreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian's foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes—trust to thy wild waste tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? At least I can breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"

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11. **Crowned with the myrtle**, i. e., the Archons (line 9). 18. **water and earth**, symbols of submission. 19. **Eretria**, a large city on the island Euboea, north of Athens. It lay in the path of the Persians and had already been destroyed. 20. **Hellas**, Greece. 31. **quarry**, game. 32. **Phoibos**, Phoebus Apollo, god of the sun. 33. **Olumpos**, the Greek spelling for Olympus.

42. **That**, referring back to "sparkle." 47. **filleted victim**, a victim for sacrifice whose head was decked with bands or fillets of ribbon. 48. **service**, that is, for service. 49. **Oak . . . bay**, a garland of oak for Zeus, of olive for Athena, and of bay for Apollo. 51. **our . . . pledged**, according to the pledge which we have given these patron deities. 52. **Parnes**, the Parthenian mountain. 54. **for homage . . . cave**, as a sign of homage to crag and to cave which, etc.

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across;
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Erebos, thus I obey—
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!"—when—ha! what was it I came on, of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof;
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
"Halt, Pheidippides!"—halt I did, my brain of a whirl.
"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began;
"How is it—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Aye, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-god saith:
When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!'
"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!' "
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear
—Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew—whatever it bode.)
"While, as for thee" . . . But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.
Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air was my road.
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge!
Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I, too, have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades: "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed—what gift is promised thyself?
Tell it us straightway—Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth; he paused; but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow—
Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then—no Athens to save—
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave—
Hie to my house and home; and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees—recount how the god was awful, yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—so!"

60-62. **Right . . . to aid,** I turned to the right, for I intended to cross the valley, leap across the fissure. . . . Should I spend the night in the hollow when Athens needed my aid? 62. **Erebos,** the darkness beneath the world. 72. **only . . . aloof,** of all the states of Greece Athens is the only one that holds me aloof?

83. **Fennel.** See note on line 109. 87. **on the razor's edge,** in a perilous position. 89. **Miltiades** (died 489 B.C.), a famous Athenian general.

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day;
So, when Persia was dust, all cried, "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down his shield,
Ran like fire once more; and the space 'twixt the Fennelfield
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever—the noble, strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god loved so well;
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed.

ONE WORD MORE

There they are, my fifty men and women,
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together;
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas.
These, the world might view—but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow,
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume
(Taken to his beating bosom by it),
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not, than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried, too, "Ours, the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel—
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,

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106. **To Akropolis,** back to Athens. 109. **Fennelfield.** The Greek word *Marathon* means "fennel."

One Word More. 2. **Naming me,** giving me a title to the book containing. 5. **Rafael,** Raphael (1483-1520), a noted Italian painter. **century of sonnets,** an example of poetic license. Raphael wrote probably only one or two sonnets.

9. **but one,** Margharita, whose likeness appears in several of his most celebrated pictures. 19. **Taken,** that is, would rather be taken. 22. **San Sisto,** etc. For the Madonnas enumerated see note 1, page 514. 24. **Louvre,** a famous art museum, in Paris. 27. **Guido Reni** (1575-1642), an Italian painter. The volume he cherished was a volume with a hundred designs by Raphael. 29. **Bologna,** a city of northern Italy, the center of a noted school of painting in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Guido Reni was one of its most celebrated artists. 33. **Beatrice** (pronounced as in Italian, Bā'a-tre-chā), Beatrice Portinari, an Italian lady whom Dante loved, and celebrated in his *Divine Comedy.*

Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he—"Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."
Says the poet—"Then I stopped my painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante—
Would we not—than read a fresh Inferno?

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those "people of importance."
We and Bice bear the loss forever.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only
(Ah, the prize!), to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Aye, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry—
Does he paint? He fain would write a poem—
Does he write? He fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!
He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,
Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
While he smites, how can he but remember,
So he smote before, in such a peril,
When they stood and mocked—"Shall smiting help us?"
When they drank and sneered—"A stroke is easy!"
When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,
Throwing him for thanks—"But drought was pleasant."
Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;
Thus the doing savors of disrelish;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness—the gesture.
For he bears an ancient wrong about him,
Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,
Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude—
"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—
"Egypt's fleshpots—nay, the drought was better."

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

Did he love one face from out the thousands
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,

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41. **Florence**, where Dante and Beatrice lived. 45. **folk of his Inferno**, his foes, to some of whom, in his *Divine Comedy*, he had given a place in his lower world of suffering (Inferno). 57. **Bice**, (pronounced Bē'cha), a tender form of *Beatrice*. 73. **Heaven's . . . abatement**. A gift from heaven, such as writing poetry or leading a people, brings sorrow because many discouraging associations result from the use of the gift.

74. **who smites the rock**, Moses. (Recall this incident by reading *Exodus* xvii.) 76. **the minute . . . immortal**, during the minute that makes him immortal. 78. **Desecrates**, that is, by some loss of temper. 88-89. **O'er-importuned . . . gesture**, that is, while he is taxing his powers to the utmost he may momentarily lose the self-control necessary to control others. 95. **Egypt's fleshpots**, high living. 97. **Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance**, etc. Re-read *Exodus* xix, 9, 16, and xxxiv, 30. 101. **Jethro's daughter**, Zipporah, the wife of Moses.

Were she but the Ethiopian bondslave),
He would envy yon dumb, patient camel,
Keeping a reserve of scanty water
Meant to save his own life in the desert;
Ready in the desert to deliver
(Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems; I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing;
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco steals a hair-brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver,
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes may write for once as I do.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth—the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving.
I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:
Pray you, look on these my men and women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

What, there's nothing in the moon noteworthy?
Nay; for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos),
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal—
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,

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102. **Ethiopian bondslave**, the second wife of Moses. 122. **liberal hand**, the broad sweeps of the fresco painter. 125. **missal-marge**, the border of the Mass book she (in the fresco) holds in her hand. 136-138. **Karshish**, etc., characters in his *Men and Women*.

143. **be how I speak**, speak in my own person now, i. e., in my poems I have always spoken in the person of someone else. 148. **over Fiesole**, that is, in Florence they saw the new moon over the village of Fiesole northeast of the city. 150. **lamping Samminiato**, shining full over the church of San Miniato in Florence on a height opposite to Fiesole. 153. **Now**, in London. 163. **Zoroaster**, founder of the Persian religion. 164. **Galileo**, the Italian astronomer (1564-1642). 165. **Homer**, who celebrated the moon in his "Hymn to Diana." **Keats**, whose "Endymion" tells the story of a mortal in love with the moon goddess.

Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?
Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?
Moses, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu
Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.
Only this is sure—the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you—yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—
Out of my own self I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent, silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—

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172. **sapphire.** Read *Exodus*, xxiv. 174. **Aaron,** the brother of Moses; **Nadab and Abihu,** sons of Aaron (*Exodus* xxviii, 1). 195. **on the other side,** the deeper, spiritual womanhood behind the poetess, which is only faintly perceived by the world.

Title. **Prospice,** "Look forward." 19. **arrears,** etc., the debt accumulated in his lifetime for the good things that life has brought him.

Title. **Asolando,** the name of a volume of poems, published on the day of Browning's death.

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Pied Piper of Hamelin. 1. This whimsical poem was written to amuse Willie Macready, the little son of the famous actor William Macready, who had produced Browning's play *Strafford* a few years earlier. The lad was ill and wished for a poem to illustrate. The legend is a very old one. Browning probably used a version current in the seventeenth century.

2. What shows that this is a German legend? Where in Germany is it placed?

3. Which is the more ridiculous in appearance, the Mayor or the Piper?

4. Did the Mayor at any time really mean to pay a thousand guilders or fifty thousand? Why does he refuse to pay? How was the Piper going to reach Bagdab? Why did he call the children out?

5. Which is more vivid, the rush of the rats or of the children? Which is the more appropriate, the visions which the rats see or those which the children see?

6. What are the most rollicking rimes in the speech of the townspeople? Of the Mayor to the burgesses? In later stanzas?

7. Besides Browning's amazing command of rime, you should note his great skill in versification. The prevailing line is iambic tetrameter, but there are many variations. What is the effect of the trimeter lines? Where are anapaests introduced strikingly? What is the best example of adapting the movement to the thought?

8. Some student should report on Josephine Peabody's play, *The Piper*. How does it compare with Browning's poem in incidents? In spirit?

Incident of the French Camp. Like many of Browning's poems, this narrative is not related by the poet directly. He imagines it as told by an old trooper of Napoleon. Where is this supposition made clear? How does the story reveal the army's devotion to Napoleon? Where is Napoleon's ambition apparent? Where does the finer side of his nature come out? What characteristic of the dramatic monologue (see page 469) does this poem illustrate?

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix. 1. The speaker is the unnamed rider of the horse Roland. Browning wrote the poem "under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on a certain good horse 'York' there in my stable at home." He continues, "I fancied that Ghent was invested, in extremity, and able at last to receive news of succor by some unsuspected line of road." He dated it "16—," showing that he thought of it as an incident in the struggle of the Netherlands for liberation from the tyranny of Spain.

2. Where do we guess the purpose of the ride? What points give us a sense of eagerness and rush? Why is the wine given to Roland instead of the rider?

3. The meter is anapaestic tetrameter:

× ′	× × ′	× × ′	× × ′
I sprang	to the stir	rup, and Jor	is, and he.

Is this appropriate to the subject of the poem? Illustrate by citing particular lines. How does it differ in effect from the meter of the "Incident of the French Camp"?

4. Of the three narratives from Browning, read so far, which is the best story? Do you like it chiefly because of the action or happenings? The vividness of the descriptions? The characters? The outcome? Illustrate each point.

5. Some pupil should report on other famous poems about rides, such as Longfellow's "Paul

Revere's Ride" and James Buchanan Read's "Sheridan's Ride."

The Boy and the Angel. 1. Where does Theocrite work? How and why does he get the ambition to be Pope? Who is Gabriel? Why does he take the boy's place? What did God miss in Gabriel's song? Make this quite clear.

2. Where did Theocrite spend the years until he was made Pope? What does he think, now that he is Pope? Is he praising God "the Pope's great way"? Why does Gabriel command him to return to his "poor employ"? Why had the angels disdained his voice? What is the meaning or lesson of the poem?

3. Compare the manner of telling this story with that of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." What emotion does each arouse in you? How far does the verse-form fit in with this emotion?

4. Some student should report on "King Robert of Sicily" in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* How is it similar to this poem? How does it differ?

Cavalier Tunes. 1. You must recall the days of Milton to understand these three stirring songs. They are supposed to be sung by the Royalist soldiers during the Civil War, and represent the gay, reckless loyalty of the Cavaliers to the cause of Charles I. The first "tune" shows their contempt for the Puritan opposers of the King. The Puritans, who wore their hair cut short as men do today and are here called "crop-headed," had controlled the Parliament that met in 1640. Their leaders were Pym, Hampden, Hazelrigg, Fiennes, and young Sir Henry Vane, who had been governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1636-1637. In August, 1642, the royalists raised their banner at Nottingham. Sir Byng in Kent, a Puritan district, raised a troop and marched toward the Puritan headquarters. Prince Rupert of the Palatinate, a nephew of Charles I, went to England to take up his uncle's cause and became leader of the royalist cavalry. The second "tune" is a tavern song proposing a health to King Charles. Apparently the tide of war has turned against the Cavaliers. The speaker has lost his estate as well as his son, but his loyalty is still defiant of the Puritans. "Boot and Saddle" is an early morning call, later in the war, to a small troop of cavalry. All three lyrics are the result of Browning's study of the period in preparation for his drama *Strafford.*

2. What are the chief traits of these cavaliers? Point out lines that reveal them. Are these characteristics admirable or despicable? What is the royalist feeling against the Puritans? Point out lines that reveal it. Do you think Browning would have supported King Charles? (Before answering, read his poem, "Why I Am a Liberal," page 498.)

3. Describe a scene in some inn or banquet hall suitable for the second song. You may wish to picture the proposer of the toast as well as the tableful of feasting Cavaliers.

4. Compare these songs with the Elizabethan and seventeenth century lyrics on pages 123 ff. Which are the more spontaneous? The more polished and elegant? Which are the more filled with the spirit of action? Which have the more boisterous and daredevil spirit? Which do you like the better?

5. Study very carefully the way in which Browning changes his meter to produce the movement proper to his subject. The first song is in dactylic verse with four accents to the line. Point out lines that seem to suggest strongly a regiment of horse. The third song is in the same meter. How does the poet give an impression of greater haste? Quote lines. The second song is anapaestic trimeter, with double rime at the end of the lines. What gives the verse its uproarious quality?

Home-thoughts, from Abroad and *Home-thoughts, from the Sea.* 1. The first poem was written during the poet's trip to Italy in 1844; the second in 1838 during a voyage to Italy. The ship was passing four reminders of England's victories over foreign foes. Near Cape St. Vincent in 1797 England defeated a Spanish fleet. In Cadiz harbor in 1596 Essex and Raleigh destroyed the second Spanish armada. Off Trafalgar Nelson in 1805 defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain. Gibraltar has stood since 1713 like a monument of English power.

2. In "Home-thoughts, from the Sea" Browning says, "Here and here did England help me." Explain in what ways he had been helped. What prayer do you suppose he offered up? How does his patriotism here differ from that in "Home-thoughts, from Abroad."

3. What is the mood of the poet in each poem? What is the meter of each? How does it suit and express the mood? What are the most vivid phrases?

"*De Gustibus—*" 1. To a friend who prefers an English landscape, Browning declares his love of Italian scenery. At the time (1855) the Bourbons were kings of the Two Sicilies, and ruled the southern half of the Italian peninsula. The revolt Browning hints at did not come until 1860.

2. How does the beauty of the second scene differ from that of the first? Which scene do you prefer? Which lines are the most vivid? The most musical?

3. Compare Browning's preferences nere with those in the two "Home-thoughts" poems. How do they agree? How do they differ?

Up at a Villa. 1. This poem is a specimen of the dramatic monologue. It is the thought of an Italian of birth whose lack of means obliges him to live in the country. His boredom with nature amuses us no less than his childlike delight in the rush and excitement of the city. Some of the customs of the Italian town will seem strange to you. We do not tack up laudatory poems (line 47). The praise in this one was extravagant, for it compared the "Reverend Don So-and-So" to the greatest Italian poets (Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch), to one of the most eminent fathers of the church (St. Jerome), to the greatest Roman orator (Cicero), and to the greatest Christian preacher (St. Paul). In the religious processions on Holy Thursday (lines 51-52; 59-62), the image of the Virgin would be sad, for the seven gilt swords represent her seven sorrows. The second one, with the yellow candles, would be a funeral or a penitential procession.

2. What is the situation of the villa? What are the scenes about it? Quote lines describing each. Would you find such scenes dull or delightful? Why do they bore the "person of quality"?

3. What kind of architecture does he like? Would you like it? Why? Do his political views agree with Browning's? What meaning have religious processions for him? What kind of music does he like? Quote the appropriate lines in each answer.

4. Is the speaker happy or gloomy by nature? Observant or unobservant? Is he ignorant or educated? Shallow or penetrating? Quote lines to prove each point. Have you ever known anyone somewhat like him?

5. Compare the pleasures of the "person of quality" with those of the cheerful man in "L'Allegro." Compare the effect of the versification.

The Lost Leader. 1. This poem, published in 1845, two years after Wordsworth was made poet laureate, was supposed to apply to him. In his youth he had been a very eager supporter of the French Revolution. In later life he became so conservative that he opposed even the Reform Bills. But Browning declared in 1875 that he used Wordsworth only "as a sort of painter's model." He was thinking of defection from a pure and noble political faith, a kind of desertion that has occurred many times in history.

2. What had bound the followers to this leader? Why did he desert them? Why do they not wish him to return? From your knowledge of literary history, can you show in what way each of the poets whom Browning mentions was a Liberal?

3. What does the poem reveal of Browning's political ideals? Where has he revealed this faith before? What kind of faith is revealed in the last lines?

Why I Am a Liberal. Does this add anything specific to our knowledge of Browning's political ideals?

The Patriot. 1. During his years of residence in Italy Browning had probably seen instances of the fickleness of public approval, which he illustrates in this poem. However, he tells it, not as an historical incident, but as an old story.

2. What had the people celebrated the year before? What service do you suppose the patriot had tried to render?

3. What is the public feeling toward him now? Give several details that show it.

4. How do you know that this man is a patriot martyr and not a traitor? As he rehearses his story to himself is he angry? Cowed? Embittered? Why? Contrast this man with the figure in "The Lost Leader." Can you show that the meter of each poem is appropriate?

The Italian in England. 1. Though this poem is not based on any historical incident, it would be well to keep some history in mind while reading it. In 1815 at the Congress of Vienna, Austria was given Lombardy and Venetia. The attempts of bands of Italian patriots to throw off the Austrian yoke continued until they attained success in 1861. The chief minister of Austria, Metternich, of course hunted out the leaders of any such bands. The Charles whom the nobleman mentions (lines 8, 11, 20, 116, 125) is probably Carlo Alberto, of the younger branch of the house of Savoy. For a time he was friendly to the struggle for independence, but later joined the Austrian party. The poem was written in 1844, but the Italian, now a refugee in England, must refer to an earlier time, possibly 1824.

2. What shows the rank of the fugitive? Do you sympathize with him or not? Why? In what sense is Charles "lost"? How does the fugitive feel about the peasants?

3. How did he take a chance? Why does he tell the woman the truth? What other facts reveal the state of Italy at this time?

4. What is shown by the three wishes? Why would he prefer to see the woman instead of his own relatives? What "business" is he returning to?

5. How does this patriot differ from the leader in "The Lost Leader"? From the hero in "The Patriot"?

Evelyn Hope. 1. This is another dramatic monologue. The speaker is a middle-aged scholar—a man of wide reading who has "Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes" in his study of various subjects. Yet this man nearing fifty deeply loves the girl of sixteen, Evelyn

Hope. Death has kept him from telling her on earth, but he firmly believes that in the next world he will have a chance to tell her (lines 34-52).

2. What line gives you the situation of the speaker? How well had he known Evelyn Hope? For what did he love her (study his speech to her, lines 34-52)? Why did she not return his love?

3. What lines show that this dreamer believes that true love will not die? That love is not a failure just because it is not returned? That we continue in the next world the uncompleted parts of this life?

4. Compare this poem with other love poems in this volume, such as those by Burns or Shelley. Point out and illustrate the striking differences in thought and feeling.

My Last Duchess. 1. This famous specimen of the dramatic monologue gives a whole tragedy in fifty-six lines. The word "Ferrara" shows that the poet has in mind the proud and aristocratic rulers of Renaissance Italy. The Duke has stolen away from the guests below to take an envoy to the picture gallery on an upper floor. The envoy has come to conclude the details of the Duke's marriage to a count's daughter. Partly to give the messenger a notion of what the Duke expects of a Duchess, he pauses before a curtain, draws it aside, and reveals the portrait of his last wife. She was a very sweet and lovely woman, but her kindliness, which impressed the dignified aristocrat as plebeian, and her blow at his egoism in not prizing him for his ancestry—these two things aroused the intense hatred of the haughty, cruel Duke. Yet this arrogant aristocrat was a patron of art and took a deep pleasure in his collection. He admired the skill of the painter, Frà Pandolf, and relishes the beauty of the bronze figure in his fountain. The names of both artists are fictitious, but this connoisseurship was common among Renaissance rulers.

2. Describe the scene implied by the first lines. Bring out, if you can, the appearance and action of both the Duke and the envoy. For what does the Duke prize the portrait? Why does he specifically say a monk painted it? Why does he allow no one else to show it?

3. Was the conduct of the Duchess admirable or blameworthy? Why did the Duke think she was "too soon made glad"? What kind of conduct would have pleased him?

4. What does he mean by saying he has no skill of speech? What feature of his character kept him from telling her of his disapproval? What "commands" do you suppose he gave? Is he remorseful over his treatment of her?

5. What impression do you think the references to the "last Duchess" has made on the envoy? Explain the scene suggested by: "Nay, we'll go together down, sir." What interest of the Duke's is brought out in the last lines?

Instans Tyrannus. 1. The title of this poem was suggested by Horace's Ode, III, iii, 3, in which it is declared that the just man is not frightened by the threatening tyrant's frown—*non voltus instantis tyranni.* Browning imagines some ancient realm where the ruler has absolute power. There the just man would have no force (line 6); that is, he would be powerless, for resistance would merely increase his punishment. Yet the ruler's animosity tries to find some way of reaching him in his obscurity. The tyrant feels for a moment (lines 35-43) sorry for the wretch and at other times faintly amused (line 31 and "soberly" line 53) at the unequal contest, but he nevertheless carries out his elaborate plans.

2. What lines show the tyrant's political position? Why does he at first strike his victim? Why does he then offer him wealth and luxury? What trait of character causes him to pursue his victim? What fear grips him at the close?

3. What is the character of the victim? Quote lines. Do you think he escaped physical punishment? Compare him with the hero of "The Patriot." How far do the two poems agree in meaning?

4. Compare this ruler with the Duke in "My Last Duchess." Compare the meter of the two poems. What is the effect of the metrical form of each? Is each appropriate?

Pheidippides. 1. Imagine a messenger exhausted by a run of one hundred forty miles from Sparta to Athens standing before the rulers of the city, the nine Archons, each wearing the golden grasshopper, or *tettix.* He holds the sprig of fennel as he relates, with glowing words, his unsuccessful appeal to Sparta for aid, the indignation that burned in him as he raced back, the joy that came to him with the promise of the god Pan. The last sixteen lines (105-120) are spoken by the poet.

2. The poem assumes that you know a good deal about ancient Greece. The first eight lines are an invocation to the river Ilissus, which flowed through Athens, to the Acropolis, to its citadel ("river and rock"), to the three patron deities, and to Pan, the god of all nature. Pan was half goat and half man, as you see from the description in the poem (lines 69, 77, 80). This invocation creates the Athenian atmosphere. But you must also remember that the events occur in 490 B. C., when the vast Persian army under Darius gave promise of subduing all Greece. Miltiades, who had fled before the invaders, took refuge in Athens. He led forth the Greek army and won the battle of Marathon in a plain covered with fennel (which in Greek

is called Marathon). According to tradition the tide of battle was turned by Pan, who appeared in the Persian army and filled it with terror. (Look up *panic* in a dictionary.)

3. Why does Pheidippides speak the first eight lines before beginning his report to the Archons? What treaty or understanding exists between Athens and Sparta? Where does he first express his scorn of Sparta? What treatment is revealed by "No care for my limbs"? Has he proved a good envoy? Read aloud to the class, so as to show his feeling, Pheidippides's version of Sparta's reply (lines 34-40).

4. Where does the messenger show his indignation at the patron deities of his city? Quote several lines. Why should he blame them?

5. What notion of Pan do you get from the runner's account? Quote phrases. What allusions to Marathon are there in Pan's speech? Does the youth understand the meaning of the fennel? Why does he believe in Pan?

6. What reward did Pan promise the runner? How did the youth understand the promise? Which was the better reward? Give your reasons. Why does Browning call his death blissful and glorious?

7. This is a very vigorous and dramatic narrative. Point out passages that are to you particularly vivid. In them select single words and phrases that contribute to the effect. Do you think the meter appropriate? What gives you a sense of climax at the end?

One Word More. 1. This poem, directly addressed to Mrs. Browning, was printed as an epilogue to *Men and Women*, 1855. The volume contains fifty dramatic poems, revealing the soul of "Karshish, Cleon, Norbert," and others. Now, for the first and last time, the poet wishes to speak in his own person.

He illustrates from lovers in the past his own feeling about love. (*a*) Raphael, the painter, writes a sonnet for his lady. Browning mentions (lines 21-24) four of the Madonnas the world has most admired, the Sistine Madonna in Dresden, the Madonna of Foligno at Rome, the Madonna of the Grand Duke at Florence, and the Madonna of the Garden at Paris. No one knows the book of sonnets Browning mentions. The book that Guido Reni (1575-1642) kept contained a hundred designs by Raphael. (*b*) Dante, the poet, draws a picture. The reference to the *Inferno* in lines 35-41 is to a description of a man, traitor to a familiar friend, who was still alive when Dante wrote. These artists, to express their love, used an art for which they had no special training.

Mrs. Browning had expressed her love for her husband in *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (see page 472). He cannot use any art but poetry and in poetry any kind but dramatic. But this poem he thinks is different from all his others because it reveals himself to her.

2. What truth about a lover does the example of Raphael and Dante illustrate? What truth about the artist's life does the description of Moses (lines 74-108) illustrate? Can you apply this to Browning's own career?

3. Lines 109-143 contain the core of the poem. State the thought in your own words. What parts show Browning's deep emotion?

4. What application to him has the passage on the moon (lines 144-186)? What are the most memorable lines in this section?

5. How does he apply the general thought of the poem to Mrs. Browning?

6. Other poets have written tributes to their wives. Read Tennyson's "Dear, Near, and True"; Wordsworth's "She Was a Phantom of Delight" and "O Dearer Far Than Life." Which do you consider the finest poem?

7. Very few poems in all English literature have been written in this meter. It is trochaic, five stresses to the line, unrimed.

Prospice. 1. "Prospice" ("Look forward") was written in the autumn after Mrs. Browning's death, 1861, and was first published by the *Atlantic Monthly.* The final lines refer to her. It is one of the most characteristic of Browning's poems, particularly the ringing cry at the end.

2. What is the mood of the poet in the first twenty lines? What is the mood at the close? What expressions in each part most clearly reveal the mood?

3. As a tribute to Mrs. Browning, compare this with "One Word More." Which expresses the deeper emotion?

4. Compare the poem with *The Passing of Arthur*, (in Book Three of this Series, page 95, lines 79-135). Which is the more vivid? The more beautiful? In what respects is each poem typical of its author? What light does each throw on its author?

Epilogue. 1. This poem, written in the last weeks of Browning's life, is his farewell to all who had loved him. It contains the message of his whole life for readers of his poetry.

2. What features of this poem do echo the spirit of all his work? What was his attitude toward life on this earth? What is his belief about the future life? Cite other poems that express or imply the same doctrines.

3. Compare this with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" in thought and form. Show how far each is characteristic of its author.

Review

1. Do you like Browning best as a narrative poet? As a creator of character? As a lyric poet? As a thinker? Cite particular poems to support your preferences.

2. Choose two or more poems that you particularly admire. Memorize them and deliver them to the class with such expression that you will bring out the full meaning.

3. Browning and Tennyson are the two chief poets of their era. You will understand both of them better if you draw up a careful comparison, with illustrative passages from each. You should include such topics as: their language and meter; the subjects that interested them; their skill as narrative poets; their ability to create character; their moods as lyric poets; their ideals of conduct; their philosophy of the next world. A program might be drawn up in which each of these topics is assigned to a different pupil.

LESSER POETS OF THE PERIOD

SONNET XLIII

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being, and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

From THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Edward Fitzgerald

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

Some for the glories of this world; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!

Look to the blowing rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear, and its treasure on the garden throw."

And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,

4. **enow**, enough. 10. **blow**, blossom.

Alike to no such aureate earth are turned
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regret and future fears.
Tomorrow!—Why, tomorrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time hath pressed,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end!

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

Arthur Hugh Clough

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so, but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

15. **aureate earth**, gold ore. 21. **Caravanserai**, inn. 26. **Jamshyd**, a legendary king of Persia in the first dynasty who reigned 700 years and who was said to have built Persepolis.

52. **Sans**, without.

Title. **Qua Cursum Ventus**, as the wind (directs) the course.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!

Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!"
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day—
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sighed; she looked up through the clear, green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore today.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah, me!
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled; she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
Through the narrow, paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold, blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small, leaded panes.
She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings: “O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!”
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh.
For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children!
Come, children, come down!
The salt tide rolls seaward.
Lights shine in the town;
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl;
Singing, “Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea.”

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When springtides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom—
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sandhills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down,
Singing, “There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea.”

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the golden bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary’s gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God’s choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o’er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing; the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God’s house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

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129. **broom**, the shrub filled with yellow flowers.

The Blessed Damozel. 1. **damozel**, an archaic form of *damsel*. 12. **corn**, wheat. 13. **Herseemed**, it seemed to her.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayers sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living, mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak;
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles;
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

126. **cithern**, a kind of guitar having eight strings. **citole**, a small dulcimer, the earliest form of piano.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong, level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

A BIRTHDAY

Christina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lis;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

From THE EARTHLY PARADISE

AN APOLOGY

William Morris

Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years;
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
Remember me a little then I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names rememberéd,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rime
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

A Birthday. 10. **vair**, a kind of fur used in the middle ages; probably squirrel.

25. **ivory gate**, through which, according to the Greek legend, false dreams come.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Here, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams,
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap.
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold, immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wings for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
Today will die tomorrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;

---

22. wot, know.

Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

From A BABY'S DEATH

Algernon Charles Swinburne

I

A little soul scarce fledged for earth
Takes wing with heaven again for goal
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul.

Our thoughts ring sad as bells that toll,
Not knowing beyond this blind world's girth
What things are writ in heaven's full scroll.

Our fruitlessness is there but dearth,
And all things held in time's control
Seem there, perchance, ill dreams, not worth
A little soul.

II

The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

A rose in June's most honeyed heat,
When life makes keen the kindling sod,
Was not so soft and warm and sweet.

Their pilgrimage's period
A few swift moons have seen complete
Since mother's hands first clasped and shod
The little feet.

III

The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
What gift has death, God's servant, brought
The little hands?

We ask; but love's self silent stands,
Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Ere this, perchance, though love knew naught,
Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
Where hands of guiding angels caught
The little hands.

IV

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heaven let through
To lighten earth from paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue,
Soft heaven that haply death descries;
No tears, like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

Algernon Charles Swinburne

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather—

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light—
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height—
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

JUGGLING JERRY

GEORGE MEREDITH

Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes;
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies;
My next leaf'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying;
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all's been spying
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've traveled times to this old common;
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
You, and I, and the old gray horse.
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
Found us coming to their call;
Now they'll miss us at our stations—
There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving's folly,
When the hand's firm as driven-stakes!
Aye, when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle; but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful;
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket;
I was a lad not wide from here;
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket?
Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese and thatched ale-house—I know them!
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them;
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual;
Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;
But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
You that are sneering at my profession,
Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murdered insects with mock thunder;
Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder;
That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all praised the professor;
Aye! and I've had my smile from the Queen;
Bravo, Jerry! she meant; God bless her!
Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows; some, right scurvy;
Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
Think more kindly of the race;
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal;
Honest we've lived since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle;
You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
All night we kissed—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us;
No, nor no doctor fetch for me;
I can die without my bolus;
Two of a trade, lass, never agree!
Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely
Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly;
Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
Finery while his poor helpmate grubs.
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting;
You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
Many a marquis would hail you cook!
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
But your old Jerry you never forsook.

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26. **wide**, far. 27. **whip off the bale.** One of the objects in the game of cricket is to knock off the piece of wood (bale) resting on top of the wicket.

41. **mock thunder**, blank cartridges, which he probably shot off during his performance. 43. **bump of wonder**, the desire of the public to be mystified by his sleight-of-hand performances. 67. **bolus**, doctor's pill.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
  Let's have comfort and be at peace—
Once a stout draft made me light as a linnet—
  Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.
May be—for none see in that black hollow—
  It's just a place where we're held in pawn,

And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,
  It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone.

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
  Gold-like and warm; it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and putty
  Is God's house on a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it,
  All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it!
  But he's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
  Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
  Down a big wave that sparkled and swelled.
Crack went a gun; one fell; the second
  Wheeled round him twice, and was off for new luck—
There in the dark her white wing beckoned.
  Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead struck!

---

81. **chirper**, the mug of ale.

REQUIEM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
  And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Review what was said about the cycle of love sonnets on page 107. Could you have told that this sonnet was written by a woman?

Newman

How does the figure of speech in this hymn differ from that in "Crossing the Bar"? How does the mood differ? What gives "Lead, Kindly Light" its wide appeal?

Fitzgerald

1. Omar Khayyám (Omar the Tentmaker) was a poet who flourished in Persia about the time that the Normans were conquering England. He is thought to have died in 1123. *Rubaiyat* merely means "quatrains." Fitzgerald selected and paraphrased freely. Of the hundred and one stanzas in Fitzgerald's poem, stanzas xii-xxiv are here reprinted.

2. Which stanzas most clearly express the philosophy of the poem? How does this philosophy differ from that of "Vastness" or *In Memoriam*? Do you find this philosophy depressing or beautiful?

3. Fitzgerald speaks of the third line in this stanza form as seeming "to lift and suspend the wave that falls over in the last." Which stanzas are the best illustration of this effect?

Clough

1. This lyric is based on the divergence in religious views which grew up between Clough and one of his friends. Is the figure apt? What is his feeling now for his friend?

2. Some member should report on other poems by Clough that record the spiritual conflict of those days: "Qui Laborat Orat," "It Fortifies My Soul to Know," "O Stream Descending to the Sea," "Where Lies the Land," and "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth."

Arnold

1. The legend of a mortal lured to the sea is a very ancient one. Arnold here tells it from the point of view of the merman. Who is

speaking? How early is the situation clear? Why does the wife of the sea king not return? Do you think she should have returned?

2. Do you think this a romantic or a classic poem? Compare it in this respect with "Sohrab and Rustum."

3. This poem is written on the same metrical principle as "Christabel" (page 438), except that the beats here are not always four. What is the prevailing foot here? What mood is produced by this movement?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

1. You should get the details of this vision clearly in mind: (*a*) Where is the maiden now? How long has she been there? Where does her lover first speak? (*b*) Which stanzas give us the remoteness of her abode?

2. Pick out some of the phrases that are startlingly vivid, as "Spins like a fretful midge." (*a*) Explain the full suggestiveness of each. (*b*) Do these phrases seem decorative or realistic? (*c*) Compare in this respect with Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes" and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

3. For further acquaintance with Rossetti, read: "Sister Helen," "Ballad of Dead Ladies," "The Cloud Confines," "Love's Nocturne."

Christina Rossetti

Christina Rossetti's lyrical quality may be seen in "A Christmas Carol," "Dream Land," "When I Am Dead." For her narrative poetry, read "Goblin Market" and "Noble Sisters."

Morris

1. This introduction to *The Earthly Paradise* is one of the most melodious expressions in our language of "literature as an escape from the prose of life." Consult the paragraphs on Morris (page 472 ff.) and try to find some reason for his view of his work as a poet.

2. The poem is written in rime royal. What is the foot? Line? Rime scheme? Is the effect fluent or broken?

3. Further reading should be assigned in some of Morris's narrative poems that exemplify his attitude toward life. "The Story of Cupid and Psyche," "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," and *Life and Death of Jason* are among the most flowing and beautiful. Another report might deal with his "Lovers of Gudrun," which is quite different from the romantic dream-world of *The Earthly Paradise.* It has the tragic nobility of epic poetry. The report should make clear this difference.

Swinburne

The Garden of Proserpine. 1. Proserpine, or Proserpina, was the Roman goddess of the dead. She was the daughter of Ceres ("earth her mother" of line 59), goddess of agriculture. Nine months a year she spent with her mother, but the three months of winter she spent in the lower regions with the king of the dead.

2. You will grasp the significance of this lyric better if you try to divide it into parts. (*a*) In lines 1-24, what thought comes to the poet in the secluded valley when he views the green fields of spring? Note that in lines 23-24 he transports himself to the dismal garden of Proserpine. (*b*) What impression of the garden do you get from lines 25-40? Which details are most suggestive? (*c*) Which stanza in lines 41-72 best expresses the inevitability of death? Why does the poet include even dead buds (70) and leaves (72)? (*d*) Why is he thankful to think that death is the end of all (73-96)?

3. In spite of its deep melancholy, what makes this a great poem?

4. Compare this use of the Roman myth with Tennyson's treatment of the same Greek myth in "Demeter and Persephone."

A Baby's Death. 1. What is the thought of each numbered section? What is the mood of the whole poem?

2. Each numbered section is a kind of rondeau called by Swinburne a roundel. (*a*) How many lines are there in each? What is the length of line? The rime-scheme? With what does the refrain rime? From what line of the poem is the refrain taken? (*b*) Does this form seem to you "artificial" or spontaneous?

A Child's Laughter. Study the stanza and its rime-scheme. Do you like it as well as Swinburne's other stanza-forms?

Meredith

1. This dramatic monologue is spoken by an old juggler to his wife as he lies dying by the roadside. The scene is a heath in the south of England near his boyhood home. He naturally refers to Death as one who out-juggles everybody. (*a*) What lines give the situation most clearly? (*b*) What opinion does the dying man have of his profession? (*c*) What feeling does he have for his wife? (*d*) How does he face death? (*e*) Where do you find humor? Pathos?

2. As a dramatic monologue compare this with Browning's "The Patriot."

3. Why does Meredith use a rimed stanza? Compare the effect with that of Browning's poem.

CHAPTER XIII

CRITICISM OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

THE NEW CRITICISM OF LITERATURE: What Is Criticism?—"Classicism"—The Reviews—Romantic Criticism—Charles Lamb—William Hazlitt—Thomas De Quincey—Walter Savage Landor—Summary.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: Literary Success—His Political Career—His Intellectual Life—The Essays—History of England—His Style.

THOMAS CARLYLE: Macaulay and Carlyle—Carlyle's Early Life—Life in London—Carlyle's Works—His Thought—His Style.

JOHN RUSKIN: Carlyle and Ruskin—Youth—Art Criticism—Ruskin's Utopia—Last Years.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: Ruskin and Arnold—Arnold as a Critic—Arnold's Life—His Works—His Style.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE: Life and Literature—The Tractarian Movement—John Henry Newman—The Scientists—Thomas Henry Huxley.

THE NOVEL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Transition to the New Century—Jane Austen—Maria Edgeworth—Scott's Romances.

CHARLES DICKENS: Early Life of Dickens—Foundations of His Fame—First Group of Novels—Dickens as a Lecturer—Last Group of Novels—Criticism of Life.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: Life—The Great Novels—*Vanity Fair*—*Henry Esmond*—Other Novels—Art and View of Life.

GEORGE ELIOT: Thackeray and Eliot—Preparation for Writing—Her Works—Her Achievement.

THE END OF THE CENTURY: George Meredith—Thomas Hardy—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SUMMARY.

THE NEW CRITICISM OF LITERATURE

What Is Criticism? The word "criticism" is often misused. We commonly think, wrongly, of a critic as a fault-finder, but no mere fault-finder is ever a good critic. When Matthew Arnold, for example, said that the chief function of literature is the criticism of life, he did not mean satire or censure of life, but interpretation and appraisal. Dryden said that criticism involves a standard for judging well, a statement that gives us the foundation for a good definition. Criticism requires standards; it is not a matter of individual whim or prejudice. It involves judgment in that the critic, whether of literature or of life, must take into account various facts and must arrive at conclusions concerning them. Since Dryden's time these terms, "standards" and "judgment," have been defined in different ways. The eighteenth century had an entirely different conception of them from that of the romantic period, and when we come to Arnold, later in the nineteenth century, we shall find still another conception.

It was characteristic of the nineteenth century that its literature, both prose and verse, the novel as well as the literary essay, answered very accurately to what Arnold held the function of literature to be. In the present chapter we shall trace the growth of this new critical spirit, particularly as it was manifested in the interpretation of literature, in certain modifications in thought brought about by science and invention, and in the novel.

"Classicism." As we have seen, the ideals of poets and critics of the eighteenth century were based on what they considered to be imitation of the classics. Sets of rules were formulated to govern each literary type—drama, epic, and the like.

A poem like Gray's "Elegy" was then measured in accordance with these "rules." Where it conformed, it was pronounced excellent; where it departed from the conventions, it was censured. Such a method was purely objective. It did not take into account the conditions under which a work was written, the genius of its author, his purpose in writing. Neither did it provide for the reception of new forms, that is, of forms not found in classical poetry. It did not imply any effort, on the part of the critic, to see what Arnold called "the thing in itself." He measured, as with a yardstick.

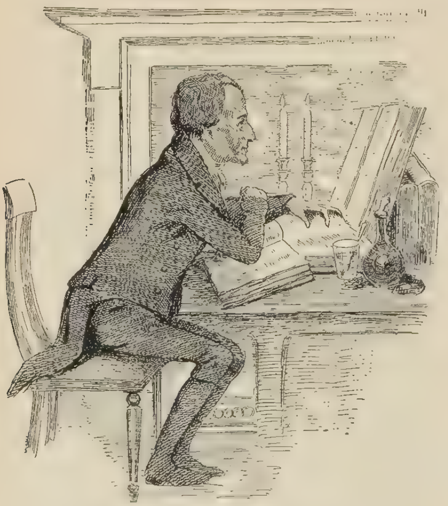
The Reviews. At the beginning of the nineteenth century literary criticism took on a new vitality through the establishment of a group of quarterly reviews. The first of these, *The Edinburgh Review*, was founded by Francis Jeffrey in 1802. While such eighteenth century periodicals as *The Spectator* had published articles on literary subjects, most literary criticism, previous to the establishment of the quarterlies, had been published as prefaces to editions of the works of authors, or in such collections as Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets. The Edinburgh Review*, however, reviewed current publications, was independent of the booksellers, and paid well for its articles. It was Whig in politics, and was followed by such Tory journals as *The Quarterly Review*, established in 1809, and by *The Examiner*, a radical journal, which first appeared in the same year. Other famous reviews were *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The London Magazine*, and *The Westminster Review*. All these journals appealed to thoughtful people, and their influence was very great.

At first the literary criticism published in the quarterlies did not seem to differ much from that characteristic of the eighteenth century. Jeffrey, for example, regarded himself as the judge before whom a book or a poet appeared as a prisoner at the bar. His endeavor was to be impartial, but frequently he was both judge and prosecutor. He did not give sentence on the basis of the pseudo-classic "rules," but on the basis of "taste." Thus, he denounced Wordsworth's poetry for inanity, trivial subjects, and the like. His "judicial" methods were followed by other reviewers, and the romantic poets, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, fared rather badly at the hands of these judges who thought that their departures from the conventions of earlier poetry should be severely handled. We have already seen how Byron's anger at the reviews of his early poems provoked his famous retort, written in the style and manner of Pope, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and how Shelley, who thought that the death of Keats had been caused or hastened by similar attacks in the quarterlies, poured forth his indignation in his "Adonais." Yet there was much that was sensible in these reviews; the early poems of Byron, Keats, and Tennyson deserved many of the severe things that were said of them, and all these poets profited, like wise men, by the criticism. Perhaps the most important contribution made by the quarterlies was the establishment of a new form of literary criticism. A new edition of a standard author, a new biography, or a new volume of poems came to be regarded by the reviewer as a basis for an essay which was itself a contribution to criticism or literary history. Thus, Macaulay's essay on Milton, Carlyle's essay on Burns, and many other famous critical articles, were first published in the various quarterly reviews.

Romantic Criticism. Far more significant in the development of literary criticism was the influence of romanticism. The great romantic poets were also critics. Wordsworth's prefaces threw new light on the nature of poetry. Coleridge reviewed Wordsworth's works and his theory of poetry, wrote acutely of the nature of the poetic imagination, and wrote also with searching insight concerning the art of Shakespeare. For the old debate about "rules" he substituted a higher criticism, based on sympathetic understanding of the works themselves. Shelley wrote an eloquent *Defence of Poetry*, somewhat like Sidney's in its conception of the poet's mission.

With Wordsworth and Coleridge others were associated, intimate friends who loved their poetry and applied to the study of the older English literature the same idealism. Among them were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Thomas De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, and others. Much of their work was published in the reviews, but it differed greatly from that of Jeffery and his school. To them reading was an adventure. Their essays they called records of "adventures in books." Their spirit was that expressed by Keats in his fine sonnet on Chapman's translation of Homer. The criticism they wrote was not mere comment, still less was it based on the test of formal rules; it was creative. Coleridge said that the critic should stand between an author and the public; that is, he should interpret, not judge.

Charles Lamb (1775-1834). The main outlines of the life of Lamb are too well-known to require detailed treatment here, He was at school with Coleridge; he did not attend the university; an impediment in his speech prevented him from entering the church. For a third of a century he was a clerk in the East India House. His intimacy with Coleridge began in 1794, and with Wordsworth in 1797. During this period he wrote a number of poems, among them "The Old Familiar Faces," and a little later appeared his first play, *John Woodvil*, a drama written in the Elizabethan manner. In 1807 he published the famous *Tales from Shakespeare*, written in collaboration with his sister Mary; and his interest in the literature of the sixteenth century further appeared in his *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets* (1808). This book is important both because it helped to direct attention to the dramas written by Shakespeare's contemporaries and because of the little essays and critical comments which it contains. Besides these books, Lamb contributed to various periodicals. A brilliant series of essays on Shakespeare's tragedies was published in the *Reflector*. The famous *Essays of Elia* appeared in the *London Magazine* in 1820.



Yours ratherish unwell

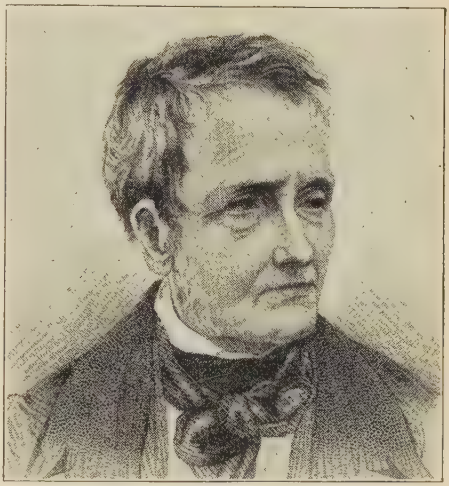
Chs Lamb

It is as a master of the familiar, or personal, essay that Lamb was supreme. He loved the Elizabethans, and he loved also such writers of the seventeenth century as Sir Thomas Browne and Richard Burton. He did not imitate their style, but he was so saturated with the life and manner of thought and expression of those times that he wrote as if he had lived in them. His critical essays are intensely personal, filled with the creative interpretation that distinguishes the Coleridge group. He maintained, for example, that the best effects in Shakespeare are lost on the stage; we must read and reread the plays in order to grasp their full meaning. Another illuminating passage points out the difference between Shakespeare's supernatural beings and those that infested the Gothic romances. The witches in *Macbeth*, he maintains, are true to their own nature; they are supernatural, not unnatural. The supernatural, he said, is "something added to what we know of nature." To perceive the truth of this, we have only to compare the witches of *Macbeth*, or the fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or Ariel and Caliban in *The Tempest*, with the melodramatic supernaturalism of Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* or of many ghost stories and tales of horror of today.

This keenness of insight Lamb carried over into his familiar essays and letters. They are filled with little pictures, snapshots taken in the by-paths of memory or London life or his reading. A few books he loves—his "ragged veterans." Shakespeare is for winter evenings. Before Milton, music should be played, for he brings his own music, to which you must listen with purged ears. A few books may be read aloud, but to oneself, or at most with but one other listener; more would be an audience. In the five or six minutes while you are waiting impatiently for dinner, you do not take up *The Faerie Queene* or Bishop Andrews's sermons. Lamb hates "books that are not books"—encyclopedias and public records and all collections of useful information. So, also, he loved by-paths of life and character. London was to him what the Lake Country was to Wordsworth, and, like Wordsworth, he discerned the miraculous in the common. His portraits of the clerks in the Old South Sea House anticipate Dickens in tenderness, humor, and deft characterization. His subjects, too, are such as no previous essayist had thought to use—old china, chimney sweeps, poor relations, dream children. He is not orderly and systematic, but whimsical; he is master of that laughter that is but a step removed from tears. We feel toward him as he felt toward the old folio volumes that he brought home that night to Bridget; his value is not in what he teaches, but in the love that he inspires and the memories that he keeps alive.

William Hazlitt (1778-1830). Another member of this brilliant group was William Hazlitt. Several years of Hazlitt's childhood were passed in America, where his father, who had sympathized with the colonists during their struggle for independence, moved in 1783. His real life began with his meeting, in 1798, with Coleridge, who encouraged him in the study of philosophy and poetry. In 1812 he delivered a course of lectures on modern philosophy, but soon turned to journalism. In the *Round Table*, a series of articles written in collaboration with Leigh Hunt, he published essays on literature, men, and manners. In the period beginning in 1817 he wrote the essays on which his reputation chiefly depends, such books as *View of the English Stage*, *Lectures on the English Poets*, *Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, *The English Comic Writers*, *The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, and *Table Talk*.

Through these and later books Hazlitt won a great reputation as critic and essayist. His treatment of the Elizabethan dramatists, especially Shakespeare, is more systematic and extended than that of Coleridge and Lamb. He wrote with infinite zest about his adventures among books, carried on with spirit a number of literary quarrels, and revealed his own interesting personality in his writings so vividly that all his essays seem autobiographical. It has been said of him that whereas other men speak like books, Hazlitt's books speak like men, a comment which brings out sharply the virility and forth-right directness of his writing.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859). A member of the Coleridge-Wordsworth circle in his youth, De Quincey is another illustration of the extraordinary outburst of romantic genius that marked the opening years of the nineteenth century. He was brought up in easy circumstances, was carefully educated, and was ready for college when still too young to be admitted. His knowledge of Greek was so extraordinary that it was said of him that at the age of fifteen he could have delivered an oration to an Athenian crowd in their native tongue. He formed vast literary plans, read incessantly, found restraint irksome, and ran away before his college life had fairly begun. For some months he lived in London without contact with his family; his account of his experiences may be found in his first important book, *Confessions of an English Opium-eater* (1821), a book that has fascinated generations of readers for its stories of his dreams. He contributed articles on many subjects to the various reviews and journals, wrote a wild but powerful romance, *Klosterheim*, and became famous for his mastery of a prose style suggestive of poetry in its harmonies and its imaginative power.

De Quincey wrote few formal essays in literary criticism, but his works abound in passages which deal with the nature of literature. In one of the most famous of these, he distinguishes between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. By the first is meant, he says, all those writings whose function it is to teach; by the second, all those whose function it is to move. The meanest of authors whose writings have the power to appeal to the feelings he thinks is superior to all who merely teach; the literature of knowledge loses part of its value as knowledge increases, but the literature of power is "triumphant forever as long as the language exists in which it speaks." His essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*" is an admirable illustration of the new romantic criticism, seeking to interpret through understanding an author, not to judge through the imposition of external rules.

For De Quincey's style, the best introduction is through the reading of the *Confessions, The English Mail Coach, Suspiria de Profundis*, and, for his peculiar "humor of the horrible," the ironic "lecture" on *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*. His style is marked by digression, minuteness of detail, and above all by rhythmical power unmatched elsewhere in English prose. His place as a critic depends on his subtle and penetrating analysis rather than on the exquisite taste of Lamb and Hazlitt. In this he is the spiritual son of Coleridge.

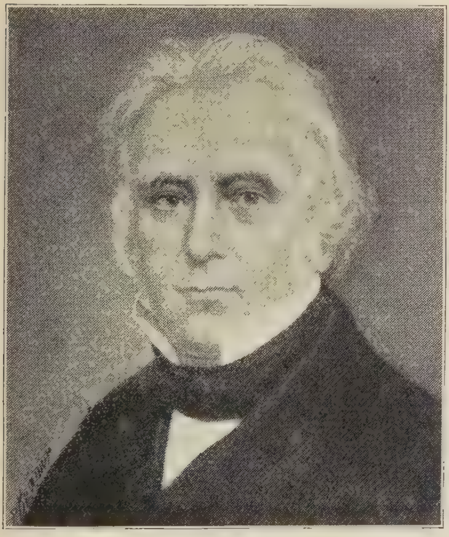
Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864). As supreme a stylist as De Quincey, though in a very different way, Landor suggests classical rather than romantic art. The distinction between the two may be made clear by recalling Walter Pater's comparison of the classical and the romantic in art. "The essential classical element," Pater says, "is the quality of order in beauty; it is the addition of strangeness to beauty that consitutes the romantic character in art." Order in beauty is the keynote to Landor's prose and poetry. His work has been described as illustrating "the methods of sculpture rather than poetry."

Landor's first volume of poems appeared in 1795; his last volume, *Heroic Idylls*, in 1863. Throughout this long life he was writing. In *Gebir* (1798) his theme was drawn from prehistoric Egyptian times, but he did not treat this theme in the manner of Scott and Byron; the myth and legend with which the poem is filled are handled with classical reserve and clearness of outline. Many of his poems were first written in Latin, of which he was a master; some of these were later translated into English in his *Hellenics* (1847). His fame rests mainly on his prose *Imaginary Conversations* (1824-1829). These were written in Italy, where he spent much of his life. In them he introduces famous characters of all times and nations, including his own. Sometimes the conversations do not particularly characterize the speakers, serving rather as the means by which Landor expresses his views on a wide variety of subjects, historical, philosophical, and literary. At other times they are highly dramatic, representing some crisis in the history of his characters and the conversation that takes place. Both because of the extent of his learning and the fineness of his art Landor makes great demands upon his readers. He has never been widely popular; he will always be loved by those who are capable of appreciating the finest things.

Summary. In addition to its great enrichment of English poetry, the romantic movement of the early nineteenth century produced a criticism that was equally distinguished. The period witnessed the passing of the tyranny of the pseudoclassic rules, so foreign to the English tradition; it saw the establishment of critical reviews that greatly increased the influence of literature; it produced, in men like Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt, critics of high importance; and in the works of De Quincey and Landor we find new masteries of English prose. We turn now to a group of prose writers who represent other developments of English thought in the nineteenth century.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
(1800-1859)

Literary Success. Something of Scott's power to reach multitudes of readers was the gift of Macaulay. He wrote no fiction and no dramas. His chief poetry was a collection of ballad-like narratives called *Lays of Ancient Rome.* But in a series of brilliant literary and historical essays that appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and in his *History of England*, he captured an audience that was world-wide.



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

His Political Career. After a youth of extraordinary promise, marked by the brilliance of his record at college and the success that attended his first publications, Macaulay entered Parliament. In 1830 the liberals were on the eve of the triumph that led, two years later, to the passage of the Reform Bill. Macaulay threw himself with ardor into the debates, and soon won a great reputation. During this time, and long afterwards, he was in the habit of rising at five in the morning in order to devote himself to study and writing. He continued to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review;* he studied the progress of affairs in India, and he made many friends. In a short time he was offered a government post in India, which he accepted chiefly because it offered him an opportunity to earn a large income for the support of his sisters, but which he filled in such a way as to render great service to the government. After his return he again entered Parliament, where he served for many years; during several periods he also held cabinet office.

His Intellectual Life. During this long period of public service, Macaulay kept up unabated his interest in study. He read and reread the classics. His mastery of modern literatures in many languages was a source of strength. He was widely read in history. Above all, he was gifted with a phenomenal memory, so great that he could repeat the whole of *Paradise Lost*, could draw at will upon books read many years previously, and could enrich his conversation and his writings by the use of allusions from an almost inconceivable variety of sources. He handled the vast accumulations of his memory with lordly power. It was his habit to preface some passage in which he was about to handle a mass of detail with the statement, "Every schoolboy knows," but the schoolboy who could keep up with Macaulay's standard of everyday information would have to be very well read indeed. Yet he contrived to interest even those who lacked his marvelous command of fact. Men who had never studied Italian, for example, took up the subject in order to verify his famous comparison of Milton and Dante. He possessed the power to stimulate an enthusiasm for knowledge. To read him is an intellectual tonic.

The Essays. As has already been said, Macaulay contributed a series of brilliant essays to the *Edinburgh Review* during the period from 1825 to 1848. These essays were ostensibly reviews of books; in reality they were searching studies in a great variety of fields. His point of approach was usually historical, that is, even when writing of a man of letters, as Addison, the most characteristic portion of the essay is that which deals with the writer's relations to his times. Macaulay does not, like Hazlitt or Lamb, interpret the deeper meanings of the masterpieces produced by his author. The most important of the literary essays are those on Boswell's *Johnson*, Addison, Milton, Dryden, and Bunyan. Among the historical essays are those on Machiavelli, Bacon, Hastings, and Frederick the Great.

History of England. Macaulay had thus created a new literary form, the historical essay. The vividness of his historical imagination, his power to win interest in a person or an event through the use of illuminating anecdote, and the mastery of detail which enabled him to depict a crowded scene or a complex series of events with the utmost clarity—these qualities he now applied to a larger field. It was his intention to write a history of England from the time of the Revolution in 1688 to his own time. In his first chapter he gave a compact review of the events that led up to the period, and this in itself is a masterpiece of historical writing. Only five volumes were published; they had an enormous sale in Great Britain and in America as well, and they were translated into a dozen languages.

His Style. Macaulay's style is marked by simplicity, clear presentation of material, and great positiveness. One of his friends remarked of him, "I wish I were as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything." One source of clearness, and of interest as well, is his constant use of comparison and balance. This is manifested, not only in his frequent use of antithesis and balanced sentence structure, but also in his contrast of characters. Thus, he compares Milton's similes with those of Dante, with many illustrations, so repeated and driven home that no reader can ever forget his point. He brings out the praiseworthy characteristics of Addison by contrasting him with Steele. In his essay on Bacon the contrast is drawn between Bacon as a writer and thinker and Bacon as a man of action, in which the one is praised and the other held up to condemnation. Needless to say, this method is one that almost necessarily involves exaggeration and bias. The very brilliance of his paradoxes is apt to obscure the truth.

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

Macaulay and Carlyle. Though he was active in many reforms, Macaulay had not the temper of a reformer. Improvement in methods of government was with him a practical matter, comparable to the improvements introduced in the conduct of a business. He had no great indignations, no passionate desire to make over the world. In contrast with him, Thomas Carlyle was a prophet and a seer. The two men were unlike, also, in the way in which Fortune dealt with them. Macaulay's youth was passed in comfort; he had the best school and college training; at twenty-five he was a popular author with many powerful friends. Though financial difficulties for a time confronted him, because of the failure of his father's business, he was able to secure positions that paid well, and in later years his income from his writings was very large.

Carlyle's Early Life. With Carlyle it was not so. His father was a mason by trade, afterwards a small farmer. Thomas was the eldest of nine children, and his youth and early manhood were made difficult, not only by his own poverty but by

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CARLYLE

the necessity of helping the other members of his family. The family ties of the Carlyles were very strong. He venerated his father and was passionately attached to his mother; he helped two of his brothers, even after his own marriage, when his income was scarcely sufficient for his own needs.

After his career at the University of Edinburgh Carlyle became a teacher at something over sixty pounds a year. For a time he thought of entering the ministry, but was repelled by the dogmatic theology of his time, although he never gave up its spiritual essence. An account of the crisis through which he passed, from "the Everlasting No" of skepticism to "the Everlasting Yea" of his philosophy of work, is found in *Sartor Resartus.* His chief intellectual interest at this time was in German literature; he translated some of Goethe's works, and planned a history of German literature, but there was small demand for such work, and he made no money. His marriage in 1826 to Jane Welsh brought him the companionship of a beautiful and witty woman whose letters are among the finest in our literature. The struggle with poverty continued. At Craigenputtock, the farm where the Carlyles spent several years, he worked "passionately" at *Sartor Resartus.* When it was completed he could not for a long time find a publisher, but at last it came out, in *Fraser's Magazine.*

Life in London. In 1834 the Carlyles abandoned definitely the idea of continuing to live in Scotland and moved to Cheyne Road, Chelsea, in London, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Meanwhile Carlyle had become acquainted with Emerson, who conceived a strong affection for him, besought him to move to America, and brought out for him an American edition of *Sartor Resartus.* This was in 1835, and although the book had appeared serially two years earlier in England, the first English edition in book form did not appear until 1838. Thus it came about that the first important book of one of the greatest English authors was first published in the United States.

THOMAS CARLYLE

For a long time Carlyle had been interested in the French Revolution. He now devoted himself to the writing of a history of that period. With its publication in 1837 he at last attained success. His later years were devoted to lecturing and writing, much of which involved the most painstaking research. He was gloomy, irritable, unable to bear noise of any kind. His writing, too, was not systematic, like Scott's, a chore to be done early in the day and forgotten, nor was it fluent, like Macaulay's, but a slow and painful task. After the death of Mrs. Carlyle in 1866 his despondency increased. Only a few friends came to see him, among them the historian Froude and his disciple, John Ruskin. He died in February, 1881, leaving his library to Harvard College.

Carlyle's Works. The principal writings of Carlyle may be grouped as follows: reviews; biographies and histories; and essays—philosophical, social, and literary. Most of his reviews were contributed to *Fraser's* and the *London Magazine.* Among them the best-known are the essays on Burns, Voltaire, and Boswell's *Johnson.* To the group of biographies belong his lives of Schiller (1824), Cromwell (1845), and John Sterling (1851). The first of these grew out of his early interest in German literature. The second is an admirable example of his theory that the true significance of history may be found in the study of great men. The last was a tribute to his most intimate friend and is one of the most admirable biographies in existence.

To his histories of the life and times of Frederick the Great and of the French Revolution Carlyle brought his conception of the place of great men in history. He also showed extraordinary dramatic power. Great actions are compressed into form for production on his imaginary stage; his personages, presented with unerring skill, seem surrounded by supernatural light. Through his pages we are conscious of his own wild and stormful nature, and of the mysticism by which he reveals the deeper significance of his actors and their deeds. As an historian he is utterly different from Macaulay, who wrote a history which it was said "even workingmen could understand." But to one who brings to the reading of Carlyle's *French Revolution* a knowledge of the subject, the book will seem an historical epic in prose.

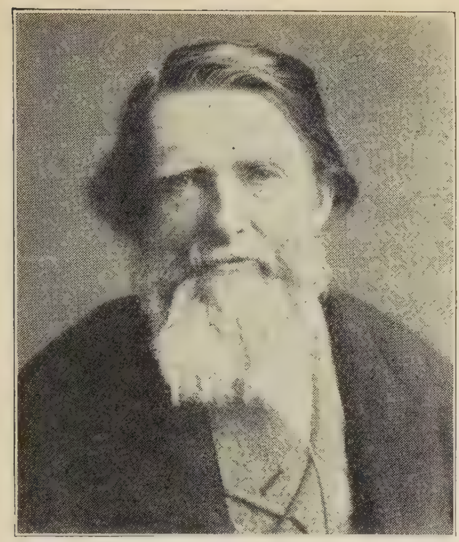
His Thought. For most people, Carlyle's reputation rests upon certain of his collections of essays, notably *Sartor Resartus*, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, and *Past and Present*. These three books contain his full philosophy of life. The first of them Carlyle called "the philosophy of clothes." This metaphor he uses in two senses. According to the first meaning, clothes are the offices, ranks of society, and organizations that conceal the realities of life. According to the second, the entire universe and all it contains is but the garment of the divine reality. The book contains much satire of existing conditions, it records his own progress through doubt to faith, and sets forth his philosophy of work. The romanticists, especially Byron, had been much concerned with their own thoughts and feelings and their longing for an ideal world far removed from actual conditions. With this Carlyle was not in sympathy. Doubt, he said, is only to be removed by action. America, the land of opportunity for every individual, is not some place far removed from the present existence, but is to be found here and now. Thus the cardinal principle in his philosophy is like that of Piers Plowman, who would not undertake to guide the pilgrims in their search for truth until he had plowed his furrow. The true principle of life, Carlyle held, is not "know thyself," but "know what thou canst work at."

The philosophy of work is supplemented by his philosophy of leadership. In the last part of *Sartor Resartus* he argues that the leader, or hero, is responsible for the direction of all human work. In *Heroes and Hero Worship* he shows how in every great crisis the leader is sent. His lectures discuss Odin, the hero as divinity; Mahomet, the hero as prophet; Dante and Shakespeare, the hero as poet; and Luther and Knox, the hero as priest. In *Past and Present*, both phases of the teaching are brought together, with the further advantage of application to the conditions brought about in England by the progress of the Industrial Revolution. The first part of the book treats of life in a medieval monastery. The simple and admirable character of that life gives Carlyle the clue to the solution that he thinks proper for the more complex conditions of life in his own time. Captains of Industry are to be leaders in the work of civilization, not buccaneers or Choctaw Indians, seeking their own gain at the expense of the workers.

His Style. The style of these books is an accurate representation of Carlyle's own passionate personality. He had no scheme of reform; he distributed all reform through such mechanical means as legislation, extension of the suffrage, and the like. He resembled one of the prophets of the Old Testament, denouncing evil and predicting destruction. All this is reflected in his style. It is impetuous, imaginative, marked by apostrophe, invective, colloquialism, coinage of words. It is astonishingly vigorous. In his mastery of irony, grim humor, and eloquence, he is one of the great masters of literature.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

Carlyle and Ruskin. Perhaps the most remarkable fact about Carlyle, as we look back over his work, is his extension of the province of literature into the realms of social and industrial relations. Macaulay's



JOHN RUSKIN

works, even his essays, belong to what De Quincey called the literature of knowledge; Carlyle's to what he called the literature of power. In the writings of John Ruskin, pupil and follower of Carlyle, we observe the same treatment, with all the power of literature, of some of the great industrial and social problems of Victorian England.

Youth. John Ruskin was born in London, the only child of wealthy parents. His schooling was somewhat irregular, but he was a great reader, a lover of nature and art, and a writer from his earliest childhood. When he was nine years old he wrote "Eudosia, a Poem of the Universe," and from that time on produced great quantities of prose and verse, dramas and romances. Most of this was of small value, but at fifteen he published in a magazine an essay on the strata of mountains and one on the color of the Rhine, and at eighteen he published a series of papers on "The Poetry of Architecture." His college training was received at Christ Church, Oxford. His first important book, the first volume of *Modern Painters,* was published soon after his graduation, and attracted immediate attention. His parents took him to the Alps, so that he might study mountain landscapes. In 1846, the second volume of *Modern Painters* appeared; he wrote several papers for the reviews, and at thirty published *The Seven Lamps of Architecture,* one of his greatest books.

Art Criticism. What has already been said indicates the trend of Ruskin's genius. He was not a painter, though he drew sketches of great beauty as illustrations for his books. He was an interpreter of the new interest in painting that sprang up in England at this time, and an interpreter, also, of the beauty of the medieval, or "Gothic," cathedrals that had been neglected by periods in which only classical art and poetry were appreciated. But Ruskin was much more than historian and critic of art. He saw in architecture and painting the expression of the deepest idealism of a people—their religion, their aspirations, and their everyday life. In *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *The Stones of Venice* these ideas are brought out. The "Seven Lamps" are sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, life, memory, and obedience, all of them qualities alike of life and art. In *The Stones of Venice* are passages of splendid and sonorous description, such as the famous description of St. Mark's in Venice, prepared for by an equally vivid description of an English cathedral. Like De Quincey and Carlyle, Ruskin gained in prose, particularly in the prose written during this period, many of the characteristics of poetry. His style is marked by rhythm, by long sentences that frequently approach the effects of meter, and by extraordinary picturesqueness.

Ruskin's Utopia. About 1860 Ruskin gave up his study and writing about art and began to devote his time to setting forth his conception of an ideal society. He felt that discourses on art were useless so long as people lived miserable and narrow lives. To do what he could to alleviate the misery and to bring beauty into life became his purpose. He lectured to workingmen, wrote letters to them, wrote articles on his social ideals for the reviews. These were afterwards collected and published with the fanciful titles that he loved.

One of the most popular of these books is *Sesame and Lilies,* which contains an inspiring lecture on books and reading, called "King's Treasuries," and a lecture called "Queen's Gardens," on the education of women. In *Unto This Last,* he wrote out definitely his social ideas. The book is more simple in style than his works on art. In it he attacked the system of industry and trade of his day, based as it seemed to him to be on the desire for wealth gained by free competition. Here the influence of Carlyle is apparent. For the economic system of the time Ruskin proposed to substitute something resembling the old system common before the Industrial Revolution, when each worker was practically independent, not a cog in a machine. Ruskin hated railways, factories, and modern commerce. His teaching is well summed up in *The Crown of Wild Olive,* in his essays called "Work," "Traffic," and "War."

Last Years. When in 1870 Ruskin became professor of Art at Oxford, he renewed activities that for a decade had been crowded out of his life. At the same time he engaged in practical applications of his ideas through contributions of large sums of money to various enterprises. He also organized a society called the St. George's Guild in which certain communistic principles were to govern an ideal society. His long and active career had brought about a gradual failure of his health, and in 1884 he retired to his house at Brantwood, in the lake country, where he spent the remainder of his life. He gave away, within a few years, what remained of the entire fortune, about a million dollars, that he had inherited from his father, but his writings yielded a very large income. Ruskin Societies were founded in his honor; his works were translated into various foreign tongues, and his closing years were full of peace. In January, 1900, he died.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

Ruskin and Arnold. We have seen that Ruskin's subjects, like those of Carlyle, extended into fields not formerly regarded as appropriate to literature, but that these subjects were treated with the imagination and passion belonging to the literature of power. In Arnold we find a similar extension. His avowed purpose in writing was the application of ideas to life, to the problem of how to live, and this he maintained to be the chief purpose of literature.

Arnold as a Critic. Yet Arnold differs in important respects from his great contemporaries. In his work we return to literary criticism, a theme avoided, or touched only casually, by Carlyle and Ruskin. He differs also from his great predecessors in literary criticism, Lamb and Hazlitt, in that his attitude toward his work was not that of telling about his adventures with books. His criticism was based on standards derived, not from any formal "rules," but from acquaintance with "the best that has been thought and said in the world." Taste was to be cultivated through comparison between the work that was to be judged and certain works that all men agree to be excellent. Thus, in his essay on the study of poetry, he advised those who would establish correct standards to memorize poems or short passages of undoubted excellence and to think of these while determining the value of some new work. Moreover, the critic's judgment was to be based upon his study of "the thing in itself"; the purpose of the author, and the conditions under which the work was produced, must be taken into account.

Among the sayings, often repeated by him, in which he expressed his ideas of poetry and culture is the famous definition of poetry as "the criticism of life." By this he meant interpretation and appraisal; the great poem is a generalization based upon the poet's observations of the phenomena of life. Thus he reminds us of Wordsworth, who spoke of poetry as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." But Arnold went farther. The ideal of culture, he said, is "setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail." He speaks often of "something not ourselves making for righteousness." To make this righteousness prevail was his purpose.

Arnold's Life. These standards of criticism, to be applied to life as well as to literature, Arnold drew in part from his classical training. The son of a famous classical scholar, Dr. Thomas Arnold, he was trained at Rugby, where his father was headmaster. The character of Rugby under Dr. Arnold's direction is described in one of the most famous of books about school-life, *Tom Brown at Rugby*, by Thomas Hughes. Arnold's appreciation of his father was expressed in the beautiful threnody "Rugby Chapel," and to his father's influence he owed not only his sturdy character and his fine intellectual training, but also his interest in education. For many years he was a government inspector of schools, and, as we have seen, his theory of criticism is also a theory of liberal education.

His Works. Arnold's poetry, which chiefly belongs to the period from 1849 to 1869, has been treated elsewhere. His prose began with his famous essay "On Translating Homer" (1861) and includes two collections of critical essays, such books as *Celtic Literature* and *Culture and Anarchy*, and a group of works dealing with religious and theological matters.

His Style. Arnold's prose style is free from the mannerisms found in the writings of De Quincey and Carlyle, but it has certain easily marked characteristics. It is simple and clear. Emphasis is gained not only by reiteration of phrases such as "sweetness and light" and others quoted above, but also by repetition, in successive paragraphs, of key-words and sentences. The fine culture of the man is reflected in his writing, which is urbane, polished, free from exaggeration and excess. He held that culture is to be gained through attention to "the best that has been thought and said in the world," and this standard of perfection he sought to realize in his writing.

Religion and Science

Life and Literature. Thus far we have considered the development of literary criticism in the nineteenth century, the historical writings that are rightly classed as literature, and the extension of criticism beyond the fields of literature and history into the realms of art, sociology, and politics. From this survey we have found that the great prose writers were discovering new ways in which literature is capable of analyzing and interpreting life, and ways in which it may contribute to the reformation of life. Yet the tremendous currents that were transforming civilization have by no means been fully covered, nor can they be in any brief sketch. Much of the most vigorous writing of the time, as for example the political essays of John Stuart Mill, the tracts issued in the course of the Oxford Movement, and the scientific writings, lies outside the realm of prose literature. Yet this writing affected both poetry and prose in a thousand different ways.

The Tractarian Movement. The growing materialism that influenced so much of the criticism of men like Carlyle and Ruskin also aroused churchmen. In 1833 and following, a series of tracts appeared in which an effort was made to stem the tide through greater emphasis on the authority of the church. Most of these tracts were written by Oxford men, and were opposed to liberalism.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

John Henry Newman (1801-1890). Some of the most powerful of the Oxford Tracts were written by John Henry Newman, who for many years was an Oxford tutor and an Episcopal clergyman. After a foreign tour during which he wrote many short poems afterwards collected in a volume called *Lyra Apostolica*, he returned to England and took an active part in the Oxford Movement. For his *Tract 90* he got into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities, and after a time entered the Roman Catholic Church. In 1879 he was created Cardinal. The greater part of his writings lies outside the field of pure literature, but he will always be remembered for such hymns as "Lead, Kindly Light," for his noble addresses in *The Idea of a University*, and for his autobiography, *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (Defense of His Life).

The Scientists. Reference has already been made to the effect of the great scientific advance of the century upon poets like Tennyson, Arnold, and others. To many the progress of science seemed closely related to the increase of materialism. Like the Industrial Revolution and the social and political problems that followed upon the application of machinery to manufacturing, scientific investigation greatly modified the intellectual world. Outstanding events were the publication of Lyell's *Principles of Geology* in 1833, and Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859, but these are only two from a great number of epoch-making works that indirectly influenced literature.

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895). Of the scientists, Huxley has attained a place in the history of literature because of the distinction with which he explained for lay readers some of the methods and results of scientific investigation. He had little formal schooling, but from childhood was interested in geology and engineering. He was influenced, as a boy, by Carlyle's writings, and toward the end of his life said that from this master he had learned "to make things clear and get rid of cant and show of all sorts." As a surgeon in the navy he made a study of animal life in tropical waters, and in later years became one of the greatest biologists of the time. He gave many public lectures and contributed to the periodicals many essays, in all of which he showed his power to write on difficult subjects with the utmost precision and clearness.

THE NOVEL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Thus far we have observed the increasing vitality of English prose in the nineteenth century. This vitality sprang from the extension of its range to include all human interests, and from the constantly growing tendency to look at "the thing itself." We turn now to the novel, which attained, in the nineteenth century, the place held during the Elizabethan period by the drama. Every side of the multifarious life of the century found expression in it. The great increase in the number of readers, the reduction in the cost of books, and the keen intellectual curiosity of the times all combined to render the novel the most popular form of literature.

Transition to the New Century. During the closing years of the eighteenth century the growing power of prose fiction became manifest in the number of fields which it invaded. Mention has already been made of the so-called "Gothic" romances, tales of mystery and horror that appealed to the love of all things that were, or seemed to be, medieval. Sentimentalism combined with pedagogical and sociological elements appeared in the work of several writers, notably Elizabeth Inchbald, whose *A Simple Story* was published in 1791, and William Godwin, who wrote in *Caleb Williams* (1794) a protest against the social injustice of the times. A little later, Jane Porter anticipated Scott in her historical romances named *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *Scottish Chiefs*. But the most important writers were two women, Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, who wrote a series of novels in which the chief interest was found in minute and realistic studies of ordinary life.

Jane Austen (1775-1817). The career of Miss Austen is a proof of the fact that one does not need to go far from home, even if that home is of the quietest, in order to find material for fiction. She was born and spent most of her life in a small country parsonage, traveled little, knew no celebrated persons, and yet wrote novels that won the praise of the most distinguished men of letters of her time and have found appreciative readers for more than a century. The table on which she wrote her first group of stories was in the family living room, where she was constantly interrupted by people who came to see the parson or his wife; interrupted, too, by the household duties of which she bore her full share. She submitted manuscripts to publishers only to have them returned, so that although her first three

JANE AUSTEN

stories were written in 1797-1798 they remained unpublished until after the new century was a decade old.

These three novels were *Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility,* and *Northanger Abbey.* The last of these was a burlesque of the "Gothic" Romances, particularly of the stories of Mrs. Radcliffe, then highly popular. The first two were based on her minute observation of middle-class life. No exciting events happen; the characters are of the most everyday type; yet Scott said of her, "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me."

In the last years of her life Miss Austen wrote three other novels, *Emma, Mansfield Park,* and *Persuasion.* In these she added to her long list of characters who, as Macaulay said, are perfectly discriminated from each other in spite of the fact that they are "all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day." Her command of witty dialogue, her keen sense of the foibles of character, her ability to make that seem dramatic which to the ordinary writer would be dull, are the gifts which prove her genius. To a friend who urged her to write "strong, manly, vigorous sketches, full of variety and glow," she said that she could never join such work "to the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect, after much labor."

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849). The life of Miss Edgeworth had more variety than that of Miss Austen, but her work was done in a somewhat similar field. As a schoolgirl she wrote melodramatic stories. Her first publication, *Letters to Literary Ladies,* was devoted to the cause of education for women. She also published a collection of stories, highly moral in tone, for children, and assisted her father in his schemes for educational reform. Her best novel, *Castle Rackrent,* is the story of an Irish estate and its owners, as seen through the eyes of Thady, the steward. In it are many realistic pictures of Irish peasant life. In her later books, such as *The Absentee* and *Belinda,* she painted equally realistic pictures of certain phases of society life, based on her observations while living in London.

Scott's Romances. The work of Scott as a writer of historical prose romance has already been discussed. He dominated the first part of the century, and expressed through fiction many of the ideals that were giving to literature new authority. From him we pass to the study of a group of writers who developed the art of prose fiction, in the middle and later years of the century, until the novel became one of the greatest of English literary forms.

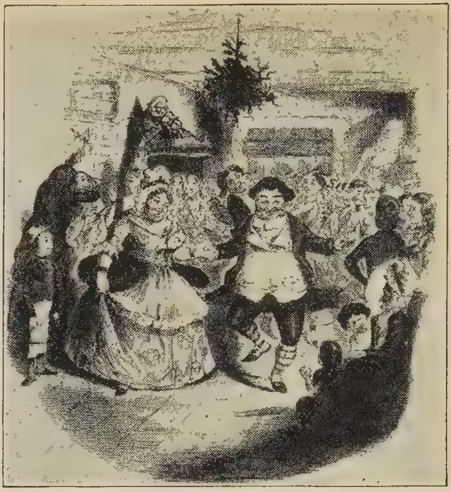
CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

Early Life of Dickens. The father of Dickens was a navy clerk who moved to London when Charles was small, provided a meager income for his family, was something of a reader, and idolized his boy. He made Charles sit on a tall chair in the office and sing ballads to the clerks. He gave him the works of the great eighteenth century novelists to read. But his income dwindled and was finally mortgaged; he was sent to the debtor's prison, and Charles gave up school in order to work, for a pittance, in a shoe-blacking factory.

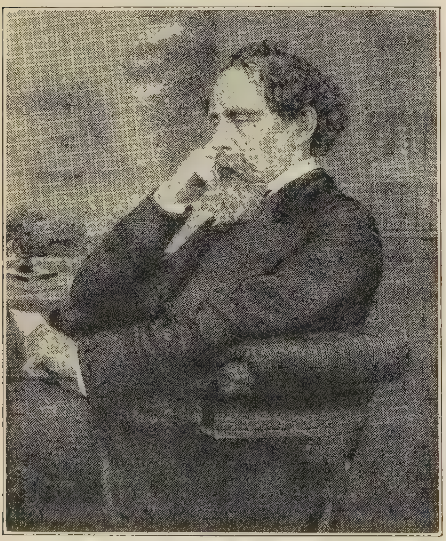
Dickens never forgot the hardships of the two years that ensued. He referred to them frequently, worked them into his novels, conceived a vast pity for himself. Yet they were not altogether evil. Even as a boy, he exercised his amazing power of observation. Many types of character, afterwards introduced into his stories, grew distinct as he passed through these scenes.

His father inherited a legacy, paid his debts, and sent Charles to school. The boy soon left, however, to study shorthand and law and to prepare for journalism. He became a reporter on several London papers. For one of these he wrote the early sketches afterwards collected and published under the title, *Sketches by Boz.* At about the same time (1836) he fell in love with the daughter of one of his employers, married her, and set about writing the immortal *Pickwick Papers.*

Foundations of His Fame. The *Pickwick Papers* had their origin in a scheme to publish, at monthly intervals and with humorous illustrations, sketches of eccentric characters. The illustrator was H. K. Browne, who signed his sketches "Phiz," and the combination of genius in these two men produced a work which made both of them famous. The names of the characters—Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick himself, Snodgrass, Winkle, and the rest, became household words, and were applied to various articles by enterprising tradesmen, such as linens, cigars, and even cabs.



SCENE FROM THE CHRISTMAS CAROL



Charles Dickens

First Group of Novels. At once Dickens set about more ambitious work. From 1837 to 1850 he published eight great novels and collections, beginning with *Oliver Twist*, including such stories as *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the *Christmas Books*, and ending with *David Copperfield*, which he himself regarded as his best work. It is impossible even to catalogue the various elements that give these tales their hold on readers. One must read, and enjoy. As Dryden remarked of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty." Not since Shakespeare had any English writer created such a world of characters interesting for their eccentricities, drawn from common life, and presented in scenes unrivaled for humor and pathos. There was much autobiography in *Oliver Twist* and in *David Copperfield.* *Nicholas Nickleby* is a story of Yorkshire schools and the adventures of a poor youth in London. *The Old Curiosity Shop* introduced Little Nell and the adventures of a band of traveling players. In this group of stories, too, was *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which Dickens inserted some harsh criticism of America, which he had visited in 1842. These novels are filled with those elements that gave them vitality in their own time and have continued their power over readers today: the infinite variety of his scenes, the grotesques that animate these scenes, the fantastic humor which makes these novels unlike any others in English literature. It is for scenes and characters that we read him, not for the leisurely development of a great plot.

Dickens as a Lecturer. The vitality of Dickens's characters sprang from his own vital personality. He was a man of unbounded energy. Whether working over a manuscript or at play, he enjoyed the savor of life. Men like Scott, or Macaulay, or Dickens, impress us not only through their accomplishment but by the enormous energy which they display. This torrent of energy in Dickens was discharged in many ways. His letters, which are voluminous, are as vivid as his books. He was an excellent actor, was continually engaged in private theatricals, and at one time thought of going on the stage. His talents found some outlet in the readings from his works which he gave in England and the United States. Many came to see and hear the creator of the mimic world which all men loved, only to be astonished and delighted at the art which he displayed.

Last Group of Novels. During the last twenty years of his life there were signs of failing inspiration. Some of the old effects were sought, but the results seem more strained, less spontaneous. Dickens seemed conscious of this, and tried various experiments to gain variety. In *Bleak House*, for example, he introduced people of higher social rank than we ordinarily find in his novels. In *A Tale of Two Cities*, an historical romance quite out of his usual vein, he was inspired by Carlyle's great history of the French Revolution. The story is admirably told, with a plot better in construction and much easier to follow than in many of his other works. In *Great Expectations* he returned to the earlier style, the depicting of a boy's life and experiences. To this group also belong *Hard Times*, which introduces Thomas Gradgrind, the worshiper of facts, and *Little Dorrit*, a satire of British officialdom with scenes reminding us of that debtor's prison which played its tragic part in the author's youth.

Criticism of Life. Dickens had a deeper purpose in his writing than merely to amuse. He was as much of a reformer, at heart, as Carlyle and Ruskin. Evils in the schools, in the courts, in the oppressive laws of the time, he sought to alleviate by arousing public indignation against them. His novels show a reaction from the romantic school represented by Scott; their scenes and characters are undoubtedly suggested by real life. Yet these scenes and characters are not always thoroughly realistic; often they drop into the theatric and the sentimental, stressing situations that are not natural but exaggerated. Nevertheless, the very exaggeration, set forth with power and skill by a writer who had rare knowledge of the human heart, possessed merit. For these stories left something more behind than the mere recollection of incidents and characters. They exerted a very great influence on English thought, and they helped thereby to correct the many evils of the day which they revealed.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
(1811-1863)

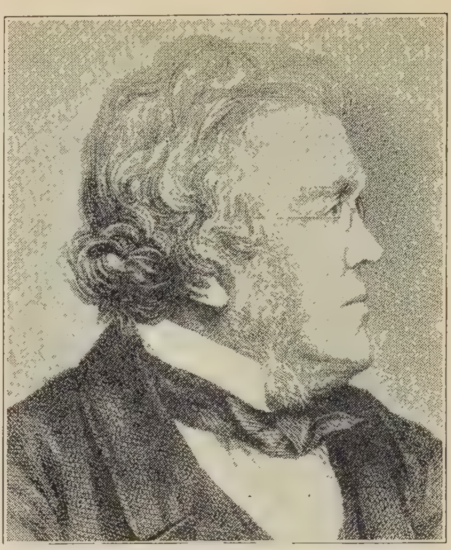
Life. A contemporary of Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta, India, where his father was an official of the British government. He was educated in various English schools, and spent two years at Cambridge. He traveled on the continent, returned to London to study law, engaged in several enterprises that did not turn out fortunately, thought of studying art but developed no great proficiency, and at length settled down to writing.

Early experiments in journalism and some sketches published in *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch* gave him his first training. He attained some degree of success as a caricaturist, and tried to secure the place to which "Phiz" was appointed as illustrator for the proposed *Pickwick Papers*. Many short stories and sketches, notably the *Yellowplush Papers* and the *Book of Snobs*, belong to this period of apprenticeship. Fame came to him more slowly than to Dickens, and it was not until the publication of *Vanity Fair*, in 1847-1848, that he took his place among the greatest English authors of the period.

In his later life, Thackeray divided his time between writing his novels and lecturing. His *English Humorists,* essays on the great writers of the eighteenth century, was originally delivered as a series of lectures in the United States in 1852-1853. In 1859 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine,* to which he contributed the *Roundabout Papers,* essays on various subjects. Besides essays, lectures, stories, and sketches in great profusion, Thackeray wrote many excellent poems, chiefly ballad-like in nature, and he drew illustrations for many of his works.

The Great Novels. Though Thackeray did not write so many novels as Dickens, the total bulk of his work is very large. He was greatly influenced by Fielding, and in *Barry Lyndon* wrote, in Fielding's manner, a mock-heroic and ironic defense of gambling. Fielding's influence is also seen in the structure of Thackeray's novels, which are not intricate and episodic in plot, like those of Dickens, but are rather like histories or epics in prose. In the historical romance as Scott conceived it he took no interest, but the setting of *Vanity Fair* is historical, since it deals with the times in which Waterloo was fought, and in *Henry Esmond* we have a very exact representation not only of the life and manners but also of the prose style of the eighteenth century. In it Addison, Steele, and other personages famous in that century are portrayed with vividness.

Vanity Fair. In this, perhaps his most popular novel, Thackeray tells the story of Becky Sharp, a brilliant adventuress, in such a way as to enlist our sympathy while not blinding us to her faults. Not only the character of Becky but the portrayal of the minor characters in the novel illustrates the unerring skill of the novelist in characterization. The plot is so constructed that it produces the effect of drama. The historical background supplies the setting for the great stage on which the story of human love and weakness is played. The influence of Fielding is seen in the essay-like digressions in which Thackeray pauses to interpret scene or character and to set forth his view of life. He claims the privilege "occasionally to step down from the platform" and to talk about his characters. These characters, he asserts, are portrayed as they actually are—good, bad, and indifferent. It is his desire, he says, "if they are good and kindly, to love and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms politeness admits of."



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Henry Esmond. Four years after the publication of *Vanity Fair,* Thackeray completed *Henry Esmond,* a novel which interprets the age of Pope and Addison. The story is told, impersonally, by the hero. As in *Vanity Fair,* the chief interest is in the portrayal of a woman's character. Beatrix, as brilliant and beautiful as Becky, dominates the story. It presents a picture of life in a past century so accurately as to create the illusion that we are reading what must have been written by a great realist of that time; it is filled with the fascination of romance; yet its supreme merit is not in its relationship to the eighteenth century, when its action is supposed to have taken place, or to the nineteenth century, when it was written, but in the fidelity with which it mirrors the unchanging aspects of human life.

Other Novels. In *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes,* Thackeray dealt with his own time. In the first, the hero is a youth of good family and amiable character, who suggests in some respects Fielding's Tom Jones. Some of the incidents are based on Thackeray's own early life. In *The Newcomes* the character of Colonel Newcome represents the highest ideal of the English gentleman.

Art and View of Life. Thackeray's style is incisive, conversational, and always clear. His plots are masterpieces of construction. In the delineation of various types of character he was a master. He had nothing of the reformer about him; his object was to portray men and women with as great fidelity to truth as possible. Thus we do not find in him the exaggeration and caricature that mark the work of Dickens. He warred on conventional morality and sentimental ideas of reform and uplift, on snobbery and fashionable affectations and all sham. He worked in the spirit of laughter and irony, and his novels constitute chapters in a great human comedy.

George Eliot (1819-1880)

Thackeray and George Eliot. While Thackeray excelled in the delineation of character, the persons of his novels are not complex or highly individualized. He contented himself with describing them, and telling what they said and what they did. George Eliot, on the other hand, was interested in the dissection of the minds and souls of the people who move through the scenes of her novels. She is less interested in incidents than in the meaning or consequences of these incidents. She held that "character is fate," that is, what men call fate is not something external but of the soul itself. Her tragedies are based on incidents seemingly trivial rather than on great crimes. She does not, like Thackeray, "exhibit" her personages, stepping down now and then to talk about them. She penetrates the inner recesses of the spirit, whence are the issues of life and death.

Preparation for Writing. For such a view of the art of fiction George Eliot was prepared by her early training. Her real name was Mary Ann Evans, and she was the daughter of the manager of several great English estates. Her girlhood was therefore passed under conditions favorable to the study of various types of character, for her father was a person of considerable importance who had dealings with all classes of people, from the nobility to the humblest peasant. Furthermore, her early interest was in German literature and philosophy. She translated many scholarly books, and became very learned. Later, her association with George Henry Lewes, a distinguished philosopher, and with men and women in the brilliant intellectual circle to which he belonged, stimulated her interest in the deepest problems of life.

Her Works. Almost by accident George Eliot became a novelist. She wrote a series of stories about people of humble circumstances, afterwards collected under the title, *Scenes from Clerical Life.* This was in 1858, when she was almost forty years of age. So interested did she become in this work that the next year she wrote a full length novel, *Adam Bede,* which was followed, in the next two years, by *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner.* All three are studies of rural life, are partly autobiographical, and show the significance of the tragic in commonplace life.

Middlemarch

In 1863 appeared *Romola,* a novel which differed sharply from those of the first group because in it the author leaves

GEORGE ELIOT

Silas Marner

English contemporary life to present a study of certain phases of the Italian Renaissance. In order to write it, she made exhaustive studies of the period. One of the chief characters in it is Savonarola, the great Italian reformer and martyr of the fifteenth century.

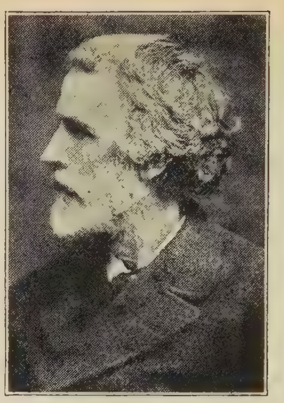
To the last group of novels, written between 1866 and 1876, belong *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*. These show an increased stress on the psychological analysis of character. The first deals with political conditions in England in the author's time; it is less successful than *Middlemarch*, in which the methods of George Eliot's first period are applied with masterly precision.

Her Achievement. In the work of George Eliot we have come a long way from the time when the only persons thought suitable for presentation in literature were kings and queens and people of the court. We have seen how Shakespeare, accepting the current belief that tragedy pertains only to the great in worldly station, nevertheless distinguished between the great in rank and the great in intellect and feeling. George Eliot teaches the lesson that tragedy may belong to the poor and lowly as well as to the great. Her characters are not commonplace; like Shakespeare's they have the greatness that is above mere rank; but for Macbeth and Lear she substitutes Silas Marner, the poor weaver of Raveloe, and Dr. Lydgate, the country physician.

THE END OF THE CENTURY

George Meredith (1828-1909). This minute analysis of character which distinguished the work of George Eliot was continued by George Meredith, but the life he portrays is not that of peasants. He was educated in Germany, studied law, became a journalist and editor, and after publishing a volume of poems in 1851 and a fantastic Eastern tale in 1856, produced an important and mature novel, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, in 1859. For thirty years thereafter he was almost unknown, yet he did not lower his standards of art in order to court popularity.

To Meredith, the muse of prose fiction is what he calls the "Comic Spirit." This spirit of comedy is not that of farce, or even of humorous character and situation for its own sake. It is marked by what he calls "thoughtful laughter," arising out of a keen perception of the follies of life and human nature. This laughter is "silvery," without malice, yet mocking.


GEORGE MEREDITH

Like George Eliot, Meredith believes that character is fate. In tragedy, he says, it is not necessary to have a villain. "We are betrayed by what is false within." To him, as to George Eliot, tragedy does not necessarily involve crime or bloody scenes; the most tragic life may be one that is outwardly successful. With this conception, his use of the "Comic Spirit" is closely akin. He attacks pride and sentimentalism. One of his greatest novels is named *The Egoist*, and the self-centered individual is in his works ever the proper subject for his wit. For epigram, brilliant dialogue, and the power to portray characters of great intellectual force, Meredith is supreme.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928). The most representative novels of Thomas Hardy are tinged with tragedy. To him, the tragedy of life is not so much a matter of personal character as of external fate. Innocent people suffer and perish through a fate that is closely connected with nature. Nature, Hardy thinks, is not beneficent, the source of truth, as with Wordsworth, but is impersonal, crushing the innocent as well as the guilty.

In working out this conception, Hardy studies minutely the lives of people who lived in rural England, especially in Wessex, his native region. His plots are constructed with masterly skill, somewhat on the plan of the Elizabethan drama. He has a great number of characters, all highly

THOMAS HARDY

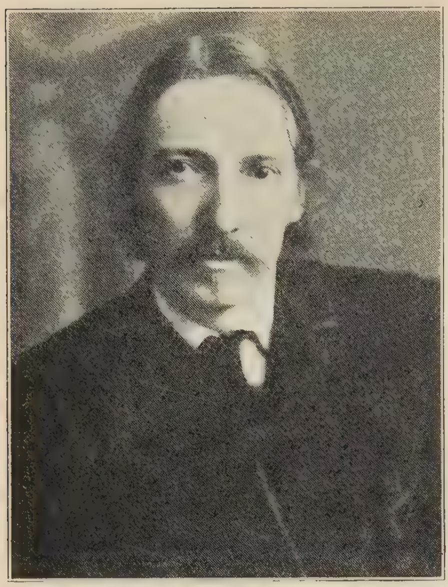
individualized. In some novels, such as *Under the Greenwood Tree*, he works in the spirit of Shakespearean comedy, but a novel like *The Return of the Native* is more characteristic of his genius, and this is tragic in its effect.

Both Meredith and Hardy illustrate the growing intellectual quality of English prose fiction. They discuss problems of character and fate as they were affected by the highly complex life of the nineteenth century. Their ideals of the novel differ greatly from the ideals of fiction dominant at the opening of the century. The heroic romances of Scott and the minute studies of everyday life written by Jane Austen are separated from the work of Meredith and Hardy by changes that transformed the modern world.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894). It is fitting that this chapter should end with a brief account of the life and work of Robert Louis Stevenson. The nineteenth century began with romance, in Scott; it ended with romance, in Stevenson. Both men win our love through their manly courage; Scott by the simple honesty of his life, the chivalry that was a part of his character as it was the theme of his writings, and the heroism with which he assumed a debt of honor; Stevenson by his gallant fight against the constant threat of serious illness that made him a wanderer all his days, but had no power to quell his spirit or to infect a line of what he wrote.

Stevenson approached life with keen intellectual curiosity and abounding good spirits. "Wherever a man is," he said in an essay about the enjoyment that may be found in unpleasant places, "he will find something to please and pacify him." In his *Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* we find records of early wanderings on the continent. The *Silverado Squatters* contains a description of the desolate mining camp in California where he spent the period immediately following his marriage. When the famous *Treasure Island* was published, he was in France. *The Master of Ballantrae* was written in part in the Adirondacks and was completed, with *The Wrong Box*, in Hawaii. *Island Night's Entertainment* consists of three tales dealing with life in remote islands of the South Pacific; and in Samoa, at the end of his wanderings, he wrote *Ebb Tide*, and, besides other books, *Weir of Hermiston*, of which one chapter was dictated only a few hours before his death. Intervals of work were succeeded by periods of complete prostration; he died at forty-four, at the zenith of his powers; yet the famous Edinburgh edition of his works, projected shortly before his death, contains twenty-eight volumes—stories, novels, poetry, essays, and letters.

In the face of such accomplishment, one is in danger of thinking of Stevenson as one who must have spent at work every hour that was free from pain. Yet his letters show the breadth of his human interests; he found time to take part in public causes, and he won the adoration of the Samoans among whom he passed his closing years. He wrote a defense of idleness, in which he said that "extreme busyness is a symptom of deficient vitality." "The services of no single individual," he remarked, "are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare." Like Lamb and Hazlitt and Macaulay, he read voraciously, and with equal zest. "We should gloat over a book," he said; "be rapt clean out of ourselves." In an age when the novel was devoted more and more to realism, he stoutly defended romance. He disliked the tendency "to look down on incident, and reserve the admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate." He praised Scott, Defoe, the romantic elements in Meredith's *Richard Feverel*. He delighted in the story of the Welsh blacksmith who heard a chapter of *Robinson Crusoe* read in a kitchen. The book was in the Welsh language, so the blacksmith slowly and painfully learned to read



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Welsh in order to be able to enjoy the story for himself. When at length he went to borrow it, he found that the Welsh copy had been lost, and that only an English version was to be had. Nothing daunted, he learned to read English. "It was like a love-chase," said Stevenson.

The main outlines of Stevenson's life have already been suggested. His romances are known to all readers, young and old. He wrote a few poems, notably the inimitable *Child's Garden of Verses*, a garden filled with the romance of childhood. His letters and his essays should be a part of the treasure in everyone's library.

SUMMARY

In this chapter we have studied the criticism of modern life as reflected in prose literature. This criticism, we remember, was not confined to prose; poetry also dealt with the changing currents set in motion by political revolution, the increasing importance of machinery, the shake-up in the whole system of society. For the supreme expression, in literature, of the ideals of the nineteenth century, we must depend, as always, chiefly upon its poetry. There we find the continuance of the great tradition, looking back to what has gone before, interpreting the deeper experiences of the human spirit in its own time, and reaching forward to the future.

Yet all this should not blind us to the growing importance of prose as an interpreter of life. The nineteenth century was an age of criticism, not the external and formal criticism of the eighteenth century, divorced from reality, but inspired by a relentless and many-sided examination of the life that was actually being lived, on Wessex moors, in remote English villages, in the slums of London, and in circles where leisure and culture gave men time and power to think. And the most individual and trenchant of this criticism was written in prose.

This prose criticism took many forms, the most important being the novel. At first it was "personal"—the interpretation of Elizabethan literature or the familiar essay with more or less philosophical bias. In the middle of the century, in both essay and novel, it began to take account of the defects of modern life. Carlyle fulminated against Victorian ineffectiveness and unwillingness to come to grips with reality; Ruskin attacked the age for its ugliness, and Arnold for its ignorance. Only Macaulay, among the great writers, was satisfied with it, and Macaulay was deficient in spiritual perception. As for the novel, Dickens was the humorist, sensitive to the sufferings of the poor, a lover of men, but unable to probe very far beneath the surface of life. Thackeray, too, combined realism and sentimentality; with all his protests he was a bit afraid of the stark realities. In George Eliot, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy we find a new conception of tragedy, not of lords and kings but of peasants and of men and women whose lives are caught in the mesh of machinery, or of doubt, or of a nature that is hostile or indifferent. This tragedy is of the intellect as well as of the emotions. Its medium is not the stately blank verse of the Elizabethans, but the sinewy, infinitely varied, and everyday prose with which the Victorians achieved new masteries.

NINETEENTH CENTURY PROSE

ESSAY ON BURNS

Thomas Carlyle

I. REVIEW OF LOCKHART'S "LIFE"

In the modern arrangements of society it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, "ask for bread and receive a stone"; for, in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognize. The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary. We do not know whether it is not an aggravation of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution. Robert Burns, in the course of nature, might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died, in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected. And yet already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers; and here is the *sixth* narrative of his life that has been given to the world!

Mr. Lockhart thinks it necessary to apologize for this new attempt on such a subject; but his readers, we believe, will readily acquit him; or, at worst, will censure only the performance of his task, not the choice of it. The character of Burns, indeed, is a theme that cannot easily become either trite or exhausted; and will probably gain rather than lose in its dimensions by the distance to which it is removed by time. No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet; and this is probably true; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. For it is certain that to the vulgar eye few things are wonderful that are not distant. It is difficult for men to believe that the man, the mere man whom they see—nay, perhaps painfully feel, toiling at their side through the poor jostlings of existence, can be made of finer clay than themselves. Suppose that some dining acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lucy's, and neighbor of John à Combe's, had snatched an hour or two from the preservation of his game, and written us a life of Shakespeare! What dissertations should we not have had—not on *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, but on the wool-trade, and deer-stealing, and the libel and vagrant laws; and how the poacher became a player; and how Sir Thomas and Mr. John had Christian bowels, and did not push him to extremities! In like manner, we believe, with respect to Burns, that till the companions of his pilgrimage, the Honorable Excise Commissioners, and the Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, and the Dumfries aristocracy, and all the squires and earls, equally with the Ayr writers, and the New and Old Light Clergy whom he had to do with, shall have become invisible in the darkness of the

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3. **Butler**, Samuel (1612-1680) wrote a brilliant satire on the Puritans entitled *Hudibras*. It amused Charles II, who promised to reward the poet but did not do so. 21. **brave mausoleum**, a tomb making a fine show. It was completed in 1815.

past, or visible only by light borrowed from *his* juxtaposition, it will be difficult to measure him by any true standard, or to estimate what he really was and did, for his country and the world. It will be difficult, we say, but still a fair problem for literary historians; and repeated attempts will give us repeated approximations.

His former biographers have done something, no doubt, but by no means a great deal, to assist us. Dr. Currie and Mr. Walker, the principal of these writers, have both, we think, mistaken one essentially important thing—their own and the world's true relation to their author, and the style in which it became such men to think and to speak of such a man. Dr. Currie loved the poet truly; more perhaps than he avowed to his readers, or even to himself; yet he everywhere introduces him with a certain patronizing, apologetic air, as if the polite public might think it strange and half unwarrantable that he, a man of science, a scholar and gentleman, should do such honor to a rustic. In all this, however, we readily admit that his fault was not want of love, but weakness of faith; and regret that the first and kindest of all our poet's biographers should not have seen further or believed more boldly what he saw. Mr. Walker offends more deeply in the same kind; and both err alike in presenting us with a detached catalogue of his several supposed attributes, virtues, and vices, instead of a delineation of the resulting character as a living unity. This, however, is not painting a portrait, but gauging the length and breadth of the several features, and jotting down their dimensions in arithmetical ciphers. Nay, it is not so much as that; for we are yet to learn by what arts or instruments the mind *could* be so measured and gauged.

Mr. Lockhart, we are happy to say, has avoided both these errors. He uniformly treats Burns as the high and remarkable man the public voice has now pronounced him to be; and in delineating him he has avoided the method of separate generalities, and rather sought for characteristic incidents, habits, actions, sayings; in a word, for aspects which exhibit the whole man, as he looked and lived among his fellows. The book, accordingly, with all its deficiencies, gives more insight, we think, into the true character of Burns than any prior biography; though, being written on the very popular and condensed scheme of an article for *Constable's Miscellany*, it has less depth than we could have wished and expected from a writer of such power; and contains rather more, and more multifarious, quotations than belong of right to an original production. Indeed, Mr. Lockhart's own writing is generally so good, so clear, direct, and nervous, that we seldom wish to see it making place for another man's. However, the spirit of the work is throughout candid, tolerant, and anxiously conciliating; compliments and praises are liberally distributed, on all hands, to great and small; and, as Mr. Morris Birkbeck observes of the society in the backwoods of America, "the courtesies of polite life are never lost sight of for a moment." But there are better things than these in the volume; and we can safely testify not only that it is easily read a first time, but may even be without difficulty read again.

Nevertheless, we are far from thinking that the problem of Burns's biography has yet been adequately solved. We do not allude so much to deficiency of facts or documents—though of these we are still every day receiving some fresh accession—as to the limited and imperfect application of them to the great end of biography. Our notions

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73. **nervous**, spirited; vigorous. 80. **Mr. Morris Birkbeck.** He published, in 1818, his *Notes on a Journey in America from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois.*

upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many *lives* will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense *biographies*. But Burns, if we mistake not, is one of these few individuals; and such a study, at least with such a result, he has not yet obtained. Our own contributions to it, we are aware, can be but scanty and feeble; but we trust they may meet with acceptance from those they are intended for.

II. THE DISTINGUISHING QUALITY OF BURNS

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the "nine days" have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamor proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model, or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that storehouse and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with a pickax; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and

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48. **"nine days."** A nine-days' wonder causes excitement for a brief time only.

in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rimes of a Fergusson or Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments. Through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region his lynx eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrepressible soul he struggles forward into the general view, and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labor, a gift which time has now pronounced imperishable. Add to all this, that his darksome, drudging childhood and youth was by far the kindliest era of his whole life, and that he died in his thirty-seventh year—and then ask if it be strange that his poems are imperfect and of small extent, or that his genius attained no mastery in its art. Alas, his sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale shadow of death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapors, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear, azure splendor enlightening the world; but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through; and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colors into a glory and stern grandeur which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears!

We are anxious not to exaggerate, for it is exposition rather than admiration that our readers require of us here; and yet to avoid some tendency to that side is no easy matter. We love Burns and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business; we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy. Time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a class of men with whom, for most part, the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us, in general, with any affection; at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the "eternal melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation; we see him in a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had nature, in her bounty, bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queenlike indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before

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63. **Sir Hudson Lowe**, governor of St. Helena, the rocky isle on which Napoleon was confined (1815-1821).

we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable; but that of wisely guiding his own life was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom; and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul, so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The daisy falls not unheeded under his plowshare; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowrin, tim'rous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety dribble and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of winter delights him; he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling; what trustful, boundless love; what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him; Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwells under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defense, not for offense; no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile; he is cast among the low and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of poetry and manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn," a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his

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3. **more venerable**, not more aged, but more worthy of honor and respect. 19. **daisy**. See "To a Mountain Daisy." 21-22. **wee . . . beastie**. See "To a Mouse." 24. **hoar visage**. See Burns's poem "Winter—A Dirge." 31. **it raises**, etc. Quoted from Burns's note to "Winter."

89. **quick to learn**. In "A Bard's Epitaph" Burns wrote, "The poor inhabitant below was quick to learn."

heart. And so did our peasant show himself among us, "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarreling with smugglers and vinters, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

III. THE WRITINGS OF BURNS

All that remains of Burns, the writings he has left, seem to us, as we hinted above, no more than a poor, mutilated fraction of what was in him; brief, broken glimpses of a genius that could never show itself complete; that wanted all things for completeness—culture, leisure, true effort, nay, even length of life. His poems are, with scarcely any exception, mere occasional effusions; poured forth with little premeditation; expressing, by such means as offered, the passion, opinion, or humor of the hour. Never in one instance was it permitted him to grapple with any subject with the full collection of his strength, to fuse and mold it in the concentrated fire of his genius. To try by the strict rules of art such imperfect fragments would be at once unprofitable and unfair. Nevertheless, there is something in these poems, marred and defective as they are, which forbids the most fastidious student of poetry to pass them by. Some sort of enduring quality they must have; for after fifty years of the wildest vicissitudes in poetic taste they still continue to be read; nay, are read more and more eagerly, more and more extensively; and this not only by literary virtuosos, and that class upon whom transitory causes operate most strongly, but by all classes, down to the most hard, unlettered, and truly natural class, who read little, and especially no poetry, except because they find pleasure in it. The grounds of so singular a popularity, which extends, in a literal sense, from the palace to the hut, and over all regions where the English tongue is spoken, are well worth inquiring into. After every just deduction, it seems to imply some rare excellence in these works. What is that excellence?

To answer this question will not lead us far. The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized—his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow, fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling; the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and labored amidst that he describes; those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can, "in homely, rustic jingle"; but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them; let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself. Horace's rule, *Si vis me flere*, is applicable in a wider sense than the literal one. To every poet, to every writer, we might say: Be true, if you would be believed. Let a

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89. **Si vis me flere.** The whole quotation, from the Latin poet Horace, means "If you would have me weep, you must first know sorrow."

man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

This may appear a very simple principle, and one which Burns had little merit in discovering. True, the discovery is easy enough; but the practical appliance is not easy; is indeed the fundamental difficulty which all poets have to strive with, and which scarcely one in the hundred ever fairly surmounts. A head too dull to discriminate the true from the false, a heart too dull to love the one at all risks and to hate the other in spite of all temptations, are alike fatal to a writer. With either, or, as more commonly happens, with both of these deficiencies, combine a love of distinction, a wish to be original, which is seldom wanting; and we have Affectation, the bane of literature, as Cant, its elder brother, is of morals. How often does the one and the other front us, in poetry as in life! Great poets themselves are not always free of this vice; nay, it is precisely on a certain sort and degree of greatness that it is most commonly ingrafted. A strong effort after excellence will sometimes solace itself with a mere shadow of success; he who has much to unfold will sometimes unfold it imperfectly. Byron, for instance, was no common man; yet if we examine his poetry with this view, we shall find it far from faultless. Generally speaking, we should say that it is not true. He refreshes us, not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar, strong waters, stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike, or even nausea. Are his Harolds and Giaours, we would ask, real men; we mean, poetically consistent and conceivable men? Do not these characters, does not the character of their author, which more or less shines through them all, rather appear a thing put on for the occasion —no natural or possible mode of being, but something intended to look much grander than nature? Surely, all these stormful agonies, this volcanic heroism, superhuman contempt, and moody desperation, with so much scowling, and teeth-gnashing, and other sulphurous humor, is more like the brawling of a player in some paltry tragedy, which is to last three hours, than the bearing of a man in the business of life, which is to last three-score and ten years. To our minds there is a taint of this sort, something which we should call theatrical, false, affected, in every one of these otherwise so powerful pieces. Perhaps *Don Juan*, especially the latter parts of it, is the only thing approaching to a *sincere* work he ever wrote; the only work where he showed himself, in any measure, as he was; and seemed so intent on his subject as, for moments, to forget himself. Yet Byron hated this vice, we believe, heartily detested it; nay, he had declared formal war against it in words. So difficult is it even for the strongest to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all: to *read its own consciousness without mistakes*, without errors involuntary or willful! We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his

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53. **Harolds and Giaours.** See Explanatory Note 5 page 584.

greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no luster but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue; to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.

Here, however, let us say, it is to the poetry of Burns that we now allude; to those writings which he had to meditate, and where no special reason existed to warp his critical feeling or obstruct his endeavor to fulfill it. Certain of his letters, and other fractions of prose composition, by no means deserve this praise. Here, doubtless, there is not the same natural truth of style; but, on the contrary, something not only stiff, but strained and twisted; a certain high-flown, inflated tone, the stilting emphasis of which contrasts ill with the firmness and rugged simplicity of even his poorest verses. Thus no man, it would appear, is altogether unaffected. Does not Shakespeare himself sometimes premeditate the sheerest bombast! But even with regard to these letters of Burns, it is but fair to state that he had two excuses. The first was his comparative deficiency in language. Burns, though for the most part he writes with singular force and even gracefulness, is not master of English prose, as he is of Scottish verse; not master of it, we mean, in proportion to the depth and vehemence of his matter. These letters strike us as the effort of a man to express something which he has no organ fit for expressing. But a second and weightier excuse is to be found in the peculiarity of Burns's social rank. His correspondents are often men whose relation to him he has never accurately ascertained; whom, therefore, he is either forearming himself against, or else unconsciously flattering, by adopting the style he thinks will please them. At all events, we should remember that these faults are not the rule, but the exception. Whenever he writes, as one would ever wish to do, to trusted friends and on real interests, his style becomes simple, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even beautiful. His letters to Mrs. Dunlop are uniformly excellent.

But we return to his poetry. In addition to its sincerity, it has another peculiar merit, which indeed is but a mode, or perhaps a means, of the foregoing; this displays itself in his choice of subjects, or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. The ordinary poet, like the ordinary man, is forever seeking in external circumstances the help which can be found only in himself. In what is familiar and near at hand, he discerns no form or comeliness; home is not poetical, but prosaic; it is in some past, distant, conventional, heroic world that poetry resides for him; were he there and not here, were he thus and not so, it would be well with him. Hence our innumerable host of rose-colored novels and iron-mailed epics, with their locality not on the earth but somewhere nearer to the moon. Hence our virgins of the sun, and our knights of the cross, malicious Saracens in turbans, and copper-colored chiefs in wampum, and so many other truculent figures from the heroic times or the heroic climates, who on all hands swarm in our poetry. Peace be with them! But yet, as a great moralist proposed preaching to the men of this century, so would we fain preach to the poets, "a sermon on the duty of staying at home." Let them be sure that heroic ages and heroic climates can do little for them. That form of life has attractions for us, less because it is better or nobler than our own, than simply because it is different; and even this attraction must be of the most transient sort. For will

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55. **Mrs. Dunlop**, a woman of wealth and rank who admired Burns's poetry and became a firm friend of his.

not our own age, one day, be an ancient one, and have as quaint a costume as the rest; not contrasted with the rest, therefore, but ranked along with them, in respect of quaintness? Does Homer interest us now because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece, and two centuries before he was born; or because he wrote what passed in God's world, and in the heart of man, which is the same after thirty centuries? Let our poets look to this: is their feeling really finer, truer, and their vision deeper than that of other men—they have nothing to fear, even from the humblest subject; is it not so—they have nothing to hope but an ephemeral favor, even from the highest.

The poet, we imagine, can never have far to seek for a subject; the elements of his art are in him, and around him on every hand; for him the ideal world is not remote from the actual, but under it and within it; nay, he is a poet precisely because he can discern it there. Wherever there is a sky above him and a world around him, the poet is in his place; for here too is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavors; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of, in any age or climate, since man first began to live. Is there not the fifth act of a tragedy in every deathbed, though it were a peasant's, and a bed of heath? And are wooings and weddings obsolete, that there can be comedy no longer? Or are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his farce? Man's life and nature is as it was, and as it will ever be. But the poet must have an eye to read these things and a heart to understand them; or they come and pass away before him in vain. He is a *vates*, a seer; a gift of vision has been given him. Has life no meanings for him which another cannot equally decipher, then he is no poet, and Delphi itself will not make him one.

In this respect, Burns, though not perhaps absolutely a great poet, better manifests his capability, better proves the truth of his genius, than if he had by his own strength kept the whole Minerva Press going, to the end of his literary course. He shows himself at least a poet of nature's own making; and nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets. We often hear of this and the other external condition being requisite for the existence of a poet. Sometimes it is a certain sort of training; he must have studied certain things, studied, for instance, "the elder dramatists," and so learned a poetic language; as if poetry lay in the tongue, not in the heart. At other times we are told he must be bred in a certain rank, and must be on confidential footing with the higher classes; because, above all things, he must see the world. As to seeing the world, we apprehend this will cause him little difficulty, if he have but eyesight to see it with. Without eyesight, indeed, the task might be hard. The blind or the purblind man "travels from Dan to Beersheba and finds it all barren." But happily every poet is born *in* the world; and sees it, with or against his will, every day and every hour he lives. The mysterious workmanship of man's heart, the true light and the inscrutable darkness of man's destiny, reveal themselves not only in capital cities and crowded saloons, but in every hut and hamlet where men have their abode. Nay, do

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51. vates, a diviner or prophet. 55. **Delphi**, the most famous of the oracles in ancient Greece. 62. **Minerva Press**, an eighteenth-century publishing house in London that poured forth sensational novels. 84. **from Dan to Beersheba**, extensively.

not the elements of all human virtues and all human vices, the passions at once of a Borgia and of a Luther, lie written in stronger or fainter lines in the consciousness of every individual bosom that has practiced honest self-examination? Truly, this same world may be seen in Mossgiel and Tarbolton, if we look well, as clearly as it ever came to light in Crockford's or the Tuileries itself.

But sometimes still harder requisitions are laid on the poor aspirant to poetry; for it is hinted that he should have *been born* two centuries ago; inasmuch as poetry, about that date, vanished from the earth and became no longer attainable by men! Such cobweb speculations have, now and then, overhung the field of literature; but they obstruct not the growth of any plant there; the Shakespeare or the Burns, unconsciously, and merely as he walks onward, silently brushes them away. Is not every genius an impossibility till he appears? Why do we call him new and original, if *we* saw where his marble was lying, and what fabric he could rear from it? It is not the material but the workman that is wanting. It is not the dark *place* that hinders, but the dim *eye*. A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives till Burns became a poet in it and a poet of it, found it a *man's* life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battlefields remain unsung; but the "wounded hare" has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our Halloween had passed and repassed, in rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids; but no Theocritus, till Burns, discerned in it the materials of a Scottish idyll; neither was the "Holy Fair" any Council of Trent or Roman Jubilee; but, nevertheless, superstition and hypocrisy and fun having been propitious to him, in this man's hand it became a poem, instinct with satire and genuine comic life. Let but the true poet be given us, we repeat it; place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, as we have now attempted to describe it, a certain rugged, sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written; a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy, natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, and yet a sweet, native gracefulness; he is tender, he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart, or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire, as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit." And observe with what a fierce, prompt force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye; full and

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3. **Borgia**, an Italian soldier who stands for cruelty and treachery. **Luther**, Martin (1483–1546), leader of the German Reformation. 8. **Mossgiel and Tarbolton**, towns where Burns lived at different times. 10. **Crockford's**, a fashionable gambling-place in London. 11. **Tuileries**, the palace of the kings of France before the French Revolution. 38. **wounded hare.** Read the poem "On Seeing a Wounded Hare Limp by Me." 42. **Halloween.** Burns's poem relates many of the charms and spells connected with the ancient belief that ghosts and goblins wandered abroad on October 31.

45. **Theocritus**, a Greek poet of the third century B.C., the father of poetry dealing with country life. 47. **Holy Fair**, a satiric poem by Burns, the story of which takes place in a churchyard. **Council of Trent**, a council of the Roman Catholic Church held in Trent (1545–1563). 48. **Roman Jubilee**, a celebration of the Catholic Church coming every twenty-five years.

clear in every lineament; and catches the real type and essence of it, amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! Is it of reason; some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description; some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns; the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And, in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward, meter, so clear and definite a likeness! It seems a draftsman working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin of a Retzsch is not more expressive or exact.

Of this last excellence, the plainest and most comprehensive of all, being indeed the root and foundation of *every* sort of talent, poetical or intellectual, we could produce innumerable instances from the writings of Burns. Take these glimpses of a snowstorm from his "Winter Night" (the italics are ours):

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
And Phœbus *gies a short-lived glow'r,*
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labor sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, *wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,*
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or, through the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Are there not "descriptive touches" here? The describer *saw* this thing, the essential feature and true likeness of every circumstance in it; saw, and not with the eye only. "Poor Labor locked in sweet sleep"; the dead stillness of man, unconscious, vanquished, yet not unprotected, while such strife of the material elements rages, and seems to reign supreme in loneliness; this is of the heart as well as of the eye!—Look also at his image of a thaw, and prophesied fall of the "Auld Brig":

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's *mossy* fountains *boil,*
Or where the Greenock winds his *moorland* course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and *spotting* thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crushing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams and mills and brigs a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck down to the Rotton-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd *tumbling* sea;
Then down ye'll hurl, Deil nor ye never rise!
And *dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.*

The last line is in itself a Poussin-picture of that deluge! The welkin has, as it were, bent down with its weight; the "gumlie jaups" and the "pouring skies" are mingled together; it is a world of rain and ruin.—In respect of mere clearness and minute fidelity the farmer's commendation of

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22. **burin of a Retzsch.** A burin is a tool with which an engraver cuts lines in metal. Carlyle became familiar with the engraver Retzsch (1779–1857) through his illustrations for Goethe and Schiller. 33. **Boreas,** the north wind. **doure,** fierce. 35. **Phœbus,** the sun. 36. **the lift,** in the heavens. 41. **burns,** brooks. 43. **bocked,** gushed.

58. **When heavy, etc.** From Burns's dialogue, "The Brigs of Ayr." The New Brig is speaking in these lines. 64. **thowes,** thaws. 65. **rowes,** rolls. 66. **speat,** flood. 68. **Glenbuck,** the source of the River Ayr. **Rottenkey,** a small landing place at the mouth of the river. 71. **gumlie jaups,** muddy splashes. 72. **Poussin,** Nicolas (1594–1665), a famous French artist. He painted a picture of the Deluge.

his "Auld Mare," in plow or in cart, may vie with Homer's smithy of the Cyclops, or yoking of Priam's chariot. Nor have we forgotten stout "Burn-the-Wind" and his brawny customers, inspired by "Scotch Drink"; but it is needless to multiply examples. One other trait of a much finer sort we select from multitudes of such among his songs. It gives, in a single line, to the saddest feeling the saddest environment and local habitation:

The pale Moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting wi' me, O;
Farewell, false friends; false lover, farewell!
I'll nae mair trouble them nor thee, O.

This clearness of sight we have called the foundation of all talent; for, in fact, unless we *see* our object, how shall we know how to place or prize it, in our understanding, our imagination, our affections? Yet it is not in itself, perhaps, a very high excellence; but capable of being united indifferently with the strongest, or with ordinary powers. Homer surpasses all men in this quality; but strangely enough, at no great distance below him are Richardson and Defoe. It belongs, in truth, to what is called a lively mind; and gives no sure indication of the higher endowments that may exist along with it. In all the three cases we have mentioned, it is combined with great garrulity; their descriptions are detailed, ample, and lovingly exact; Homer's fire bursts through, from time to time, as if by accident; but Defoe and Richardson have no fire. Burns, again, is not more distinguished by the clearness than by the impetuous force of his conceptions. Of the strength, the piercing emphasis with which he thought, his emphasis of expression may give a humble but the readiest proof. Who ever uttered sharper sayings than his, words more memorable, now by their burning vehemence, now by their cool vigor and laconic pith? A single phrase depicts a whole subject, a whole scene. We hear of "a gentleman that derived his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." Our Scottish forefathers in the battlefield struggled forward, he says, "red-wat-shod," giving in this one word a full vision of horror and carnage, perhaps too frightfully accurate for art!

In fact, one of the leading features in the mind of Burns is this vigor of his strictly intellectual perceptions. A resolute force is ever visible in his judgments, and in his feelings and volitions. Professor Stewart says of him, with some surprise: "All the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." But this, if we mistake not, is at all times the very essence of a truly poetical endowment. Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed, maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague, random tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjointed from them; but rather the result of their general harmony and

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1. **Auld Mare.** Read "The Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to His Auld Mare Maggie." 2. **smithy of the Cyclops.** Read the *Odyssey*, Book ix. 3. **Priam's chariot.** Read the *Iliad*, Book xxiv. 4. **Burn-the-Wind**, an expanded form of *Burnewin*, the blacksmith in Burns's poem "Scotch Drink." 13. **The pale Moon**, etc. Not quoted exactly. Read "Open the Door to Me O." 28. **Richardson**, Samuel (1689–1761), the author of the first English novel. 29. **Defoe**, Daniel (1661–1731), the author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

55. **red-wat-shod.** *Wat* means *wet*; the whole phrase would mean *wading in blood*. The expression is in the poem "To William Simpson." 64. **Professor Stewart**, Dugald (1753–1828), a famous Scottish professor of philosophy, who during his summer vacations formed a friendship with Burns. 79. **Keats**, John (1795–1821). Read again pages 406–408.

completion. The feelings, the gifts, that exist in the poet are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul; the imagination which shudders at the Hell of Dante is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they? Shakespeare, it has been well observed, in the planning and completing of his tragedies, has shown an understanding, were it nothing more, which might have governed states, or indited a *Novum Organum.* What Burns's force of understanding may have been we have less means of judging; it had to dwell among the humblest objects; never saw Philosophy; never rose, except by natural effort and for short intervals, into the region of great ideas. Nevertheless, sufficient indication, if no proof sufficient, remains for us in his works; we discern the brawny movements of a gigantic though untutored strength; and can understand how, in conversation, his quick, sure insight into men and things may, as much as aught else about him, have amazed the best thinkers of his time and country.

But, unless we mistake, the intellectual gift of Burns is fine as well as strong. The more delicate relations of things could not well have escaped his eye, for they were intimately present to his heart. The logic of the senate and the forum is indispensable, but not all-sufficient; nay, perhaps the highest truth is that which will the most certainly elude it. For this logic works by words, and "the highest," it has been said, "cannot be expressed in words." We are not without tokens of an openness for this higher truth also, of a keen though uncultivated sense for it, having existed in Burns. Mr. Stewart, it will be remembered, "wonders," in the passage above quoted, that Burns had formed some distinct conception of the "doctrine of association." We rather think that far subtler things than the doctrine of association had from of old been familiar to him. Here, for instance:

> We know nothing [thus writes he], or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls; so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring—among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn—that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild, mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

Force and fineness of understanding are often spoken of as something different from general force and fineness of nature, as something partly independent of them. The necessities of language so require it; but in truth these qualities are not distinct and independent; except in special cases, and from special causes, they ever go together. A man of strong understanding is generally a man of strong character; neither is delicacy in the one

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15. **Novum Organum**, Latin for "new instrument," was the title of Francis Bacon's famous work (1620) on the inductive method of science.

56. **We know**, etc. From Burns's letter to Mrs. Dunlop, from Ellisland, New-Year-day Morning, 1789.

kind often divided from delicacy in the other. No one, at all events, is ignorant that in the poetry of Burns keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; that his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth.* He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only but noble, and of the sort in which great virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is love toward all nature that inspires him, that opens his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise. There is a true, old saying, that "Love furthers knowledge"; but above all, it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing love, we have spoken already, as of the grand distinction of his nature, seen equally in word and deed, in his life and in his writings. It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe, is lovely in his sight; "the hoary hawthorn," the "troop of of gray plover," the "solitary curlew," all are dear to him; all live in this earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that, amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the "ourie cattle" and "silly sheep" and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
        O' wintry war,
Or through the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
        Beneath a scar.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
        What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
        An' close thy e'e?

The tenant of the mean hut, with its "ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these! This is worth several homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him. The very Devil he cannot hate with right orthodoxy:

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
        Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
        Ev'n for your sake!

" 'He is the father of curses and lies,' said Dr. Slop; 'and is cursed and damned already.'—'I am sorry for it,' quoth my uncle Toby!"—A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

But has it not been said, in contradiction to this principle, that "Indignation makes verses"? It has been so said, and is true enough; but the contradiction is apparent, not real. The Indignation which makes verses is, properly speaking, an inverted love; the love of some right, some worth, some goodness belonging to ourselves or others, which has been injured, and which this tempetuous feeling issues forth to defend and avenge. No selfish fury of heart, existing there as a primary feeling, and without its opposite, ever produced much poetry; otherwise, we suppose, the tiger were the most musical of all our choristers. Johnson said he loved a good hater; by which he must have meant, not so much one

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41. **I thought me**, etc. From "A Winter Night." **ourie**, shivering. 42. **brattle**, fury. 44. **deep-lairing**, deep-wading. **sprattle**, scramble. 46. **Ilk**, each.

50. **chittering**, trembling with cold. 51. **e'e**, eyes. 62. **But fare you**, etc. See pages 411-412. 69–71. **Dr. Slop . . . my uncle Toby**, characters in *Tristram Shandy* by Laurence Sterne. 90. **Johnson.** Dr. Samuel Johnson is credited with this remark. (For his life see pages 309–313).

that hated violently, as one that hated wisely; hated baseness from love and nobleness. However, in spite of Johnson's paradox, tolerable enough for once in speech, but which need not have been so often adopted in print since then, we rather believe that good men deal sparingly in hatred, either wise or unwise; nay, that a "good" hater is still a desideratum in this world. The Devil, at least, who passes for the chief and best of that class, is said to be nowise an amiable character.

Of the verses which Indignation makes, Burns has also given us specimens, and among the best that were ever given. Who will forget his "Dweller in yon dungeon dark"; a piece that might have been chanted by the Furies of Æschylus? The secrets of the infernal pit are laid bare; a boundless, baleful "darkness visible"; and streaks of hell-fire quivering madly in its black, haggard bosom!

> Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
> Hangman of creation, mark!
> Who in widow-weeds appears,
> Laden with unhonored years,
> Noosing with care a bursting purse,
> Baited with many a deadly curse?

Why should we speak of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"; since all know of it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak—judiciously enough, for a man composing "Bruce's Address" might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode; the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

Another wild, stormful song that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity is "McPherson's Farewell." Perhaps there is something in the tradition itself that coöperates. For was not this grim Celt, this shaggy Northland Cacus, that "lived a life of sturt and strife, and died by treacherie"—was not he too one of the Nimrods and Napoleons of the earth, in the arena of his own remote, misty glens, for want of a clearer and wider one? Nay, was there not a touch of grace given him? A fiber of love and softness, of poetry itself, must have lived in his savage heart; for he composed that air the night before his execution; on the wings of that poor melody his better soul would soar away above oblivion, pain, and all the ignominy and despair, which, like an avalanche, was hurling him to the abyss! Here, also, as at Thebes, and in Pelops' line, was material Fate matched against man's free-will; matched in bitterest though obscure duel; and the ethereal soul sank not, even in its blindness, without a cry which has survived it. But who, except Burns, could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange, half-barbarous, half-poetic, fellow-feeling?

> Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
>   Sae dauntingly gaed he;
> He played a spring, and danced it round,
>   Below the gallows-tree.

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18. **Dweller in yon dungeon**, the opening of Burns's "Ode Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald." 20. **Furies.** In the *Eumenides* of the Greek dramatist Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.) there is a chorus of Furies. 31. **Scots wha hae**, etc. See "Bruce's Address at Bannockburn."

54. **McPherson**, an actual Highland freebooter who had some ability in music. While in prison he composed words and air for a song which he played at the foot of the gallows. 58. **Cacus**, a gigantic son of Vulcan whom Hercules strangled for stealing cattle. 61. **Nimrod**, the mighty hunter. See *Genesis* x, 8–10. 74. **Thebes.** See "Il Penseroso," line 99, and note 5, page 242. 85. **Sae rantingly**, etc. The chorus in Burns's poem "McPherson's Farewell."

Under a lighter disguise the same principle of love, which we have recognized as the great characteristic of Burns, and of all true poets, occasionally manifests itself in the shape of humor. Everywhere, indeed, in his sunny moods, a full, buoyant flood of mirth rolls through the mind of Burns; he rises to the high, and stoops to the low, and is brother and playmate to all nature. We speak not of his bold and often irresistible faculty of caricature; for this is drollery rather than humor; but a much tenderer sportfulness dwells in him, and comes forth here and there, in evanescent and beautiful touches; as in his "Address to the Mouse," or the "Farmer's Mare," or in his "Elegy on Poor Mailie," which last may be reckoned his happiest effort of this kind. In these pieces there are traits of a humor as fine as that of Sterne; yet altogether different, original, peculiar—the humor of Burns.

Of the tenderness, the playful pathos, and many other kindred qualities of Burns's poetry, much more might be said; but now, with these poor outlines of a sketch, we must prepare to quit this part of our subject. To speak of his individual writings, adequately and with any detail, would lead us far beyond our limits. As already hinted, we can look on but few of these pieces as, in strict critical language, deserving the name of poems; they are rimed eloquence, rimed pathos, rimed sense; yet seldom essentially melodious, aërial, poetical. "Tam o' Shanter" itself, which enjoys so high a favor, does not appear to us at all decisively to come under this last category. It is not so much a poem as a piece of sparkling rhetoric; the heart and body of the story still lies hard and dead. He has not gone back, much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age when the tradition was believed and when it took its rise; he does not attempt, by any new-modeling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep, mysterious chord of human nature which once responded to such things; and which lives in us too, and will forever live, though silent now, or vibrating with far other notes, and to far different issues. Our German readers will understand us, when we say that he is not the Tieck but the Musäus of this tale. Externally it is all green and living; yet look closer, it is no firm growth, but only ivy on a rock. The piece does not properly cohere; the strange chasm which yawns in our incredulous imaginations between the Ayr public-house and the gate of Tophet, is nowhere bridged over, nay, the idea of such a bridge is laughed at; and thus the tragedy of the adventure becomes a mere drunken phantasmagoria, or many-colored spectrum painted on ale-vapors, and the farce alone has any reality. We do not say that Burns should have made much more of this tradition; we rather think that, for strictly poetical purposes, not much *was* to be made of it. Neither are we blind to the deep, varied, genial power displayed in what he has actually accomplished; but we find far more "Shakespearean" qualities, as these of "Tam o' Shanter" have been fondly named, in many of his other pieces; nay, we incline to believe that this latter might have been written, all but quite as well, by a man who, in place of genius, had only possessed talent.

Perhaps we may venture to say that the most strictly poetical of all his "poems" is one which does not appear in Currie's edition, but has been often printed before and since, under the humble title of "The Jolly Beggars."

60–61. **Tieck . . . Musäus.** Carlyle included these novelists in a four-volume set of translations entitled *German Romances.* In his essays on them he called Tieck a true poet and Musäus a graceful but inferior poet.

The subject truly is among the lowest in nature; but it only the more shows our poet's gift in raising it into the domain of art. To our minds, this piece seems thoroughly compacted, melted together, refined; and poured forth in one flood of true *liquid* harmony. It is light, airy, soft of movement; yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait; that "raucle carlin," that "wee Apollo," that "son of Mars," are Scottish, yet ideal; the scene is at once a dream, and the very Ragcastle of "Poosie Nansie." Further, it seems in a considerable degree complete, a real self-supporting whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. The blanket of the night is drawn asunder for a moment; in full, ruddy, flaming light, these rough tatterdemalions are seen in their boisterous revel; for the strong pulse of life vindicates its right to gladness even here; and when the curtain closes, we prolong the action without effort; the next day as the last, our "caird" and our "balladmonger" are singing and soldiering; their "brats and callets" are hawking, begging, cheating; and some other night, in new combinations, they will wring from fate another hour of wassail and good cheer. Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here. There is the fidelity, humor, warm life, and accurate painting and grouping of some Teniers, for whom hostlers and carousing peasants are not without significance. It would be strange, doubtless, to call this the best of Burns's writings; we mean to say only that it seems to us the most perfect of its kind, as a piece of poetical composition, strictly so called. In the *Beggar's Opera*, in the *Beggar's Bush*, as other critics have already remarked, there is nothing which, in real poetic vigor, equals this cantata; nothing, as we think, which comes within many degrees of it.

IV. THE SONGS OF BURNS

But by far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his songs. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with least obstruction in its highest beauty, and pure, sunny clearness. The reason may be that song is a brief, simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart. Yet the song has its rules equally with the tragedy—rules which in most cases are poorly fulfilled, in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long essay on the songs of Burns; which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced; for, indeed, since the era of Queen Elizabeth, we know not that, by any other hand, aught truly worth attention has been accomplished in this department. True, we have songs enough "by persons of quality"; we have tawdry, hollow, wine-bred madrigals; many a rimed speech "in the flowing and watery vein of Ossorius, the Portugal bishop," rich in sonorous words, and, for moral, dashed perhaps with some tint of a sentimental sensuality; all which many persons cease not from endeavoring to sing; though for most part, we fear, the music is but from the

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11. **raucle carlin,** fearless crone. **wee Apollo,** small scraper of the fiddle. 12. **son of Mars,** soldier. 14. **Poosie Nansie,** the keeper of the inn (Ragcastle) where the characters gathered for their good times. 39. **Teniers,** David (1610–1690), a famous Flemish painter who chose topers and village feasts for his subjects.

47. **Beggar's Opera,** an opera (1728) by John Gay which had beggars and thieves for characters instead of dukes and princes. **Beggar's Bush,** a comedy (1622) which represented, in a lively yet faithful manner, the life of English vagabonds. 80. **Ossorius,** Jeronymo Osorio (1506–1580), a Portuguese bishop much admired for his Latin style. Carlyle, as you see, cares more for thought than for style.

throat outward, or at best from some region far enough short of the *soul;* not in which, but in a certain inane limbo of the fancy, or even in some vaporous debatable-land on the outskirts of the nervous system, most of such madrigals and rimed speeches seem to have originated.

With the songs of Burns we must not name these things. Independently of the clear, manly, heart-felt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his songs are honest in another point of view—in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed but suggested; not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence, but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song; and that no songs since the little careless catches, and, as it were, drops of song, which Shakespeare has here and there sprinkled over his plays, fulfill this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes in general a corresponding force and truth of sentiment and inward meaning. The songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." If we further take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud, flowing revel in "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut," to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for "Mary in Heaven"; from the glad, kind greeting of "Auld Lang Syne," or the comic archness of "Duncan Gray," to the fire-eyed fury of "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled," he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart—it will seem small praise if we rank him as the first of all song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

It is on his songs, as we believe, that Burns's chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend; nor, if our Fletcher's aphorism is true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws." Surely, if ever any poet might have equaled himself with legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only, but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-colored joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe, is the name and voice which Burns has given them. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thought and feelings of so many men as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.

In another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns's influence may have been considerable; we

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54. **Auld Lang Syne.** See page 413. 67. **Fletcher,** Andrew (1655–1716), an eminent Scottish politician. His aphorism is contained in the following words: "I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

mean, as exerted specially on the literature of his country, at least on the literature of Scotland. Among the great changes which British, particularly Scottish, literature has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality. Even the English writers, most popular in Burns's time, were little distinguished for their literary patriotism, in this, its best sense. A certain attenuated cosmopolitanism had, in good measure, taken place of the old insular home-feeling; literature was, as it were, without any local environment; was not nourished by the affections which spring from a native soil. Our Grays and Glovers seemed to write almost as if *in vacuo;* the thing written bears no mark of place; it is not written so much for Englishmen, as for men; or rather, which is the inevitable result of this, for certain generalizations which philosophy termed men. Goldsmith is an exception; not so Johnson; the scene of his *Rambler* is little more English than that of his *Rasselas.*

But if such was in some degree the case with England, it was, in the highest degree, the case with Scotland. In fact, our Scottish literature had, at that period, a very singular aspect; unexampled, so far as we know, except perhaps at Geneva, where the same state of matters appears still to continue. For a long period after Scotland became British we had no literature; at the date when Addison and Steele were writing their *Spectators,* our good John Boston was writing, with the noblest intent, but alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man.* Then came the schisms in our National Church, and the fiercer schisms in our body politic: theologic ink, and Jacobite blood, with gall enough in both cases, seemed to have blotted out the intellect of the country; however, it was only obscured, not obliterated. Lord Kames made nearly the first attempt, and a tolerably clumsy one, at writing English; and ere long, Hume, Robertson, Smith, and a whole host of followers, attracted hither the eyes of all Europe. And yet in this brilliant resuscitation of our "fervid genius," there was nothing truly Scottish, nothing indigenous, except, perhaps, the natural impetuosity of intellect, which we sometimes claim, and are sometimes upbraided with, as a characteristic of our nation. It is curious to remark that Scotland, so full of writers, had no Scottish culture, nor indeed any English; our culture was almost exclusively French. It was by studying Racine and Voltaire, Batteux and Boileau, that Kames had trained himself to be a critic and philosopher; it was the light of Montesquieu and Mably that guided Robertson in his political speculations; Quesnay's lamp that kindled the lamp of Adam Smith. Hume was too rich a man to borrow; and perhaps he reacted on the French more than he was acted on by them; but neither had he aught to do with Scotland; Edinburgh, equally with La Flèche, was but the lodging and laboratory in which he not so much morally *lived* as metaphysically *investigated.*

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19. **Gray,** Thomas (1716–1771). See pages 317–318. **Glover,** Richard (1712–1785), an insignificant writer. 26. **Goldsmith,** Oliver (1728–1774). See pages 310–311. 21. **Johnson,** Samuel (1709–1784). See pages 309–310. 40–41. **Addison and Steele.** See pages 271–272. 41. **Boston,** Thomas [not John] (1676-1732), a Presbyterian divine whose writings long influenced the Scotch peasantry.

52. **Lord Kames,** Henry Howe, Lord Kames (1696–1782), a distinguished philosophical writer, chiefly remembered for his *Elements of Criticism.* 55. **Hume,** David (1711–1776), author of a famous *History of England.* 56. **Smith,** Adam (1723–1790), author of the fundamental work, *The Wealth of Nations.* 70–75. **Racine . . . Quesnay.** Racine, Voltarie, Batteaux, Boileau, Montesquieu, Mably, and Quesnay were French critics, poets, and philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. 81. **La Flèche,** a town in France where Hume spent three years.

Never, perhaps, was there a class of writers, so clear and well-ordered, yet so totally destitute, to all appearance, of any patriotic affection, nay, of any human affection whatever. The French wits of the period were as unpatriotic; but their general deficiency in moral principle, not to say their avowed sensuality and unbelief in all virtue, strictly so called, render this accountable enough. We hope there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice; that our country may be dear to us without injury to our philosophy; that in loving and justly prizing all other lands we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern motherland, and the venerable structure of social and moral life, which mind has through long ages been building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man's heart in all this; surely the roots that have fixed themselves in the very core of man's being may be so cultivated as to grow up not into briers, but into roses, in the field of his life! Our Scottish sages have no such propensities; the field of their life shows neither briers nor roses; but only a flat, continuous threshing-floor for logic, whereon all questions, from the "doctrine of rent" to the "natural history of religion," are threshed and sifted with the same mechanical impartiality!

With Sir Walter Scott at the head of our literature it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away; our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French colony, or some knot of propaganda missionaries; but like natural-born subjects of the soil, partaking and sympathizing in all our attachments, humors, and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mold, and with the true, racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate. Direct literary imitation of Burns was not to be looked for. But his example, in the fearless adoption of domestic subjects, could not but operate from afar; and certainly in no heart did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns; "a tide of Scottish prejudice," as he modestly calls this deep and generous feeling, "had been poured along his veins; and he felt that it would boil there till the flood-gates shut in eternal rest." It seemed to him as if *he* could do so little for his country and yet would so gladly have done all. One small province stood open for him—that of Scottish song; and how eagerly he entered on it; how devotedly he labored there! In his toilsome journeyings this object never quits him; it is the little happy-valley of his careworn heart. In the gloom of his own affliction he eagerly searches after some lonely brother of the muse, and rejoices to snatch one other name from the oblivion that was covering it! These were early feelings, and they abode with him to the end:

. . . a wish (I mind its pow'r),
A wish that to my latest hour
  Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
  Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
  Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
  An' spared the symbol dear.

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33. **doctrine of rent**, a theory explained in *The Wealth of Nations*. 34. **natural history of religion**, the title words of one of Hume's works.

81. **a wish**, etc. From "Answer to Verses Addressed to the Poet by the Guidwife of Wauchope-House." 88. **bear**, barley.

V. THE LIFE OF BURNS

But to leave the mere literary character of Burns, which has already detained us too long. Far more interesting than any of his written works, as it appears to us, are his acted ones—the life he willed and was fated to lead among his fellow-men. These poems are but like little rimed fragments scattered here and there in the grand, unrimed romance of his earthly existence; and it is only when intercalated in this at their proper places that they attain their full measure of significance. And this too, alas, was but a fragment! The plan of a mighty edifice had been sketched; some columns, porticos, firm masses of building stand completed; the rest more or less clearly indicated; with many a far-stretching tendency, which only studious and friendly eyes can now trace toward the purposed termination. For the work is broken off in the middle—almost in the beginning—and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin! If charitable judgment was necessary in estimating his poems, and justice required that the aim and the manifest power to fulfill it must often be accepted for the fulfillment; much more is this the case in regard to his life, the sum and result of all his endeavors, where his difficulties came upon him not in detail only, but in mass; and so much has been left unaccomplished, nay, was mistaken, and altogether marred.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood, but only youth; for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year, he is still, as it were, in youth. With all that resoluteness of judgment, that penetrating insight, and singular maturity of intellectual power, exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself; to the last, he never ascertains his peculiar aim, even with such distinctness as is common among ordinary men; and therefore never can pursue it with that singleness of will which insures success and some contentment to such men. To the last, he wavers between two purposes; glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet cannot consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him; he must dream and struggle about a certain "Rock of Independence"; which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more completely or less completely supplied with money than others; of his standing at a higher or at a lower altitude in general estimation than others. For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors; he expects from it what it cannot give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstances, in love, friendship, honor, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of enjoyments, not earned by his own labor, but showered on him by the beneficence of destiny. Thus, like a young man, he cannot gird himself up for any worthy, well-calculated goal, but swerves to and fro, between passionate hope and remorseful disappointment; rushing onward with a deep tempestuous force, he surmounts or breaks asunder many a barrier; travels, nay, advances far, but advancing only under uncertain guidance, is ever and anon turned from his path; and to the last cannot reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear, decided activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed.

We do not say these things in dispraise of Burns; nay, perhaps, they but interest us the more in his favor. This blessing is not given soonest to the best; but, rather, it is often the greatest minds that are latest in obtaining it; for where most is to be developed, most time may be required to develop it. A complex condition had been assigned him from without; as complex a condition from within. No "preëstablished harmony" existed between the clay soil of Mossgiel and the empyrean soul of Robert Burns; it was not wonderful that the adjustment between them should have been long postponed, and his arm long cumbered, and his sight confused, in so vast and discordant an economy as he had been appointed steward over. Byron was, at his death, but a year younger than Burns; and through life, as it might have appeared, far more simply situated; yet in him too we can trace no such adjustment, no such moral manhood; but at best, and only a little before his end, the beginning of what seemed such.

By much the most striking incident in Burns's life is his journey to Edinburgh; but perhaps a still more important one is his residence at Irvine, so early as in his twenty-third year. Hitherto his life had been poor and toilworn; but otherwise not ungenial, and, with all its distresses, by no means unhappy. In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more; a man with a keen insight and devout heart; reverent toward God, friendly therefore at once and fearless toward all that God has made; in one word, though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded *Man.* Such a father is seldom found in any rank in society; and was worth descending far in society to seek. Unfortunately, he was very poor; had he been even a little richer, almost never so little, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's small seven acres of nursery-ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth, not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular, well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature—for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school-system; Burns remained a hard-worked plowboy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves, and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural

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43. **Irvine**, a seaport town, where Burns went in 1782 to live with a flaxdresser and learn his trade.

69. **crossing of a brook.** The allusion is to Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon, an act which led to civil war and ended in Cæsar's complete mastery.

feeling; the solemn words, "Let us worship God," are heard there from a priest-like father. If threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection; every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other; in their hard warfare they are there together, a "little band of brethren." Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living; there is a force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune; nay, to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humor of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and in their closest pressure he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not, as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of existence is slowly rising, in many-colored splendor and gloom; and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks

> ....in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plow, upon the mountain side.

We ourselves know, from the best evidence, that up to this date Burns was happy; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world; more so even than he afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof, goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society, and becomes initiated in those dissipations, those vices, which a certain class of philosophers have asserted to be a natural preparative for entering on active life —a kind of mud-bath, in which the youth is, as it were, necessitated to steep, and, we suppose, cleanse himself, before the real toga of manhood can be laid on him. We shall not dispute much with this class of philosophers; we hope they are mistaken; for sin and remorse so easily beset us at all stages of life, and are always such indifferent company, that it seems hard we should, at any stage, be forced and fated not only to meet but to yield to them, and even serve for a term in their leprous armada. We hope it is not so. Clear we are, at all events, it cannot be the training one receives in this devil's service, but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly action. We become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure, but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the *gifts* of this extremely finite world; that a man must be sufficient for himself; and that for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing. Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity, and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in necessity we are free. Surely such lessons as this last, which, in one shape or other, is the grand lesson for every mortal man, are better learned from the lips of a devout mother, in the looks and actions of a devout father,

1. **Let us worship God.** See "The Cotter's Saturday Night," line 108. 33. **in glory,** etc. From Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence," stanza vii. The lines are incorrectly quoted. 36. **this date,** 1782, when Burns went to Irvine. The evidence is his letter to Dr. Moore, dated Mauchline, August 2, 1787.

while the heart is yet soft and pliant, than in collision with the sharp adamant of fate, attracting us to shipwreck us, when the heart is grown hard, and may be broken before it will become contrite. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it, in his father's cottage, he would have learned it fully, which he never did, and been saved many a lasting aberration, many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.

It seems to us another circumstance of fatal import in Burns's history that at this time too he became involved in the religious quarrels of his district; that he was enlisted and feasted, as the fighting man of the New-Light Priesthood, in their highly unprofitable warfare. At the tables of these free-minded clergy he learned much more than was needful for him. Such liberal ridicule of fanaticism awakened in his mind scruples about religion itself, and a whole world of doubts, which it required quite another set of conjurors than these men to exorcise. We do not say that such an intellect as his could have escaped similar doubts at some period of his history; or even that he could, at a later period, have come through them altogether victorious and unharmed; but it seems peculiarly unfortunate that this time, above all others, should have been fixed for the encounter. For now, with principles assailed by evil example from without, by "passions raging like demons" from within, he had little need of skeptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild desires and wild repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men; and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by red lightnings of remorse. The whole fabric of his life is blasted asunder; for now not only his character, but his personal liberty, is to be lost; men and fortune are leagued for his hurt; "hungry Ruin has him in the wind." He sees no escape but the saddest of all: exile from his loved country, to a country in every sense inhospitable and abhorrent to him. While the "gloomy night is gathering fast," in mental storm and solitude, as well as in physical, he sings his wild farewell to Scotland:

Farewell, my friends; farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those.
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

Light breaks suddenly in on him in floods; but still a false transitory light, and no real sunshine. He is invited to Edinburgh; hastens thither with anticipating heart; is welcomed as in a triumph, and with universal blandishment and acclamation; whatever is wisest, whatever is greatest or loveliest there, gathers round him, to gaze on his face, to show him honor, sympathy, affection. Burns's appearance among the sages and nobles of Edinburgh must be re-

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19. **New-Light Priesthood**, the radical wing of the Scotch church. 40. **passions raging.** In his letter to Dr. Moore he wrote: "My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils until they got vent in rime."

65. **hungry Ruin**, etc. Quoted from Burns's letter to Dr. Moore. 70. **gloomy night**, etc., the opening line of "The Author's Farewell to His Native Country." The final quatrain is quoted below. 81. **to Edinburgh.** The first of his visits to that city (1786).

garded as one of the most singular phenomena in modern literature; almost like the appearance of some Napoleon among the crowned sovereigns of modern politics. For it is nowise as a "mockery king," set there by favor, transiently and for a purpose, that he will let himself be treated; still less is he a mad Rienzi, whose sudden elevation turns his too weak head; but he stands there on his own basis, cool, unastonished, holding his equal rank from nature herself, putting forth no claim which there is not strength *in* him, as well as about him, to vindicate. Mr. Lockhart has some forcible observations on this point:

> It needs no effort of imagination [says he] to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plow-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction that in the society of the most eminent men of this nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay, to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit, in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had ere long no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.

The farther we remove from this scene, the more singular will it seem to us; details of the exterior aspect of it are already full of interest. Most readers recollect Mr. Walker's personal interviews with Burns as among the best passages of his narrative; a time will come when this reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott's, slight though it is, will also be precious:

> As for Burns [writes Sir Walter], I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced

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9. **Rienzi,** Cola di (1313–1354), a popular Roman leader against the aristocrats; he was, however, soon driven from Rome. 36. **bon mots,** witty sayings.

74. **Virgilium vidi tantum,** I have at least seen Vergil (from Ovid, *Tristia*, iv, 10). 89. **Professor Ferguson,** Adam (1723–1816), a Scottish historian and philosopher.

upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew—
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears."

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present; he mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, i. e., none of your modern agriculturists who kept laborers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plow. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh; but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was doubtless national predilection in his estimate.

This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this.—I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of forty years since.

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1. **Bunbury**, Henry William (1750–1811), an English caricaturist. 6. **Minden**, a city in Prussia where English and German forces defeated the French in 1759. 18. **Langhorne**, John (1735–1779), an obscure English poet. 32. **Nasmyth**, Alexander (1758–1840), painter of the portrait of Burns that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London. 41. **douce gudeman**, earnest master.

74. **Allan Ramsay and Ferguson.** See Explanatory Note 4, page 584. 82. **in malam partem**, disparagingly, as if I should wish it different.

The conduct of Burns under this dazzling blaze of favor, the calm, unaffected, manly manner in which he not only bore it, but estimated its value, has justly been regarded as the best proof that could be given of his real vigor and integrity of mind. A little natural vanity, some touches of hypocritical modesty, some glimmerings of affectation, at least some fear of being thought affected, we could have pardoned in almost any man; but no such indication is to be traced here. In his unexampled situation the young peasant is not a moment perplexed; so many strange lights do not confuse him, do not lead him astray. Nevertheless, we cannot but perceive that this winter did him great and lasting injury. A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters, it did afford him; but a sharper feeling of fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him, and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment and his feelings toward his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this; it was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other; but must halt forever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement toward either. But so is it with many men; we "long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price"; and so stand chaffering with fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!

The Edinburgh learned of that period were in general more noted for clearness of head than for warmth of heart; with the exception of the good old Blacklock, whose help was too ineffectual, scarcely one among them seems to have looked at Burns with any true sympathy, or indeed much otherwise than as at a highly curious *thing*. By the great also he is treated in the customary fashion—entertained at their tables and dismissed. Certain modica of pudding and praise are, from time to time, gladly exchanged for the fascination of his presence; which exchange once effected, the bargain is finished, and each party goes his several way. At the end of this strange season, Burns gloomily sums up his gains and losses, and meditates on the chaotic future. In money he is somewhat richer; in fame and the show of happiness, infinitely richer; but in the substance of it, as poor as ever. Nay, poorer; for his heart is now maddened still more with the fever of worldly ambition; and through long years the disease will rack him with unprofitable sufferings, and weaken his strength for all true and nobler aims.

What Burns was next to do or to avoid; how a man so circumstanced was now to guide himself toward his true advantage might at this point of time have been a question for the wisest. It was a question, too, which apparently he was left altogether to answer for himself; of his learned or rich patrons it had not struck any individual to turn a

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59. **Blacklock**, Thomas (1721–1791). It was Blacklock's letter urging a second edition of Burns's poems that set the latter off for Edinburgh.

thought on this so trivial matter. Without claiming for Burns the praise of perfect sagacity, we must say that his Excise and Farm scheme does not seem to us a very unreasonable one; that we should be at a loss, even now, to suggest one decidedly better. Certain of his admirers have felt scandalized at his ever resolving to *gauge;* and would have had him lie at the pool, till the spirit of patronage stirred the waters, that so, with one friendly plunge, all his sorrows might be healed. Unwise counselors! They know not the manner of this spirit; and how, in the lap of most golden dreams, a man might have happiness, were it not that in the interim he must die of hunger! It reflects credit on the manliness and sound sense of Burns that he felt so early on what ground he was standing; and preferred self-help, on the humblest scale, to dependence and inaction, though with hope of far more splendid possibilities. But even these possibilities were not rejected in this scheme; he might expect, if it chanced that he *had* any friend, to rise, in no long period, into something even like opulence and leisure; while again, if it chanced that he had no friend, he could still live in security; and for the rest, he "did not intend to borrow honor from any profession." We think, then, that his plan was honest and well-calculated; all turned on the execution of it. Doubtless it failed; yet, not, we believe, from any vice inherent in itself. Nay, after all, it was no failure of external means, but of internal, that overtook Burns. His was no bankruptcy of the purse, but of the soul; to his last day, he owed no man anything.

Meanwhile he begins well—with two good and wise actions. His donation to his mother, munificent from a man whose income had lately been seven pounds a year, was worthy of him, and not more than worthy. Generous also, and worthy of him, was his treatment of the woman whose life's welfare now depended on his pleasure. A friendly observer might have hoped serene days for him; his mind is on the true road to peace with itself; what clearness he still wants will be given as he proceeds; for the best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand. Had the "patrons of genius," who could give him nothing, but taken nothing from him, at least nothing more! The wounds of his heart would have healed; vulgar ambition would have died away. Toil and frugality would have been welcome, since virtue dwelt with them; and poetry would have shone through them as of old; and in her clear, ethereal light, which was his own by birthright, he might have looked down on his earthly destiny and all its obstructions, not with patience only, but with love.

But the patrons of genius would not have it so. Picturesque tourists, all manner of fashionable danglers after literature and, far worse, all manner of convivial Maecenases, hovered round him in his retreat; and his good as well as his weak qualities secured them influence over him. He was flattered by their notice; and his warm, social nature made it impossible for him to shake them off, and hold on his way apart from them. These men, as we believe, were proximately the means of his ruin. Not that they meant him any ill; they only meant themselves a little good; if he suffered harm, let *him* look to it! But they

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4. **Excise and Farm scheme.** Burns wished the position in the excise office to supplement the income from a farm. 11. **at the pool.** See *John* v, 2–9.

81. **Maecenases, patrons.** Maecenas was the friend and patron of the Roman writers Horace and Vergil.

wasted his precious time and his precious talent; they disturbed his composure, broke down his returning habits of temperance and assiduous contented exertion. Their pampering was baneful to him; their cruelty, which soon followed, was equally baneful. The old grudge against fortune's inequality awoke with new bitterness in their neighborhood; and Burns had no retreat but to "the Rock of Independence," which is but an air-castle after all, that looks well at a distance, but will screen no one from real wind and wet. Flushed with irregular excitement, exasperated alternately by contempt of others and contempt of himself, Burns was no longer regaining his peace of mind, but fast losing it forever. There was a hollowness at the heart of his life, for his conscience did not now approve what he was doing.

Amid the vapors of unwise enjoyment, of bootless remorse, and angry discontent with fate, his true lodestar, a life of poetry, with poverty, nay, with famine if it must be so, was too often altogether hidden from his eyes. And yet he sailed a sea where without some such lodestar there was no right steering. Meteors of French politics rise before him, but these were not *his* stars. An accident this, which hastened, but did not originate, his worst distresses. In the mad contentions of that time, he comes in collision with certain official superiors; is wounded by them; cruelly lacerated, we should say, could a dead mechanical implement, in any case, be called cruel; and shrinks, in indignant pain, into deeper self-seclusion, into gloomier moodiness than ever. His life has now lost its unity; it is a life of fragments; led with little aim, beyond the melancholy one of securing its own continuance—in fits of wild false joy when such offered, and of black despondency when they passed away. His character before the world begins to suffer; calumny is busy with him; for a miserable man makes more enemies than friends. Some faults he has fallen into, and a thousand misfortunes; but deep criminality is what he stands accused of, and they that are *not* without sin cast the first stone at him! For is he not a well-wisher to the French Revolution, a Jacobin, and therefore in that one act guilty of all? These accusations, political and moral, it has since appeared, were false enough; but the world hesitated little to credit them. Nay, his convivial Maecenases themselves were not the last to do it. There is reason to believe that, in his later years, the Dumfries aristocracy had partly withdrawn themselves from Burns, as from a tainted person no longer worthy of their acquaintance. That painful class, stationed, in all provincial cities, behind the outmost breastwork of gentility, there to stand siege and do battle against the intrusions of grocerdom and grazierdom, had actually seen dishonor in the society of Burns, and branded him with their veto; had, as we vulgarly say, *cut* him! We find one passage in this work of Mr. Lockhart's, which will not out of our thoughts.

> A gentleman of that county, whose name I have already more than once had occasion to refer to, has often told me that he was seldom more grieved than when, riding into Dumfries one fine summer's evening about this time to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognize

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61. **Jacobin**, a member of the club in Paris to which the most violent leaders of the French Revolution belonged.
77. **grocerdom and grazierdom**, shopkeepers and farmers.

him. The horseman dismounted, and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to cross the street, said: "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now," and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upon the corn-bing.

Oh, were we young as we ance hae been,
We suld hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea!
And werena my heart light, I wad die."

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He, immediately after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner; and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived.

Alas! when we think that Burns now sleeps "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart," and that most of those fair dames and frizzled gentlemen already lie at his side, where the breastwork of gentility is quite thrown down—who would not sigh over the thin delusions and foolish toys that divide heart from heart, and make man unmerciful to his brother!

It was not now to be hoped that the genius of Burns would ever reach maturity, or accomplish aught worthy of itself. His spirit was jarred in its melody; not the soft breath of natural feeling, but the rude hand of fate, was now sweeping over the strings. And yet what harmony was in him, what music even in his discords! How the wild tones had a charm for the simplest and the wisest; and all men felt and knew that here also was one of the gifted! "If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled!" Some brief pure moments of poetic life were yet appointed him, in the composition of his songs. We can understand how he grasped at this employment; and how, too, he spurned all other reward for it but what the labor itself brought him. For the soul of Burns, though scathed and marred, was yet living in its full moral strength, though sharply conscious of its errors and abasement; and here in his destitution and degradation was one act of seeming nobleness and self-devotedness left even for him to perform. He felt, too, that with all the "thoughtless follies" that had "laid him low," the world was unjust and cruel to him; and he silently appealed to another and calmer time. Not as a hired soldier, but as a patriot, would he strive for the glory of his country; so he cast from him the poor sixpence a day, and served zealously as a volunteer. Let us not grudge him this last luxury of his existence; let him not have appealed to us in vain! The money was not necessary to him; he struggled through without it; long since, these guineas would have been gone; and now the high-mindedness of refusing them will plead for him in all hearts forever.

We are here arrived at the crisis of Burns's life; for matters had now taken such a shape with him as could not long continue. If improvement was not to be looked for, nature could

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7. **bonnet,** the Scotch cap, or tam-o'shanter. 10. **dowie,** mournfully. **corn-bing,** a heap of grain. 13. **linking it,** tripping along.

46. **If he entered,** etc. Quoted from Lockhart. 67–68. **thoughtless follies . . . laid him low.** From Burns's "A Bard's Epitaph." 75. **volunteer.** Burns joined the Dumfries Volunteers in 1795, when invasion was threatened by France.

only for a limited time maintain this dark and maddening warfare against the world and itself. We are not medically informed whether any continuance of years was, at this period, probable for Burns; whether his death is to be looked on as in some sense an accidental event, or only as the natural consequence of the long series of events that had preceded. The latter seems to be the likelier opinion; and yet it is by no means a certain one. At all events, as we have said, *some* change could not be very distant. Three gates of deliverance, it seems to us, were open for Burns: clear poetical activity; madness; or death. The first, with longer life, was still possible, though not probable, for physical causes were beginning to be concerned in it; and yet Burns had an iron resolution; could he but have seen and felt that not only his highest glory, but his first duty, and the true medicine for all his woes, lay here. The second was still less probable; for his mind was ever among the clearest and firmest. So the milder third gate was opened for him; and he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load!

Contemplating this sad end of Burns, and how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy, generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him; that by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. We question whether there is not more tenderness of heart than soundness of judgment in these suggestions. It seems dubious to us whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help. Counsel, which seldom profits anyone, he did not need; in his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well, perhaps, as any man ever did; but the persuasion which would have availed him lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it. As to money again, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see how any private man could, even presupposing Burns's consent, have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men, in any rank of society, could hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact. Friendship, in the old heroic sense of that term, no longer exists; except in the cases of kindred or other legal affinity it is in reality no longed expected, or recognized as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced "patronage," that is, pecuniary or other economic furtherance, to be "twice cursed"; cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters also it has become the rule, as in regard to inward it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such, we say, is the principle of modern honor; naturally enough growing out of that sentiment of pride, which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality. Many a poet has been poorer than Burns; but no one was ever prouder; we may question whether, without great precautions, even a pension from royalty would not have galled and encumbered, more than actually assisted him.

Still less, therefore, are we disposed

to join with another class of Burns's admirers, who accuse the higher ranks among us of having ruined Burns by their selfish neglect of him. We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; and light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing might have lived and died with some fewer pangs. Nay, we shall grant further, and for Burns it is granting much, that, with all his pride, he would have thanked, even with exaggerated gratitude, any one who had cordially befriended him; patronage, unless once cursed, needed not to have been twice so. At all events, the poor promotion he desired in his calling might have been granted; it was his own scheme, therefore likelier than any other to be of service. All this it might have been a luxury, nay, it was a duty, for our nobility to have done. No part of all this, however, did any of them do; or apparently attempt, or wish to do; so much is granted against them. But what then is the amount of their blame? Simply that they were men of the world, and walked by the principles of such men; that they treated Burns as other nobles and other commoners had done other poets; as the English did Shakespeare; as King Charles and his Cavaliers did Butler, as King Philip and his grandees did Cervantes. Do men gather grapes of thorns; or shall we cut down our thorns for yielding only a *fence* and haws? How, indeed, could the "nobility and gentry of his native land" hold out any help to this "Scottish Bard, proud of his name and country"? Were the nobility and gentry so much as able rightly to help themselves? Had they not their game to preserve; their borough interests to strengthen; dinners, therefore, of various kinds to eat and give? Were their means more than adequate to all this business, or less than adequate? Less than adequate, in general; few of them in reality were richer than Burns; many of them were poorer; for sometimes they had to wring their supplies as with thumbscrews, from the hard hand, and, in their need of guineas, to forget their duty of mercy—which Burns was never reduced to do. Let us pity and forgive them. The game they preserved and shot, the dinners they ate and gave, the borough interests they strengthened, the *little* Babylons they severally builded by the glory of their might, are all melted or melting back into the primeval Chaos, as man's merely selfish endeavors are fated to do; and here was an action extending, in virtue of its worldly influence, we may say, through all time; in virtue of its moral nature, beyond all time, being immortal as the Spirit of Goodness itself; this action was offered them to do, and light was not given them to do it. Let us pity and forgive them. But better than pity, let us go and *do otherwise.* Human suffering did not end with the life of Burns; neither was the solemn mandate, "Love one another, bear one another's burdens," given to the rich only, but to all men. True, we shall find no Burns to relieve, to assuage by our aid or our pity; but celestial natures, groaning under the fardels of a weary life, we shall still find; and that wretchedness which fate has

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27. **poor promotion.** Burns wished to become an Excise Collector, a position which he thought would have given him "a life of literary leisure." 45. **Cervantes,** Miguel de (1547–1616), the most illustrious of Spanish authors. He got so little help from court that he was often in jail.

rendered *voiceless* and *tuneless*, is not the least wretched, but the most.

Still, we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less, kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favor to its Teachers; hunger and nakedness, perils and revilings, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice have, in most times and countries, been the market price it has offered for wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian apostles, belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a madhouse; Camoëns dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where, then, does it lie? We are forced to answer: With himself; it is his inward, not his outward, misfortunes that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul. Neither can we believe that it is in the power of *any* external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay, if proper wisdom be given him, even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum total of all worldly misfortunes is death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe; yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death, and led it captive, converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a real and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done, may be done again; nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons; for without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness, of self-denial in all its forms, no good man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

We have already stated the error of Burns; and mourned over it rather than blamed it. It was the want of unity in his purpose, of consistency in his aims; the hapless attempt to mingle in friendly union the common spirit of the world with the spirit of poetry, which is of a far different and altogether irreconcilable nature. Burns was nothing wholly; and Burns could be nothing, no man formed as he was can be anything, by halves. The heart, not of a mere hot-blooded, popular versemonger, or poetical *restaurateur*, but of a true poet and singer, worthy of the old, religious, heroic times, had been given him; and he fell in an age, not of heroism and religion, but of

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20. **Roger Bacon** (1214–1294), the English schoolman, was kept in prison fourteen years for his scientific investigations. 21. **Galileo** (1564–1642), the Italian astronomer, was virtually a prisoner for fifteen years. 22. **Tasso,** Torquato (1544–1595), a distinguished Italian poet, was kept in an insane asylum for seven years because he violently threatened the Duke of Ferrara. 23. **Camoëns,** Luiz vaz de (1524–1580), the epic poet of Portugal, was banished, "lived poor and neglected, and so died."

88. **restaurateur**, keeper of a restaurant.

skepticism, selfishness, and triviality, when true nobleness was little understood, and its place supplied by a hollow, dissocial, altogether barren and unfruitful principle of pride. The influences of that age, his open, kind, susceptible nature, to say nothing of his highly untoward situation, made it more than usually difficult for him to cast aside, or rightly subordinate; the better spirit that was within him ever sternly demanded its rights, its supremacy; he spent his life in endeavoring to reconcile these two; and lost it, as he must lose it, without reconciling them.

Burns was born poor; and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavor to be otherwise; this it had been well could he have once for all admitted, and considered as finally settled. He was poor, truly; but hundreds even of his own class and order of minds have been poorer, yet have suffered nothing deadly from it; nay, his own father had a far sorer battle with ungrateful destiny than his was; and he did not yield to it, but died courageously warring, and to all moral intents prevailing, against it. True, Burns had little means, had even little time for poetry, his only real pursuit and vocation; but so much the more precious was what little he had. In all these external respects his case was hard; but very far from the hardest. Poverty, incessant drudgery, and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor; and wrote his *Essay on the Human Understanding* sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost?* Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with dangers compassed round, he sang his immortal song, and found fit audience, though few. Did not Cervantes finish his work, a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the *Araucana*, which Spain acknowledges as its epic, written without even the aid of paper; on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that wild warfare?

And what, then, had these men, which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men. They had a true, religious principle of morals; and a single, not a double, aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshipers; but seekers and worshipers of something far better than self. Not personal enjoyment was their object; but a high, heroic idea of religion, of patriotism, of heavenly wisdom, in one or the other form, ever hovered before them; in which cause they neither shrank from suffering, nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful; but patiently endured, counting it blessedness enough so to spend and be spent. Thus the "golden calf of self-love," however curiously carved, was not their deity; but the invisible goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service. This feeling was a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed into gladness and beauty all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence. In a word, they willed one thing, to which all other things were subordinated; and therefore they accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks; but its edge must be sharp and single; if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces, and will rend nothing.

Part of this superiority these men owed to their age; in which heroism

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41. **Locke**, John (1632–1704), one of the most influential thinkers of modern times, wrote his famous essay during a six-year refuge in Holland.

53. **Araucana**, by Alonso de Ercilla, is an heroic poem descriptive of the conquest of Araucania in Chile, in which Ercilla took part.

and devotedness were still practiced, or at least not yet disbelieved in; but much of it likewise they owed to themselves. With Burns, again, it was different. His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for. A noble instinct sometimes raises him above this; but an instinct only, and acting only for moments. He has no religion; in the shallow age where his days were cast, Religion was not discriminated from the New and Old Light *forms* of religion; and was, with these, becoming obsolete in the minds of men. His heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding. He lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt. His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais, "a great Perhaps."

He loved poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he have but loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of wisdom, of religion; is itself wisdom and religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray, vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich; to be, or to seem, "independent"; but it *was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart; to place what was highest in his nature highest also in his life: "to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence, which external events would forever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavors. Lifted into that serene ether, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation; poverty, neglect, and all evil save the desecration of himself and his art, were a small matter to him; the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet; and he looked down alike on noble and slave, on prince and beggar, and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether, for his culture as a poet, poverty and much suffering for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. "I would not for much," says Jean Paul, "that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for, in another place, he adds: "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he has himself expressed it, "the canary-bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

A man like Burns might have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry; industry which all true feeling sanctions, nay, prescribes, and which has a beauty, for that cause, beyond the pomp of thrones; but to divide his hours between poetry and rich men's banquets was an ill-starred and inauspicious attempt. How could he be at ease at such banquets? What had he to do there, mingling his music with the coarse roar of altogether earthly voices; brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven? Was it his aim to *enjoy* life? Tomorrow he must go drudge as an exciseman! We wonder not that Burns became moody, indignant, and at times an offender against certain rules of society; but rather

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23. **Rabelais**, François (1495–1553), one of the chief French humorists, was in his early life a monk for fifteen years.

65. **Jean Paul**, Jean Paul Richter (1763–1825), a German philosopher whom Carlyle admired.

that he did not grow utterly frantic, and run *amuck* against them all. How could a man, so falsely placed, by his own or others' fault, ever know contentment for an hour? What he did, under such perverse guidance, and what he forbore to do, alike fill us with astonishment at the natural strength and worth of his character.

Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness; but not in others—only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay, have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron, a man of an endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish plowman, but of an English peer; the highest worldly honors, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy; is he good; is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives toward the infinite and the eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the housetop to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might, like him, have "purchased a pocket copy of Milton to study the character of Satan"; for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case, too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar ambition will not live kindly with poetic adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon. Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged; the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now—we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which ere long will fill itself with snow!

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smoldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation; and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the unconverted; yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but as soft, flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there; they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history—*twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep, impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the poet of his age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are for him. Let him dwindle into a modish ballad-monger; let him worship and besing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him. If, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and

Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favor and furtherance for literature; like the costliest flower jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit. He cannot be their menial; he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?

But we must stop short in these considerations, which would lead us to boundless lengths. We had something to say on the public moral character of Burns; but this also we must forbear. We are far from regarding him as guilty before the world, as guiltier than the average; nay, from doubting that he is less guilty than one of ten thousand. Tried at a tribunal far more rigid than that where the *plebiscita* of common civic reputations are pronounced, he has seemed to us even there less worthy of blame than of pity and wonder. But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged, the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye; for this also is Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full-gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveler turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

75. **Ramsgate**, a port sixty-five miles from London. 76. **Isle of Dogs**, an island or peninsula in the Thames some three miles from London. 89. **Valclusa Fountain.** One of the greatest Italian poets, Francis Petrarch (1304-1374), lived for a time at Vaucluse (near Avignon in France) and wrote poems about its fountain.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The editors have divided this selection into five sections in order to show more clearly Carlyle's organization of his material.

2. This "essay" was contributed to the December, 1828, issue of the *Edinburgh Review* (see page 527). Carlyle's essay starts out as a review of *The Life of Burns* by John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart was later to write one of the best biographies in English—his *Life* of Sir Walter—but his *Burns* was a much less notable production. It appeared in *Constable's Miscellany*, a series of reprints and original contributions intended to carry literature to the people. It was therefore a somewhat slighter treatment than it might otherwise have been. Burns had died in 1796. Four years later Dr. James Currie (1756-1805) prefixed his *Life* to a four-volume edition of Burns's poems. An edition of the poems appearing in 1811 contained another *Life*, by Josiah Walker. Carlyle does not carry his comparison of Lockhart with his predecessors any farther, for the biography is merely a peg on which to hang his own estimate of his fellow-countryman. He dismisses other writers in five paragraphs, and launches forth on his own appreciation of Burns, his poetry, his life, and the true distinction of his character. Carlyle's convictions about human existence, his deep feelings and reasoned judgments concerning human conduct, are woven into many a shining paragraph. Seldom does a reader come across so moving a review as this.

3. Carlyle's love of heroes appears closely in the second paragraph. He thinks a man's value to the world can be gauged only after long years. He illustrates this by alluding to a tradition concerning the youth of Shakespeare. About three miles from Stratford lived Sir Thomas Lucy, who was said to have a deer-park. According to an unverified story, Shakespeare joined some wild young fellows in breaking into the park and stealing deer. John à Combe was another wealthy citizen of the region. Shakespeare is said to have written a satirical epitaph which was, according to legend, fastened to the tomb of John à Combe in Stratford church. Carlyle thinks these men could not view Shakespeare as a great man. He then names Burns's associates: the Honorable Excise Commissioners, with whom he was associated as a collector of internal revenue during the last five years of his life at Dumfries; the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, who would include squires, earls, and other members of the aristocracy who sometimes met at Dumfries and who subscribed to his poems; the Ayr writers, various kinds of lawyers and city officials, at his birthplace, Ayr, among whom were some of Burns's best friends; and the New and Old Light Clergy, the progressive and conservative factions in the Scotch church. Burns naturally sympathized with the New Lights. All these various groups knew Burns with differing degrees of intimacy. None of them, according to Carlyle, could truly estimate the poet's genius.

4. Carlyle's sympathy with his countryman led him to exaggerate some features of Burns's life. It is hardly true that Burns grew up "with models only of the meanest sort." He read Milton, Gray, Pope, Thomson, and Goldsmith. Besides, he studied and imitated poets in the Scottish dialect. Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) had revived an interest in the earlier writers of Scotch verse. Burns imitated him in a few poems, but he admired still more a better poet, Robert Ferguson (1750-1774), and emulated him in several poems. When he went to Edinburgh he showed his admiration by erecting a stone above Ferguson's grave. Of course Burns far surpassed these writers in the use of Scottish dialect. Besides his reading, Burns's intimate knowledge of rustic life peculiarly fitted him to become the poet of humble Scotch characters. To belittle Burns's preparation for writing poetry does not make the kinds of poems he wrote any more beautiful. Carlyle warmly sympathizes with the misfortunes of Burns again when he blames the world for putting a poet to collecting internal revenue: "In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted." As a matter of record, Burns very much wanted this position as exciseman. His friends should hardly be blamed for helping him to attain his wishes.

5. The essay will be better understood if we remember when it was written. The year 1828 came at the end of a fertile romantic era in English literature. (See pages 391 ff.) One feature of romance is strangeness. When we feel the desire to escape from humdrum surroundings, we are in a measure romantic. Carlyle, a strong moralist, did not approve of this impulse. He consequently spoke disparingly of Byron, who had died only four years before. His reference to "Harolds and Giaours" (page 553) explains his position very plainly. Harold is the chief figure (really Byron himself) in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, a poem based on the impulse to seek the remote and unfamiliar. *The Giaour* is a narrative poem of romantic lands. A giaour (pronounced *jour* to rime with *hour*) is, in Turkish, an infidel; the term was

applied by Turks chiefly to Christians. Carlyle returns to this question of romanticism in his allusion to "rose-colored novels and iron-mailed epics." Scott and Cooper enjoyed an immense popularity then. (See Chronological Table, page 409.) "Knights of the Cross" and "malicious Saracens in turbans" are allusions to Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, while "copper-colored chiefs in wampum" has reference to Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*. "Virgins of the Sun" fits Moore's poem *Lalla Rookh*. An interesting program might be formed of reports on these books, to determine how far the class agrees with Carlyle's attitude on romantic literature.

Questions and Topics

Review of Lockhart's Life. (Pages 547-549.) 1. From the first paragraph what notion do you form of Burns? What attitude toward Burns do you expect Carlyle to take in the essay that follows? Quote phrases to support both answers.

2. What merits does Carlyle find in Lockhart's *Life?* What defects?

3. What two features does Carlyle consider essential in a true biography? Apply his test to some recent life. Biography as a type of writing has changed notably in the century since Carlyle wrote this essay. What ideals for such writing does this recent biographer seem to hold before him? Illustrate from the book, showing particularly how they differ from Carlyle's ideals.

4. What do you now expect Carlyle to try to accomplish in this article? Compare his purpose and method with those of an author of a biographical sketch of Burns in an encyclopedia.

The Distinguishing Quality of Burns. (Pages 549-552.) 1. Why does Carlyle think Burns accomplished much? Compare Burns's training with Milton's. What traces of exaggeration do you find in Carlyle's account? Where does he rise to eloquence in describing Burns's achievement? Read the passage or passages to the class.

2. Why does Carlyle prize a poet? What poets that you have already studied in this volume illustrate his points? What poets included here seem to you not to fit into his description? Give reasons for both answers.

3. In Burns what evidence does Carlyle discover of love of nature? Love of individual men? Love of Scottish folk? What poems of Burns in this volume furnish evidence on each point?

4. How did Burns exhibit pride? Intellectual keenness?

5. In a complete edition of Burns read the following poems: "There Was a Lad," "My Father Was a Farmer," "Inscription on the Tombstone," "Epistle to John Lapraik," "Poem on Pastoral Poetry," "A Winter Night," "Winter—A Dirge," "Epistle to Davie," "To William Simpson," "Epistle to Dr. Blacklock," "To Alexander Cunningham," "O Once I Loved a Bonie Lass," "My Nanie O," "Halloween," "The Twa Dogs," "To James Smith," "A Bard's Epitaph." Point out for each poem the parts which illustrate some statement that Carlyle makes about Burns. If the volume can be passed around, each poem might be read and explained by a different pupil.

6. This section contains several sentences of shining rhetoric. Pick out three or four that seem to you most beautiful.

7. What does this section contribute toward making the essay a good biography, as Carlyle defines biography? Quote definite passages to bear out your opinions.

The Writings of Burns. (Pages 552-563.) 1. Are the tests Carlyle proposes at the beginning of this section fair tests of lyric poetry? (See pages 37-38, 106-107, 394.)

2. Where did Burns find the material, or subject-matter, for his poems? Where should you find material for your compositions? Illustrate the points Carlyle makes about Burns's sincerity. The poems by Burns in this volume will bear out every item in Carlyle's description. What other poets in this volume seem to you to follow Horace's rule? Quote passages to illustrate. (A whole program might be made out of the answers to this question.)

3. What causes does Carlyle find for affectation? How does the comparison with Byron make these causes clearer? (The selections from Byron in this volume do not bear Carlyle out very well, for they are among the most genuine that Byron ever wrote. To find illustrations, read the first two cantos of *Childe Harold.*)

4. What two reasons does Carlyle find for the occasional lack of sincerity in the prose of Burns?

5. Returning to Burns's choice of subjects, what merits does Carlyle find in the poet? Do you agree with Carlyle's criticism of Scott and Cooper? Cite characters in particular books of each author. Do you agree with his comment on Homer? Cite passages from the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* to support your view.

6. Draw up a list of the different fields in which a poet (or you) may find subjects to write upon. Why does Carlyle think a poet should be a seer to write upon these subjects?

7. State clearly Carlyle's position about the reading and rearing necessary to poets. Looking back over the great names in English literature that you have studied in this volume, how much

influence do you think training and environment have on a writer? You might begin with the greatest names, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton. Another report might deal with Spenser, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, and Burns.

8. How does Carlyle refute the argument that a poet should have been born two centuries ago? Read to the class parts of the poems which he cites and explain why they are poetic in spite of their humble subjects. (In place of "The Holy Fair" you may read "Address to the Unco' Guid" or "Holy Willie's Prayer.")

9. What contrasts does Carlyle find in Burns's "rugged, sterling worth"? Try to illustrate as many of these contrasts as you can from the poems in this volume. Illustrate also his power to discover truth. His graphic power. How many of these points of "sterling worth" do you find in "The Auld Farmer's New Year's Salutation"? In "Scotch Drink"?

10. Why does Carlyle consider this graphic power a prime requirement for literary success? What does Burns add to the mere ability to see clearly? Can you find other examples in this volume of the force of his conceptions? Quote his exact words. In a complete edition read "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson" and "Lines on Meeting Lord Daier." Do they bear out Carlyle's contention?

11. What does Carlyle's criticism of Keats show of his limitations in the enjoyment of poetry? (Read pages 406-408.) Why does he not condemn Burns along with Keats? In what way does the passage from a letter to Mrs. Dunlop show the fineness of Burns's understanding? Read "A Winter Night" and "Address to the Deil" for further proof of the warmth of his understanding. Quote to the class.

12. How does Carlyle prove that indignation is a kind of love? In a complete edition of the poet read the account of how Burns came to write his "Ode Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald." Do you think his indignation was justified? Against what does Burns show indignation in "Bannockburn"? How does indignation enter into "McPherson's Farewell"?

13. A committee of the class should pick out the most humorous stanzas in "To a Mouse," "The Auld Farmer's New Year's Salutation to His Auld Mare Maggie," "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," "Poor Mailie's Elegy." Does the committee agree with Carlyle?

14. Some member of the class should read "Tam O'Shanter" and report to the class. Is Carlyle's judgment about this poem better than that of other critics? Quote to prove.

15. Do you agree with Carlyle's judgment about "The Jolly Beggars"?

16. (Review.) (*a*) How does this section on the writings of Burns help us to understand the poet better? Be quite specific. (*b*) Do you think Carlyle a safe guide as a literary critic? Be careful to point out both his merits and his shortcomings, and illustrate them from this section. (*c*) Pick out the most eloquent passages in this section. What stirs Carlyle's feelings in each passage?

The Songs of Burns. (Pages 563-566.) 1. What position does Carlyle give the songs of Burns? Read pages 123-126, 219-225, 304-305, and 307 of this book. Do Carlyle's remarks properly apply to these lyrics?

2. List four qualities that Carlyle finds in the songs of Burns. Exactly what does each of the five poems mentioned illustrate? Do you think each poem well chosen? Quote stanzas to prove.

3. What influence did Burns, according to Carlyle, have upon Scottish literature? How did his songs exercise that influence?

The Life of Burns. (Pages 567-583.) 1. What connection does Carlyle find between the life and the poetry of Burns?

2. What characteristics of youth does Carlyle find in Burns to the end? In what way might a longer life have helped Burns's character? In other words, what two things did he have to reconcile?

3. What disadvantages and advantages did Burns experience up to 1782, when he went to Irvine?

4. The section dealing with Burns's "wild-oats" period at Irvine reveals the core of Carlyle's philosophy. State the problems which Carlyle finds facing a young man entering active life. How does he think these problems are to be met? What mistake did Burns make at this stage in life?

5. What influence did religious quarrels have on Burns's career? His troubles with the Old-Light clergy came in 1785. The Old-Lights upheld the strict traditions of the Scotch Presbyterian faith. The New-Lights were more liberal, relying on reason more than authority. Burns wrote several poems ridiculing the Old-Lights. His "Farewell to the Banks of Ayr" was completed in 1786 when he was planning to embark in a few days for Jamaica. What kept him from going to the West Indies?

6. How did Burns conduct himself on his first visit to Edinburgh in 1786? To what indecision did it bring him? On the whole, was the effect good or bad?

7. What is to be said for and against his Excise and Farm scheme?

8. What evil effect did patrons have on him? How did they bring about this result?

9. In February, 1792, Burns seized a smuggler's brig in the Solway, near his headquarters at Dumfries. He bought four small cannon that were on it and sent them to the French Convention out of his sympathy with the struggle of the French people against the despotic old régime. The collision with his superiors was not so serious as Carlyle implies, since he was never reprimanded. Why would this incident contribute to his social disfavor?

10. Do you think the possibilities before Burns in 1795 were limited to the three that Carlyle mentions? Do you agree that death was the best avenue of escape?

11. Why could not a patron have prevented this sad end? How does Carlyle explain the failure of the wealthy to assist Burns? From this explanation what do you infer is Carlyle's feeling about the wealthy?

12. Why does Carlyle blame Burns for his ruined career? (*a*) How was the problem of earning a living settled for earlier writers like Pope, Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper? Would, or would not, Carlyle's strictures apply to them? (*b*) What did Burns lack that other literary men, who succeeded, possessed? (*c*) In what ways was he similar to Byron? (*d*) Do you agree or disagree with Carlyle's argument? Quote passages for the several parts of your reply.

13. What is Carlyle's final judgment on Burns?

14. In what ways does this section help Carlyle to attain the true purposes of biography as he stated them at the beginning? Show as clearly as you can how well he lives up to the standards he set up for this kind of writing.

REVIEW OF THE WHOLE ESSAY

1. Glance back over Macaulay's *Life of Johnson* (pages 324 ff.) and then draw up a report on Macaulay and Carlyle as biographers. Which is in more complete sympathy with his subject? Which draws the better portrait? Which is the more interested in the moral questions of life? Which is the more imaginative and eloquent?

2. What differences do you find between Carlyle and a biographer of the present day in (*a*) the amount of hero worship, (*b*) the attempt to explain the man's inner life, his ambitions, and secret impulses, and (*c*) the kind of realistic detail introduced?

3. This essay contains several of the most eloquent passages in all of Carlyle's writings. Gather four or five of those you like best and read them aloud to the class. In the essay as a whole which section is to you the most eloquent?

4. (*a*) What illustrations do you find in these pages of Carlyle's style: his profuse imagery; his ability to define or characterize; his earnestness or moral fervor? (*b*) How does his style differ from Milton's? From Defoe's?

Further Reading

I. OTHER BOOKS BY CARLYLE

Past and Present. Book II of this volume, which re-creates the life of a medieval monastery, is among the most interesting of Carlyle's writings.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Carlyle's differences from Macaulay as a critic are best seen in this review of Boswell's famous biography.

The French Revolution. Carlyle's character as an historian may be seen from the graphic account of the flight of the King from Paris (Part II, Book V) or of the Reign of Terror (Part III, Book V).

Sartor Resartus. If you are interested in Carlyle the man, read the autobiographical romance that forms the second part of this work, particularly the chapters entitled "The Everlasting No," "Center of Indifference," and "The Everlasting Yea."

II. ABOUT CARLYLE

GARNETT, RICHARD: *Life of Carlyle* (Great Writers Series).

NICHOL, JOHN: *Thomas Carlyle* (English Men of Letters Series). This book and the preceding one are the best sources for extended study of the life of Carlyle.

For some of Carlyle's most interesting letters, read the *Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister.*

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth.* It was this—the knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else—which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science—as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now, in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line should not *appear* a horizontal line; a line that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but—which is monstrous—the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen—and therefore, *quoad*, his consciousness has *not* seen—that which he *has* seen every day of his life. But to return from this digression—my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparaleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong, for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders—that of the Marrs—the same incident—of a knocking at the door

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61. quoad, thus far.

soon after the work of extermination was complete — did actually occur which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this: Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind —though different in degree—amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated. But—though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature—i. e., the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man—was gone, vanished, extinct, and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral

45. with its petrific mace, from *Paradise Lost*, Book X, line 294.

pomp to his grave, and, chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets and the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man —if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause of ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth.* Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed"; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish. The pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This selection is an excellent example of the new romantic criticism, on which see pages 527-528. De Quincey does not trust his "understanding," but his feelings. He feels sure that Shakespeare intended some deep and subtle effect by the knocking. This effect, he thinks, is psychological, not to be explained in any matter-of-fact way. When the critic learns about an analogous situation that occurred in a recent murder, he finds a clue to this psychological interpretation.

2. Qualities of De Quincey's style to be observed in this selection are his inveterate digression, his long and rambling sentence-structure, his love of matter-of-fact detail, his

fondness for illustrations drawn from many sources, and, in the last two paragraphs, his eloquent and rhythmical prose. In addition, we have an example of his fondness for injecting ironical or humorous comment into serious discussions. Here the reference to the "fastidious taste" of the "connoisseur in murder" suggests his famous essay, a masterpiece of irony, entitled "Murder Considered as a Fine Art."

Questions and Topics

1. What does De Quincey mean by the "understanding"? What does he substitute for it? Why does he think this a safer guide? Do you feel convinced by the illustration that he gives?
2. What is meant by the statement that our sympathy must be with the murderer? Do you agree? Can you think of other illustrations?
3. Do you feel that DeQuincey's explanation of the effect of the knocking is correct?
4. State very clearly, in your own words, this explanation.

Further Reading

For Reports

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. In this may be found many interesting autobiographical passages, and illustrations of De Quincey's rhythmical prose.

Levana, or Our Ladies of Sorrow. This essay is what De Quincey himself calls prose-poetry; he sought to get emotional and musical effects analogous to those produced by poetry.

The English Mail-Coach. In this group of essays, "The Vision of Sudden Death" is a forceful and splendid example of the author's rhetorical genius. "Meeting with Wordsworth" and "Meeting with Coleridge" give interesting side-lights on De Quincey's relation with the Lake Poets.

Joan of Arc. You will be interested in seeing how De Quincey handles this subject. Shaw's version of the story in *Saint Joan* may be compared with De Quincey's.

The Flight of a Tartar Tribe. This fascinating piece of narrative should not be neglected.

From THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

John Henry, Cardinal Newman

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

I suppose the prima-facie view which the public at large would take of a University, considering it as a place of education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbors all around him. He has opinions, religious and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his schoolfellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty with him; he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians,

1. **prima-facie,** offhand.

36. **seven years,** *Genesis* xli.

without counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the elements of mathematics, and for his taste in the poets and orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the University, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, dispatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment; they are a something to show, both for master and scholar. An audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subject of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a University; and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread; and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it. This cannot be denied; it is ever to be insisted on. I begin with it as a first principle. However, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a University, by its very profession. Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical professors; professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information. What then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? What is grasp of mind but acquirement? Where shall philosophical repose be found but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a liberal education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter;* and I shall best attain my object by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, gentlemen, whether knowledge, that is, acquirement, is, after all, the real principle of the enlargement, or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it.

For instance, let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts; or let one who has ever lived in a quiet village go for the first time to a great metropolis—then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement. He does not stand where he did; he has a new center, and a range of thoughts to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, the originality—if I may use the term—of their forms and gestures and habits and their variety and independence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise for our faculties, by this addition to our knowledge; like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence physical science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquilizing influence upon him.

Again, the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind. And why? Because, as I conceive, it gives it a power of judging passing events, and of all events, and a conscious superiority over them, which before it did not possess.

And, in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, traveling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship—gaining experience how various yet how alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions; all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred; and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realize to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh; and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose," and what system to build up as its own private persuasion; when this torrent of willful thoughts rushes over and inundates it, who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge, has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation—an intoxication in reality, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker. Their eyes are opened; and, like the judgment-stricken king in the tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture.

On the other hand, religion has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement or enlightenment, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters; this cannot be denied. But next, it is equally plain that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and toward and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumina-

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15. the world, etc., *Paradise Lost* XII, 646.

tion; but the locomotion, the movement onward, of that mental center, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates. And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or of St. Thomas, or of Newton, or of Goethe (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such), is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another; without which there is no whole, and no center. It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement, but as philosophy.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them. Still there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfills the type of liberal education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of everyone and everything only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects which they have encountered forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were, on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce,

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9. **Aristotle** (384–322 B.C.), "master of them that know," the most famous and influential of ancient philosophers. **St. Thomas**, Thomas Aquinas (1225–1274), the "Father of Moral Philosophy," foremost theologian of the Middle Ages. 10. **Newton**, Sir Isaac (1642–1727), discover of the law of gravitation. **Goethe**, Johann Wolfgang von (1749–1832). See note on line 1, page 481.

or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar, or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

Instances such as these confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which preceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of universal knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes everything in some sort lead to everything else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body, as the word *creation* suggests the Creator, and *subjects* a sovereign, so, in the mind of the philosopher, as we are abstractedly conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one, with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true center.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire, in the way of intellect; it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men whose minds are possessed with some one object take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail them. They are ever in alarm or in transport. Those, on the other hand, who have no object or principle whatever to hold by lose their way, every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others, for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks

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2. **Pompey's Pillar**, a column of polished red granite nearly a hundred feet high, in Alexandria, Egypt.

while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the τετράγωνος of the peripatetic, and has the *nil admirari* of the Stoic:

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects; who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration, on a subject or course of action which comes before them; who have a sudden presence of mind equal to any emergency, rising with the occasion, and an undaunted, magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by opposition. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no institution can aim; here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the intellect, which is the result of education, and its *beau idéal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. For an account of Newman and his place in English thought, see page 537. This essay is one of a series of "discourses," published under the title *The Idea of a University* (1857) as a part of his service as rector of the Catholic University of Dublin.

2. The selection here printed is remarkable for the clarity of its style and the precision with which the author defines his conception of the function of education. Newman defined style as "thinking out into language." The definition is an excellent one, and illustrations of his ability to apply it in his own writing are easily found in this essay.

3. On the general subject of the purpose of education review the general introduction to this book, Bacon's essay on Truth, and the discussion of Milton's view of education, with his definition (pages 1, 212, 229).

Questions and Topics

1. Read the essay through very rapidly and without attention to detail, in order to mark the chief divisions. The first part ends with the author's statement of the question as to what is the end of education. In the second are found several illustrations of ways in which mental enlargement may be found, the illustrations being drawn from experience outside books. The third division progresses toward a definition of this "enlargement," preparatory to applying the divisions to formal education. Part of this definition consists in showing what the mental enlargement is *not*. In this last division the application is made.

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14. This Greek word means "perfect thing." 15. **nil admirari**, to wonder at nothing (i. e., indifference). 16. **Felix**, etc., happy he who can know the causes of things and all fears, and places inexorable fate beneath his feet and the dread of insatiable Acheron. 39. **beau idéal**, model.

2. What definition is given of knowledge? How does it differ from opinion? Is the man whose mind is filled with facts an educated man? What illustrations does Newman give to make clear his points?

3. Where is the main theme of the essay stated, and in what words? Summarize Newman's discussion up to this point.

4. Three illustrations from experience outside the world of books are given. State these clearly. What is the use of physical science (by which Newman means science generally)? Of history? Of travel? What is the force of the two illustrations based on religious doubt and faith?

5. Where do you find the first complete statement of what Newman regards as the true test of mental enlargement? Study this passage carefully, then restate it in your own words.

6. Is wide experience, such as travel, a guarantee of breadth of mind?

7. Compare the last paragraph with Bacon's praise of Truth.

8. Give in your own words what you now think is Newman's conecption of a liberal education.

From HENRY ESMOND

William Makepeace Thackeray

BOOK II, CHAPTER VI

THE 29TH DECEMBER

There was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral, beside the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig; and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise*—a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Monsieur Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes such as no painter's palette has the color to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young Lord's countenance; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep.

But the music ceasing, my Lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book), and said, "Look, mother!" so loud that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a warning finger to Frank; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over; Mr. Esmond did not hear them; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean and his procession of ecclesiastics out of the inner chapel.

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14. **point de Venise**, a very beautiful lace, usually called rose-point. 16. **Vandyke**, Sir Anthony (1599–1641), a famous Flemish portrait painter who lived in England after 1632. 17. **Rigaud**, Hyacinthe (1659–1743), a well-known French portrait painter.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and, running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry!" he said, "are you come back? Have you been to the wars? You'll take me with you when you go again? Why didn't you write to us? Come to mother!"

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy!" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part; and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place; for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her and remained at a distance.

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison; nor in the camp; nor on shore before the enemy; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn; not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theater yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers.

Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth—goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb, or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The Chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My Lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels; when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your Lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum?*"

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88. **Reddas**, etc. may you return unharmed, I pray (Horace, *Odes* I, 3, 7). 90. **Gaditanian**, of Gades (Cadiz). 94. **Septimi**, etc. Septimius, about to visit Gades with me? (Horace, *Odes* II, 6, 1.)

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher," says Mr. Esmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there), "a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honored patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your Ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my Lord. "Mother, I shall run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbands on. Beatrix is a maid of honor, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet, low tone, as they walked away together. (Now it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way, and that 'twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castlewood; and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear Lord. How he loved you! 'Twas my Lord that made you stay with us."

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr. Esmond.

"But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your—your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you—has she not?"

Esmond said, "Yes." As far as present favor went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. "And should her mind change," he added gaily, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion!" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him too; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued, "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it: how you tried to avert the quarrel and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child; but it was God's will that I should be punished and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his deathbed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," said the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

'I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He —I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And today, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him'; I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet, careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the twenty-ninth of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My Lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless, starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition, compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost

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93. **Non omnis moriar**, I shall not wholly die (Horace, *Odes*, III, 30, 6).

and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

"If—if 'tis so, dear lady," Mr. Esmond said, "why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon—and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us—gave his ancestor. Frank will give us that. No man there will ask if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is."

"And my children—and my duty—and my good father, Henry?" she broke out. "He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen's reign; and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies—it scares me. They will come and visit me; and you will, sometimes, Henry—yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more."

"I would leave all to follow you," said Mr. Esmond; "and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?"

"Hush, boy!" she said, and it was with a mother's sweet, plaintive tone and look that she spoke. "The world is beginning for you. For me I have been so weak and sinful that I must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still—yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart; and knows the tears that have washed my sin away—and now—now my duty is here, by my children whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and——"

"And not by me?" Henry said.

"Hush!" she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. "I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh, it is horrid to look back to that time! It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry—no, you do not now, and I thank Heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to college? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution—both—and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven."

"I think the angels are not all in heaven," Mr. Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart, and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast—so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

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27. new Queen, Anne (1665–1714).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

(For a complete study of *Henry Esmond.*)

Book I

1. As a story, Book I carries Henry Esmond to the age of twenty-two. In a single brief paragraph, sum up the cardinal events, the events that influence the later course of his life so far as it is related in this part. Which chapter contains the most vigorous piece of narrative? With what events does the real story of this part begin? What misfortune is a kind of turning-point? What incident is a kind of climax in revealing the depth of Lady Castlewood's affection for Harry? From the narrative so far, what do you think will be the immediate future of Harry?

2. Do you find Harry much of a hero? Bring forth clear evidence on this point. Does he seem real or shadowy? Why is he so well liked by the people about him? Do you like him? Give your reasons. How does he differ from young men today? Which of the other characters is most interesting? Lovable? Ridiculous? Unpleasant? Villainous? Mysterious?

3. What features of the story bring out most clearly the difference between the seventeenth century and ours? What historical events and characters are brought into the story? What scenes stand out most vividly in your mind?

4. What evidence do you find of Thackeray's power of satire? His humor? His tenderness? His fondness for moralizing? The ease, finish, and real beauty of his writing?

Book II

1. Write out a brief summary of the story up to this point. What change in Esmond's career was brought about by the revelation of the Viscount's deathbed? Where does he conceive his deep love for Beatrix? To what do you ascribe his rapid promotion? Why does this Book close where it does? What do you look forward to?

2. Is Esmond any more heroic in this Book than in the first? Cite particular acts or scenes that bear out your opinion. Has your opinion of Frank changed? Of Beatrix? Of Lady Esmond? Again cite specific passages. Which is the most attractive? The most important?

3. The historical element is much more prominent than in Book I. Some pupil should report on Marlborough's biography. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives a good account. How far is Thackeray's portrait true to history? Again consult the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in order to test Thackeray's judgment about Addison, and the Campaign, St. John, and Dick Steele. Is the history in *Henry Esmond* the chief interest, or is it subordinate to the story?

4. Do Thackeray's qualities, as found in Book I reappear? Do any new ones appear?

Book III

1. Summarize in a brief paragraph the events of this Book. In what sense is Esmond's activity in this Book more important and more perilous than in earlier Books? Is the narrative here more, or less, vigorous and dramatic than in earlier Books?

2. Now turn back to the "Preface" written by Rachel Esmond. What are the most interesting incidents there alluded to?

3. Review the characters of Lady Castlewood and of Henry Esmond. In what features is Esmond an ideal gentleman? Which character in the Book is the most interesting and real?

4. Apply to this Book questions 3 and 4 on Book I.

The Novel as a Whole

1. A very entertaining program can be drawn up from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* or some other sources on the historical personages in the novel: Lord Mohun, Richard Steele, Joseph Addison, Marlborough, Alexander Webb, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Duke of Hamilton, Bolingbroke (St. John), Oxford (Harley), Atterbury, Jonathan Swift, Queen Anne, the Pretender (James III). The report on each person should indicate (*a*) how important the figure is in Thackeray's narrative, (*b*) how much of his life is used by Thackeray, and (*c*) how faithful to history Thackeray is.

2. Compare the plot of *Henry Esmond* with that in some other historical novel. Which is more like a mere succession of incidents? A series of consequences? A strand of interwoven threads (name the important plots or stories)? A series of climaxes or hills leading to a peak? (Indeed, in thinking of any novel, you might profitably apply these questions.) Are there any incidents that do not clearly belong to the plot? Why are they introduced?

3. Compare the characters in Thackeray with those in Dickens (or any other novelist) in number, in grades of society from which they come. With what kind of character is the author most successful? Compare the women in particular. Do you get your notion of characters chiefly from description, from

analysis of what goes on in their minds, from their conversation or their actions, from the opinions of the other characters? How are they introduced to the reader? How do they pass out of the story? What is the most vivid and lifelike character each author has created?

4. Compare Thackeray and Dickens as to humor, pathos, use of satire, power to write interesting narrative, power to create character. Always support your opinion by citations from their works.

Further Reading

I. Other Books by Thackeray

The Virginians. This deals with our own Revolutionary War. It tells of Esmond's two grandsons.

Pendennis. The descendants of the Warringtons appear here. The novel is partly autobiographic.

The Newcomes. You should by all means make the acquaintance of old Colonel Newcome.

Vanity Fair. This is considered Thackeray's greatest work. It introduces the famous Becky Sharp and brings in the Battle of Waterloo.

English Humorists. This book is made up of essays on various writers, some of whom you have met in *Henry Esmond.*

II. About Thackeray

Thackeray (Great Writers Series) by Merivale and Marzials.

Thackeray (English Men of Letters Series) by Anthony Trollope.

Homes and Haunts of Thackeray, Crawe.

ST. MARK'S

[From *The Stones of Venice*]

John Ruskin

And now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low, gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the center, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grassplots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockleshells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canon's children are walking with their nursery-maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so, higher and higher up to the great moldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees, like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those ark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors; intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print colored and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green watermelons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned

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34. **Calle Lunga**, long path of Saint Moisè.

51. **Istrian stone**, a fine kind of limestone from Istria, Austria. 54. **cortile**, courtyard. 93. **Vendita Frittole e Liquori**, fritters and liquors for sale.

in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28.32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply molded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptered, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves

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7. **Vino Nostrani**, etc., Nostrani wine at 28.32 cents.

93. **veins to kiss**, from *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, v, 29.

the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak, upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its center the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes—the march drowning the Miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

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6. **archivolts**, ornamental moldings. 24. **Lido**, the Mediterranean shore of Venice.

53. **sell doves.** *Matthew* xxi, 12. 63. **Miserere**, the music for the fifty-first Psalm used in services for the sick or the dead. 77. **centesimi**, copper coins.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This selection is taken from *The Stones of Venice*, Volume II, chapter IV, which appeared in 1853. The historian Gibbon spoke of the Square of St. Mark's as "a large square decorated with the worst architecture I ever saw." When Ruskin's book was published, professional architects wondered if his mind were unbalanced. Today we wonder at them.

2. What is Ruskin's purpose in introducing the English cathedral? In describing the alley leading to the square in which St. Mark's stands? Why does he note the crowd in the

square? What effect does the description of the church itself produce on you?

Further Reading

In Ruskin

Modern Painters. Ruskin's views about outdoor scenery are given in Volume V, Chapter 1. Possibly the best chapter to give you his view of painters is the comparison of Giorgione and Turner in Volume V, Part IX, Chapter 9.

The Mystery of Life. This is held to be the most perfect of Ruskin's essays. It is often bound up with *Sesame and Lilies.*

Praeterita. This is Ruskin's charming autobiography.

Note: Those who report on these essays to the class should comment on both Ruskin's opinions and his character. Does he look at life more or less seriously than the other writers in this chapter? Illustrate.

ON A PIECE OF CHALK

Thomas Henry Huxley

If a well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance, almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk." Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and on the seacoast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over two hundred and eighty miles as the crow flies. From this band to the North Sea, on the east, and the Channel, on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the southeastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less and others more extensive than the English. Chalk occurs in northwest Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; runs through Denmark and central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward, it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral, in central Asia. If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter, the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

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2. **Norwich**, a town in Norfolk County, England. 20. **Needles**, three white pointed rocks of chalk at the western end of the Isle of Wight. They are about a hundred feet high.

24. **Albion**, from the Latin *alba*, white. 37. **Weald**, the Anglo-Saxon name for this region.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

What is this widespread component of the surface of the earth, and whence did it come?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification. If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than a "piece of chalk" for my discourse. But in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest. A great chapter in the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe which I hope to enable you to read, with your own eyes, tonight.

Let me add that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature. The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together. . . .

[In the intervening portion of his address Huxley sets forth the following facts:

First. Chemically, chalk consists of carbonic acid and quicklime. Under the microscope it is seen to be made up of granules in which are imbedded numerous calcareous skeletons known as *Globigerinae*.

Second. The bed of the North Atlantic, between Ireland and Newfoundland, is found to be a vast plain of deep-sea mud which is substantially chalk, deposited there by multitudes of organisms (*Globigerinae*), which in life have the power of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water, and of building that substance into skeletons for themselves.

Third. The living *Globigerinae* are exclusively marine animals, and this, along with other evidence, compels the conclusion that the chalk beds of the dry land are the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

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8. **coombs**, hollows inclosed on all sides but one by steep cliffs. 23. **Lebanon**, in the southern part of Syria.

80. **Globigerinae** (pronounced glō-bĭ-jē-rī′nē), the Latin for a little object carrying a sphere.

Fourth. The thickness of the chalk bed and the character of its fossil remains prove that the period of deposit—the cretaceous epoch—was of great duration.]

Thus not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom; but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began, or ended, its existence, is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made in various parts of western Europe of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions. It has been proved that the old populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Eskimos are now; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and it is probable that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia than that of western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them, as they are to us, in point of antiquity.

But if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or bowlder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own seaboard for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the bowlder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge bowlders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the bowlder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the bowlder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir trees are there with their cones, and hazel bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools of oak and yew

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57. **Hoxne**, a town in Suffolk, England, where flint implements were found as early as 1797. **Amiens**, a city on the Somme in northern France, near which large numbers of flint instruments were found. 95. **stools**, stumps.

trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the boles of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Reverend Mr. Gunn. When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the walls of cliffs at Cromer, and who so runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and bowlder clay. Sea beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris. But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk,

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21. **Gunn,** Robert Campbell (1808–1881), who sent to the British Museum a large number of plants and animals from Tasmania. 42. **the whirligig,** etc., from *Twelfth Night,* V, i, 384.

87. **Hiddekel,** *Genesis* ii, 14.

or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus, evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theater of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land, for at least four alternations; and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length. Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat. All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous, or still later date, have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains; and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though in Norfolk the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants. All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly not one of the higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field, in the days before the chalk, were not our beasts of the field, nor the fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognizable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual, but incessant, changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress if we follow the course of nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind.

And it is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish side by side with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life. Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it. But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things are some very modern forms of life, looking like a Yankee peddler among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shellfish first become known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera.* I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity; but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's head lamp-shell (*Terebratulina caput serpentis*), which lives in our English seas and abounds (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shellfish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings. The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauria* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands, to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind. But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation. Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have oc-

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54. **Foraminifera** (pronounced fō-răm-i-nĭf'e-rä), little animals living in shells with pores (*foramina*). 70. **Battle of Hastings**, fought in 1066.

curred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back and ask, "Why these movements?"

I am not certain that anyone can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said, for certain, is that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect, but perfectly satisfactory, proof that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence. Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by other than natural causes. Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case. The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the backbone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodiles of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch, and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. (I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch.) Thus each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles; though all, since the chalk, have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for? Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some preëxisting form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and sixth days of the creation. On the other hand, I see no good reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from preëxisting crocodilian forms, by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world. Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent, though nowise brilliant, thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest" of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

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19. **ken**, knowledge. 21. **without haste**, from Goethe's poem, *Zahme, Xenien* ("Wie das Gestirn, ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast").

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This address was delivered in 1868 in Norwich at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Huxley called it a "lecture to workingmen." On Huxley's life and significance see page 538.

2. In the opening section on the extent of the chalk deposits, each place mentioned should be pointed out on a map, so that the boundaries will be clear.

3. Does Huxley begin with novel or familiar facts? Why? What is the first point he makes? How has he led up to it? Step by step, trace him to his extraordinary conclusions. Point out his care in making transitions from one section to another. How does he make sure that he has his audience with him at the beginning of each new step? Point out particularly useful comparisons.

4. The best way to understand this lecture is to draw up an outline of it. State its main thought in a single sentence and phrase the topics in the outline in such a way as to show their bearing on the central idea.

5. Is this literature or mere scientific exposition? Be sure of your definition of literature before seeking for your proof.

Further Reading

I. In Huxley

Autobiography. This should be the first reading after the selection in this volume.

A Lobster, or the Study of Zoölogy (this is the companion to *A Piece of Chalk*).

On the Physical Basis of Life.

Huxley was greatly interested in education. In this connection read the following essays: *On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge, A Liberal Education and Where to Find It,* and *Science and Culture.*

II. Biography

Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley, by his son, Leonard Huxley.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

Ebb and Flow in Literature—Comparative Literature.

England and America: English Influences—Three Periods of Origins—The Basis of Understanding.

Aspects of American Literature: From Colonization to Independence—Romanticism in America—The Later Nineteenth Century—New American Themes—The Literature of the Supernatural—A Literature of Culture.

Interpreters of the American Spirit: The American Scene—Nathaniel Hawthorne—Ralph Waldo Emerson—Walt Whitman.

Summary.

Ebb and Flow in Literature. If you look back over this story of English literature, now brought to the dawn of the twentieth century, you will observe a curious alternation between periods of great fertility and others that produced little which was of interest to any but their own time. In some periods the creative impulse has seemed intensely manifested in great writers, and also widely diffused. The imagination, in such times, transcended the plane on which men commonly live, looked a little deeper into the mysteries of life that surround us, or pierced the veil of the future. In such times Chaucer wrote, and Shakespeare, and Wordsworth. But for a century and a half after Chaucer's death, little literature that we now care for was written. For fifty years after the death of Milton, although poetry and prose attained greater clarity and precision than ever before, we value the literature of that time for the skill that it displays, not for any power to move us, to enlarge our sympathies, or to open our eyes to the meaning of life. The great rebirth of imaginative sensibility that followed during the age of Wordsworth was succeeded, once more, by a season of sterility and indecision. From the death of the three great English exiles, Keats, Shelley, and Byron, in 1821-1824, to the publication of Tennyson's *Poems* in 1842, there seemed good reason for Macaulay's view that the advance of civilization meant the death of poetry, since the men of the day, as he said, were competent to "judge and compare," but not to "create."

Such alternations, like the ebb and flow of the tides, seem to constitute a law. The period of idealism is succeeded by the period of reaction, in poetry as in life. But it is also the law that the period of idealism returns. Such a period corresponds, as a rule, to some great spiritual and intellectual enlargement in a nation's life. The glories of Renaissance literature, to name but a single example, constitute one phase of a many-sided expansion. Reality wellnigh outstripped the imagination, as new continents were discovered, ancient civilizations were brought once more into the range of thought, and, through the beginnings of scientific research, the heavens were explored. Once more, there had appeared a new heaven and a new earth, and to this creative process literature responded.

The ebb and flow of the tide affects all the seas, in every part of the world. So is it with these recurring tides of the spirit. The Renaissance appeared first in Italy, and spread from there throughout the European world. One of its manifestations was in the voyages and discoveries of great navigators. From these explorations the colonization of America resulted. Again, the revolutions in America and France, in the eighteenth century, were phases of a movement also manifested, later, in the Reform Bill in England, and in the independence of Italy and Greece.

With these movements, once more, literature was in accord. The periods of ebb and flow that we have noted as characteristic of English literature are to be found, at nearly the same times, in other European literatures. To get a complete view of the Renaissance, or of the so-called "classical" period, or of the return of romanticism, we must take into account the works of great authors in all the principal civilized countries.

Comparative Literature. This study of literature in various periods and languages is sometimes called "comparative literature." Such a study may trace, through many lands and times, the history and development of a form or type, as, for example, the epic or the drama. It may be a study of the classical theories of art held, say, in France and England in the eighteenth century, or of the influence of foreign thought or literature upon a great English author. Shakespeare drew on contemporary French and Italian writers for some of his plots. Milton was influenced not only by the great writers of antiquity but by works produced in his own time in Italy, France, and Holland. Some of the best poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge were inspired by the French Revolution, and one of the greatest of George Meredith's poems, "France 1870," grew out of the Franco-Prussian War. Literature transcends national boundaries. Its kingdom is the mind and soul of man.

England and America

English Influences. The field of comparative literature is too vast to be brought within the scope of any one course of study. There is one province of the field, however, of special importance to Americans. The literatures of England and the United States are closely related in language, in racial ideals, and in development. From the beginning of the nineteenth century they have had much in common. Irving, the first great American writer, was warmly welcomed by Scott, who introduced him to an English audience. The relations between Emerson and Carlyle have been mentioned in an earlier chapter in this book. Prose fiction in America dates from Brockden Brown's "Gothic" romances. The nature poetry of the English romantic school finds added illustration in the work of Bryant. As we go on in the century many other instances of common theme and influence may be cited.

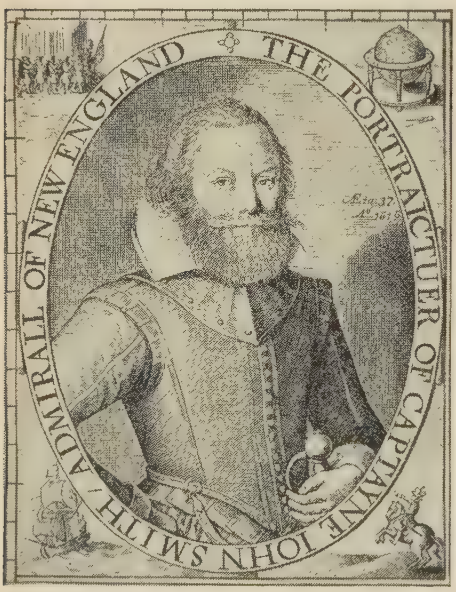
Three Periods of Origins. Moreover, the law of ebb and flow spoken of at the beginning of this chapter has operated in the development of American institutions, thought, and literature. Three great periods of high tide in England were instrumental in the founding of our nation. The beginnings of English colonization in America, from Raleigh's first attempts on the Carolina coast in the latter part of the sixteenth century to the establishment and development of Virginia, resulted from that enthusiasm for travel and colonization that was a leading aspect of the Renaissance. The settlement of New England, beginning in 1620, was directly connected with the troubles between the English king and his people and with the people's assertion of the right to freedom of thought. Finally, in the Revolution and the establishment, in the United States, of a democratic government, we find one more illustration of the growing insistence on the rights of man, the dignity and worth of the individual, that vitalized the poetry of Burns, and appeared, also, in the tracts, novels, and poems that expressed the growth of the democratic spirit in England. Burns's "A Man's a Man" is one of the documents in this development; the American Declaration of Independence is another.

The Basis of Understanding. Thus Renaissance love of exploration and colonization, Puritan desire for freedom of conscience, and the declaration of the rights of man that led to American independence, all show how the high tides of imagination and feeling swept across the broad Atlantic to wash the shores of the New World. The first effects in America were not literary, but political. In later times, when the new nation was once established, other points of contact became apparent. We are not, however, to look upon American literature as a mere imitation of English literature. What we need is comprehension of what they have in common. With such a basis, we shall be able to understand certain differences, due to the separation from the mother country, that show why our literature is both a part of the great tradition of literature in the English tongue and at the same time is a truly national literature, expressive of America, not England.

We may now review briefly some of the characteristics of literature in America, with suggestions of parallels to the English literature that has been the subject of study in this book.

Aspects of American Literature

From Colonization to Independence. The English colonies in America were founded, as we have already observed, partly because of the great impulse to seek out new lands that marked the Renaissance, and partly because religious and political tyranny in the seventeenth century drove many Englishmen into exile. Of the first of these impulses we have small record in literature written in America. The writings of Captain John Smith remind us of the stories of travel collected by Hakluyt and others, and have something of the same spirit of adventure. In 1609 William Strachey, on his way to Virginia, was wrecked off the coast of the Bermudas, and a letter of his which described the magic of the islands had some influence on Shakespeare's *The Tempest.* But from such experiences no poems or prose of literary value were produced by the actors; for a literary record thereof we must go to the English poems by Drayton ("To the Virginian Voyage") and Marvell ("The Bermudas"). And when the creative impulse did awake in the new world, it was redolent of the old one. In the eighteenth century Thomas Godfrey of Philadelphia, who died in 1763, wrote a tragedy in blank verse called *The Prince of Parthia.* This earliest American drama was filled with echoes of Shakespeare and of the Restoration drama, and showed wide acquaintance with English dramatic literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.


THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAYNE IOHN SMITH ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND

In New England every effort was made to keep such worldly literature away from the people, but after the first hardships of settlement were over, there is evidence of the interest in subjects that were not doctrinal. A Harvard student's diary names a considerable list of plays that he saw produced in Boston in the eighteenth century, among them Addison's *Cato.* Increase Mather notes the setting up of a May Pole in Boston in 1687, about sixty years after William Bradford, the first historian of the colony, wrote an account of Merry Mount that gave Hawthorne the suggestion for one of his tales. In 1706 Samuel Sewall, to whom we are indebted for a very interesting diary, complains of "keeping a day to fictitious St. George" and protests against the use of the Town House for dramatic performances. Sewall viewed with alarm the growing spirit of worldliness. He did not approve of Christmas festivities, noting with satisfaction that shops were generally kept open on that day and that few people observed the holiday: "Blessed be God no Authority yet to compell them to keep it."

These incidents serve to show that the real spirit of colonial New England was far removed from that represented by Herrick's poetry, or Milton's minor poems, or Restoration literature. Its true character is indicated by Cotton Mather's statements about his sermons—they were very long, but they were well received. At his ordination, he tells us, he prayed for an hour and a quarter and then preached for an hour and three quarters. His *Wonders of the Invisible World* was filled with superstition, and his ecclesiastical history, *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702), was a monument of ill-digested learning. Better prose was written by Nathaniel Ward, whose *Simple Cobbler of Agawam* (1647) is still readable because of its vigorous satire of life and manners and the sincerity of its style.

Poetry was represented by the Bay Psalm Book, with its doggerel versions of the ancient Hebrew poetry; it appeared in 1640, about thirty years after the splendid King James version of the Bible, but it lacks every quality that made that translation one of the glories of English literature. The poems of Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672) are filled with the conceits and strained metaphors that were a vice of much poetry in seventeenth century England, while Michael Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*, published five years before *Paradise Lost*, represented all the unlovely and fanatical elements in Puritanism without the humaneness and classical learning of Milton's interpretation.

To this prose and verse, and much more of the same general character, should be added the letters, the diaries, and the tracts and pamphlets of the time. It should not be forgotten that these people were actually living their beliefs; they had no time or genius for treating them in literary form. Their writings correspond with fair accuracy to much of the controversial writing of the time in England. The pure literature of that period they did not know. Even the passing of the older Puritanism brought little increase in what Arnold calls "sweetness and light." There were suggestions of this more humane spirit in some of the earlier works of Jonathan Edwards, who was, except Franklin, the greatest intellectual figure of the eighteenth century in Colonial America, but the chief claim of Edwards to literary distinction lies in the clearness and vigor of the prose style of his sermons. It is not until we come to the *Autobiography* (1789) of Franklin that we find a book of present interest. Its author had studied Addison's style, and his purpose in writing was to give instruction in such virtues as Addison praised. In his common-sense, his wit, his distrust of idealism, and his preoccupation with worldly matters Franklin was a true son of the age to which Pope and Addison belonged.

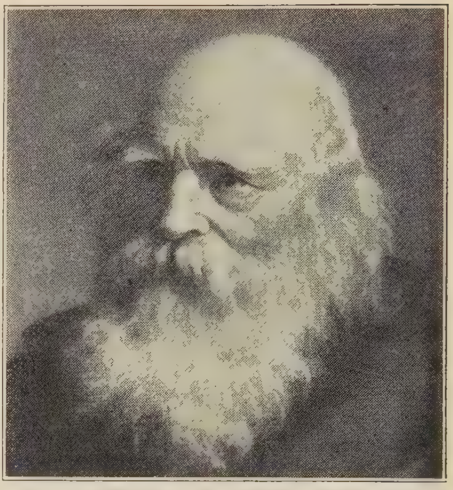
Romanticism in American Literature. Fortunately, when America was free enough from ax and rifle to sit down to the desk, the time in England was one of high tide. The foundations of the American nation were built on the idealism concerning the rights of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that we have already noted as one aspect of English romanticism. In early American poetry and prose we find other characteristics of the movement. The romances of Brockden Brown, such as *Wieland* and *Arthur Mervyn*, which were written in Philadelphia between 1798 and 1801, unite realism with certain "Gothic" elements. The work of Washington Irving (1783-1859) is even more definitely romantic, for although much has been made of his resemblance to Addison in style, and his *Salmagundi* was a semi-monthly periodical somewhat like the *Spectator*, his true genius was not that of the period of Addison and Pope. He loved medieval legend, ballads, and romances. At first this love appeared chiefly in the form of burlesque, as in *Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York* (1809), which was a delightful prose compound of epic and history. But in the *Sketch Book* (1819), and in many later works, Irving occupies a place as distinct as that of Hazlitt or Lamb. He was a master of the personal essay and of the short narrative, with a style distinguished for its grace, its beauty, and its variety. His romantic love of the medieval comes out in his desire to supply the beautiful regions of Westchester and the Hudson River country with such traditions as increased the charm of English scenes. He was keenly sensitive to the beauty of nature, and he was also, like Lamb, interested in persons. Through all his work we find that intimate self-revelation that was so marked a characteristic of the early nineteenth century in England.

Irving's love of the romantic scenery of the Hudson Highlands led him to build up skillfully a tradition compounded of

European folk-tales and bits of native American material. Something of the same spirit is evident in "The Culprit Fay," a charming fairy poem written by Joseph Rodman Drake in about 1819. This poem was written to prove that American scenes are as well adapted to fairy legend as those of England. What both writers wished to gain, therefore, was the atmosphere of ancient tradition in a nation only recently founded.

Drake's poem was the outcome of a conversation with James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851). The association with Cooper is significant, for he, too, was interested in romance. He was an eye-witness of that advance of civilization upon the wilderness that become his theme. From Abbotsford the Wizard of the North looked back into medieval times; from Cooperstown, in western New York, the creator of Leatherstocking saw the romance of the conquest of the vast inland empire, then just beginning, and he had the genius necessary to give to that romance imperishable form. His best stories, such as the Leatherstocking series, convey through their view of pioneer life the impression of epic grandeur. Any survey of that aspect of Romanticism that is represented by *Waverley*, therefore, is not complete unless it also takes into account Leatherstocking.

American poetry of the early nineteenth century, like the prose, illustrates the extent of the romantic impulse. During the Revolution, Philip Freneau (1752-1832) had written a group of short poems of great lyrical beauty. "The Wild Honeysuckle," "Eutaw Springs" and "The Indian Burying Ground" present American scenes and story with the freshness and charm that marked the dawn of a new power of song. They anticipate the greater achievement of William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), whose "Thanatopsis" was published in 1817, two years after Wordsworth's revised Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and in the same year as Keats's first volume. In 1821, when Bryant's first volume of *Poems* was published, it became clear that American verse was no longer to be limited to occasional lyrics; a poet of undoubted inspiration had appeared.


WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The poetry of Bryant is significant of the awakening of the American imagination to the beauty and teaching of nature. In his "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood" he speaks of the calm that is brought by the forest to the mind sick with the guilt and misery of the world. Poems like "The Yellow Violet" are tributes to simple flowers; he rebukes himself for preferring the gorgeous blooms of May. In many nature poems, such as "To a Waterfowl" he identifies himself with nature or derives guidance from the suggestion which natural beauty brings. The educating influence of nature is dwelt on in "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," as in Wordsworth's Lucy poems. Yet Bryant's nature poetry is in no sense imitative; he writes of the flowers of his native land, of its forests, its mountains and prairies. His blank verse is filled with grave beauty; it is an instrument through which he describes accurately what he has seen, and yet attains the emotional and imaginative effects of the masters of this greatest of English measures. The solemn beauty of his "Forest Hymn," which opens with the line, "The groves were God's first temples," and of the imperishable "Thanatopsis," speaks his own high conception of the poet's calling. In "The Poet" he says,

Thou who wouldst wear the name
  Of poet 'mid thy brethren of mankind,
And clothe in words of flame
  Thoughts that shall live within the general mind,
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

This stanza, and the others that follow, should be contrasted with the ideals of poetry held by Pope and his school; no orderly and restrained expression, Bryant says:

No smooth array of phrase
Artfully sought and ordered though it be—

can have power to "fill with sudden tears the eyes that read." In this insistence of expression of the deepest emotions, we have one more statement of the romanticist's definition of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings."

The Later Nineteenth Century. The great period of American literature in the nineteenth century dates from the decade 1830-1840, when Emerson's *Nature* and *The American Scholar*, Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, the first poems of Whittier, Longfellow, and Holmes, and the first tales of Poe, were published, besides such works by older authors as Irving's *Alhambra* and a new volume of poems by Bryant. During this decade in England, *Sartor Resartus* and *The French Revolution* established Carlyle's fame, Dickens published his *Pickwick Papers*, and the first poems by Tennyson and Browning appeared. Memorable as were these years in the history of English literature, the achievement of America was in one way of greater significance, for it marked the definite emergence of a new national literature in the English tongue.

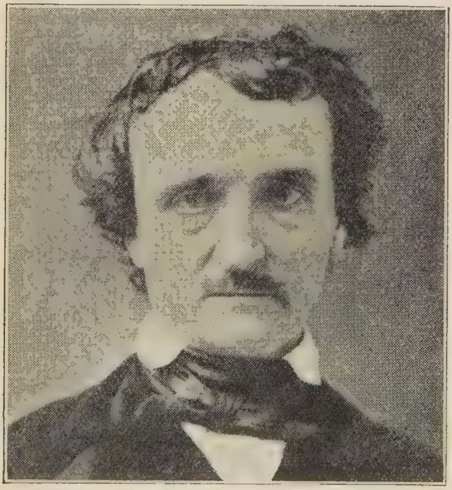
The twenty years from 1840 to 1860, notable in England for the essays of Macaulay and Ruskin, some of the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, and the poetry of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold; saw the publication in America of the greatest work by the men who initiated the national period, together with the beginning of the poetry and prose of Lowell, the prose of Thoreau, and the poetry of Whitman. Thus the great Victorian literature which has been reviewed in previous chapters, corresponded in date to a remarkable development of the creative imagination in America. Every form of literature, except the drama, was represented; though, apart from the work of Hawthorne, it was not until much later that American novelists appeared who were worthy to be compared with the great masters of fiction in England.

New American Themes. As in England, the great development of literature during the middle years of the century was closely connected with the national life. Chartism, the distresses caused by the Industrial Revolution, the enormous growth of cities and the development of wage-slavery, the stimulus supplied by the advance of science, presented in England problems that seemingly differed from such American problems as the relations of the states to the national government, the menace of slavery, and the pains incident to tremendous, growth in population and territory. In America as in England, however, the presence of acute problems of everyday life brought the intellectual activity that is one prerequisite to literature. In one respect, indeed, America had an immense advantage. Little remained for exploration in England, except the perennial changes in human life. But in the United States, all was new. Thoreau could explore the waters and the shores of Walden Pond and discover a new world. In rural New England Whittier found materials for American idyls like the Scottish idyls of Burns, while in his poems of slavery there is the passionate indignation that we find in Burns's poems on democracy and the rights of men. And a little later the theme suggested by Bryant's "The Prairies" and by Cooper's epic of frontier life, gained fuller interpretation in the poetry and prose of Walt Whitman.

The Literature of the Supernatural. There were relief and strangeness, too, in the work of Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) in whose poems and tales the doctrinal and ethical give place to pure art. His romanticism was that of Coleridge and De Quincey, manifested in poetry that was of the very essence of the supernatural, filled with elfin melodies, and in a prose that was, like De Quincey's, magical in cadence, and for its subject-matter drawing upon that imaginary world in which horror has become not only probable but natural. Not only De Quincey's prose rhythms as a means for securing emotional and imaginative effects, but his digressions and his meticulous regard for facts, we find paralleled in the work of Poe. With *Levana* or

Dream-Fugue we may compare *Shadow* or the *Masque of the Red Death.* And the vowel melody, the repetition and refrain, the power to give reality to the supernatural that we find in "Kubla Khan" or *Christabel,* is also in "Ulalume" or the "City in the Sea" or "Israfel." It is not that Poe was an imitator; nothing could be farther from the truth. The point is that no study of the supernaturalism of the English romantic poetry and prose of the nineteenth century can be complete unless it also takes into account his achievement.

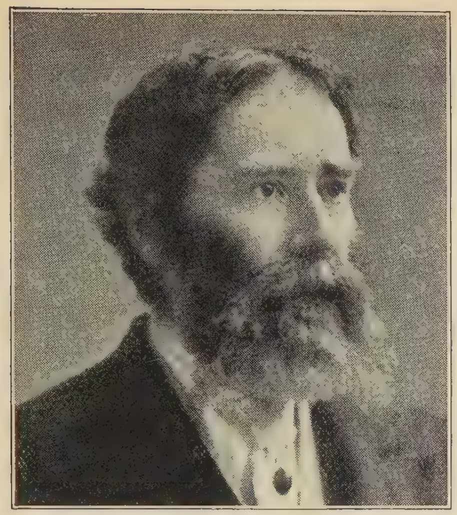
A Literature of Culture. Poe was recognized abroad as a great and original genius; perhaps the chief service of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was that he brought his countrymen into contact with foreign literature. To a land long cut off from the sources of European culture, the poems of Longfellow had a value quite beyond the melodious charm of their expression, a value that was the greater because the teacher was also a learner, and the lessons were adapted to beginners. Many of his poems were lyrics of the simpler emotions; he has been called the "household poet," and his work is marked by sentiment rather than by strength. But he also wrote sonnets that interpreted with rare felicity the poetry of Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare; in his *Golden Legend* he collected excellent medieval tales and told them in fitting verse; in *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish* he wrote idyls that led Lowell to call him an American Theocritus; while in *Hiawatha* he presented, in the verse form of an old Finnish epic, a romantic idealization of Indian life, our American *Beowulf.* His admirable translation of Dante, and his Harvard lectures on comparative literature, still further identify him as a missionary whose work served to open the eyes of his countrymen to the riches of the older literatures.



EDGAR ALLAN POE

The work of James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) had similar effect. While the sources of his inspiration were not so largely to be found in books as in the case of Longfellow, he surpassed Longfellow in the breadth of his learning and in his critical power. Many of his poems are purely American in sources and thought, such as the *Biglow Papers,* which were poems in Yankee dialect, chiefly satirical of politics, or the noble Harvard "Commemoration Ode." Others introduce themes independent of national boundaries, such as the "Vision of Sir Launfal," which uses a familiar situation in the medieval romances to teach a modern lesson of charity and love, or his "Rhoecus" and the "Shepherd of King Admetus," similar treatments of classical myth. Most of all, however, Lowell's influence upon American culture was manifested through his essays. He had already shown his critical ability in his rimed "Fable for Critics," when he became the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857). Here he published some of his critical essays. In *Among My Books* and other collections are essays on Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and others, all of them marked by breadth of culture, richness of allusion, and a keen sense of values. Lowell also excelled in the familiar essay, such as "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Felicity in phrase, whimsical humor, abounding good spirits, mark these essays of a new Elia.

One more writer deeply versed in books and destined to apply to the new American materialism the test of ancient ideals of chivalry, was Sidney Lanier (1842-1881).



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

He wrote versions of Arthurian legends for children, a prose treatise on *The Science of English Verse* which is still valuable, and many poems that reveal the lofty ideals of his art. In "The Symphony," the various instruments in a great orchestra are made to interpret Lanier's rebuke of materialism and his teaching that what modern times need is a quickened spiritual life. "The Marshes of Glynn" unites with wonderful skill his description of the salt marshes of his native South with an interpretation of the spiritual significance of the scene. Love, poetry, music, the passion for whatever ministers to the soul of man, form the substance of his song.

INTERPRETERS OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

The American Scene. All this, and much more that might be said concerning literature in America during the nineteenth century, indicates the authentic presence of the creative spirit among those who sprang from the England of Shakespeare and Milton. This creative spirit dealt with similar themes in both countries. Revival of the medieval, love of the supernatural, renewed sensitiveness to the varied aspects of nature, deepening sympathy for all to whom fate seemed not to give a fair chance, and, most of all, the amazing discovery that all things in the world are fit subjects for song—these are alike characteristic of literature in America and in England.

The basis of this literature, on this side of the Atlantic, is the American scene, both in nature and in life. Burns writes of a Scottish flower, the field daisy; Emerson writes of the rhodora; and Bryant of the yellow violet. Wordsworth writes of Peele castle as seen in a storm; Lanier writes of the marshes of Glynn. With Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night" we inevitably place Whittier's "Snow-Bound," each a masterpiece in its kind, and each dealing with scenes familiar to its poet. There is poetry that is not to be attached to a definite place or country; Tennyson's "Ulysses" might have been written by an American living in Boston or New York, just as Lowell's "Launfal" or "Rhoecus" might have been written by an Englishman in London. There is other poetry and prose, equally universal of appeal, equally responsive to eternal truth, which grows out of a place to which it is native, and of which it is forever representative.

So also it is with other forms of literature. The delightful essays of Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), contained in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, are of universal appeal, yet they represent Boston just as Lamb's most characteristic work represents London. Corresponding to books like *Past and Present* or *Unto This Last*, interpretations of current conditions that attain place as literature because of their passion and their art, we have Emerson's *American Scholar*, or the political essays of Lowell, or such expressions of American patriotism as Webster's oration at Bunker Hill and Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. All are part and parcel of the literature written in the English tongue; all are likewise representative of the differences between the American scene and that of Britain.

Three American writers, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Whitman, have special significance to us here, first, because they are preëminent in authority as interpreters of the American spirit, and, second, because each of them defines in sharp outline a major theme of the great tradition of English and American literature. In the long course of centuries during which the ideals and life of English-speaking peoples have been developing, certain master-themes stand out. In the work of these three American writers, we shall not only find an interpretation of that which makes American life individual and distinct, but shall also see, in this individuality, the product of a long evolution.

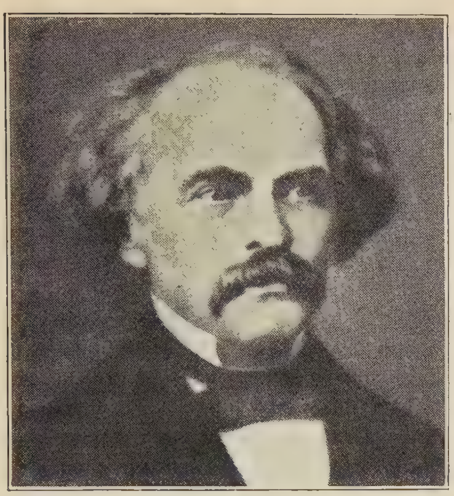
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864). The blood of generations of Puritans flowed in the veins of the writer who was to supply a searching analysis of the Puritan character. There was also in his blood the mystery of those who have long followed the sea. As a boy, he told his mother that he would one day go to sea, never to return, and while this was only boyish fancy, the spirit of the wanderer was in his solitary skating expeditions, late in winter nights in Maine, and in his lonely walks along the rocky coast near Salem. After his return from college, he shut himself up in his room; his meals were left outside his locked door; he studied diligently, wrote incessantly, and destroyed much of what he wrote.

The result was a fineness of art not before known in American literature. During this solitary apprenticeship, he had learned to write prose, as Tennyson, following a somewhat similar plan, mastered the art of verse. In 1837 he published the first series of *Twice-Told Tales*, and in 1842 the second series. They introduce the period of his greatest productivity, for *The Scarlet Letter* appeared in 1850, and *The House of the Seven Gables* in the year following. *The Marble Faun*, last of his works to be completed, was published in 1860; to its composition he had given seven years of his life.

Aside from the precision and beauty of his art, Hawthorne's value lies in his penetrating studies of certain realms of the spiritual world. For the most part, his view of life was tragic, notwithstanding a genuine vein of humor that constantly appears, and the skill with which he depicts the lovable and innocent characters who sometimes find their way among his scenes. Much of his work is based upon his analysis of certain traits of Puritan character. It is not a complete picture. There are tales in which the sturdy character of the settlers of New England is represented, together with the heroism and devotion to liberty that their lives displayed. These are not typical of the bulk of his work, however, nor is he much concerned with the love and tenderness that lay concealed beneath the sternness of these pioneers.

The aim of the Puritans in England and in America was to set up a kingdom of the Saints. They were often intolerant, denying to others the freedom they sought for themselves. They closed the theaters, forbade all reading save that which was exemplary and doctrinal, sought to end all popular amusements and folk festivals. On their side they had the deepened moral sense of the England of their time, the growing seriousness of life, and the profound influence of the English Bible. Out of this life and idealism came the fine flower of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which gathers up and preserves to immortality the religious aspirations of the century, just as Dante's *Divine Comedy* gathered up and preserved to immortality the spiritual life of the Middle Ages. They were not without critics in their own time. Jonson, whose robust classicism could not abide what he thought was the hypocrisy of the saints, ridiculed them in his comedies. After the Restoration, Samuel Butler ridiculed them in his burlesque poem, *Hudibras*. Even Milton, trained in both the classics and in Puritan doctrine, warned them against intolerance, and insisted, in *Areopagitica*, on freedom of thought.

These things we should keep in mind as we approach Hawthorne's treatment of some phases of Puritanism in early New England. He had certain advantages over those critics who lived in the seventeenth century, for he looked back upon a development that had gone on without let or hindrance in this new land. His method is not systematic. Just as Tennyson presented, in his *Idylls of the King*, separate episodes rather than the whole Arthurian story, so Hawthorne gives us episodes, for the most part tragic, that reveal aspects of the inner life of colonial New England. In such a tale as "Merrymount," for example, the Puritan

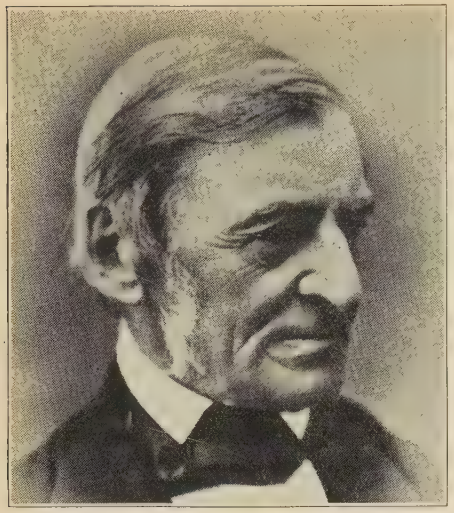


NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

view of life is set in sharp contrast against the ideals represented in Herrick's poetry. Hawthorne treats his theme objectively, not too evidently taking sides. If you are inclined to sympathize overmuch with the young lovers, he reminds you that, after all, contact with reality is necessary, and that his lovers will be happier when they have put aside the masques and revelry and have taken their place in the stern drama of life. In "The Gentle Boy," Puritan severity is presented in darker hues, but despite its cruelty, it is yet unmarked by the deadly sins of cant and hypocrisy. It is in tales like "The Minister's Black Veil" that we come upon the theme that was to be dominant in his later work.

This theme is the consciousness of sin, and its effects on the soul. In *The Scarlet Letter*, for example, he lays bare the soul of Dimmesdale. The minister, beloved and respected by all, yet had rooted in the heart of his life the corrosive poison of memory of past sin. His tragedy was individual, a soul's tragedy like that of Macbeth. In *The House of the Seven Gables*, Hawthorne treats the effects of sin not merely upon an individual but upon successive generations. The cruelty and injustice of the first Pyncheon had brought upon him and his descendants the dying curse of his victim. This curse operates through the sudden deaths, from the same cause, of successive heads of the family; but the physical manifestation, full of horror as it is, is but the objective counterpart to the spiritual atrophy which is the author's real theme. Through episodes introduced at intervals in the story, we are made aware of the gradual degeneration, until at last we see portrayed with consummate skill the contrast between Judge Pyncheon as he was thought to be and really thought he was, and a soul shriveled by a degeneracy as appalling as that which followed upon Macbeth's career of crime. Apparently successful, highly respected, a pillar of church and state, wholly occupied with "the external phenomena of life," his real tragedy is in the spiritual blindness inherited from his ancestors. Of this tragedy the curse of that long-dead victim of the first Pyncheon's cruelty is but the dramatic symbol. Thus Hawthorne shows how the lofty and abstracted idealism of pioneer times may degenerate into bigotry and intolerance, and finally into selfish materialism.

To this theme Hawthorne adds others. There is, for example, his criticism of the Puritan teaching of withdrawal by all men from the contaminating influences of the world. In several of the *Twice-Told Tales* the idea is brought out. In *The House of the Seven Gables*, it forms one of the chief motives of the story, in the representation of the "decayed gentility" of Hepzibah and Clifford. Both have lived apart from the world, Hepzibah because of her poverty, and Clifford because of the enmity of the Judge. In Clifford the decay has become a weak and ineffectual desire for what he calls his "happiness." Released by the death of his enemy, he sallies forth with Hepzibah. Few scenes in drama or fiction are more powerfully portrayed than this flight of the brother and sister, half crazed by long immurement, unable to find their way about in the world of realities, and fleeing in terror back to their prison. Hawthorne tells this story with abundance of realistic detail, and yet suggests a deeper meaning, an allegory of a life made ineffectual by its loss of contact with reality. In *The Marble Faun*, once more, the two themes of the problem of sin and the evil of with-



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

drawal from the world are treated. The story of Donatello's sin and its expiation, as well as the story of Hilda's Tower, are further illustrations of that atmosphere of mingled realism and medieval allegory of which Hawthorne was a master.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). We have seen, in the preceding paragraphs, that certain elements in the work of Hawthorne recall medieval love of allegory and symbol, preoccupation with sin and its effects, and the contrast between active life and a life of ascetic withdrawal. Emerson introduces us to another world—a world like that of the Renaissance, with its emphasis on the full and rounded development of the individual through a life compounded of thought and action. The intense individualism that was a characteristic of Marlowe's plays and the theme of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, is also to be found in Emerson. In him, also, is that love of beauty, of the insight into truth that comes through meditation, which we find in Sidney and Spenser, and, later, in Milton. The well-rounded man, perfected in all gentle discipline, was to be a lover of poetry and music as well as of fencing and horsemanship. He could discourse on Plato as well as on the ambition of courtiers.

This conception we also find in Emerson, who thus departed from the narrow idealism of Puritan times. In him is a zest for life, a dislike for theological subtleties, a wholesomeness that, we are sure, would have made Sidney his friend. We find in him also a love of ideal truth, to be gained through the contemplation of love and beauty, that would have endeared him to Spenser.

This union of the actual and the contemplative, the real world and the ideal, Emerson expressed with a variety and power that have made him one of the greatest intellectual forces of our time. His essays are strewn with bits of homely wisdom, adages fit to be applied to everyday life, seasoned with the salt of his Yankee wit. On this side he is a sort of sublimated Ben Franklin, a philosopher of the actual. On the other hand he is capable of flights of the most astonishing idealism. "Hitch your wagon to a star," is a saying that sums up his twofold nature. He is concerned about that perfectly mundane implement, a wagon; he is also deeply interested in the star. How the two are to be joined is his theme.

The best approach to Emerson's thought is his address, "The American Scholar," delivered at the very outset of his career, in 1837. In this address he calls upon thoughtful Americans to cease their dependence upon Europe as the source of their literature, their manners, and their view of what is proper to think about life. America had achieved political independence in 1776; it was now, he said, time to assert her intellectual independence. The address also defines the ways in which the mind is to be developed. There are three sources of this education: nature, the mind of the past, and action. The full explanation of his meaning, implicit in the address, is to be found in his *Essays* (First Series, 1841; Second Series, 1844), in his lectures published in *Representative Men* (1850), and his *Poems* (1847). "Build, therefore, your own world," is his injunction. What, then, is to go into this building of a world?

First, nature. We have already learned something of Wordsworth's view of nature as a source of truth. The "one impulse from a vernal wood" from which he said that we could learn more than from the sages, is reflected in one of Emerson's earliest poems, "Goodbye." Here he dismisses, like Wordsworth, all past learning:

> What are they all, in their proud conceit
> When man in the bush with God may meet?

Nature is a source of truth, as in his poem about the rhodora: the flower teaches him that as eyes were made for seeing, so beauty is its own excuse for being. But he goes much farther than this in the development of a mystical view of nature. His thought is much like that of Carlyle as expressed in *Sartor Resartus*, for to both men nature is the cloak and vesture of God. To Emerson, nature is one manifestation of what he calls the over-soul: "that great nature in which we rest as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that unity, that over-soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other."

Next, the mind of the past. Emerson's thought on this subject is expressed in many places, as in the essays on "History" and "Experience," and in the introductory lecture, "On the Uses of Great Men," prefixed to *Representative Men.* To him history is not a mere record of what man has done in the past, but a manifestation of the one mind common to all men. His conception of heroes and hero worship may be contrasted with Carlyle's. To Emerson, the chief use of great men is that they show the possibilities that all might reach. We need to acknowledge our debt to them, but we need also not to be subservient to them. "Before the immense possibilities of man, all mere experience, all past biography, however spotless and sainted, shrinks away." The mind of the past thus joins nature as a part of what he calls "the vast background of our being." If we establish contacts with these sources of strength, the "influx of the divine mind," we shall come into immediate presence of truth.

Finally, action. Emerson differs from the medieval mystic in his emphasis on action. To him, as to Hawthorne, ascetic withdrawal from the world was evil. Here, once more, his thought chimes with Carlyle's. Both stress the need for finding one's own work. "Has he not a calling in his character?" Emerson asks.

"The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul." Here is the teaching of Emerson in a sentence. It is not new. Dante had said it, even in the midst of a world of authority, when he had a glimpse of the freedom that was to be: the one great task of humanity, he said, is to keep the full powers of the mind constantly at work. The Renaissance had discovered the same truth: the one thing of value was the active soul. This individualism had also dwelt in those who broke with the English tradition, with all tradition, in order to establish free government in America. To such teaching of the supreme value of the individual Emerson responded; he stated old truths in new and persuasive ways; his words were potent through his dynamic personality.

From all this we see that Emerson defined and enlarged the conception of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as an expression of American individualism. To build his own world is for each individual not only a right but a duty. On this, two remarks should be made.

In the first place, Emerson's exaltation of the individual causes him to distrust institutions, legislation, collective schemes for reform. People debate this subject or that, he says, but "do thou, dearest scholar, stick to thy task, add a line every hour, and between whiles, add a line." The air is filled with debates, "the conventions convene," but "before the vote is taken, dig away in your garden." "Heed thy private dream; thou wilt not be missed in the scorning and skepticism; there are enough of them; stay there in thy closet, and toil, until the rest are agreed what to do about it."

Second, to this distrust of collective action for bringing about an earthly millennium should be added Emerson's assumption of equal potential power in all individuals. With that aspect of democracy that recognizes the right of the individual to the fullest development of his powers, he is in hearty accord. For inequality of natural endowment, and for the relations of men to each other in the crowded avenues of modern life, he has little understanding. His words are addressed to the superior individual, whose business it is to build his own world, not to the individual as a member of society.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892). We noted, a moment ago, Emerson's exaltation of the individual above institutions, and his distrust of righteousness coerced by legislation. In this he broke with tradition, for English democratic ideals had from the beginning crystallized in institutions. Defense of the institution as the expression of democracy was the basis of the political philosophy of Burke, who accurately interpreted the progress of free government in England. Such also was Tennyson's thought when he spoke of freedom as broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent. In the process of adjustment to the conditions brought about by the Industrial Revolution, the method had always been that of correcting injustice through legislation, through action of parliament, through service rendered by institutions.

Like Emerson, Whitman turned from the institution to the man. To him it was given to see democracy not as a system of government, with a president and congress instead of a king and parliament, but as "torrents of men" struggling for home and a living. He was the first to glimpse democracy as "mass." He carried the vision of Burns much farther than sympathy for men as men, irrespective of rank, carried it to a vision of the multitude, his brothers, in the vast populations of America.

"I hear America singing," he said, but this America is not that which Longfellow symbolized in his ship of state, or Lowell in the invocation to the "Dear Land" that had found release from war. The song is that of mechanics and carpenters, masons and deckhands, and shoemakers at their bench; the song, too, of the mother or the young wife, or of the party of young fellows at night. On his journeys, afoot, across the great spaces of the Mississippi Valley, he thinks not of wealth or cities, but of campers, of the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west, or of the runaway slave. The streams of men and women crossing Brooklyn Ferry, caravans of the pioneers pressing through the western wilderness, torrents of men flowing through the crowded streets of the cities—on these he fixes his attention and his love. He will establish "the institution of the dear love of comrades."

There is a mystical element in Whitman, as in Emerson, but it is a very different mysticism. In place of the over-soul is this great human brotherhood, to which as an individual he belongs, and which he symbolizes. He identifies himself with the race: "I am deathless," he says, "my foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite." That is, the race, like Emerson's universal mind, is immortal; the relation of the individual to this vast organism is that of the cell to the body of which it is a part. Such also is the relation of state to nation, for the state must cherish its individual life, and yet merge its identity with the union of all the states, and ultimately, with all the nations of men.

Summary. Thus have we traced the story of literature in English to the dawn of the present century, a literature covering many centuries and generations of men and two distinct lands. To the record, the present chapter has sought to contribute some suggestions of the old voices and the new which have united in America. From the time when Beowulf first sought the court of Hrothgar to the time when Whitman stood and watched, with love in his heart, the multitudes crossing Brooklyn Ferry, how great a portion of human history seems overpassed; how great the changes!

Yet the twelve centuries of English song and story are not longer than the twelve centuries, ended before Beowulf made his journey, during which the Greek and Roman literatures had their rise, and their decay and death. And what we today think and feel is not altogether of Anglo-Saxon origin. Many other literatures, products of the spiritual life of other races, have also added their paragraphs or songs to what we have called the great book of the human spirit. "Life," said Emerson, "is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1833-1889)

ENGLISH LITERATURE	AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS
1833. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* Tennyson's *Poems*	1833. Bryant's *Poems* Irving's *Alhambra* Poe's *MS. Found in a Bottle*
1834. Coleridge and Lamb die	
	1835. Morse invents telegraph
1836. Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*	1836. Emerson's *Nature* Holmes's *Poems*
1837. Carlyle's *French Revolution* Dickens's *Oliver Twist*	1837. Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* Whittier's *Poems*
	1837-1901. Victoria
	1840. Cooper's *Pathfinder*
	1841. Cooper's *Deerslayer* Emerson's *Essays*
1842. Tennyson's *Poems*	
1843. Carlyle's *Past and Present*	
1843-1860. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*	
	1844. Emerson's *Poems*
	1845. Poe's *Raven*
	1846. Repeal of Corn Laws in England
	1846-1848. United States at war with Mexico
1847. Tennyson's *Princess* Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*	1847. Longfellow's *Evangeline*
1848. Macaulay's *History of England* (last volume finished in 1860)	1848. Lowell's *Biglow Papers, Sir Launfal* Gold discovered in California
1849. Dickens's *David Copperfield*	1849. Parkman's *Oregon Trail*
1850. E. B. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* Tennyson's *In Memoriam* Wordsworth dies	1850. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* Emerson's *Representative Men*
1851. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* (finished in 1853)	1851. Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*
1852. Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*	1852. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*
1853. Arnold's *Poems* (*Sohrab and Rustum*) Kingsley's *Hypatia*	1853-1856. Crimean War
	1854. Thoreau's *Walden* Passage of Kansas-Nebraska Bill opens slavery discussion
1855. Browning's *Men and Women* Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*	1855. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*
1857. Thackeray's *Virginians*	
	1858. Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*
1859. Darwin's *Origin of Species* Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát* Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* De Quincey and Macaulay die	

(Continued on next page)

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1833-1889)—Continued

ENGLISH LITERATURE	AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS
1860. George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*	1860. Lincoln elected president
1861. George Eliot's *Silas Marner*	1861-1865. Civil War in the United States
1862. Meredith's *Poems and Ballads*	
1863. Thackeray dies	1863. Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*
1864. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*	
1865. Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*	1865. Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* Whitman's *Drum Taps*
1866. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*	1866. Whittier's *Snow-Bound*
1868-1870. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*	1868. Alcott's *Little Women*
1869. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*	1869. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*
1870. Dickens dies Rossetti's *Poems*	1870. Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp* England begins a system of elementary education
	1871. Burrough's *Wake Robin*
	1873. Aldrich's *Marjorie Daw*
1874. Green's *Short History of the English People* Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*	
1876. George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*	1876. Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* Bell exhibits model of his telephone Lanier's *Poems*
1877. Hardy's *Return of the Native*	
1878. Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*	1878. James's *Daisy Miller*
1879. Browning's *Dramatic Idylls* Meredith's *Egoist* Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*	1879. Cable's *Old Creole Days*
	1880. Harris's *Uncle Remus*
1881. Rossetti's *Ballads and Sonnets* Carlyle dies	1881. James's *Portrait of a Lady*
	1882. Howells's *Modern Instance* Longfellow and Emerson die
1883. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*	
	1884. Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*
1885. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*	1885. Howells's *Silas Lapham*
1886. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*	1886. Gladstone supports Home Rule for Ireland
	1887. Jubilee on completion of fiftieth year of Victoria's reign
1888. Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills* Barrie's *A Window in Thrums*	1888. Whitman's *November Boughs*
1889. Browning's *Asolando* Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae* Browning dies	1889. Howells's *Hazard of New Fortunes*

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

SELECTIONS FROM EMERSON

MANNERS

How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.

Again yourselves compose,
And now put all the aptness on
Of figure, that proportion
Or color can disclose;
That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and Picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground,
Instructed by the heightening sense
Of dignity and reverence
In their true motions found.
—*Ben Jonson*

Half the world, it is said, knows not how the other half lives. Our Exploring Expedition saw the Fiji islanders getting their dinner off human bones; and they are said to eat their own wives and children. The husbandry of the modern inhabitants of Gournou—west of old Thebes—is philosophical to a fault. To set up their housekeeping, nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat which is the bed. The house, namely a tomb, is ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof, and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command. "It is somewhat singular," adds Belzoni, to whom we owe this account, "to talk of happiness among people who live in sepulchers, among the corpses and rags of an ancient nation which they know nothing of." In the deserts of Borgoo, the rock-Tibboos still dwell in caves, like cliff-swallows, and the language of these negroes is compared by their neighbors to the shrieking of bats and to the whistling of birds. Again, the Bornoos have no proper names; individuals are called after their height, thickness, or other accidental quality, and have nicknames merely. But the salt, the dates, the ivory, and the gold, for which these horrible regions are visited, find their way into countries where the purchaser and consumer can hardly be ranked in one race with these cannibals and man-stealers; countries where man serves himself with metals, wood, stone, glass, gum, cotton, silk, and wool; honors himself with architecture; writes laws, and contrives to execute his will through the hands of many nations; and, especially, establishes a select society, running through all the countries of intelligent men, a self-constituted aristocracy, or fraternity of the best, which, without written law or exact usage of any kind, perpetuates itself, colonizes every new-planted island, and adopts and makes its own whatever personal beauty or extraordinary native endowment anywhere appears.

What fact more conspicuous in modern history than the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and in English literature half the drama and all the novels

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35. **Belzoni**, Giovanni Battista (1778-1823), published in 1820 an account of his discoveries in the ancient Egyptian tombs.

41. **Borgoo**, a region in Africa between the Sahara and the Sudan. 46. **Bornoos**, inhabitants of Bornu, a country near Lake Chad in the Sudan.

from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott paint this figure. The word *gentleman*, which, like the word Christian, must hereafter characterize the present and the few preceding centuries, by the importance attached to it, is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties. Frivolous and fantastic additions have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise that it is at once felt if an individual lack the Masonic sign, cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in men. It seems a certain permanent average, as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decompounded. *Comme il faut*, is the Frenchman's description of good society, *as we must be.* It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigor, who take the lead in the world of this hour, and, though far from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and highest tone of human feeling, is as good as the whole society permits it to be. It is made of the spirit more than of the talent of men, and is a compound result into which every great force enters as an ingredient—namely: virtue, wit, beauty, wealth, and power.

There is something equivocal in all the words in use to express the excellence of manners and social cultivation because the quantities are fluctional, and the last effect is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word *gentleman* has not any correlative abstract to express the quality. *Gentility* is mean, and *gentilesse* is obsolete. But we must keep alive in the vernacular the distinction between *fashion*, a word of narrow and often sinister meaning, and the heroic character which the gentleman imports. The usual words, however, must be respected; they will be found to contain the root of the matter. The point of distinction in all this class of names, as courtesy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is that the flower and fruit, not the grain of the tree, are contemplated. It is beauty which is the aim this time, and not worth. The result is now in question, although our words intimate well enough the popular feeling that the appearance supposes a substance. The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature or benevolence; manhood first, and then gentleness. The popular notion certainly adds a condition of ease and fortune; but that is a natural result of personal force and love, that they should possess and dispense the goods of the world. In times of violence every eminent person must fall in with many opportunities to approve his stoutness and worth; therefore, every man's name that emerged at all from the mass in the feudal ages, rattles in our ear like a flourish of trumpets. But personal force never goes out of fashion. That is still paramount today, and, in the moving crowd of good society the men of valor and reality are known, and rise to their natural place. The competition is transferred from war to politics and trade, but

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1. **Sir Philip Sidney.** The reference is to his *Arcadia*. 28. **as we must be.** The exact translation is, "as it should be."

50. **gentilesse.** The word was used by Spenser to mean courtesy or delicacy.

the personal force appears readily enough in these new arenas.

Power first, or no leading class. In politics and in trade, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks. God knows that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door; but whenever used in strictness, and with any emphasis, the name will be found to point at original energy. It describes a man standing in his own right, and working after untaught methods. In a good lord there must first be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power, which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage and attempts, which intimidate the pale scholar. The courage which girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane, or a sea fight. The intellect relies on memory to make some supplies to face these extemporaneous squadrons. But memory is a base mendicant with basket and badge, in the presence of these sudden masters. The rulers of society must be up to the work of the world, and equal to their versatile office—men of the right Caesarian pattern, who have great range of affinity. I am far from believing the timid maxim of Lord Falkland, "that for ceremony there must go two to it; since a bold fellow will go through the cunningest forms," and am of opinion that the gentleman is the bold fellow whose forms are not to be broken through; and only that plenteous nature is rightful master, which is the complement of whatever person it converses with. My gentleman gives the law where he is; he will outpray saints in chapel, outgeneral veterans in the field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for pirates, and good with academicians; so that it is useless to fortify yourself against him; he has the private entrance to all minds, and I could as easily exclude myself as him. The famous gentlemen of Asia and Europe have been of this strong type: Saladin, Sapor, the Cid, Julius Caesar, Scipio, Alexander, Pericles, and the lordliest personages. They sat very carelessly in their chairs, and were too excellent themselves to value any condition at a high rate.

A plentiful fortune is reckoned necessary, in the popular judgment, to the completion of this man of the world; and it is a material deputy which walks through the dance which the first has led. Money is not essential, but this wide affinity is, which transcends the habits of clique and caste and makes itself felt by men of all classes. If the aristocrat is only valid in fashionable circles, and not with truckmen, he will never be a leader in fashion; and if the man of the people cannot speak on equal terms with the gentleman, so that the gentleman shall perceive that he is already really of his own order, he is not to be feared. Diogenes, Socrates, and Epaminondas are gentlemen of the best blood who have chosen the condition of poverty, when that of wealth was equally open to them. I

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26 **Lundy's Lane**, a battle on July 25, 1814, near Niagara Falls, between the British and the Americans. It was a draw. 28. **memory**, that is, established ways of conducting oneself. 38. **Lord Falkland**, Lucius Cary (1610-1643), an English politician and writer whose career interested Emerson.

58. **Saladin** (1137-1193), a famous sultan of Egypt and Syria. 59. **Sapor** (310-380) a Persian king who defeated the Roman Emperor Constantinius, A.D. 348. **the Cid**, the national hero of Spain, lived in the eleventh century. A favorite book of Emerson's was *The Chronicle of the Cid*, in which are recounted his victories over the Moors. **Scipio**, Publius Cornelius Major (234-183 B.C.), one of the greatest Roman generals. 60. **Pericles** (495-429 B.C.), an Athenian statesman and general. 81. **Diogenes** (412-323 B.C.), a Greek Cynic philosopher, and reputed to have lived in a tub. 82. **Socrates** (470-399 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher. **Epaminondas** (418-362 B.C.), a Theban general and statesman.

use these old names, but the men I speak of are my contemporaries. Fortune will not supply to every generation one of these well-appointed knights, but every collection of men furnishes some example of the class; and the politics of this country, and the trade of every town are controlled by these hardy and irresponsible doers, who have invention to take the lead, and a broad sympathy which puts them in fellowship with crowds, and makes their action popular.

The manners of this class are observed and caught with devotion by men of taste. The association of these masters with each other and with men intelligent of their merits is mutually agreeable and stimulating. The good forms, the happiest expressions of each, are repeated and adopted. By swift consent everything superfluous is dropped, everything graceful is renewed. Fine manners show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man. They are a subtler science of defense to parry and intimidate; but once matched by the skill of the other party, they drop the point of the sword, points and fences disappear, and the youth finds himself in a more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding rises between the players. Manners aim to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments, and bring the man pure to energize. They aid our dealing and conversation, as a railway aids traveling, by getting rid of all avoidable obstructions of the road, and leaving nothing to be conquered but pure space. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed, that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinction. Thus grows up Fashion, an equivocal semblance, the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals and violence assault in vain.

There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. The strong men usually give some allowance even to the petulances of fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Napoleon, child of the revolution, destroyer of the old noblesse, never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Germain, doubtless with the feeling that fashion is a homage to men of his stamp. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to seed; it is a kind of posthumous honor. It does not often caress the great, but the children of the great; it is a hall of the Past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour. Great men are not commonly in its halls; they are absent in the field; they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children, of those who, through the value and virtue of somebody, have acquired luster to their name, marks of distinction, means of cultivation and generosity, and, in their physical organization, a certain health and excellence which secures to them, if not the highest power to work, yet high power to enjoy. The class of power, the working heroes, the Cortez, the Nelson, the Napoleon, see that this is the festivity and permanent celebration of such as they; that fashion is funded talent; is Mexico, Marengo, and Trafalgar beaten out thin; that the brilliant names of fashion run back to just such busy names as their own, fifty or sixty years ago. They are

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61. **Faubourg St. Germain**, a section of Paris south of the Seine inhabited by royalists, and consequently a seat of wealth and fashion. 85. **Nelson**, Horatio (1758-1805), a celebrated English admiral. 88. **Mexico**, conquered by Cortez. **Marengo**, the battle which completed Napoleon's campaign in northern Italy (1800). 89. **Trafalgar**, the greatest British naval victory in the Napoleonic Wars. In this battle Nelson was killed.

the sowers, their sons shall be the reapers, and *their* sons, in the ordinary course of things, must yield the possession of the harvest to new competitors with keener eyes and stronger frames. The city is recruited from the country. In the year 1805, it is said, every legitimate monarch in Europe was imbecile. The city would have died out, rotted, and exploded long ago, but that it was reënforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday that is city and court today.

Aristocracy and fashion are certain inevitable results. These mutual selections are indestructible. If they provoke anger in the least favored class, and the excluded majority revenge themselves on the excluding minority, by the strong hand, and kill them, at once a new class finds itself at the top, as certainly as cream rises in a bowl of milk; and if the people should destroy class after class, until two men only were left, one of these would be the leader, and would be involuntarily served and copied by the other. You may keep this minority out of sight and out of mind, but it is tenacious of life, and is one of the estates of the realm. I am the more struck with this tenacity when I see its work. It respects the administration of such unimportant matters that we should not look for any durability in its rule. We sometimes meet men under some strong moral influence, as, a patriotic, a literary, a religious movement, and feel that the moral sentiment rules man and nature. We think all other distinctions and ties will be slight and fugitive, this of caste or fashion, for example; yet come from year to year, and see how permanent that is, in this Boston or New York life of man, where, too, it has not the least countenance from the law of the land. Not in Egypt or in India a firmer or more impassable line. Here are associations whose ties go over, and under, and through it, a meeting of merchants, a military corps, a college class, a fire club, a professional association, a political, a religious convention—the persons seem to draw inseparably near; yet, that assembly once dispersed, its members will not in the year meet again. Each returns to his degree in the scale of good society, porcelain remains porcelain, and earthen earthen. The objects of fashion may be frivolous, or fashion may be objectless, but the nature of this union and selection can be neither frivolous nor accidental. Each man's rank in that perfect graduation depends on some symmetry in his structure or some agreement in his structure to the symmetry of society. Its doors unbar instantaneously to a natural claim of their own kind. A natural gentleman finds his way in and will keep the oldest patrician out who has lost his intrinsic rank. Fashion understands itself; good-breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris by the purity of their tournure.

To say what good of fashion we can —it rests on reality, and hates nothing so much as pretenders; to exclude and mystify pretenders and send them into everlasting "Coventry" is its delight. We contemn, in turn, every other gift of men of the world; but the habit, even in little and the least matters, of not appealing to any but our own sense of propriety, constitutes the foundation of all chivalry. There is almost no kind of self-reliance, so it

83. **tournure,** contour, figure. 88. **Coventry.** To send to Coventry means to treat with conspicuous neglect or contempt on account of objectionable or offensive conduct.

be sane and proportioned, which fashion does not occasionally adopt and give it the freedom of its saloons. A sainted soul is always elegant, and, if it will, passes unchallenged into the most guarded ring. But so will Jock the teamster pass, in some crisis that brings him thither, and find favor, as long as his head is not giddy with the new circumstance, and the iron shoes do not wish to dance in waltzes and cotillons. For there is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behavior yield to the energy of the individual. The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual according to which every act and compliment must be performed, or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later, they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment, and speak or abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way; and that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure and self-content. A circle of men perfectly well-bred would be a company of sensible persons in which every man's native manners and character appeared. If the fashionist have not this quality, he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance that we excuse in a man many sins if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be, of mine, or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling; I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master. A man should not go where he cannot carry his whole sphere or society with him—not bodily, the whole circle of his friends, but atmospherically. He should preserve in a new company the same attitude of mind and reality of relation which his daily associates draw him to, else he is shorn of his best beams and will be an orphan in the merriest club. "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on!—" But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry his belongings in some fashion, if not added as honor, then severed as disgrace.

There will always be in society certain persons who are mercuries of its approbation, and whose glance will at any time determine for the curious their standing in the world. These are the chamberlains of the lesser gods. Accept their coldness as an omen of grace with the loftier deities, and allow them all their privilege. They are clear in their office, nor could they be thus formidable without their own merits. But do not measure the importance of this class by their pretension, or imagine that a fop can be the dispenser of honor and shame. They pass also at their just rate; for how can they otherwise in circles which exist as a sort of herald's office for the sifting of character?

As the first thing man requires of man is reality, so that appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, and by name, introduce the parties to each other. Know you before all heaven and earth that this is Andrew and this is Gregory. They look each other in the eye; they grasp each other's hand, to identify and signalize each other. It is a great satisfaction. A gentleman never dodges; his eyes look straight forward, and he assures the other party, first of all, that he has been met. For what is it that we seek, in so many visits and hospitali-

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56. **Vich Ian Vohr**, the henchman of McIvor in Scott's *Waverley*, chapter xvi. He wishes the young English officer might see the chief at the head of his clan. 62. **mercuries**, messengers, from *Mercury*, who was the messenger of the gods.

ties? Is it your draperies, pictures, and decorations? Or do we not insatiably ask, "Was a man in the house?" I may easily go into a great household where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury, and taste, and yet not encounter there any Amphitryon, who shall subordinate these appendages. I may go into a cottage and find a farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to see and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a very natural point of old feudal etiquette that a gentleman who received a visit, though it were of his sovereign, should not leave his roof, but should wait his arrival at the door of his house. No house, though it were the Tuileries or the Escurial, is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not often gratified by this hospitality. Everybody we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage, and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guest. Does it not seem as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dreaded nothing so much as a full rencontre front to front with his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to abolish the use of these screens, which are of eminent convenience, whether the guest is too great or too little. We call together many friends who keep each other in play, or by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the young people and guard our retirement. Or if, perchance, a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose eye we have no care to stand, then again we run to our curtain and hide ourselves as Adam at the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate at Paris, defended himself from the glances of Napoleon by an immense pair of green spectacles. Napoleon remarked them and speedily managed to rally them off; and yet Napoleon in his turn was not great enough with eight hundred thousand troops at his back to face a pair of freeborn eyes, but fenced himself with etiquette and within triple barriers of reserve; and, as all the world knows from Madame de Staël, was wont, when he found himself observed, to discharge his face of all expression. But emperors and rich men are by no means the most skillful masters of good manners. No rent-roll nor army-list can dignify skulking and dissimulation, and the first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all the forms of good-breeding point that way.

I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes, he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should be a throne and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness to an excess of fellowship.

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8. **Amphitryon,** i. e., true host. For the story of the legendary Greek hero, Amphitryon, see a classical mythology. 19. **Tuileries,** the palace of the French Empire in the heart of Paris. 20. **Escurial,** a famous building near Madrid celebrated for its paintings and library. 30. **rencontre,** meeting.

56. **Madame de Staël** (1766-1817), a distinguished French novelist, to whom Napoleon was always hostile. 68. **Montaigne,** Michel de (1533-1592), the "father" of the essay. The translation by William Hazlitt (1778-1830), the English essayist, was new to Emerson.

Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and spending the day together should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all around Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette, but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates, as foolish people who have lived long together know when each wants salt or sugar? I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should signify, however remotely, the recollection of the grandeur of our destiny.

The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf and explore what parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to, beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws, than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instruments. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts, but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners—namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

The dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but it must be tempered and shaded, or that will also offend. Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures, and sleepy, languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace, and good will; the air of drowsy strength, which disarms criticism; perhaps because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts, and inconvenience that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive.

Therefore, besides personal force and so much perception as constitutes unerring taste, society demands in its patrician class another element already intimated, which it significantly terms good-nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige, up to the heights of magnanimity and love. Insight we must have, or we shall run against one another and miss the way to our food; but intellect is selfish and barren. The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in the company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion. All his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there finds in every turn of the conversation equally lucky occasions for the introduction of that which he has to say. The favorites of society and what it calls *whole souls* are able men, and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company, contented and contenting, at a marriage or a funeral, a ball or a jury, a water-party or a shooting-match. England, which is rich in gentlemen, furnished, in the beginning of the present century, a good model of that genius which the world loves, in Mr. Fox, who added to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of men. Parliamentary history has few better passages than the debate in which Burke and Fox separated in the House of Commons; when Fox urged on his old friend the claims of old friendship with such tenderness that the house was moved to tears. Another anecdote is so close to my matter that I must hazard the story. A tradesman who had long dunned him for a note of three hundred guineas found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment. "No," said Fox, "I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of honor; if an accident should happen to me, he has nothing to show." "Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces. Fox thanked the man for his confidence, and paid him, saying his debt "was of older standing, and Sheridan

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75. **Fox**, Charles James (1749-1806), an English statesman who sided with Burke in his policy toward the American colonies, but who later opposed Burke by favoring the French Revolution. The scene to which Emerson alludes occurred May 6, 1791. 86. **Sheridan**, Richard Brinsley. See page 361.

must wait." Lover of Liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of the African slave, he possessed a great personal popularity; and Napoleon said of him on the occasion of his visit to Paris, in 1805, "Mr. Fox will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries."

We may easily seem ridiculous in our eulogy of courtesy, whenever we insist on benevolence as its foundation. The painted phantasm Fashion rises to cast a species of derision on what we say. But I will neither be driven from some allowance to Fashion as a symbolic institution, nor from the belief that love is the basis of courtesy. We must obtain *that,* if we can; but by all means we must affirm *this.* Life owes much of its spirit to these sharp contrasts. Fashion which affects to be honor is often, in all men's experience, only a ballroom code. Yet, so long as it is the highest circle, in the imagination of the best heads on the planet, there is something necessary and excellent in it; for it is not to be supposed that men have agreed to be the dupes of anything preposterous; and the respect which these mysteries inspire in the most rude and silvan characters, and the curiosity with which details of high life are read, betray the universality of the love of cultivated manners. I know that a comic disparity would be felt, if we should enter the acknowledged "first circles" and apply these terrific standards of justice, beauty, and benefit to the individuals actually found there. Monarchs and heroes, sages and lovers, these gallants are not. Fashion has many classes and many rules of probation and admission; and not the best alone. There is not only the right of conquest, which genius pretends—the individual, demonstrating his natural aristocracy best of the best—but less claims will pass for the time; for Fashion loves lions, and points, like Circe, to her horned company. This gentleman is this afternoon arrived from Denmark; and that is my Lord Ride, who came yesterday from Bagdad; here is Captain Friese, from Cape Turnagain; and Captain Symmes, from the interior of the earth; and Monsieur Jovaire, who came down this morning in a balloon; Mr. Hobnail, the reformer; and Reverend Jul Bat, who has converted the whole torrid zone in his Sunday School; and Signor Torre del Greco, who extinguished Vesuvius by pouring into it the Bay of Naples; Spahi, the Persian ambassador; and Tul Wil Shan, the exiled nabob of Nepaul, whose saddle is the new moon. —But these are monsters of one day, and tomorrow will be dismissed to their holes and dens; for in these rooms every chair is waited for. The artist, the scholar, and, in general, the clerisy, wins its way up into these places and gets represented here, somewhat on this footing of conquest. Another mode is to pass through all the degrees, spending a year and a day in St. Michael's Square, being steeped in Cologne water and perfumed and dined and introduced and properly grounded in all the biography and politics and anecdotes of the boudoirs.

Yet these fineries may have grace and wit. Let there be grotesque sculpture about the gates and offices of temples. Let the creed and commandments even have the saucy homage of parody. The forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false

51. **Circe,** who transformed the companions of Odysseus into swine (*The Odyssey,* Book X). 56. **Captain Symmes,** the only member of the group who is not fictitious. He declared that he had found a flowery path into the earth. 72. **clerisy,** the body of educated persons.

gentleman contrives so to address his companion as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not merely French and sentimental, nor is it to be concealed that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age. "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, who loved his friend and persuaded his enemy; what his mouth ate, his hand paid for; what his servants robbed, he restored; if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain; he never forgot his children; and whoso touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." Even the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is still ever some admirable person in plain clothes standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; there is still some absurd inventor of charities; some guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some friend of Poland; some Philhellene; some fanatic who plants shade-trees for the second and third generation, and orchards when he is grown old; some well-concealed piety; some just man happy in an ill fame; some youth ashamed of the favors of fortune, and impatiently casting them on other shoulders. And these are the centers of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses. These are the creators of Fashion, which is an attempt to organize beauty of behavior. The beautiful and the generous are, in the theory, the doctors and apostles of this church: Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Washington, and every pure and valiant heart who worshiped Beauty by word and by deed. The persons who constitute the natural aristocracy are not found in the actual aristocracy or only on its edge, as the chemical energy of the spectrum is found to be greatest just outside of the spectrum. Yet that is the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their sovereign when he appears. The theory of society supposes the existence and sovereignty of these. It divines afar off their coming. It says with the elder gods:

As heaven and earth are fairer far
Than chaos and blank darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that heaven and earth,
In form and shape compact and beautiful;
So, on our heels a fresh perfection treads;
A power, more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old darkness: . . . .
. . . for, 'tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty shall be first in might.

Therefore, within the ethnical circle of good society there is a narrower and higher circle, concentration of its light, and flower of courtesy, to which there is always a tacit appeal of pride and reference, as to its inner and imperial court, the parliament of love and chivalry. And this is constituted of those persons in whom heroic dispositions are native, with the love of beauty, the delight in society, and the power to embellish the passing day. If the individuals who compose the purest circles of aristocracy in Europe, the guarded blood of centuries, should pass in review in such manner as that we could at leisure and critically inspect their behavior, we might find no gentleman and no lady; for, although excellent specimens of courtesy and high-breeding would gratify us in the assemblage, in the particulars

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28. **Poland.** After the revolt of 1831 many Polish exiles in Europe and America aroused deep sympathy for the unhappy country. **Philhellene,** a lover of the Greeks. Sympathy for the Greeks increased after their uprising against the Turks in 1821.

53. **seneschal,** master of ceremonies. 59. **As heaven and earth,** etc., from Keats's *Hyperion*, Book II, 206-229.

we should detect offense. Because elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth. There must be romance of character, or the most fastidious exclusion of impertinences will not avail. It must be genius which takes that direction; it must be not courteous, but courtesy. High behavior is as rare in fiction as it is in fact. Scott is praised for the fidelity with which he painted the demeanor and conversation of the superior classes. Certainly kings and queens, nobles and great ladies had some right to complain of the absurdity that had been put in their mouths before the days of Waverley; but neither does Scott's dialogue bear criticism. His lords brave each other in smart epigrammatic speeches, but the dialogue is in costume and does not please on the second reading; it is not warm with life. In Shakespeare alone the speakers do not strut and bridle, the dialogue is easily great, and he adds to so many titles that of being the best-bred man in England and in Christendom. Once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts. A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet by the moral quality radiating from his countenance he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual whose manners, though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding, and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette with happy, spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood; yet with the port of an emperor—if need be, calm, serious, and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

The open air and the fields, the street and public chambers are the places where Man executes his will; let him yield or divide the scepter at the door of the house. Woman, with her instinct of behavior, instantly detects in man a love of trifles, any coldness or imbecility, or, in short, any want of that large, flowing, and magnanimous deportment which is indispensable as an exterior in the hall. Our American institutions have been friendly to her, and at this moment I esteem it a chief felicity of this country that it excels in women. A certain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the men may give rise to the new chivalry in behalf of Woman's Rights. Certainly let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polymnia; and, by the firmness with which she treads her upward path, she convinces the coarsest calculators that another road exists than that which their feet know. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic Sibyls, are there not women who fill our vase

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88. **Polymnia**, the muse of oratory and the sacred lyric. 94. **Delphic Sibyls**, probably the Pythian priestesses who voiced the oracle of Delphi.

with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large, we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are. Was it Hafiz or Firdousi that said of his Persian Lilla, "She was an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her, day after day, radiating, every instant, redundant joy and grace on all around her. She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society; like air or water, an element of such a great range of affinities that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present, all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did, became her. She had too much sympathy and desire to please than that you could say her manners were marked with dignity, yet no princess could surpass her clear and erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar, nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For, though the bias of her nature was not to thought, but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature as to meet intellectual persons by the fullness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments; believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble."

I know that this Byzantine pile of chivalry or Fashion, which seems so fair and picturesque to those who look at the contemporary facts for science or for entertainment, is not equally pleasant to all spectators. The constitution of our society makes it a giant's castle to the ambitious youth who have not found their names enrolled in its Golden Book, and whom it has excluded from its coveted honors and privileges. They have yet to learn that its seeming grandeur is shadowy and relative; it is great by their allowance; its proudest gates will fly open at the approach of their courage and virtue. For the present distress, however, of those who are predisposed to suffer from the tyrannies of this caprice, there are easy remedies. To remove your residence a couple of miles, or at most four, will commonly relieve the most extreme susceptibility. For the advantages which fashion values are plants which thrive in very confined localities, in a few streets, namely. Out of this precinct, they go for nothing; are of no use in the farm, in the forest, in the market, in war, in the nuptial society, in the literary or scientific circle, at sea, in friendship, in the heaven of thought or virtue.

But we have lingered long enough in these painted courts. The worth of the things signified must vindicate our taste for the emblem. Everything that is called fashion and courtesy humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely, the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this is the fire which in all countries and contingencies will work after its kind and conquer and expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What *is* rich? Are you rich enough to help

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16. **Hafiz** (died 1388) was a lyric poet. **Firdousi** (940-1020), the great epic poet of Persia.

anybody? To succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? Rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper which commends him "To the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar, but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours one holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The king of Schiraz could not afford to be so bountiful as the poor Osman who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so broad and deep that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him—that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the center of the country that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored he did not share. Is not this to be rich, this only to be rightly rich?

But I shall hear without pain that I play the courtier very ill, and talk of that which I do not well understand. It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad, has much that is necessary, and much that is absurd. Too good for banning and too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology, in any attempt to settle its character. "I overheard Jove, one day," said Silenus, "talking of destroying the earth; he said it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens who went from bad to worse as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures with this odd circumstance, that they had a blur, or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad, they would appear so; if you called them good, they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl, much more all Olympus, to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good."

SELF-RELIANCE

Ne te quaesiveris extra.*

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—*Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

Cast the bantling on the rocks,
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat,
Wintered with the hawk and fox,
Power and speed be hands and feet.

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own

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23. **Osman**, an imaginary person, Emerson's ideal.

53. **Silenus**, a satyr in Greek mythology.

Self-Reliance. ***Ne te**, etc., seek naught outside thyself. (Perseus, *Satire* I, 7.) 80. **painter**, possibly Washington Allston (1779-1843), whom Emerson knew well.

thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they, thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without preëstablished harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay. Under the Almighty effort let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces, we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room who spoke so clear and emphatic? It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Good heaven! it is he! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, and now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society? Independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat*, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutral, godlike independence! Who can thus lose all pledge and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable, must always engage the poet's and the man's regards. Of such an immortal youth the force would be felt. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which, being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested,—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such, but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature.

Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbados, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand, alms to sots, and the thousandfold Relief Societies—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. My life should be unique; it should be an alms, a battle, a conquest, a medicine. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns

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19. **Barbados.** The inhabitants of the island of Barbados were at this time slaves.

me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers—under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And of course so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reënforce yourself. A man must consider what a blindman's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping willfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, and make the most disagreeable sensation; a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency—a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. If you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. "Ah, then," exclaim the aged ladies, "you shall be sure to be misunderstood!" Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh! To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himalayas are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions,

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19. **over your shoulder**, that is, looking backwards. 36. **Joseph.** *Genesis* xxxix.

54. **Pythagoras** (582-500 B.C.), a Greek philosopher, who was exiled. 55. **Socrates** (470-399 B.C.), the wisest man in Greece. He was unjustly condemned to death at a public trial. **Luther** (1483-1546) was excommunicated. 56. **Copernicus** (1473-1543), a Polish astronomer. Fearing persecution he did not publish his scientific theories for years. **Galileo** (1564-1642), an Italian astronomer, was forced by the Inquisition to abjure the Copernican theory. **Newton**, Sir Isaac (1642-1727), the discoverer of the law of gravitation; he had to wait long for the acceptance of his theories. 67. **Alexandrian stanza.** Perhaps Emerson had in mind the eulogy of Constantine written by Porphyry (233-305), the lines of which are acrostic.

so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand and shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it today because it is not of today. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us bow and apologize never more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office the fact, which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent — put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought; and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession. A man Caesar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An

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36. **Chatham**, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), the English statesman who defended the rights of the Americans against Lord North. 38. **Adams**, Samuel (1722-1803), the American patriot, one of the leaders of the Revolution. 39. **ephemera**, lasting but a day.

53. **fife**, the signal for battle. The Spartans were noted for unflinching courage. 76. **takes place of**, takes precedence of.

institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome"; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, "Who are you, sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claim to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act today as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the luster will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has indeed been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the Law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence

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4. **Clarkson,** Thomas (1760-1846), an English philanthropist, and one of the first to protest against slavery in British colonies. 29. **sot.** See the opening lines of *The Taming of the Shrew.*

50. **Alfred,** Alfred the Great. 51. **Scanderbeg,** an Albanian commander of the fifteenth century who successfully defended his country against Turkey. **Gustavus,** Gustavus Adolphus II (1594-1632), King of Sweden, victorious in many of his country's struggles.

of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceedeth obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceedeth. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the fountain of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, of that inspiration of man which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discerns between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions. And to his involuntary perceptions he knows a perfect respect is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. All my willful actions and acquisitions are but roving—the most trivial reverie, the faintest native emotion are domestic and divine. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it—one thing as much as another. All things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. This is and must be. If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fullness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye maketh, but the soul is

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1. **Spontaneity or Instinct**, other names for the Reason which controls the world. 3. **Intuition**, another name for Reason.

49. **perception**, revelation of the universal Reason that controls nature and man.

light; where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leafbud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see—painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. So was it with us; so will it be, if we proceed. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought, by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this: When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name—the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. We are then in vision. There is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul is raised over passion. It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are. Hence it becomes a Tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; vast intervals of time, years, centuries are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay that former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present and will always all circumstances, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates: that the soul *becomes;* for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present, there will be power not confident but agent. To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more soul than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. Who has less I rule with like facility. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Virtue is the governor, the creator, the reality. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Hardship, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of the soul's presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. The poise of a planet, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable are also demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul. All history, from its highest to its trivial passages, is the various record of this power.

Thus all concentrates. Let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid them take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is the soul admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of men. We must go alone. Isolation must precede true society. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary. So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood and I have all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say, "Come out unto us." But do not spill thy soul; do not all descend; keep thy state; stay at home in thine own heaven; come not for a moment into their facts, into their hubbub of conflicting appearances, but let in the light of thy law on their confusion.

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13. **agent**, active. 39. **impure action**, that is, action of the Reason without the *conscious* willing of such aid from Intuition.

The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love, that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations, let us enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, "O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife, but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh today? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last." But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfill your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct*, or in the *reflex*, way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog; whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If anyone imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society,

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11. **Thor and Woden**, gods of the ancient Saxons.

65. **antinomianism**, the belief that man is saved by faith alone, regardless of his obedience or disobedience of the moral law.

law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity to others.

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined.* If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards, in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion; and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him; and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance—a new respect for the divinity in man—must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men—in their religion, in their education, in their pursuits, their modes of living, their association, in their property, in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good—is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it,

75. allow, justify or sanction for themselves.

the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies,

His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;
Our valors are our best gods.

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough, electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide. Him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am bereaved of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Spurzheim, it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system. In proportion always to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the great elemental thought of Duty and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgianism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology that a girl does who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will feel a real debt to the teacher—will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his writings. This will continue until he has exhausted his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see, how you can see—"It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive that

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4. **Caratach** (Caractacus) and **Bonduca** (Boadicea) leaders of the Britions against the Romans. 5. **Bonduca**, a play by John Fletcher, produced before 1619; it contains this passage in Act III, Scene i. 34. **Zoroaster**, or Zarathustra, the founder of the ancient religion of Persia. 38. **foolish Israelites.** See *Exodus* xx, 19.

49. **Locke**, John (1632-1704), an English philosopher, author of the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. **Lavoisier**, Antoine (1743-1794), a French chemist. 50. **Hutton**, Charles (1737-1823), an English mathematician. **Bentham**, Jeremy (1748-1832), an English philosopher and jurist. **Spurzheim**, Johann (1776-1832), a German physician and phrenologist. 62. **Swedenborgianism**, the religious doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), a Swedish philosopher and religious writer.

light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the idol of Traveling, the idol of Italy, of England, of Egypt, remains for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place and that the merry men of circumstance should follow as they may. The soul is no traveler: the wise man stays at home with the soul, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still and is not gadding abroad from himself, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes, the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence; so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused or to get somewhat which he does not carry travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern Fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of traveling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean and follow the Past and the Distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in

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86. **Doric**, a simple style of Greek architecture. The **Gothic**, developed in Europe in the Middle Ages, was much more elaborate.

which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

4. As our religion, our education, our art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. Its progress is only apparent like the workers of a treadmill. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that his aboriginal strength, the white man has lost. If the traveler tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad ax and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establish-

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31. **Phidias**, a famous Greek sculptor of the fifth century B.C.

ments and forms some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but be wholly his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Bering accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of facts than anyone since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the Bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aides. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill, and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation today, die, and their experience dies with them.

And so the reliance on property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem what they call the soul's progress, namely, the religious, learned, and civil institutions, as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, ashamed of what he has, out of new respect for his being. Especially he hates what he has if he see that it is accidental, came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies there because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire; and what the man acquires, is permanent and living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually re-

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14. **Plutarch's heroes,** famous Greeks and Romans whose biographies were written by Plutarch, a Greek historian of the first century. 16. **Phocion** (402-317 B.C.), an Athenian statesman and general. 17. **Anaxagoras** (500-428 B.C.), a Greek philosopher. 26. **Hudson,** Henry. 27. **Bering,** Vitus (1680-1741), the Danish discoverer of the strait which bears his name. 28. **Parry,** Sir William (1790-1855), an English arctic navigator.

47. **Las Casas** (1766-1842), a French historian, the companion of Napoleon at St. Helena.

news itself wherever the man is put. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude. But not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event raises your spirits and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

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3. **Caliph Ali** (600-661), a cousin of Mohammed and the fourth caliph of his empire.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Manners. 1. The first part of the motto is from Ben Jonson's Masque, *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly,* the second from his *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue.* State in one sentence the thought you expect to dominate the essay.

2. Why does Emerson put power first among the qualifications of a gentleman? Would people today agree with him?

3. What is the relation between the classes representing Power and Fashion? Are gentlemen to be found in the last named class? Does this paragraph contradict earlier paragraphs?

4. Are Emerson's statements about city and country true today?

5. How does Emerson account for the fact that fashionable circles are exclusive or aristocratic? Is it so in your town?

6. How does Emerson account for social ostracism? Does this explanation agree with your observation? Who are the loftier deities who see truly?

7. In the paragraph beginning, "As the first thing a man requires" (page 636, line 80) how does Emerson emphasize the importance of individuality? How is aloofness (in the paragraph beginning "The complement," page 637, line 84) etc., connected with individuality? Is it prized so highly in your community? In your school?

8. Does the paragraph on good taste or intelligence in manners seem to you more or less practical than the preceding discussion? Can it be applied to the manners in your school?

9. What is the part of benevolence in ideal

society? In our actual society? In your relations in the hall-way and classroom? Can you mention any crises which revealed "the existence and sovereignty" of truly courteous souls?

10. In his praise of women, what does each goddess stand for? What second class of American women does he describe? Are both types of women to be found in your community?

11. What humor does Emerson mingle with his advice to ambitious youth? Does his advice apply to young people today? What eloquence appears in the two closing paragraphs?

Self-Reliance. 1. From the three mottoes, one from the Latin, one from the Elizabethan period, and one by Emerson himself, frame a statement of what you judge will be the central thought of the essay. What tone or mood do you expect to see maintained in the essay?

2. State the reason for trusting yourself put forth in the first three paragraphs.

3. Do Emerson's remarks on the confidence of youth coincide with your experience and observation in school?

4. Emerson, as a public lecturer, was afraid of weakening the effect of his statements by introducing qualifications. For example, he says, "I will live then from the devil." Where else in the paragraph does he shock by unqualified assertion? What is the truth he wishes to present?

5. What instances does Emerson give of conformity to public opinion? Give other instances from adult life today; from school life.

6. What is Emerson's objection to consistency in one's actions? It would be interesting to examine the lives of each of the leaders of thought whom Emerson enumerates to discover how much opposition each had to meet to maintain his convictions consistently. Did all succeed? A separate pupil might be assigned to each name. Can you reconcile Emerson's objection to consistency with his declaration (page 649, line 87), "you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour"?

7. What does Emerson mean by "Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age" (page 650, line 81)? There might be separate reports on several of the men cited by him, such as Julius Caesar, Martin Luther, George Fox, John Wesley. How is Emerson's meaning brought out in the allusions to Alfred the Great, Scanderbeg, and Gustavus Adolphus?

8. Up to this point ("The Magnetism . . ." page 651, line 78) the essay has dealt with the ideal of self-reliance and the hindrances to attaining it. Now comes an explanation of the philosophical basis for it. To understand this explanation you must keep clearly in mind the meaning of the terms Emerson uses. By the "Self" he means man's share of divinity. "Spontaneity," "Instinct," "Intuition" are other terms for the Divinity or Reason which, he thinks, makes the whole universe one. Everything outside man's mind is one because it is the expression or symbol or embodiment of one Spirit. Every tree that grows, every bird that flies, is a visible form of this Soul. Thoughts that enter the mind are the same universal Reason flowing through each individual man. Consequently, truth is revealed directly to every man. He does not have to learn it from others. It flows into his "Self" from the all-embracing Spirit.

9. How does the philosophical belief just explained apply to the demand for (*a*) the isolation of each soul ("But now we are a mob," page 654) and (*b*) moral courage ("If we cannot at once," page 655, line 7)?

10. Can you apply what Emerson has to say about prayers to life today?

11. The sections (2 and 3) on traveling and imitation reveal Emerson's sturdy Americanism. State Emerson's argument clearly. State also, as persuasively as you can, the argument in favor of traveling and of following Greek or medieval models in our public buildings.

12. Emerson's belief that there is no progress has been held by many students of history. What evidence does he present? Emerson speaks of material progress; can you think of other types, such as social or political progress, which he seems to neglect? Compare page 627, last three paragraphs.

13. The last paragraph has been called "the final trumpet call of faith." What does the expression mean? Is the praise deserved?

14. Is any one of the leading ideas in this essay similar to the teaching of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality"?

15. Compare Emerson's insistence on individuality with Carlyle's criticism of the life of Burns.

16. Pupils who are familiar with Kipling's *Kim*, a story of a search after self, may show how the different efforts there described compare with Emerson's doctrine?

Review

1. What has truth to do with making manners bad or good? Quote passages that bear this out.

2. Can you show that self-reliance is the core of good manners? Again cite passages.

PART V

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The oracle of today drops from his tripod on the morrow. In common lines of human thought and act, as in the business of the elements, winds shift, tides ebb and flow, the boat swings. Only let the anchor hold.

—John Morley

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JOHN MASEFIELD

(His verse is representative of the best in present-day poetry)

CHAPTER XV

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: PROSE AND DRAMA

One Man's Life.
Life: Liberalism—Business—Science—International Progress.
Literature: A Deluge of Books—Need for Selection—Literature in English.
Prose Fiction: British Writers: Joseph Conrad—Arnold Bennett—Herbert George Wells—John Galsworthy.
Prose Fiction: American Writers: The New American Realism—The Short Story —Partial Transcripts of American Life—Edith Wharton.
Other British and American Prose: The Essay—Two Naturalists.
The Drama In the Twentieth Century: Modern Drama—The Irish Drama—William Butler Yeats—Sir James Barrie—George Bernard Shaw.
Summary.

One Man's Life. "The oracle of today drops from his tripod on the morrow. In common lines of human thought and act, as in the business of the elements, winds shift, tides ebb and flow, the boat swings. Only let the anchor hold."

So wrote John Morley (1838-1923) in the preface to his *Recollections*, published, in the midst of war, in August, 1917. The passage is taken from one of the most significant books in English literature, the autobiography of a man who as scholar, writer, and statesman represented some of the finest elements in modern life. Born in the factory district of Lancashire, his boyhood recollections were of "the punctual clang of the factory bell in dark winter mornings, with the clatter of the wooden clogs as their wearers hastened along the stone flags to the mill, the ceaseless search for improvements in steam power and machinery and extension of new markets, the steady industry, the iron regularity of days and hours." A student at Oxford at a time when science was fighting for a place in education and when history was not yet recognized as a university subject, he found more in companionship and in "the association of antique halls and gray time-worn towers" than in lectures. He was one of a group of young men eagerly interested in the new books which were not in the course of study—Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Ruskin's *Modern Painters* ("the greatest event in our literary history since the *Lyrical Ballads* and *Waverley*"), and the philosophical and scientific books of Spencer and Darwin. An author distinguished for his prose style and his keen insight into personality and intellectual forces, he wrote on Machiavelli, Voltaire, Cromwell, Burke, Walpole, and, in later years, added his great life of Gladstone and his autobiography. A leader among Liberal statesmen, he held cabinet office under Gladstone, as Secretary for Ireland did all he could for Home Rule and the Nationalist movement, as Secretary of State for India was the first to admit native Indians to the Council and to initiate other important reforms in Indian government. His public service ended with the outbreak of the World War; his life-span extended from the time when steam power was first applied on a great scale to manufacturing and commerce to the time when the world faced the abyss that threatened the end of civilization.

Thus may we summarize, concretely, in the life of one man, the inner spirit that actuated English thought in the last century and that was also typical, under other conditions and in other personalities, of the intellectual advance in western Europe and the United States. We are now to deal with a time when all things were once more at risk, when the old oracles

JOHN MORLEY

were displaced and the boat, played on by hostile elements, swung dangerously, so that those who had guided the course could only pray that the anchor might hold.

Under three headings, let us consider very briefly some of the aspects of life during the opening years of the twentieth century, before we examine the ways in which literature has reflected this life. The headings are Liberalism, Business, and Science.

Life

Liberalism. Of liberalism, "the mighty word," Morley wrote: "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root. It stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgment of all claims of organized authority."

In politics, liberalism has meant the enlargement of the share of the people in government. The right of suffrage was extended, in England, by successive legislation until in 1918 women were admitted to parliamentary franchise; in the United States women have also been given voting privileges. The British colonial system, which developed with great strides in the latter part of the nineteenth century, gave to the dominions complete autonomy, so that in New Zealand and Australia, for example, local government became even more liberal than in England and the United States. The influence of democratic ideals of government spread to other nations. Republics in South America developed constitutions similar to that of the United States. New constitutions, democratic in type, were adopted by the leading nations of western Europe. Even in Russia, most backward of the powers, local assemblies of the peasants were established. Japan adopted a plan based on prolonged comparative study of the most enlightened forms of government, and her emergence as a great power since 1900 has been one of the most marvelous phenomena of history. These are but scattered examples, by no means the complete story, of how "respect for the dignity and worth of the individual" has become constantly more characteristic of modern political life.

In the field of social relations, progress has also been the vital principle. A century ago, squalid misery, a death in life, sapped the vitality of the laborers in English factories and made them resemble rather beasts than men. The Industrial Revolution seemed a bitter commentary on the ideals of the perfectibility of man that had lately been the theme of romantic poetry and prose. The growth of cities, the concentration of population within areas where men, women, and children toiled in factories, had produced conditions not to be solved by the doctrines of idealistic philosophy. But by the opening of the present century, great strides had been made toward the solution of some of the problems: the spread of education, remedial legislation, the help given by science and invention toward making human life safer and happier, the awakening sense of responsibility which led to coöperative effort in behalf of the infirm, the aged, the unemployed, and all other helpless victims of forces that they could not cope with nor understand. Despite this progress, misery and poverty still existed in Europe when the World War broke out, and the most terrible result of that war has been increased human suffering over vast tracts of the earth's surface. The one hope of humanity is that the spirit of liberalism may not suffer a decline that would indeed mean the end of our world.

Business. At the opening of the nineteenth century manufacture was domestic, on a small scale, designed for a local market. Men traveled and goods were shipped only by horse or by boat. Ships were small, dependent on wind and tide, and very slow. In a century all this was transformed. The agent of the transformation was Power, at first steam, then hydraulic, and in the twentieth century, electric. Fulton's steamboat made its historic trip from New York to Albany in 1807. In 1814 England possessed two steamships; not until 1838 did a steamship cross the Atlantic; the great Cunard line was founded in 1840. Parallel with this development was that of the railway. George Stephenson's *Rocket* attained a speed of thirty miles an hour in 1830; in the same year the first American built locomotive was put into service in South Carolina; in 1869 the American continent was spanned by the completion of the Union Pacific Railway. Since 1900 the enormous development of electricity as a source of power, the development of the automobile, of hard-surfaced highways, of the airplane, all illustrate the way in which modern transportation has been revolutionized during the lifetime of men still living. Phenomenal, also, is the growth in the application of power-machinery to manufacture. Communication by telegraph, cable, telephone, radio, has facilitated the enormous expansion of commerce and industry. With improved transportation, manufacture, and communication, distant places are drawn together. A great business organization of today may control the production of raw materials on the other side of the earth, and may find markets in the most remote regions. The earth has grown small. The sea is no longer peopled by mythical monsters. We may read in our newspapers tonight what happened on the other side of the world a few hours ago.

The romance of business succeeds the romance of the crusades or the chivalric quest. The career of a Scottish immigrant whose first job was that of bobbin-boy in a cotton factory, who made a fortune in the manufacture of steel, and then founded libraries, technical schools, research institutions—such a career appeals to the imagination of today as the deeds of Emperor Charlemagne appealed to the imagination of the Middle Ages.

Science. Modern commercial development and such phases of social welfare work as have to do with sanitation and the elimination of disease are based upon the development of science. The romance of science is filled with chapters of absorbing interest. Hidden sources of power have been unlocked. With control over power have come improvements in the standard of living. With control of disease, the devastating plagues of the Middle Ages and even quite modern times are in the way to be stamped out; surgery has made enormous progress through the aid of anesthesia; places once uninhabitable have been reclaimed; disease may be prevented, not left for treatment after it has been established.

The career of Louis Pasteur typifies both the commercial and the remedial value of scientific research, and illustrates the fact that the world of science knows no national lines. Pasteur was born in France in 1822. Though on leaving college his final examination in chemistry was marked "mediocre," a lecture that he had heard served to awaken the genius latent in him. As a laboratory assistant he observed the different behavior of acids when exposed to a ray of polarized light. This, he determined, was due to the presence of active and inactive elements in the acids. He applied his observations to the study of fermentation, and made discoveries of great commercial importance. He found means for preventing a disease that was ruining the silk industry of France. He learned how to prevent chicken cholera and other animal diseases. The commercial value of his discoveries, Huxley said, was greater than the indemnity imposed on France at the close of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. But these discoveries were only steps toward the development of the germ theory of disease, by which, through inoculation, many terrible scourges are controlled or prevented. "In the field of observation," he said, "chance only favors those who are prepared." His work, and that of scores of other great scientists, was a realization of Bacon's dream of a time when men through painstaking research and collaboration might discover many things "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate."

International Progress. The life of John Morley may be thought of as symbolizing the progress of liberalism in the nineteenth century, the life of Andrew Carnegie as a symbol of the romance of business enterprise, and the life of Louis Pasteur as an incarnation of the spirit of science. All these were fields of progress, all were international in scope, and their tendency should have been to bring about a better understanding among the nations. Sometimes they worked in the opposite direction; intense commercial competition, for example, often led to rivalries that affected the relations of governments to each other. Despite the progress of civilization, despite the efforts to bring about better understanding through Peace Conferences, war came, absolute, devastating, universal. The way to peace is long, and requires many avenues of approach. It involves education in the art of living together, respect for opinions and manner of life of different races.

We turn now to a brief account of some of the ways in which literature has dealt with the infinitely varied life of the new century, and to a study of its growing influence in bringing about a better understanding among the peoples of the earth.

LITERATURE

A Deluge of Books. The first impression of contemporary literature is of the enormous volume of the writing. Upwards of a thousand works of fiction a year are now produced by British writers alone. If to these, and to the works of American authors, we add the translations from other languages and the fiction published every month by a dozen great magazines, it is easy to see that it is impossible for one person to keep up with current literature even in the one department of fiction.

Need for Selection. Nor is it desirable to do so. In all ages, especially since the development of printing, only a small part of that which is written ever gains a permanent place in the hearts and minds of men. Selection, then, is imperative. We shall be here concerned only with a few writers, and of those writers with only a few of their books. We shall remember that it is very difficult to determine in contemporary literature what is likely to endure. Centuries ago Lydgate was as popular as Chaucer; we read only Chaucer now. To the seventeenth century Cowley was a great poet; now he interests only the specialist. So, too, a writer may be almost unknown to his generation and inherit a posthumous glory, as has been the case with Samuel Butler, an English writer of the last century, whose utopian romance of *Erehwon* ("nowhere" spelt backwards) has recently found wide popularity. Or a writer of some note in his own time may be revived a century later, as has been the chance of Herman Melville, an American writer of tales of adventure, whose *Typee*, first published in 1846, was barely mentioned in histories of American literature a few years ago, but recently has rivaled the best sellers in popularity.

Selection, in some way or other, is necessary if one is to find in contemporary literature anything beyond mere gossip for idle hours. Arnold's words about "the best that has been thought and said in the world" supply one test, if we can only be sure about this "best." His advice to use passages that have stood the test of time as touchstones of the quality of the new work may be applied. Those whose ears have been attuned to the melodies of the immortals will hardly be satisfied with mere jingles. In the work of a great contemporary writer like John Galsworthy one may find qualities discerned in the novels of George Eliot. If we have responded to the magic of Stevenson's romance, we shall recognize the same eternal questing spirit in Joseph Conrad.

Literature in English. What has already been said concerning the comparative study of literature is specially pertinent at the present time, for more than ever do writers representing all nationalities find an audience in England and America. The plays of Henrik Ibsen, translated from the Norwegian, are acted on the English stage and have largely determined the technique of modern drama. In prose fiction, the great Russian novelists of the end of the

Lord Jim

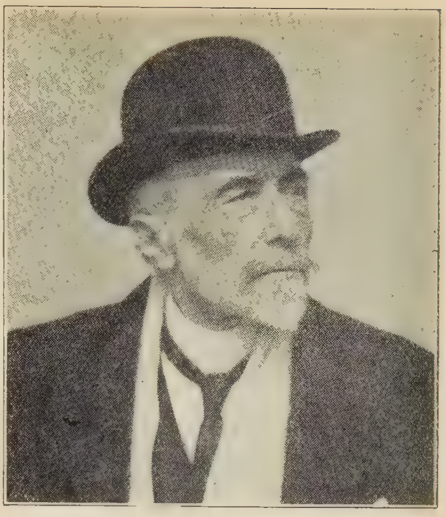
nineteenth century, Tolstoy for example, not only find large audiences in England and America but have contributed much to the art of English fiction. English novels are frequently published also in the United States, and the plays of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barrie are as well known here as abroad. The most popular drama yet written by John Drinkwater, an English dramatist, is an interpretation of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. Henry James, an American novelist, spent the latter part of his life in England and wrote on English as well as on American themes. Through literature, as well as through modern transportation and commerce, different peoples are brought nearer together; the republic of letters knows no geographical boundaries.

In our present study, the chief importance of this great alliance of the human spirit is in the expansion of English literature and American literature into literature in the English tongue. British and American books reach not one nation but two; they interpret life in much the same terms; through translations we make the literature of other races our own. In Canada and Australia, new writers, under new conditions, are still further increasing the range and power of literature in English. Here we have means, ready to hand, for helping to bring about a world understanding. We do not hate those whom we really know, said Charles Lamb. International jealousies and hatreds flourish in the suspicions born of ignorance. Through literature of world-scope this ignorance may be dispelled.

Of the many contemporary writers of prose and the drama whose works are now being read wherever English is spoken, we may select a few, both English and American, who, because of the fineness of their art or the penetration of their analysis of present life, seem likely to endure.

PROSE FICTION: BRITISH WRITERS

Joseph Conrad (1857-1924). In his life, in the scenes and characters of his novels, and in his theory of his art, Joseph Conrad illustrates the growth of the world-spirit in literature of which we have been speaking. He was born the son of a Polish squire in the Ukraine, December 6, 1857, and grew up amidst the conflict between Russia and Poland that is one of the most tragic stories in modern history. His father was exiled and the family passed through many hardships, but the boy was prepared for college under the direction of an uncle. At seventeen, he persuaded his relatives to allow him to go to sea, and for twenty years he was a sailor, becoming, in 1884, a British subject. Ten years later when compelled to give up seafaring because of a tropical fever, he completed the manuscript of a novel which he had written at intervals through several years, and by chance showed it to a friend who urged him to publish it. This novel, *Almayer's Folly*, appeared in 1895, and from that time until his death, August 3, 1924, he lived in England, devoting his time to writing some of the most remarkable novels in the whole range of English literature. Chief among them are *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Lord Jim*, *Youth*, *Nostromo*, *Under Western Eyes*, *Chance*, *Victory*, *The Shadow Line*, *The Arrow of Gold*, *The Rescue*, and *The Rover*. Besides these novels, he published several volumes of short stories, and two volumes of reminiscences of his seafaring life.



JOSEPH CONRAD

The scenes and characters of Conrad's novels are widely varied in place and racial types. The scenes of *Victory*, for example,

of his seafaring

are laid in the South Pacific; the hero is Swedish, the hotel keeper a German, Lena is an English girl, and the villain, Mr. Jones, is described as "the insolent specter from Hades." In *Lord Jim*, the hero is an Englishman who becomes all-powerful in a Malay village. *Almayer's Folly* is told against a Malayan background, with Dutch traders, natives, and the English adventurer, Captain Lingard, to give opportunity for the study of national traits. In *Nostromo* the story is of a trade concession held by an English family in a South American republic, and Spaniards and natives add to the racial types. The descriptions of places remote from ordinary experience gain their power because they are drawn from personal knowledge by a master who holds that the chief purpose of art is "to make you see." The characters are not the fanciful or imaginary types often met in romance; they, too, spring from the author's wide experience and from his power to delineate, in clear light, the shades of personality that are derived from race and environment, while never losing sight of that common human nature that transcends all surface variations.

This blending of individual and universal is characteristic of Conrad's view of his art and of life. The artist, he says, speaks not only "to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives," but also "to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation, and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn." To this view of the service of literature should be added his statement of his creed as "a worker in prose." "My task which I am trying to achieve," he says, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

In this attempt "to make you see," Conrad has developed a new technique. He wishes to gain "the plasticity of sculpture," "the color of painting," and "the magic suggestiveness of music." To this end he rejects, in his mature work, the older methods of exposition. Richardson told his stories through letters. Fielding exhibits his characters and comments on them, and this method is followed by Thackeray and other modern novelists. But Conrad creates a character, or several characters, who tell the story for him. Captain Marlow thus tells the story of Lord Jim. In *Chance*, Marlow also appears and with him several other narrators. The story is not told in straightforward fashion, like a history or an epic in prose, but in such a way as to bring out the character of his hero in many varied lights. By a succession of impressions and incidents the character gradually emerges with such distinctness as to produce upon us the illusion of reality.

Conrad's vitality of style comes from his extraordinary power to link sinewy strength with poetic sensitiveness. He appeals to the emotions through the senses; we hear and see and feel; we seem to be passing through an actual experience, not to be reading of one that is imaginary. The cruise of the *Patna*, in *Lord Jim*, is but one instance out of many that might be cited. He does more than to portray a scene or a character with astonishing vividness and reality. We are constantly aware of the relation between the individual and the universal. The pilgrims on the *Patna* are representatives of the human race, embarked on a treacherous sea, in charge of guides who are wicked, or incompetent, or greedy, or cowardly. In *Nostromo* we have not only a story of sensational adventure, but the interpretation of the effects of modern commercial enterprise on human life. In *The Shadow Line* he depicts the mysterious passing from youth to maturity, common to the race. Such work supplies the "truth" which he said men may find if they but ask. He creates a world, through which he suggests an interpretation of the world in which we live—the inter-relations of all races, that "which binds men to each other, which binds all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

Arnold Bennett (1867-). This belief in the solidarity of the race, which binds men to each other regardless of national boundaries, makes Conrad's work representative of the liberal movement in modern life. The novels of Arnold Bennett are equally significant studies of industrialism. Both Conrad and Bennett wish "to make you see"; they are realists in their method, though the matter out of which Conrad weaves his stories seems the matter of romance, while Bennett writes of lives that seem drab and commonplace until he has disclosed their significance. In one of his autobiographical papers, Bennett tells us that he was brought up in a world where beauty was not mentioned: "Modern oak sideboards were called handsome, and Christmas cards were called pretty, and that was about all." Yet he does not hate the Five Towns, centers of industrial life. He holds that the creative artist must see beauty in whatever he writes about. "He may see a strange kind of beauty; he may —indeed he does—see a sort of beauty that nobody has quite seen before; he may see a sort of beauty that none save a few odd spirits ever will or can be made to see. But he does see beauty."

The realism of Arnold Bennett is derived from keen observation of life in his native region. He was born in 1867, the son of a solicitor in one of the Five Towns (Newcastle, Stoke, Longton, Burslem, and Tunstall), which appear, under slightly disguised names, in a large number of his stories. For a time he studied law, but soon became a journalist. The amount of his writing has been prodigious; in one year he estimated that he had written 335,340 words in 224 articles and stories, besides four installments of a serial, a book of plays, and a novel. Many of his novels were written merely for money, and neither the author nor anyone else expects them to be remembered. Among his writings are popular essays on mental efficiency, such as the book published under that title, and related matters such as the essay on "How to Live on Twenty Four Hours a Day"—interesting works, and timely, but nothing more.

ARNOLD BENNETT

Most representative of Bennett's art and his view of life are *The Old Wives' Tale* and the Clayhanger ("Clinger") trilogy, consisting of *Clayhanger*, *Hilda Lessways*, and *These Twain*. The first was written in 1908, after Bennett had lived for a time in France, and was suggested by an incident that he observed in a Paris restaurant. It is a story of two women, born in the Five Towns, who spent lonely lives and were reunited for a time, in old age, in France. In the trilogy, written 1910-1916, Bennett first tells the story of Edwin Clayhanger's youth, his development through his apprenticeship in his father's printing establishment, his love for Hilda and her desertion of him, his conduct of the printing business after his father's break-down, and his final reunion with Hilda. The second novel in the series, *Hilda Lessways*, covers the same ground, but is told from the standpoint of Hilda. Some of the incidents are repeated from *Clayhanger*, so carefully does the author build up, with infinite detail, his story. Other parts of the book present portions of the story not fully explained in the first novel. In *These Twain*, the story of Edwin and Hilda after their marriage is told, dwelling on the different points of view of husband and wife, and completing this story of the development, from his youth up, of a business man of solid but not brilliant qualities.

In these stories, and others which tell of life in the Five Towns, Bennett portrays, with unforgettable distinctness, many provincial types of character and the background of life in industrial England. We hear little of the great problems of capital and labor, suffrage, imperialism, science and religion. His people cling to old manners and customs, and old religious and political views, as they cling to their old furniture and old houses. The total effect is not that of monotony or disgust. We gain such intimate acquaintance with his people that the illusion of reality is complete. Bennett's own point of view is indicated in many places, as for example in his description of the Five Towns as seen from the elevation of Toft End, "the center of a triangular country which on geological maps is colored black to represent coal." The mining villages, the "potteries," "all their vast apparatus of mayors and aldermen and chains of office, their gas and their electricity, their swift transport, their daily papers, their fierce pleasures, their vices, their passionate sports, and their secret ideals"—all this life amid their little houses and great halls and factories, church spires and chimneys, mingles together "into one wondrous organism that stretches and rolls unevenly away for miles in the grimy mists of its own endless panting." What are they all, he asks, "but the natural, beautiful, inevitable manifestation of the indestructible Force that is within you? If this prospect is not beautiful, under the high and darkened sky, then flowers are not beautiful, nor the ways of animals."

Thus Bennett finds the unusual in the commonplace, and unity in the myriad manifestations of life. He does not seek to impose any philosophy. His attitude is that of the detached, though sympathetic, observer; by his intimate knowledge of multitudes of men and women whose lives are passed in the centers of modern industry he creates a world as distinct as that of Conrad. In his interest in ordinary lives and his intimate study of a small area, he reminds us of Hardy; but his view of life is less darkly pessimistic, being filled with the suggestion of human fellowship that we find in the poetry of Whitman.

Herbert George Wells (1866-). The writings of H. G. Wells are as voluminous as those of Arnold Bennett, and, like Bennett's, include novels, stories, and many volumes of journalistic prose. The chief difference between the two writers is that while the creator of Five Towns limited himself to prolonged study of one phase of modern life and the people who compose a homogeneous group, Wells has ranged through the universe and has written on almost every subject known to man.

He was born in 1866 at Bromley, near London. His father was a shopkeeper; his mother had been a lady's maid before her marriage, and after the death of her husband became a housekeeper. During his youth Wells was a clerk in a drug store and afterwards in a drygoods shop. He used his earnings to procure an education, and by the aid of a scholarship completed a course at the Royal College of Science. Here he heard Huxley's lectures on biology, one of the most powerful influences in his life. For a time he was a teacher of science, but in 1893 turned to journalism. Since 1895 he has published more than fifty books, ranging from collections of short stories to his famous *Outline of History*.

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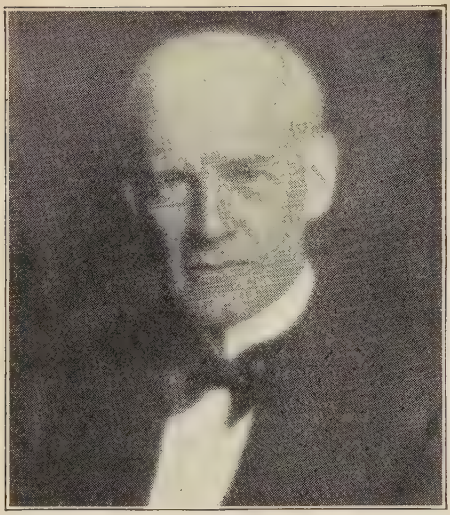
H. G. WELLS

Wells is neither a great literary artist nor a powerfully original thinker. His genius consists in his ability to translate both old and recent ideas into such form as to make them potent to the ordinary imagination. He writes with astonishing vigor. His very mannerisms, even one so apparently trivial as his habit of indicating a break in thought or a season of meditation by a series of three periods, contribute to the effect he wishes to gain. He inspires his readers with his own intense moral earnestness; he is always about to give forth some revelation that is momentous, requiring immediate action in order to save the world. He is gifted with humor, which he is able to turn upon himself on occasion. Quite a body of his work is autobiographical; often he makes some character the mouthpiece of his own opinions. He has been classed as a socialist, as "the man who discovered God" (in his *Mr. Britling* and the books that followed it), and charged with a disposition to change his philosophy to suit the changing times. But even his critics must acknowledge his power; and some of his books are of more than momentary importance. These include romances, such as *Tono Bungay*, which is a novel of big business; *The New Machiavelli*, notable for its analysis of social conditions in the later Victorian period; and *Joan and Peter*, in which most of the story is crowded out by an exposition of the author's theories of education in relation to life in 1914. The *Outline of History* is a vivid and absorbing story of universal history written not for scholars but for lay readers. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, a product of the war period, will be treasured by future generations as an invaluable record of the impression made by the war upon an educated and thoughtful Englishman.

The major idea that runs through the whole body of Wells's work is the relation of science to modern life. In some of his romances this has taken the form of imaginative flights into the future. Examples are *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899), *The War in the Air* (1908), and *The World Set Free* (1914). In some of his chapters he anticipated scientific achievements with which we are now familiar. In these and other books his interest in science is coupled with his interest in social reform. In *Marriage* (1912), for example, he writes eloquently of the scientific research of his hero, and ends with a plea for the application of the methods of scientific investigation to solving social and political problems. In *Mr. Britling* and other works of recent years he adopts the idea of creative evolution, that is, the theory that men may bring into existence an ideal world by applying what science teaches of fact and method.

Ideas, no matter how sound they may be or how capable of bringing about a better civilization, make slow headway if they are confined to a small and select circle. The secret of H. G. Wells is his dynamic power. Through this he stirs the imagination of readers everywhere, to an interest in what he calls "the adventure of mankind." Wherever the English language is spoken his books are known, and through these books he has extended the scope of the novel so that it has become a stimulus to the intellectual life of many who could have been reached in no other way.

John Galsworthy (1867-). It is as a satirist, rather than as a propagandist, that Galsworthy claims our attention. He was educated at the famous public school at Harrow, and at Oxford; he studied law, traveled extensively, and began his literary career by writing several books, not very good, in which he introduced various foreign types mingled with characters drawn from English middle-class life. In 1904 he published *The Island Pharisees*, a satire on British pretense and incompetence. *The Man of Property*, a novel published in 1906, proved that his days of apprenticeship were over, and since that time he has published a series of distinguished novels, short stories, essays, and dramas. His principal novels are those in which he analyzes, with great penetration, middle-class life in England; his dramas discuss inequalities in political and social life mainly from the standpoint of the humblest laboring classes; in his essays we find thoughtful discussions of some of these topics, with his views of the



JOHN GALSWORTHY

drama and the novel as forms of art. All these various expressions of his genius are closely related, and constitute a well-defined and thoughtful criticism of contemporary life.

Tennyson spoke with approval of the English system by which freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent. If we substitute "tyranny" for "freedom" in this saying we shall find the clue to Galsworthy's criticism of English life. The tyranny he sees is of the family, of property, and of conventional and traditional thinking. With the rule of "precedent to precedent" he is at war. The creed of one of the characters in *The Country House* runs thus: "I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate; and I believe in myself, and my son, and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country, and shall keep the country what it is."

The Man of Property (1906) is the story of Soames Forsyte and his family. They hold that the safety and greatness of England are concentrated in them and in the class to which they belong: "The Forsytes are the middle-men, the commercials, the pillars of society, the cornerstones of convention, everything that is admirable." One of the family says that the real tests of a Forsyte are "the power of never being able to give yourself up to anything soul and body, and the 'sense of property.'" They represent what has been called "the smugness of our civilized world." In later years, Galsworthy carried the Forsyte story down to our own time in two novels, *In Chancery* (1920) and *To Let* (1921). Recently these three novels have been published in a single volume, in which two admirable interludes connect the original stories. *The Forsyte Saga*, as the complete work is called, is one of the great books of recent English literature, presenting with extraordinary vividness a picture of English life from the Victorian conservatism to the upheaval brought upon us by the World War, and written in a style distinguished for its clarity and precision.

The greatness of *The Forsyte Saga*, with the renewed attention to Galsworthy's other novels which it suggests, makes it clear that his chief claim to literary fame will probably be based on his novels, and not, as was thought a few years ago, on his dramas. Yet his dramatic work is of high distinction. Representative plays are *Strife*, *Justice*, and *The Pigeon*. In the first of these, John Anthony, the chairman of the board of directors of the tinplate works, is pitted against David Roberts, leader of the strikers. Both are men of inflexible will, firmly convinced of the justice of their position, and both are deserted by their companions. The play is a vivid portrayal of the strife between capital and labor, in which Galsworthy's object is to portray, not to use propaganda or to take sides. *Justice* is a protest against the harshness of English prison administration and the injustice of the treatment of the poor in litigation. *The Pigeon* attacks conventionalized charity, presenting the side of those who are to be "uplifted" through legislation and sentimental theories of reform.

Galsworthy's style is not colloquial, like that of Wells. We are barely conscious of it, so simple and clear is the writing. His sense of structure, in both novels and plays, is very acute. Many of the chapters in his novels have the effect of scenes in drama, and his style is always compact and concrete. Less gifted than

Meredith in imaginative force, he gains power through this clearness and sense of form. His theory of art is significant alike of the man and of the service which literature is coming more and more to render in bringing about a better human understanding. "Art," he says, "is the one form of human energy which really works for union and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement of one self by another."

Prose Fiction: American Writers

The New American Realism. As we turn, now, to America, we observe that it was many years after the publication of Hawthorne's romances before fiction comparable with his in penetration and artistic skill again appeared in America. During the latter part of the nineteenth century William Dean Howells (1837-1920) wrote a series of novels in which he applied to American themes some of the methods used by great continental realists. His characters are average men and women, not heroes of romance. In *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885) we find a typical example of his work—a study of the career of a sturdy Vermonter. His other novels likewise avoid romantic material. "The sincere observer of man," he wrote, "will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional moods of vacancy and tiresomeness." Of Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, he said, "I came in it [Tolstoy's work] to the knowledge of myself in ways I had not dreamt of before, and began at last to discover my relations to the race, without which we are each nothing."

The realism of Henry James (1843-1916) differs from that of Howells or the British writers discussed in this chapter in that he does not work with types representative of a class, like Galsworthy's Forsytes, but with highly individualized persons. His characters are revealed a little at a time through his study of separate phases or moods in which personality is expressed. He loves that which is beautiful, the "decent" in the old classical sense of the word. To him might be applied Hawthorne's little story, "The Artist of the Beautiful," about the artist who devoted his life to the creation of beauty regardless of what the practical world might say of it. There is something of Hawthorne, too, in the fondness of James for the analysis of the character of a person when seen out of his usual environment. Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* is a study of Puritanism in an Italian setting; James often transfers his New Englanders or his New Yorkers to a European setting, the more subtly to bring out the reaction that results. He is thus a writer of what has been called the "international" novel. His interest is in the superior class, finely educated, sensitive to all things of culture, rather than the provincial racial types of Conrad's stories.

The Short Story. While the works of Howells and James have not wanted for readers, they are too difficult in style and too detailed in analysis to attract the multitude. All this time, America produced romances and novels of popular appeal, of course, and in great numbers, such as the historical romances of Paul Leicester Ford (*Janice Meredith*), Winston Churchill (*Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, etc.), and Mary Johnston (*To Have and to Hold*, etc.), or the study of regional types as in the works of Mary Wilkins, Margaret Deland, Thomas Nelson Page, and many other writers. But the short story has satisfied the wants of the fiction-reading public in America to a far greater extent than in England. The foundations were laid by Irving and Hawthorne, and the technique was established by Poe. It is in the work of O. Henry (the pen name of William Sydney Porter, 1862-1910) that the American short story acquired its full perfection as a literary form. His two hundred or more stories fall into groups, such as those published in the volumes *Cabbages and Kings* and *The Four Million.* In the first of these collections the stories are based mainly on his experiences in Latin America; those of the second group are sketches of New York life; read collectively each group acquires a certain unity of effect, comparable with that of the novel.

Many other writers have found in the short story an admirable instrument for depicting a character or a scene or some phase of the varied life of modern America, but the short story, after all, presents only an episode or a sketch. It is invaluable as a means for the study of some region, like New England or the Far West, and dozens of competent writers have made use of it. If we read only sketches or episodes, no matter how admirable their craftsmanship, we shall not find such sustained interpretations of contemporary life as English writers like Hardy or Bennett or Galsworthy have produced for their country. Fiction, to attain permanent distinction, must use the individual as a symbol of the universal. Hardy studies Wessex, Bennett studies the Five Towns, but these novels are not merely provincial studies, splashes of what is called "local color." Through the individual cases they select, great novelists interpret the life of our common humanity.

Partial Transcripts of American Life. American novelists, except Hawthorne, have not yet produced a great body of work of this largeness, but the foundations for it are being laid. For example, Hamlin Garland (1860-) has given us, in *A Son of the Middle Border* (1917) and *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (1921), a record, partly autobiographical, of the settlement of the western territories. This record is not merely regional; it typifies the pioneer spirit which is one great characteristic of American life, manifested in the prairie schooner, in the opening of the Klondike, and in many other ways.

A transcript of another side of contemporary America is seen in the work of Booth Tarkington (1869-) who has written, among other stories, three novels that have been called "the saga of the Amercan city." In these novels, *The Turmoil* (1915), *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1918), and *The Midlander* (1924), are both satire and humor. "Bigness" is taken to be the god of all American hearts, so the village changes to the city, its creed becoming the desire for "power to get more power, riches to get more riches." When the Midlander's son is born, he meditates on the future of the child: "The country grows so big and it grows so magnificent that when I thought of what sort of world it's going to be for my son, I declare I was almost afraid to look at him; it was like looking at somebody that's born to be a god."

Youngest of this group who seek, through study of a definite region or occupation, to interpret larger phases of American life is Sinclair Lewis (1885-), whose *Main Street* (1920) and *Babbitt* (1923) present unflattering pictures of the mediocrity and dullness that the author sees everywhere in America today. The point of view is stated in the preface to *Main Street*, which says of Gopher Prairie: "This is America—a town of a few thousand, in a region of wheat and corn and dairies and little groves." The story would be the same, we are told, in Ohio or Montana or in the Carolina hills; "Main Street is the climax of civilization." The author is therefore seeking to interpret America in terms of the small town, not in terms of Boston or New York. The significant part of his indictment is the absence of any cultural tradition, any vital connection with the past, even the past history and ideals of America. The "Thanatopsis Club," the social uplift dreamed of by Carol Kennicott, are weak and ineffectual; the annual "turnover" in the village store, or the merits of the latest model of motor cars, are far more influential, and the "Rosebud Movie Palace" is sufficient for the needs of their imagination. *Babbitt* is similar in tone, but interest is here centered in one figure, the "realtor," who dreams of the future greatness of his city, persists in his plan despite the scorn of his village-minded contemporaries, lives to see his dream come true and to be hailed as the type of hero thought to be peculiarly American, and who lives, also, to feel that after all there is something in life that he has missed. In this suggestion of the tragedy of failure beneath outward success, is an analysis more penetrating than that of *Main Street.*

Edith Wharton. In the novels of Edith Wharton (1862-) we also find satire of contemporary culture, but her people are not the people of Gopher Prairie. She began by writing short stories, collected in volumes called *The Greater Inclination*, *The Touchstone*, and *Crucial Instances*, all published between 1899 and 1901. In *Ethan Frome* (1911) she attained the effects of a great spiritual tragedy in a space but little larger than that of the short story. The scene is laid in a remote part of New England; the bleak winter and the lonely farmhouse are a fitting background for the tragedy that follows Ethan Frome's brief moment of idyllic love. Hawthorne's theme, the illusion of the search for happiness, is here made the theme of a new "twice-told tale," stripped of Hawthorne's symbolism, gaunt and bare as the winter landscape.

This sense of tragedy is found in many of Mrs. Wharton's novels, combined with the detached irony with which she views her American scene. New York life in the closing years of the last century is her usual theme, but she gains perspective and detachment by viewing American life as seen against a European background. Like Galsworthy, she presents us with an intimate study of a definitely marked social class. In *The House of Mirth* (1905) is portrayed the conflict between environment and a vague desire for higher things, and this is the theme of some of her greatest novels. *The Custom of the Country* (1913) is a sustained indictment of New York society. In *The Age of Innocence* (1920) the background is the social life of the 1870's. The invisible chains of the past, Hawthorne's definition of the heritage of Puritanism in the *House of the Seven Gables*, we find in Mrs. Wharton's novels applied to social inheritance. She holds that "life is not a matter of abstract principles, but a succession of pitiful compromises with fate, of concessions to old tradition, old beliefs." Such a compromise, for example, is the tragedy of Newland Archer, whose story is told in *The Age of Innocence.* He belonged to a circle in which one of the heroes was "the foremost authority on 'form' in New York"; on the question of pumps versus patent leather "Oxfords" his authority had never been disputed. In Archer's life, "what was or was not 'the thing' played a part as important as the inscrutable totem terrors that had ruled the destinies of his forefathers thousands of years ago." Through this influence of "form," the fear to be himself, he misses the happiness that might have been his.

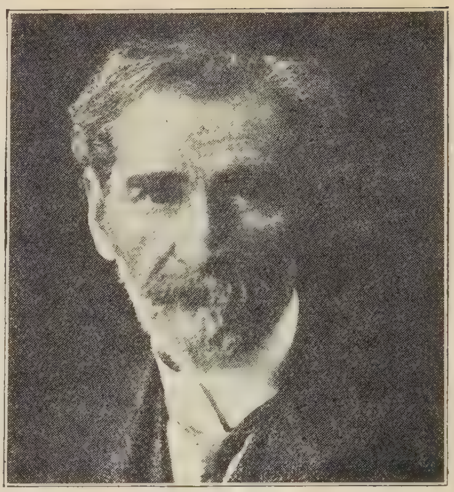
EDITH WHARTON

During the World War, Mrs. Wharton devoted herself to war charities, particularly the care of refugee children. In 1916 she received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government. Partly through her contact with human suffering, partly through her own maturity of style, her work has increased in dramatic intensity. *The Age of Innocence* reflects her maturest art, and, with the earlier *Ethan Frome*, insures her permanent place in literature.

OTHER BRITISH AND AMERICAN PROSE

The Essay. Reference has already been made to the essays which form a part of the work of British novelists like Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy. Both in England and America the essay has become so important that some writers depend almost entirely upon this form of writing. Among English writers is Hilaire Belloc, who was born in 1870, and for many years has written interestingly on a great variety of subjects. Many of his books are filled with love of the outdoors, such as *The Path to Rome* (1902), an account of a walk through the Alps to Rome, filled with anecdotes and personal reactions on the scenes and people by the way. Other books show his interest in topography and antiquities, and still others are on things in general, such as *On Everything* (1909) and *On Anything* (1910), the very titles of which invite the reader. Another example of the contemporary importance of the essay as a form of literature is afforded by the work of the Englishman, Gilbert Chesterton (1874-). Chesterton has written several novels, of which *The Man Who Was Thursday* is the best, several volumes of detective stories, such as the two books about Father Brown, and some poems; but his reputation rests chiefly on his essays. He is a master of paradox. The essays grouped under the titles *Heretics* (1905) and *Orthodoxy* (1908) maintain that many of those whom we call heretics because of their expression of views contrary to those held by most people are in reality quite orthodox. To be orthodox, he holds, is to have a constructive view of life, to write from seriousness of conviction; the heretic is he who believes in nothing at all.

Whimsicality, paradox, exaggeration, are traits of the personal essay inherited from Charles Lamb. Chesterton puts it thus: "If you are writing an article you can say anything that comes into your head." But these are devices for catching your reader in a time when papers, books, and magazines are so numerous and competition so keen that the reader is often as difficult to land as a gamy fish. It follows that many essays are merely forms of ephemeral entertainment, dealing with subjects of momentary interest, certain to be forgotten. Others, however, have serious purpose, to persuade or convince or to point out some of the absurdities and injustices of life. In the work of Agnes Repplier, an American essayist born in Philadelphia in 1858, we find examples of both kinds of writing. From the publication of her first volume, *Books and Men*, in 1888, to her writings in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, she has been recognized for her wit, her good sense, her brilliant style, and the keen intelligence which she brings to bear upon life.



W. H. HUDSON

Two Naturalists. More highly specialized are the writings of naturalists like William Beebe and W. H. Hudson. Beebe was born in Brooklyn in 1877 and since 1899 has been one of the curators of the New York Zoölogical Society. He has traveled in many out of the way places; for several years he was director of the British Guiana Zoölogical station in the midst of a jungle. The wonders of the animal and vegetable life in this wilderness he has revealed in *Jungle Peace* and *The Edge of the Jungle*. W. H. Hudson (1846-1922) also derived much of his knowledge of nature from observations made in distant lands. He was born in Argentina and spent his boyhood in wandering about the pampas, chiefly interested in birds and flowers. In 1874 he went to England, where he spent the remainder of his life. From 1889 to 1901 he published many studies of bird life, based on his observations in South America and in England, and in 1904 a novel, *Green Mansions*, filled with the same sensitive feeling toward nature. A new edition of this book, with an introduction by John Galsworthy, appeared in 1916, but Hudson's reputation grew very slowly. *Far Away and Long Ago* (1918), a history of his life in South America, is one of the greatest of English autobiographies. In this and in other books he developed a philosophy of life, the final statement of it appearing in his last book, *A Hind in Richmond Park.* He is not merely an observer, not even merely a scientist. He sought through nature to understand the meaning of life. For the scientific advance which is expressed in invention and discovery, all that which is sometimes called "conquering nature," he had no sympathy. He did not wish to "conquer" nature, but to love and understand it. To substance of great value he gives eloquent expression. His style lacks the rhetorical qualities, the desire to astonish or provoke, that mark the work of many modern writers. Beauty of sound, of words, of sentence cadence are its qualities. He is certain to become more and more appreciated as time passes. To enter the world which lies entranced in his books is to discover a new country of the human spirit.

THE DRAMA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Modern Drama. The forms of prose literature thus far studied in this chapter were developments inherited from former times. In the case of the drama we deal not with development but with revolution.

During the early part of the nineteenth century the drama as a form of literature designed for presentation on the stage almost ceased to exist. Wordsworth and Coleridge translated some plays from the German, and Shelley wrote one powerful tragedy, Shakespearean in form, named *The Cenci,* but it was too horrible in theme for popular representation. The popular dramatic amusements, through the first part of the century, were vaudeville, extravaganza, and burlesques, interspersed with exhibitions by trained animals and jugglers.

About 1820 Eugène Scribe, a French playwright, became the leading exponent of what came to be called "the well-made play." He was a master of technique, knew how to manage dialogue and how to construct his plays in such a way that each act led up to a climax, and he was astonishingly clever at adapting a plot to the needs of dramatic presentation. Scribe's works had no literary value, but they influenced a group of English plays written near the middle of the century, and they also caught the attention of a young Norwegian named Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), who became the manager of a theater at Bergen in 1851, and who had an ambition to write plays for himself. From about 1860 to his death Ibsen was one of the great literary and intellectual forces in Europe. His plays were widely known in Germany from the start, and in the last quarter of the nineteenth century they became a powerful influence toward creating a new English drama. They were distinguished for the abandonment of the old five act convention, for their vigorous and lifelike dialogue, for the dramatic effectiveness with which they employed act-climax, and for their ideas. Ibsen was not afraid to discuss a problem in dramatic form, and his plays thus became something beyond an entertainment for an idle hour.

English dramatists like Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones made use of the new technique of Scribe and Ibsen, and as a result the theater became once more a powerful influence. These modern plays read well in the study, and they discuss questions of present day interest, but they were primarily designed for the stage and are hardly to be classed as literature.

Contemporary dramatists have, however, produced work that is adapted to presentation in the theater and also possesses high value as literature. The plays of Galsworthy have already been discussed as examples of the imaginative treatment, in dramatic form, of such themes as the novelist uses. Sir James Barrie and Bernard Shaw are men of letters as well as writers for the stage. In Ireland dramatists and poets of remarkable power have opened entirely new fields of dramatic literature.

The Irish Drama. Toward the end of the nineteenth century a Celtic renaissance appeared in Ireland. The impulse was the passionate nationalism that had been steadily gathering volume underneath all the misery that was the portion of that unfortunate country. Leaders in the movement were Dr. Douglas Hyde, a Celtic scholar, and William Butler Yeats, the

LADY GREGORY

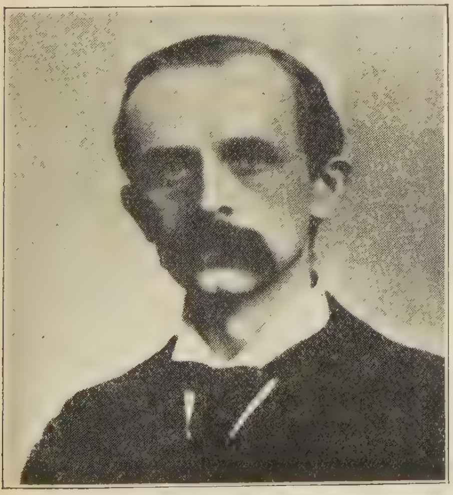
poet. Dr. Hyde devoted his attention to the study of the ancient Gaelic language, which he wished to see again become a living tongue, and to the study of folk traditions. Under his influence, a Gaelic League was formed, and Irish dialects, folklore, and old Irish history were studied. In 1904 the Abbey Theater was founded in Dublin, and about this center gathered a group of writers who produced for it a series of remarkable plays. Lady Gregory, one of the members of the group, wrote a score of these plays, mainly comedies based on anecdotes or traditions. The greatest writers in the group are Yeats and Synge.

William Butler Yeats (1865-) found his inspiration in old legends, which he used in verse and poetic drama. His poetry is filled with the supernaturalism of the folk tale, filled also with the supernaturalism that he sees about him in everyday life. The object of his love is Ireland, not figured as an old woman, bent with years and suffering, but young, "with the walk of a queen." Of his plays the tragedy *Deirdre* and the fairy play *Land of Heart's Desire* are the best known. Yeats writes verse that is filled with new cadences, avoids all the moral teachings and political and social discussions that followed upon the influence of Ibsen, and finds realism in the old language of his native country and in the concrete imagery that is characteristic of his style.

John Millington Synge (1871-1909), after completing his course at Trinity College, Dublin, studied music in Germany and ancient Irish and other languages in France. While in Paris he wrote book reviews and was planning to devote his life to criticism when he met Yeats, at that time deeply interested in the primitive language and life of the peasants on the Aran Islands. As a result of this acquaintance, Synge made many visits to Aran, wrote a book on his experiences, and gathered material for the plays that he soon began to write. His best known dramas are *Riders to the Sea*, a tragedy in prose, which appeared in 1903; *The Playboy of the Western World*, a comedy in which the chief character is a great boaster, published in 1907; and *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, a tragedy which was completed shortly before his death. He takes no interest in the "drama of ideas"; he holds that "the drama, like the symphony, does not teach or prove anything." He is vividly conscious of the conflict between the actual world and the world of the imagination, and between nature and man. *Riders to the Sea* is typical of this conflict; Maurya has lost five seafaring sons, and now the dead body of the sixth and last of her boys is brought home. For tragic intensity, the scene in which the mother's vision is told, the anxious waiting, the return of the bearers with the dead youth, and Maurya's expression of a grief the more terrible because it seems controlled, have few parallels in literature. The prose, as in the other plays of Synge, is almost a translation from Gaelic into English, yielding effects in passion, imagery, and music, that we ordinarily associate only with the most imaginative poetry.

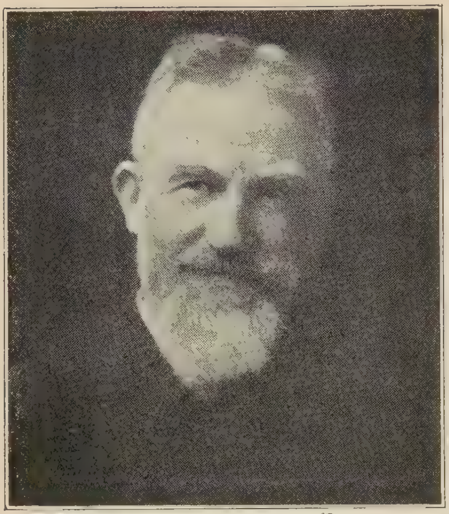
Sir James Barrie (1860-). The Irish dramatists combined fairy legend with incidents from peasant life; we turn now to a Scot who also dealt with fairy land and with stories filled with the flavor of his native region. Sir James Barrie was born at Kirriemuir (Thrums), was educated at Edinburgh, and won his first fame, in London, by the publication in the *St. James Gazette* of *Auld Licht Idylls* (1884-1888). These sketches of life and character in his native town were followed in 1889 by *A Window in Thrums.* In *The Little Minister* (1891) he passed from the sketch to the novel, yet the plot is slight and the true charm of the story is in the characters. More nearly akin to the full-length novel in structure are *Sentimental Tommy* (1896) and its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel* (1900), stories of a boy who lived in a world of his own illusions, and who never grew up.

The same whimsical humor, ability to portray odd quirks of character, and sympathy that we find in Barrie's sketches and novels are also in his plays. He dramatized *The Little Minister* in 1896, and since 1900 the greater part of his writing has been in the form of drama. *The Admirable Crichton* (1903) tells of an earl with ideas of social equality who is wrecked, with his family and servants, on a remote island; Crichton the butler becomes the real ruler through his ability to cope with the situation, and social conventions are turned topsy-turvy. *Peter Pan* (1904), the charming fairy play dramatized from an earlier story, *The Little White Bird,* is the dream of a child who did not want to grow up; his adventures are entirely satisfactory, for the dream is filled with Indians, pirates, Captain Hook, the hungry crocodile with the eight day clock still ticking inside, Tinker Bell, and everything. In *What Every Woman Knows* the author turns once more to the familiar atmosphere of the Scottish sketches. It opens with a burglary, but John Shand, the intruder, wants only a chance to read some books. He is promised an education by the Wylie brothers if he will promise to marry Maggie, who is said to lack "charm." The play tells how Maggie, whose charm is beyond question, makes a man of John and even makes him smile. More recent plays are *A Kiss for Cinderella* and *Dear Brutus,* which, like the others, have endeared this Scottish dramatist to innumerable spectators and readers whereever English is spoken.


SIR JAMES BARRIE

George Bernard Shaw (1856-). Both Barrie's world and the world revealed by Yeats and Synge are unique, charming us by the freshness of materials and the wholly new aspects of life that are presented. We turn now to the work of a man of equally original genius who secures his effects through unusual and unexpected combinations of elements that outwardly seem familiar. Except for several novels, some tracts, and dramatic criticisms, all belonging to his early career, George Bernard Shaw has devoted his entire genius to writing plays. It is true that these plays, when published, have prefaces that are sometimes longer than the text, and that his stage directions are sometimes little essays in themselves; it is true, also, that some people have held that many of his plays are not plays at all but pamphlets and that he has himself spoken of one of them as "a discussion in three acts"; but all this merely adds to the interest that his works provoke, and in no way disposes of the fact that these plays have filled many theaters during long runs.

He was born in Dublin, learned, as he tells us, little at school, took a great interest as a boy in music, and at fifteen became a clerk in a real estate office. His mother went to London to teach singing, and in 1876 he followed her there, working for a time for a telephone company, writing novels that brought no money, and visiting art museums and concerts. He joined socialist societies, spoke at street corners in defense of his theories, wrote art and musical criticism for London papers, and in 1895 became dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review.* His work



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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

for this review was of high importance, for he believed that a critic should lead and enlighten, not merely say conventional things. Thus, gradually, he prepared to pass from the interpretation of Ibsen and the new English plays to original dramatic composition.

The list of Shaw's plays is too long to be recited here. His first success was won with *Arms and the Man,* produced by an English company in London in April, 1894, and by Richard Mansfield in New York in September of the same year. The scene of the play was laid in Bulgaria, and its purpose was to ridicule romantic ideas of military glory. *Candida,* his next play, has become one of the best known of his works because of its clever dialogue and the attractiveness of its heroine. *Caesar and Cleopatra* was written, Shaw tells us, on the theory that "the world in 48 B. C. was exactly like the world in 1907 A. D." It is filled with modern slang; the Egyptian queen is a saucy but charming young girl, and Julius Caesar a middle-aged gentleman who is very tired of war. He gives her much good advice, scolds her for her savage temper, and goes away, promising to send Mark Antony to see her. *Man and Superman,* filled with paradox and with echoes of popular philosophical theories, was published in 1903 with a preface and, at the end, the "Revolutionist's Handbook." In *Fanny's First Play,* Shaw puts some of his familiar heresies into a play supposed to have been written by an amateur, and then has fun with the critics in a prologue and an epilogue in which they pass judgment on the effort. *Androcles and the Lion* and *Pygmalion* present old legends in quite unconventional forms. In the first, the Lion has the most important part; in the second, a London flower girl takes a course in phonetics and is fitted thereby for high society. His most recent plays, *Heartbreak House* (1917), *Back to Methuselah* (1920), and *Saint Joan* (1923) have all increased, in various ways, the preëminence of their author.

Saint Joan was first produced in New York in December, 1923, and published in London and New York in July, 1924. It differs from many of Shaw's earlier plays in the sympathy and sincerity with which he presents the main story, rather than the ideas that grow out of the story. The story is that of Joan of Arc. She is not a mystic or a visionary; Shaw explains her "voices" and her visions by calling her a "visualizer," by which he means merely that her imagination turned her ideas into concrete shapes and sounds. The key to her character is her common sense. She saw what should be done in the crisis that confronted France; she failed not because she was impractical but because the men who controlled the world could not understand sincerity and truth. It is a powerful and moving drama, a re-creation of history, a book that proves that the creative spirit has not gone from the world.

SUMMARY

This chapter has shown how literature interprets the many-sided life of the present time, and how its influence is thrown more and more consciously toward the promotion of that understanding which alone safeguards world peace. The literature of our day is a fearless critic of life. Liberalism, business, science, are not safe, if they err, from its scrutiny and its tests. Holy Alliances are not holy to it, if their motives are selfish and tyrannical. In a thousand ways, literature today is driving home this purpose "to make you see."

Shaw's *Saint Joan* is a case in point. After what, in the older type of drama, would have ended the play, the tragic fate of the Maid, the author adds a scene that comments on the meaning of the story. Once more we see the characters who had taken part in the action, the weak and silly Dauphin, the military commanders, the churchmen. All of them do reverence to Saint Joan in words that confess their sin and acknowledge, now, that she was right and they were wrong. Joan asks, "But would you have me alive again?" And they exclaim; "Not for the world!" The idealist they are willing to reverence but not to follow. Yet Joan, as presented by the dramatist, is no visionary or mystic. She represents clear human intelligence applied to actual life. Simple and direct and inexperienced, she sees no problem in this monstrous tissue of convention and political expediency which is the real illusion. To look through the mists to reality, to get beyond diplomacy to simple truth, to apply to the problem of securing the peace of the world the same intelligence that business men and men of science bring to bear on the matters with which they deal—these are not heresies or romantic visions except to those who will not see. To such purging of the sight the literature reviewed in this chapter has contributed.

A DEFENSE OF NONSENSE

G. K. Chesterton

There are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning; we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are times when we are almost crushed, not so much with the load of the evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendor. But there are other times when everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged, in the fine Biblical phrase, is like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May. That it is good for a man to realize that he is "the heir of all the ages" is pretty commonly admitted; it is a less popular but equally important point that it is good for him sometimes to realize that he is not only an ancestor, but an ancestor of primal antiquity; it is good for him to wonder whether he is not a hero, and to experience ennobling doubts as to whether he is not a solar myth.

The matters which most thoroughly evoke this sense of the abiding childhood of the world are those which are really fresh, abrupt, and inventive in any age; and if we were asked what was the best proof of this adventurous youth in the nineteenth century we should say, with all respect to its portentous sciences and philosophies, that it was to be found in the rimes of Mr. Edward Lear and in the literature of nonsense. *The Dong with the Luminous Nose*, at least, is original, as the first ship and the first thought were original.

It is true in a certain sense that some of the greatest writers the world has seen—Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Sterne—have written nonsense; but unless we are mistaken, it is in a widely different sense. The nonsense of these men was satiric—that is to say, symbolic; it was a kind of exuberant capering round a discovered truth. There is all the difference in the world between the instinct of satire, which, seeing in the Kaiser's moustaches something typical of him, draws them continually larger and larger; and the instinct of nonsense which, for no reason whatever, imagines what those moustaches would look like on the present Archbishop of Canterbury if he grew them in a fit of absence of mind. We incline to think that no age except our own could have understood that the Quangle-Wangle meant absolutely nothing, and the Lands of the Jumblies were absolutely nowhere. We fancy that if the account of the Knave's trial in *Alice in Wonderland* had been published in the seventeenth century it would have been bracketed with Bunyan's Trial of Faithful as a parody on the State prosecutions of the time. We fancy that if *The Dong with the Luminous Nose* had appeared in the same period everyone would have called it a dull satire on Oliver Cromwell.

It is altogether advisedly that we quote chiefly from Mr. Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes.* To our mind he is both chronologically and essentially the father of nonsense; we think him superior to Lewis Carroll. In one sense, indeed, Lewis Carroll has a great advantage. We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life: he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philistine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasizes the idea that lies at the back of nonsense—the idea of *escape*, of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appropriateness, where apples grow on pear-trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against anyone who walked on the wrong plot of grass, and another life in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonderland is a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We do not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual, Lear introduces quite another element—the element of the poetical and even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear introduces his unmeaning words and his amorphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live

is an entirely different type of poetry to that exhibited in *Jabberwocky*. Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new and mysterious words. But Edward Lear, with more subtle and placid effrontery, is always introducing scraps of his own elvish dialect into the middle of simple and rational statements, until we are almost stunned into admitting that we know what they mean. There is a genial ring of common sense about such lines as,

For his aunt Jobiska said, "Everyone knows
That a Pobble is better without his toes,"

which is beyond the reach of Carroll. The poet seems so easy on the matter that we are almost driven to pretend that we see his meaning, that we know the peculiar difficulties of a Pobble, that we are as old travelers in the "Gromboolian Plain" as he is.

Our claim that nonsense is a new literature (we might almost say a new sense) would be quite indefensible if nonsense were nothing more than a mere aesthetic fancy. Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great aesthetic growth. The principle of *art for art's sake* is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it

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5. **don,** one of the Fellows (advanced students) at an English University. 7. **Philistine,** commonplace person.

means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air. Every great literature has always been allegorical—allegorical of some view of the whole universe. The *Iliad* is only great because all life is a battle, the *Odyssey* because all life is a journey, the *Book of Job* because all life is a riddle. There is one attitude in which we think that all existence is summed up in the word "ghosts"; another, and somewhat better one, in which we think it is summed up in the words "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Even the vulgarest melodrama or detective story can be good if it expresses something of the delight in sinister possibilities—the healthy lust for darkness and terror which may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore, nonsense is really to be the literature of the future, it must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer—the world must not only be tragic, romantic, and religious; it must be nonsensical also. And here we fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way, come to the aid of the spiritual view of things. Religion has for centuries been trying to make men exult in the "wonders" of creation, but it has forgotten that a thing cannot be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a tree as an obvious thing, naturally and reasonably created for a giraffe to eat, we cannot properly wonder at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the astonishment of the park-keeper. Everything has in fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair an apparatus of four wooden legs for a cripple with only two.

This is the side of things which tends most truly to spiritual wonder. It is significant that in the greatest religious poem existent, the *Book of Job*, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of the eighteenth century) a picture of the ordered beneficence of the Creation; but, on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. "Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is?" This simple sense of wonder at the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense. Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunction may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a hook. The well-meaning person who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that "faith is nonsense," does not know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.*

THE GAME

Simeon Strunsky

I

Often I think how monotonous life must be to Jerome D. Travers or Francis Ouimet—compared, that is, with what life can offer to a player of my quality. When Travers drives off, it is a question whether the ball will go 245 yards or 260 yards; and a difference of fifteen yards is obviously nothing to thrill over. Whereas, when I send the ball from the tee the pos-

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76. **Leviathan**, a huge sea-monster described in the *Book of Job*.

*The Notes and Questions will be found on pages 741-742.

sible range of variation is always 100 yards, running from 155 down to 55; provided, that is, that the ball starts at all. To me there is always a freshness of surprise in having the club meet the ball, which Travers, I dare say, has not experienced in the last dozen years.

With him, of course, it is not sport, but mathematics. A wooden club will give one result, an iron another. The sensation of getting greater distance with a putting iron than with a brassie is something Ouimet can hardly look forward to. Always mathematics, with this kind of swing laying the ball fifteen feet on the farther side of the hole, and that kind of chop laying it ten feet on the nearer side. I have frequently thought that playing off the finals for the golf championship is a waste of time. All that is necessary is to call in Professor Münsterberg and have him test Travers's blood-pressure and reaction index on the morning of the game, and then take "Chick" Evans's blood-pressure and reaction index. The referee would then award the game to Travers or to Evans by 2 up and 1 to play, or whatever score Professor Münsterberg's figures would indicate.

The true zest of play is for the duffer. When he swings club or racket he can never tell what miracles of accomplishment or negation it will perform. That is not an inanimate instrument he holds in his hands, but a living companion, a totem comrade whom he is impelled to propitiate, as Hiawatha crooned to his arrow before letting it fly from the string. And that is why duffers are peculiarly qualified to write about games, or for that matter, about everything—literature, music, or art—as they have always done. To be sufficiently inexpert in anything is to be filled with corresponding awe at the hidden soul in that thing. To be sufficiently removed from perfection is to worship it. Poets, for example, are preëminently the interpreters of life because they make such an awful mess of the practice of living. And for the same reason poets always retain the zest of life—because the poet never knows whether his next shot will land him on the green or in the sandpit, in heaven or in the gutter. The reader will now be aware that in describing my status as a golfer I am not making a suicidal confession. On the contrary, I am presenting my credentials.

II

A great many people have been searching during ever so many years for the religion of democracy. I believe I have found it. That is, not a religion, if by it you mean a system completely equipped with creed, formularies, organization, home and foreign missions, schisms, an empty-church problem, an underpaid-minister's problem, a Socialist and I. W. W. problem, and the like; although, if I had the time to pursue my researches, I might find a parallel to many of these things. What I have in mind is a great democratic rite, a ceremonial which is solemnized on six days in the week during six months in the year by large masses of men with such unfailing regularity and such unquestioning good faith that I cannot help thinking of it as essentially a religious performance.

It is a simple ceremonial, but impressive, like all manifestations of the soul of a multitude. I need only close my eyes to call up the picture vividly: It is a day of brilliant sunshine and a great crowd of men is seated in the open air, a crowd made up of all conditions, ages, races, temperaments, and states of mind. The crowd has sat there an hour or more, while the afternoon sun has slanted deeper into the west and the shadows have crept

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24. **Münsterberg,** Hugo (1863-1916), a German psychologist and philosopher who taught at Harvard.

across greensward and hard-baked clay to the eastern horizon. Then, almost with a single motion—the time may be somewhere between four-thirty and five o'clock—this multitude of divers minds and tempers rises to its feet and stands silent, while one might count twenty perhaps. Nothing is said; no high priest intones prayer for this vast congregation; nevertheless the impulse of ten thousand hearts is obviously focused into a single desire. When you have counted twenty the crowd sinks back to the benches. A half minute at most and the rite is over.

I am speaking, of course, of the second half of the seventh inning, when the home team comes to bat. The precise nature of this religious half minute depends on the score. If the home team holds a safe lead of three or four runs; if the home pitcher continues to show everything, and the infield gives no sign of cracking, and the outfield isn't bothered by the sun, then I always imagine a fervent *Te Deum* arising from that inarticulate multitude, and the peace of a great contentment falling over men's spirits as they settle back in their seats. If the game is in the balance you must imagine the concentration of ten thousand wills on the spirit of the nine athletes in the field, ten thousand wills telepathically pouring their energies into the powerful arm of the man in the box, into the quick eye of the man on first base, and the sense of justice of the umpire.

But if the outlook for victory is gloomy, the rite does not end with the silent prayer I have described. As the crowd subsides to the benches there arises a chant which I presume harks back to the primitive litanies of the Congo forests. Voices intone unkind words addressed to the players on the other team. Ten thousand voices chanting in unison for victory, twenty thousand feet stamping confusion to the opposing pitcher—if this is not worship of the most fundamental sort, because of the most primitive sort, then what is religion?

Consider the mere number of participants in this national rite of the seventh inning. I have said a multitude of ten thousand. But if the day be Saturday and the place of worship one of the big cities of either of the major leagues, the crowd may easily be twice as large. And all over the country at almost the same moment, exultant or hopeful or despairing multitudes are rising to their feet. Multiply this number of worshipers by six days—or by seven days if you are west of the Alleghenies, where Sunday baseball has somehow been reconciled with a still vigorous Puritanism—and it is apparent that a continuous wave of spiritual ardor sweeps over this continent between three-thirty and six P.M. from the middle of April to the middle of October. We can only guess at the total number of worshipers. The three major leagues will account for five millions. Add the minor leagues and the state leagues and the interurban contests—and the total of seventh-inning communicants grows overwhelming. Take the twenty-five million males of voting age in this country, assume one visit per head to a baseball park in the season, and the result is dazzling.

It is easier to estimate the number of worshipers than the intensity of the mood. I have no gauge for measuring the spiritual fervor which exhales on the baseball stadiums of the country from mid-April to mid-October, growing in ardor with the procession of the months, until it attains a climax of orgiastic frenzy in the World's Series. Foreigners are in the habit of calling this an unspiritual nation. But what nation so frequently tastes—or for that matter has ever tasted—the emotional experience of the score tied in the ninth inning with the bases full?

Foreigners call us an unspiritual people because they do not know the meaning of a double-header late in September —a double-header with two seventh innings.

I began by renouncing any claim to the discovery of a complete religion of democracy. But the temptation to point out parallels is irresistible. If Dr. Frazer had not finished with his *Golden Bough*—or if he is thinking of a supplementary volume—I can see how easily the raw material of the sporting columns would shape itself to religious forces and systems in his hands. If religious ceremonial has its origin in the play instinct of man, why go back to remote origins like the Australian corroboree and neglect Ty Cobb stealing second? If religion has its origin in primitive man's worship of the eternal rebirth of earth's fructifying powers with the advent of spring, how can we neglect the vivid stirring in the hearts of millions that marks the departure of the teams for spring training in Texas?

If I were a trained professional sociologist instead of a mere spectator at the Polo Grounds, it seems to me that I should have little trouble in tracing the history of the game several thousand years back of its commonly accepted origin somewhere about 1830. I could easily trace back the catcher's mask to the mask worn by the medicine-man among the Swahili of the West Coast. The three bases and home-plate would easily be the points of the compass, going straight back to the sun myth. Murray pulling down a fly in left field would hark back straight to Zoroaster and the sun-worshipers. Millions of primitive hunters must have anointed, and prayed to, their weapons before Jeff Tesreau addressed his invocation to the spit-ball; and when Mathewson winds himself up for delivering the ball, he is not far removed from the sacred warrior dancer of Polynesia. If only I were a sociologist!

An ideal faith, this religion of baseball, the more you examine it. See, for instance, how it satisfies the prime requirement of a true faith that it shall ever be present in the hearts of the faithful; practiced not once a week on Sunday, but six times a week—and in the West seven times a week; professed not only in the appointed place of worship, but in the Subway before the game, and in the Subway after the game, and in the offices and shops and factories on rainy days. If a true religion is that for which a man will give up wife and children and forget the call of meat and drink, what shall we say of baseball? If a true religion is not dependent on aesthetic trappings, but voices itself under the open sky and among the furniture of common life, this is again the true religion. The stadium lies open to the sun, the rain, and the wind. The mystic sense is not stimulated by Gothic roof-traceries and the dimmed light of stained-glass windows. The congregation rises from wooden benches on a concrete flooring; it stands in the full light of a summer afternoon and lets its eyes rest on walls of billboards reminiscent of familiar things, linen collars, table-waters, tobacco, safety-razors. Surely we have here a clear, dry, real religion of the kind that Bernard Shaw would approve.

I have said quite enough on this point. Otherwise I should take time to show how this national faith has created its own architecture, as all great religions have done. Our national contribution to the building arts has so far been confined to two forms—the skyscraper and the baseball stadium, corresponding precisely

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10. **Dr. Frazer,** James G., whose *Golden Bough* he himself describes as "a study in comparative religions." 19. **corroboree,** a native Australian or New Zealand war-dance. 37. **Swahili,** Mohammedans living on the Zanzibar coast. 43. **Zoroaster** (flourished 1000 B. C.), founder of the Persian religion.

to the two great religions of business and of play. I know that the Greeks and Romans had amphitheaters, and that the word stadium is not of native origin. But between the Coliseum and the baseball park there is all the difference that lies between imperialism and democracy. The ancient amphitheaters were built as much for monuments as for playgrounds. Consequently they were impressed with an aesthetic character which is totally repugnant to our idea of a baseball park. There is no spiritual resemblance between Vespasian's amphitheater with its stone and marble, its galleries and imperial tribunes, its purple canvases stretched out against the sun—and our own Polo Grounds. Iron girders, green wooden benches, and a back fence frescoed with safety-razors and ready-made clothing—what more would a modern man have? The ancient amphitheaters were built for slaves who had to be flattered and amused by pretty things. The baseball park is for freemen who pay for their pleasures and can afford the ugliest that money can buy.

III

The art of keeping my eye on the ball is something I no longer have hope of mastering. If I fail to watch the ball it is because I am continually watching faces about me. The same habit pursues me on the street and in all public places—usually with unpleasant consequences, though now and then I have the reward of catching the reflection of a great event or a tense moment in the face of the man next to me. Then, indeed, I am repaid; but it is a procedure fatal to the scientific pursuit of baseball. While I am hunting in the face of the man next to me for the reflection of Doyle's stinging single between first and second base, I hear a roar and turn to find that something dramatic has happened at third, and a stout young man in a green hat behind me says that the runner was out by a yard and should be benched for trying to spike the man on the bag.

The eagle vision of the stout young man behind me always fills me with amazement and envy. I concede his superior knowledge of the game. He knows every man on the field by his walk. He recalls under what circumstances the identical play was pulled off three years ago in Philadelphia. He knows beforehand just at what moment Mr. McGraw will take his left fielder out of the game and send in a "pinch hitter." Long years of steady application will no doubt supply this kind of post-graduate expertship. But when it is a question not of theory but of a simple, concrete play which I did happen to be watching carefully, how is it that the man behind me can see that the runner was out by a yard and had nearly spiked the man on the bag, whereas all I can see is a tangle of legs and arms and a cloud of dust? My eyesight is normal; how does my neighbor manage to see all that he does as quickly as he does?

The answer is that he does not see. When he declares that the runner was out by a yard, and I turn around and regard him with envy, it is a comfort to have the umpire decide that the runner was safe after all. It is a comfort to hear the man behind me say that the ball cut the plate squarely, and to have the umpire call it a ball. It shakes my faith somewhat in human nature, but it strengthens my self-confidence. Yet it fails to shake the self-confidence of the man behind me. When I turn about to see his crestfallen face, I find him chewing peanut-brittle in a state of supreme calm, and as I stare at him, fascinated by such peace of mind in the face of discomfiture, I hear a yell and turn to find the third baseman and all the outfield con-

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15. Vespasian (9-79 A. D.), Roman emperor.

gregated near the left bleachers. I have made a psychological observation, but have missed the beginning of a double play.

My chagrin is temporary. As the game goes on my self-confidence grows enormously. I am awakening to the fact that the man behind me knows as little about the game as I do. When the pitcher of the visiting team delivered the first ball of the first inning, the man behind me remarked that the pitcher didn't have anything. My neighbor could tell by the pitcher's arm action that he was stale, and he recalled that the pitcher in question never did last more than half a game. This declaration of absolute belief did not stand in the way of a contradictory remark, made some time in the fifth inning, with our team held so far to two scratch hits. The stout young man behind me then said that the visiting pitcher was a wonder, that he had everything, that he would keep on fanning them till the cows came home, and that he was, in fact, the best southpaw in both leagues, having once struck out eight men in an eleven-inning game at Boston.

When a man gives vent to such obviously irreconcilable statements in less than five innings, it is inevitable that I should turn in my seat to get a square look at him. But I still find him calm and eating peanut-brittle; and as I stare at him and try to classify him, the man at the bat does something which brings half the crowd to its feet. By dint of much inquiry I discover that he has rolled a slow grounder to third and has made his base on it. Decidedly, psychology and baseball will not mix.

I suppose the stout young man behind me is a Fan—provided there is really such a type. My own belief is that the Fan, as the baseball writers and cartoonists have depicted him, is a very rare thing. To the extent that he does exist he is the creation, not of the baseball diamond, but of the sporting writer and the comic artist. The Fan models himself consciously upon the type set before him in his favorite newspaper. It is once more a case of nature imitating art. If Mr. Gibson, many years ago, had not drawn a picture of fat men in shirt-sleeves, perspiring freely and waving straw hats, the newspaper artist would not have imitated Mr. Gibson, and the baseball audience would not have imitated the newspapers. It is true that I have seen baseball crowds in frenzy; but these have been isolated moments of high tension when all of us have been brought to our feet with loud explosions of joy or agony. But the perspiring, ululant Fan in shirt-sleeves, ceaselessly waving his straw hat, uttering imprecations on the enemy, his enthusiasm obviously aroused by stimulants preceding his arrival at the baseball park, is far from being representative of the baseball crowd.

The spirit of the audience is best expressed in quite a different sort of person. He is always to be seen at the Polo Grounds, and when I think of baseball audiences it is he who rises before me, to the exclusion of his fat, perspiring brother with the straw hat. He is young, tall, slender, wears blue serge, and even on very cool days in the early spring he goes without an overcoat. He sits out the game with folded arms, very erect, thin-lipped, and with the break of a smile around the eyes. He is usually alone, and has little to say. He is not a snob; he will respond to his neighbor's comments in moments of exceptional emotional stress, but he does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

I imagine him sitting, in very much the same attitude, in college lecture-rooms, or taking instructions from the head of the office. Complete absorption under complete control—he fascinates me. While the stout young man behind me chatters on for his own gratification, forgetting one moment what he said the moment before—an empty-headed young man with a tendency to profanity as the game goes on—this other trim young figure in blue serge, with folded arms, sits immobile, watching, watching with a calm that must come out of real knowledge and experience, enjoying the thing immensely, but giving no other sign than a sharper glint of the eye, a slight opening of the lips. In a moment of crisis, being only human, he rises with the rest of us, but deliberately, to follow the course of a high fly down the foul line far toward the bleachers. When the ball is caught he smiles and sits down and folds his arms. I envy him his capacity for drinking in enjoyment without display. This is the kind of Fan I should like to be.

IV

Does my thin-lipped friend in blue serge read the sporting page? I wonder. My own opinion is that he does not, except to glance through the box-score. It is for the other man, I imagine, the stout young man behind me who detected from the first ball thrown that the pitcher's arm was no good, and who later identified him as the best southpaw in the two leagues, that the sporting page with its humor, its philosophy, its art, and its poetry, is edited. The sporting page has long ceased to be a mere chronicle of sport and has become an encyclopedia, an anthology, a five-foot book-shelf, a little university in itself. The life mirrored in the pictures on the sporting page is not restricted to the prize-ring and the diamond, though the language of the prize-ring and the baseball field is its vernacular. The art of the sporting page has expanded beyond the narrow field of play to life itself, viewed as play.

The line of development is plain: from pictures of the Fan at the game the advance has been to pictures of the Fan at home, and so on to his wife and his young, and his *Weltanschauung*, until now the artist frequently casts aside all pretense of painting sport and draws pictures of humanity. The sporting cartoon has become a social chronicle. It is still found on the sporting page; partly, I suppose, because it originated there, partly because there is no other place in the paper where it can get so wide an audience. It entraps the man in the street who comes to read baseball and remains to study contemporary life—in violent, exaggerated form, but life none the less.

Even poetry. Sporting columns today run heavily to verse. Here, as well as in the pictures, there has been an evolution. From the mere rimed chronicle of what happened to Christy Mathewson we have passed on to generalized reflections on life, expressed, of course, in terms of the game. Kipling has been the great model. His lilt and his "punch" are so admirably adapted to the theme and the audience. How many thousand parodies of "Danny Deever" and "The Vampire" have the sporting editors printed? I should hesitate to say. But Kipling and his younger imitators, with Henley's "Invictus" and "When I Was a King in Babylon," and the late Langdon Smith's "Evolution": "When I Was a Tadpole and You Were a Fish"—have become the patterns for a vast popular poetry which deals in the main with the red-blooded virtues — grit, good-humor, and clean hitting—but which drops with surprising frequency for an optimist race into the mood of Ecclesiastes:

Demon of Slow and of Fast Ones,
Monarch of Moisture and Smoke,
Who made Wagner swing at Anyoldthing,
And Baker look like a Joke.

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53. **Weltanschauung**, outlook upon life.

And the writer goes on to remind the former king of the boxmen that sooner or later "Old Pop" Tempus asks for waivers on the best of us, and that Matty and Johnson must in due time make way for

Youngsters with pep from the Texas Steppe—
The Minors wait for us all.

Yes, you prince of batsmen, who amidst the bleachers' roar,

Strolled to the plate with your T. Cobb gait,
Hitting .364—

alas, Old Pop Tempus has had his way with you, too:

Your Average now is Rancid
And the Pellet you used to maul
In Nineteen O Two has the Sign on you—
The Minors wait for us all.

Not that it matters, of course. The point is to keep on smiling and unafraid in Bushville as under the Main Tent, always doing one's best.

To swing at the Pill with right good will,
Hitting .164.

This is evidently something more than a sporting page. This is a cosmology.

V

Will those gentlemen who are in the habit of sneering at professional baseball kindly explain why it is precisely the professional game which has inspired the newspaper poets? Personally I like professional baseball, and for the very reasons why so many persons profess to dislike it. The game is played for money by men who play all the time. They would rather win than lose, but they are not devoured by the passion for victory. They will play with equal zest for Chicago today and for Boston tomorrow. But when you say all this you are really asserting what I have discovered to be a fact—unless Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered it before me—that only in professional sport does the true amateur spirit survive.

By the amateur spirit I mean the spirit which places the game above the victory; which takes joy, though it may be a subdued joy, in the perfect coördination of mind and muscle and nerve; which plays to win because victory is the best available test of ability, but which is all the time aware that life has other interests than the standing of the clubs and the Golf Committee's official handicap. I contend that the man who plays to live is a better amateur than the man who lives to play. I am not thinking now of the actual amount of time one gives to the game, though even then it might be shown that Mr. Walter J. Travis devotes more hours to golf than Mr. Mathewson devotes to baseball. I am thinking rather of the adjustment of the game to the general scheme of life. It seems to be pretty well established that when your ordinary amateur takes up golf he deteriorates as a citizen, a husband and father; but I cannot imagine Mr. Walter Johnson neglecting his family in his passion for baseball. As between the two, where do you find the true amateur spirit?

I insist. Professional baseball lacks the picturesque and stimulating accessories of an intercollegiate game—the age-old rivalries, the mustering of the classes, the colors, the pretty women, the cheering carried on by young leaders to the verge of apoplexy. But after all, why this Saturnalia of pumped-up emotion over the winning of a game? The winning, it will be observed, and not the playing. Compared with such an exhibition of the lust for victory, a professional game, with its emphasis on the performance and not on the result, comes much nearer to the true heart of the play instinct. An old topic this, and a perilous one. Before I know it I shall be advocating the obsolete standards of English sport, which would naturally appeal to a duffer. Well, I will take the consequences and boldly assert that there is such a thing as playing too keenly—even when playing with perfect fairness—such a thing as bucking the line too hard.

It is distortion of life values. After all, there are things worth breaking your heart to achieve and others that are not worth while. Francis Ouimet's victory over Vardon and Ray is something we are justly proud of; not so much as a display of golf, but as a display of our unrivaled capacity for rallying all the forces of one's being to the needs of the moment; for its display of that grit and nerve on which our civilization has been built so largely. Only observe, Ouimet's victory was magnificent, but it was not play. It was fought in the fierce spirit of the struggle for existence which it is the purpose of play to make us forget. It was Homeric, but who wants baseball or tennis or golf to be Homeric? Herbert Spencer was not merely petulant when he said that to play billiards perfectly argued a misspent life. He stated a profound truth. To play as Ouimet did against Vardon and Ray argues a distortion of the values of life. What shall it profit us if we win games and lose our sense of the proportion of things? It is immoral.

I think Maurice McLoughlin's hurricane service is immoral. I confess that when McLoughlin soars up from the base line like a combination Mercury and Thor, and pours the entire strength of his lithe, magnificent body through the racket into the ball, it is as beautiful a sight as any of the Greek sculptors have left us. But I cannot share the crowd's delight when McLoughlin's opponent stands helpless before that hurtling, twisting missile of fate. What satisfaction is there in developing a tennis service which nobody can return? The natural advantage which the rules of the game confer on the server ceases to be an advantage and becomes merely a triumph of machinery, even if it is human machinery. A game of tennis which is won on aces is opposed to the very spirit of play. As a matter of fact, the crowd admits this when it applauds a sharp rally over the net, for then it is rejoicing in play, whereas applause for an ace is simply joy in winning. I repeat: McLoughlin making one of his magnificent kills on the return is play; McLoughlin shooting his unreturnable service from the back line is merely a scientific engineer—and nothing is more immoral than scientific management, especially when applied to anything really worth while in life. Incidentally, a change in the rules of tennis seems unavoidable. The ball, instead of being handed over to McLoughin for sure destruction, will have to be thrown into the court by the umpire, as in polo.

VI

You will now see why I am so much drawn to the slender young man in blue serge who sits with folded arms and only smiles when Mr. Doyle is caught napping on first. It is because I am convinced that he sees the game as it ought to be seen—with an intense sympathy and understanding, but, after all, with a sense of humor which recognizes that a great world lies outside the Polo Grounds. You would not think that such a world existed from the way in which the stout young man behind me has been carrying on. It will be recalled that he began by instantly discovering that the visiting pitcher's arm was no good. This discovery he had modified by the end of the fourth inning to the extent that the visiting pitcher now had everything. At the beginning of the ninth

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27. Herbert Spencer, (1820-1903), an English philosopher.

inning this revised opinion still held good. The score was 2 to 0 against the home team, and the stout young man got up in disgust, remarking that he had no use for a bunch of cripples who presumed to go up against a real team.

But he did not go home. He hovered in the aisle, and when the home team, in the second half of the ninth, bunched four hits and won the game, the stout young man hurled himself down the aisle and out upon the field, shrieking madly. But the thin young man in blue serge got to his feet, smiled, made some observation to his neighbor in an undertone, which I failed to catch, and walked away.

STORY OF A PIEBALD HORSE*

W. H. Hudson

This is all about a piebald. People there are like birds that come down in flocks, hop about chattering, gobble up their seed, then fly away, forgetting what they have swallowed. I love not to scatter grain for such as these. With you, friend, it is different. Others may laugh if they like at the old man of many stories, who puts all things into his copper memory. I can laugh, too, knowing that all things are ordered by destiny; otherwise I might sit down and cry.

The things I have seen! There was the piebald that died long ago; I could take you to the very spot where his bones used to lie bleaching in the sun. There is a nettle growing on the spot. I saw it yesterday. What important things are these to remember and talk about! Bones of a dead horse and a nettle; a young bird that falls from its nest in the night and is found dead in the morning; puff-balls blown about by the wind; a little lamb left behind by the flock bleating at night amongst the thorns and thistles, where only the fox or wild dog can hear it! Small matters are these; and our lives, what are they? And the people we have known, the men and women who have spoken to us and touched us with warm hands—the bright eyes and red lips! Can we cast these things like dead leaves on the fire? Can we lie down full of heaviness because of them, and sleep and rise in the morning without them? Ah, friend!

Let us to the story of the piebald. There was a cattle-marking at neighbor Sotelo's estancia, and out of a herd of three thousand head we had to part all the yearlings to be branded. After that, dinner and a dance. At sunrise we gathered, about thirty of us; all friends and neighbors, to do the work. Only with us came one person nobody knew. He joined us when we were on our way to the cattle; a young man, slender, well-formed, of pleasing countenance and dressed as few could dress in those days. His horse also shone with silver trappings. And what an animal! Many horses have I seen in this life, but never one with such a presence as this young stranger's piebald.

Arrived at the herd, we began to separate the young animals, the men riding in couples through the cattle, so that each calf when singled out could be driven by two horsemen, one on each side, to prevent it from doubling back. I happened to be mounted on a demon with a fiery mouth—there was no making him work, so I had to leave the parters and stand with little to do, watching the yearlings already parted, to keep them from returning to the herd.

Presently neighbor Chapaco rode up to me. He was a good-hearted man, well-spoken, half Indian and half Christian; but he also had another half, and that was devil.

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*Reprinted from "Story of a Piebald Horse" from Hudson's *Tales of the Pampas*, by permission of Alfred Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

59. estancia, cattle-farm.

"What! neighbor Lucero, are you riding on a donkey or a goat, that you remain here doing boy's work?"

I began telling him about my horse, but he did not listen; he was looking at the parters.

"Who is that young stranger?" he asked.

"I see him today," I replied, "and if I see him again tomorrow, then I shall have seen him twice."

"And in what country of which I have never heard did he learn cattle-parting?" said he.

"He rides," I answered, "like one presuming on a good horse. But he is safe; his fellow-worker has all the danger."

"I believe you," said Chapaco. "He charges furiously and hurls the heifer before his comrade, who has all the work to keep it from doubling, and all the danger, for at any moment his horse may go over it and fall. This our young stranger does knowingly, thinking that no one here will resent it. No, Lucero, he is presuming more on his long knife than on his good horse."

Even while we spoke, the two we were watching rode up to us. Chapaco saluted the young man, taking off his hat, and said, "Will you take me for a partner, friend?"

"Yes; why not, friend?" returned the other; and together the two rode back to the herd.

Now I shall watch them, said I to myself, to see what this Indian devil intends doing. Soon they came out of the herd driving a very small animal. Then I knew what was coming. "May your guardian angel be with you to avert a calamity, young stranger!" I exclaimed. Whip and spur those two came toward me like men riding a race and not parting cattle. Chapaco kept close to the calf, so that he had the advantage, for his horse was well trained. At length he got a little ahead, then, quick as lightning, he forced the calf round square before the other. The piebald struck it full in the middle, and fell because it had to fall. But, saints in heaven! why did not the rider save himself? Those who were watching saw him throw up his feet to tread his horse's neck and leap away; nevertheless man, horse, and calf came down together. They plowed the ground for some distance, so great had been their speed, and the man was under. When we picked him up he was senseless, the blood flowing from his mouth. Next morning, when the sun rose and God's light fell on the earth, he expired.

Of course there was no dancing that night. Some of the people, after eating, went away; others remained sitting about all night, talking in low tones, waiting for the end. A few of us were at his bedside watching his white face and closed eyes. He breathed, and that was all. When the sunlight came over the world he opened his eyes, and Sotelo asked him how he did. He took no notice, but presently his lips began to move, though they seemed to utter no sound. Sotelo bent his ear down to listen. "Where does she live?" he asked. He could not answer—he was dead.

"He seemed to be saying many things," Sotelo told us, "but I understood only this—'Tell her to forgive me . . . I was wrong. She loved him from the first. . . . I was jealous and hated him. . . . Tell Elaria not to grieve—Anacleto will be good to her.' Alas! my friends, where shall I find his relations to deliver this dying message to them?"

The Alcalde came that day and made a list of the dead man's possessions, and bade Sotelo take charge of them till the relations could be found. Then, calling all the people together, he bade each person cut on his whip-handle and on the sheath of his knife the mark branded on the flank of the piebald, which was in shape like a horseshoe with a cross inside, so that it might be shown to all strangers, and made known through the country until the dead man's relations should hear of it.

When a year had gone by, the Alcalde told Sotelo that, all inquiries having failed, he could now take the piebald and the silver trappings for himself. Sotelo would not listen to this, for he was a devout man and coveted no person's property, dead or alive. The horse and things, however, still remained in his charge.

Three years later I was one afternoon sitting with Sotelo, taking maté, when his herd of dun mares were driven up. They came galloping and neighing to the corral and ahead of them, looking like a wild horse, was the piebald, for no person ever mounted him.

"Never do I look on that horse," I remarked, "without remembering the fatal marking, when its master met his death."

"Now you speak of it," said he, "let me inform you that I am about to try a new plan. That noble piebald and all those silver trappings hanging in my room are always reproaching my conscience. Let us not forget the young stranger we put under ground. I have had many masses said for his soul's repose, but that does not quite satisfy me. Somewhere there is a place where he is not forgotten. Hands there are, perhaps, that gather wild flowers to place them with lighted candles before the image of the Blessed Virgin; eyes there are that weep and watch for his coming. You know how many travelers and cattle-drovers going to Buenos Aires from the south call for refreshment at the pulperia. I intend taking the piebald and tying him every day at the gate there. No person calling will fail to notice the horse, and some day perhaps some traveler will recognize the brand on its flank and will be able to tell us what department and what estancia it comes from."

I did not believe anything would result from this, but said nothing, not wishing to discourage him.

Next morning the piebald was tied up at the gate of the pulperia, at the road side, only to be released again when night came, and this was repeated every day for a long time. So fine an animal did not fail to attract the attention of all strangers passing that way; still several weeks went by and nothing was discovered. At length, one evening, just when the sun was setting, there appeared a troop of cattle driven by eight men. It had come a great distance, for the troop was a large one—about nine hundred head—and they moved slowly, like cattle that had been many days on the road. Some of the men came in for refreshments; then the storekeeper noticed that one remained outside leaning on the gate.

"What is the capatas doing that he remains outside?" said one of the men.

"Evidently he has fallen in love with that piebald," said another, "for he cannot take his eyes off it."

At length the capatas, a young man of good presence, came in and sat down on a bench. The others were talking and laughing about the strange things they had all been doing the day before; for they had been many days and nights on the road, only nodding a little in their saddles, and at length becoming delirious from want of sleep, they had begun to act like men that are half-crazed.

"Enough of the delusions of yesterday," said the capatas, who had been silently listening to them, "but tell me, boys, am I in the same condition today?"

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17. **maté**, a drink, that takes its name from the shrub it is made of. 46. **pulperia**, saloon or tavern.

78. **capatas**, foreman of the cow drivers.

"Surely not!" they replied. "Thanks to those horned devils being so tired and footsore, we all had some sleep last night."

"Very well then," said he, "now you have finished eating and drinking, go back to the troop, but before you leave look well at that piebald tied at the gate. He that is not a cattle-drover may ask, 'How can my eyes deceive me?' but I know that a crazy brain makes us see many strange things when the drowsy eyes can only be held open with the fingers."

The men did as they were told, and when they had looked well at the piebald, they all shouted out, "He has the brand of the estancia de Silva on his flank, and no counter-brand—claim the horse, capatas, for he is yours." And after that they rode away to the herd.

"My friend," said the capatas to the storekeeper, "will you explain how you came possessed of this piebald horse?"

Then the other told him everything, even the dying words of the young stranger, for he knew all.

The capatas bent down his head, and covering his face, shed tears. Then he said, "And you died thus, Torcuato, amongst strangers! From my heart I have forgiven you the wrong you did me. Heaven rest your soul, Torcuato; I cannot forget that we were once brothers. I, friend, am that Anacleto of whom he spoke with his last breath."

Sotelo was then sent for, and when he arrived and the pulperia was closed for the night, the capatas told his story, which I will give you in his own words, for I was also present to hear him. This is what he told us:

I was born on the southern frontier. My parents died when I was very small, but Heaven had compassion on me and raised up one to shelter me in my orphanhood. Don Loreto Silva took me to his estancia on the Sarandi, a stream half a day's journey from Tandil, toward the setting sun. He treated me like one of his own children, and I took the name of Silva. He had two other children, Torcuato, who was about the same age as myself, and his daughter, Elaria, who was younger. He was a widower when he took charge of me, and died when I was still a youth. After his death we moved to Tandil, where we had a house close to the little town; for we were all minors, and the property had been left to be equally divided between us when we should be of age. For four years we lived happily together; then when we were of age we preferred to keep the property undivided. I proposed that we should go and live on the estancia, but Torcuato would not consent, liking the place where we were living best. Finally, not being able to persuade him, I resolved to go and attend to the estancia myself. He said that I could please myself and that he should stay where he was with Elaria. It was only when I told Elaria of these things that I knew how much I loved her. She wept and implored me not to leave her.

"Why do you shed tears, Elaria?" I said; "is it because you love me? Know, then, that I also love you with all my heart, and if you will be mine, nothing can ever make us unhappy. Do not think that my absence at the estancia will deprive me of this feeling which has ever been growing up in me."

"I do love you, Anacleto," she replied, "and I have also known of your love for a long time. But there is something in my heart which I cannot impart to you; only I ask you, for the love you bear me, do not leave me, and do not ask me why I say this to you."

After this appeal I could not leave her, nor did I ask her to tell me her secret. Torcuato and I were friendly, but not as we had been before this difference. I had no evil thoughts of him; I loved him and was with him continually; but from the moment I announced to him that I had changed my mind about going to the estancia, and was silent when he demanded the reason, there was a something in him which made it different between us. I could not open my heart to him about Elaria, and sometimes I thought that he had also had a secret which he had no intention of sharing with me. This coldness did not, however, distress me very much, so great was the happiness I now experienced, knowing that I possessed Elaria's love. He was much away from the house, being fond of amusements, and he had also begun to gamble. About three months passed in this way, when one morning Torcuato, who was saddling his horse to go out, said, "Will you come with me, today, Anacleto?"

"I do not care to go," I answered.

"Look, Anacleto," said he; "once you were always ready to accompany me to a race or dance or cattle-marking. Why have you ceased to care for these things? Are you growing devout before your time, or does my company no longer please you?"

"It is best to tell him everything, and have done with secrets," said I to myself, and so replied—

"Since you ask me, Torcuato, I will answer you frankly. It is true that I now take less pleasure than formerly in these pastimes; but you have not guessed the reason rightly."

"What then is this reason of which you speak?"

"Since you cannot guess it," I replied, "know that it is love."

"Love for whom?" he asked quickly, and turning very pale.

"Do you need ask? Elaria," I replied.

I had scarcely uttered the name before he turned on me full of rage.

"Elaria!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare tell me of love for Elaria! But you are only a blind fool, and do not know that I am going to marry her myself."

"Are you mad, Torcuato, to talk of marrying your sister?"

"She is no more my sister than you are my brother," he returned. "I," he continued, striking his breast passionately, "am the only child of my father, Loreto Silva. Elaria, whose mother died in giving her birth, was adopted by my parents. And because she is going to be my wife, I am willing that she should have a share of the property; but you, a miserable foundling, why were you lifted up so high? Was it not enough that you were clothed and fed till you came to man's estate? Not a hand's-breadth of the estancia land should be yours by right, and now you presume to speak of love for Elaria."

My blood was on fire with so many insults, but I remembered all the benefits I had received from his father, and did not raise my hand against him. Without more words he left me. I then hastened to Elaria and told her what had passed.

"This," I said, "is the secret you would not impart to me. Why, when you knew these things, was I kept in ignorance?"

"Have pity on me, Anacleto," she replied, crying. "Did I not see that you two were no longer friends and brothers, and this without knowing of each other's love? I dared not open my lips to you or to him. It is always a woman's part to suffer in silence. God intended us to be poor, Anacleto, for we were both born of poor parents, and had this property never come to us, how happy we might have been!"

"Why do you say such things, Elaria? Since we love each other, we cannot be unhappy, rich or poor."

"Is it a little matter," she replied, "that Torcuato must be our bitter enemy? But you do not know everything. Before Torcuato's father died, he said he wished his son to marry me when we came of age. When he spoke about it we were sitting together by his bed."

"And what did you say, Elaria?" I asked, full of concern.

"Torcuato promised to marry me. I only covered my face, and was silent, for I loved you best even then, though I was almost a child, and my heart was filled with grief at his words. After we came here, Torcuato reminded me of his father's words. I answered that I did not wish to marry him, that he was only a brother to me. Then he said that we were young and he could wait until I was of another mind. This is all I have to say; but how shall we three live together any longer? I cannot bear to part from you, and every moment I tremble to think what may happen when you two are together."

"Fear nothing," I said. "Tomorrow morning you can go to spend a week at some friend's house in the town; then I will speak to Torcuato, and tell him that since we cannot live in peace together we must separate. Even if he answers with insults I shall do nothing to grieve you, and if he refuses to listen to me, I shall send some person we both respect to arrange all things between us."

This satisfied her, but as evening approached she grew paler, and I knew she feared Torcuato's return. He did not, however, come back that night. Early next morning she was ready to leave. It was an easy walk to the town, but the dew was heavy on the grass, and I saddled a horse for her to ride. I had just lifted her to the saddle when Torcuato appeared. He came at great speed, and throwing himself off his horse, advanced to us. Elaria trembled and seemed ready to sink upon the earth to hide herself like a partridge that has seen the hawk. I prepared myself for insults and perhaps violence. He never looked at me; he only spoke to her.

"Elaria," he said, "something has happened—something that obliges me to leave this house and neighborhood at once. Remember when I am away that my father, who cherished you and enriched you with his bounty, and who also cherished and enriched this ingrate, spoke to us from his dying bed and made me promise to marry you. Think what his love was; do not forget that his last wish is sacred, and that Anacleto has acted a base, treacherous part in trying to steal you from me. He was lifted out of the mire to be my brother and equal in everything except this. He has got a third part of my inheritance —let that satisfy him; your own heart, Elaria, will tell you that a marriage with him would be a crime before God and man. Look not for my return tomorrow, nor for many days. But if you two begin to laugh at my father's dying wishes, look for me, for then I shall not delay to come back to you, Elaria, and to you, Anacleto. I have spoken."

He then mounted his horse and rode away. Very soon we learned the cause of his sudden departure. He had quarreled over his cards and in a struggle that followed had stabbed his adversary to the heart. He had fled to escape the penalty. We did not believe that he would remain long absent; for Torcuato was very young, well off, and much liked, and this was, moreover, his first offense against the law.

But time went on and he did not return, nor did any message from him reach us, and we at last concluded that he had left the country. Only now after four years have I accidentally discovered his fate through seeing his piebald horse.

After he had been absent over a year, I asked Elaria to become my wife. "We cannot marry till Torcuato returns," she said. "For if we take the property that ought to have been all his, and at the same time disobey his father's dying wish, we shall be doing an evil thing. Let us take care of the property till he returns to receive it all back from us; then, Anacleto, we shall be free to marry."

I consented, for she was more to me than lands and cattle. I put the estancia in order and leaving a trustworthy person in charge of everything I invested my money in fat bullocks to resell in Buenos Aires, and in this business I have been employed ever since. From the estancia I have taken nothing, and now it must all come back to us—his inheritance and ours. This is a bitter thing and will give Elaria great grief.

Thus ended Anacleto's story, and when he had finished speaking and still seemed greatly troubled in his mind, Sotelo said to him, "Friend, let me advise you what to do. You will now shortly be married to the woman you love and probably some day a son will be born to you. Let him be named Torcuato, and let Torcuato's inheritance be kept for him. And if God gives you no son, remember what was done for you and for the girl you are going to marry, when you were orphans and friendless, and look out for some unhappy child in the same condition, to protect and enrich him as you were enriched."

"You have spoken well," said Anacleto. "I will report your words to Elaria, and whatever she wishes done, that will I do."

So ends my story, friend. The cattle-drover left us that night and we saw no more of him. Only before going he gave the piebald and the silver trappings to Sotelo. Six months after his visit, Sotelo also received a letter from him to say that his marriage with Elaria had taken place; and the letter was accompanied with a present of seven cream-colored horses with black manes and hoofs.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

Arnold Bennett

I

It is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that, because the Five Towns is an industrial district, devoted to the manufacture of cups and saucers, marbles and door-knobs, therefore there is no luxury in it.

A writer, not yet deceased, who spent two nights there, and wrote four hundred pages about it, has committed himself to the assertion that there are no private carriages in its streets—only perambulators and tram-cars. That writer's reputation is ruined in the Five Towns. For the Five Towns, although continually complaining of bad times, is immensely wealthy, as well as immensely poor—a country of contrasts, indeed—and private carriages, if they do not abound, exist at any rate in sufficient numbers.

Nay, more, automobiles of the most expensive French and English makes fly dashingly along its hilly roads and scatter in profusion the rich black mud thereof.

On a Saturday afternoon in last spring, such an automobile stood outside the garden entrance of Bleakridge House, just half-way between Hanbridge and Bursley. It belonged to young Harold Etches, of Etches, Limited, the great porcelain manufacturers.

60. **Five Towns.** See page 671, column 1. 69. **tram-cars,** street cars.

It was a 20 h.p. Panhard, and was worth over a thousand pounds as it stood there, throbbing, and Harold was proud of it.

He was also proud of his young wife, Maud, who, clad in several hundred pounds' worth of furs, had taken her seat next to the steering-wheel, and was waiting for Harold to mount by her side. The united ages of this handsome and gay couple came to less than forty-five.

And they owned the motor-car, and Bleakridge House with its ten bedrooms, and another house at Llandudno, and a controlling interest in Etches, Limited, that brought them in seven or eight thousand a year. They were a pretty tidy example of what the Five Towns can do when it tries to be wealthy.

At this moment, when Harold was climbing into the car, a shabby old man who was walking down the road, followed by a boy carrying a carpet-bag, stopped suddenly and touched Harold on the shoulder.

"Bless us!" exclaimed the old man. And the boy and the carpet-bag halted behind him.

"What? Uncle Dan?" said Harold.

"Uncle Dan!" cried Maud, springing up with an enchanting smile. "Why, it's ages since——"

"And what d'ye reckon ye'n gotten here?" demanded the old man.

"It's my new car," Harold explained.

"And ca'st drive it, lad?" asked the old man.

"I should think I could!" said Harold confidently.

"H'm!" commented the old man, and then he shook hands, and thoroughly scrutinized Maud.

Now, this is the sort of thing that can only be seen and appreciated in a district like the Five Towns, where families spring into splendor out of nothing in the course of a couple of generations, and as often as not sink back again into nothing in the course of two generations more.

The Etches family is among the best known and the widest spread in the Five Towns. It originated in three brothers, of whom Daniel was the youngest. Daniel never married; the other two did. Daniel was not very fond of money; the other two were, and they founded the glorious firm of Etches. Harold was the grandson of one brother, and Maud was the granddaughter of the other. Consequently, they both stood in the same relation to Dan, who was their great-uncle—addressed as uncle "for short."

There is a good deal of snobbery in the Five Towns, but it does not exist among relatives. The relatives in danger of suffering by it would never stand it. Besides, although Dan's income did not exceed two hundred a year, he was really richer than his grandnephew, since Dan lived on half his income, whereas Harold, aided by Maud, lived on all of his.

Consequently, despite the vast difference in their stations, clothes, and manners, Daniel and his young relatives met as equals. It would have been amusing to see anyone—even the Countess of Chell, who patronized the entire district—attempt to patronize Dan.

In his time he had been the greatest pigeon-fancier in the country.

"So you're paying a visit to Bursley, uncle?" said Maud.

"Ay!" Dan replied. "I'm back i' owd Bosley. Sarah—my housekeeper, thou know'st——"

"Not dead?"

"No. Her inna' dead; but her sister's dead, and I've give her a week's play, and come away. Rat Edge'll see nowt o' me this side Easter."

18. **thousand**, i.e., thousand pounds.

91. **owd**, old. 94. **Her inna'**, she isn't.

Rat Edge was the name of the village, five miles off, which Dan had honored in his declining years.

"And what are you going to do now?" asked Harold.

"I'm going to owd Sam Shawn's, by th' owd church, to beg a bed."

"But you'll stop with us, of course?" said Harold.

"Nay, lad," said Dan.

"Oh yes, uncle," Maud insisted.

"Nay, lass," said Dan.

"Indeed, you will, uncle!" said Maud positively. "If you don't, I'll never speak to you again."

She had a charming fire in her eyes, had Maud.

Daniel, the old bachelor, yielded at once, but in his own style.

"I'll try it for a night, lass," said he.

Thus it occurred that the carpet-bag was carried into Bleakridge House, and that after some delay Harold and Maud carried off Uncle Dan with them in the car. He sat in the luxurious tonneau behind, and Maud had quitted her husband in order to join him. Possibly she liked the humorous wrinkles round his gray eyes. Or it may have been the eyes themselves, and yet Dan was nearer seventy than sixty.

The car passed everything on the road; it seemed to be overtaking electric trams all the time.

"So ye'n been married a year?" said Uncle Dan, smiling at Maud.

"Oh yes; a year and three days. We're quite used to it."

"Us'n be in h—ll in a minute, wench!" exclaimed Dan, calmly changing the topic, as Harold swung the car within an inch of a brewer's dray, and skidded slightly in the process. No anti-skidding device would operate in that generous, oozy mud.

And, as a matter of fact, they were in Hanbridge the next minute—Hanbridge, the center of the religions, the pleasures, and the vices of the Five Towns.

"Bless us!" said the old man. "It's fifteen year and more since I were here."

"Harold," said Maud, "let's stop at the Piccadilly Café and have some tea."

"Café?" asked Dan. "What be that?"

"It's a kind of pub." Harold threw the explanation over his shoulder as he brought the car up with swift dexterity in front of the Misses Callear's newly-opened afternoon tea-rooms.

"Oh, well, if it's a pub," said Uncle Dan, "I dunna object."

He frankly admitted, on entering, that he had never seen a pub full of little tables and white cloths, and flowers, and young women, and silver teapots, and cake-stands. And though he *did* pour his tea into his saucer, he was sufficiently at home there to address the younger Miss Callear as "young woman," and to inform her that her beverage was lacking in Orange Pekoe. And the Misses Callear, who conferred a favor on their customers by serving them, didn't like it.

He became reminiscent.

"Ay!" he said, "when I left th' Five Towns fifty-two years sin' to go weaving i' Derbyshire wi' my mother's brother, tay were ten shilling a pun'. Us had it when us were sick—which wasna' often. We worked too hard for be sick. Hafe past five i' th' morning till eight of a night, and then Saturday afternoon walk ten mile to Glossop with a week's work on ye' back, and home again wi' th' brass.

"They've lost th' habit of work nowadays, seemingly," he went on, as the car moved off once more, but slowly, because of the vast crowds emerging from the Knype football ground. "It's football, Saturday; bands of a Sunday; football, Monday;

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59. pub, i.e., public eating place. 84. tay, tea. pun', pound.

ill i' bed and getting round, Tuesday; do a bit o' work Wednesday; football, Thursday; draw wages Friday night; and football, Saturday. And wages, higher than ever. It's that as beats me—wages higher than ever——

"Ye canna' smoke with any comfort i' these cars," he added, when Harold had got clear of the crowds and was letting out. He regretfully put his pipe in his pocket.

Harold skirted the whole length of the Five Towns from south to north, at an average rate of perhaps thirty miles an hour; and quite soon the party found itself on the outer side of Turnhill, and descending the terrible Clough Bank, three miles long, and of a steepness resembling the steepness of the side of a house.

The car had warmed to its business, and Harold took them down that declivity in a manner which startled even Maud, who long ago had resigned herself to the fact that she was tied for life to a young man for whom the word "danger" had no meaning.

At the bottom they had a severe skid; but as there was plenty of room for eccentricities, nothing happened except that the car tried to climb the hill again.

"Well, if I'd known," observed Uncle Dan, "if I'd guessed as you were reservin' this treat for th' owd uncle, I'd ha' walked."

The Etches blood in him was pretty cool, but his nerve had had a shaking.

Then Harold could not restart the car. The engine had stopped of its own accord, and, though Harold lavished much physical force on the magic handle in front, nothing would budge. Maud and the old man both got down, the latter with relief.

"Stuck, eh?" said Dan. "No steam?"

"That's it!" Harold cried, slapping his leg. "What an ass I am! She wants petrol, that's all. Maud, pass a couple of cans. They're under the seat there, behind. No; on the left, child."

However, there was no petrol in the car.

"That's that cursed Durand" (Durand being the new chauffeur—French, to match the car). "I told him not to forget. Last thing I said to the fool! Maud, I shall chuck that chap!"

"Can't we do anything?" asked Maud stiffly, putting her lips together.

"We can walk back to Turnhill and buy some petrol, some of us!" snapped Harold. "That's what we can do!"

"Sithee," said Uncle Dan. "There's the Plume o' Feathers half-a-mile back. Th' landlord's a friend o' mine. I can borrow his mare and trap, and drive to Turnhill and fetch some o' thy petrol, as thou calls it."

"It's awfully good of you, uncle."

"Nay, lad, I'm doing it for please mysen. But Maud mun come wi' me. Give us th' money for th' petrol, as thou calls it."

"Then I must stay here alone?" Harold complained.

"Seemingly," the old man agreed.

After a few words on pigeons, and a glass of beer, Dan had no difficulty whatever in borrowing his friend's white mare and black trap. He himself helped in the harnessing. Just as he was driving triumphantly away, with that delicious vision Maud on his left hand and a stable-boy behind, he reined the mare in.

"Give us a couple o' penny smokes, matey," he said to the landlord, and lit one.

The mare could go, and Dan could make her go, and she did go. And then the whole turn-out looked extremely dashing when, ultimately, it dashed into the glare of the acetylene lamps which the deserted Harold had lighted on his car.

The red end of a penny smoke in the gloom of twilight looks exactly as well as the red end of an Havana.

Moreover, the mare caracolled ornamentally in the rays of the acetylene, and the stable-boy had to skid down quick and hold her head.

"How much didst say this traction-engine had cost thee?" Dan asked, while Harold was pouring the indispensable fluid into the tank.

"Not far off twelve hundred," answered Harold lightly. "Keep that cigar away from here."

"Fifteen pun' 'ud buy this mare," Dan announced to the road.

"Now, all aboard!" Harold commanded at length. "How much shall I give to the boy for the horse and trap, uncle?"

"Nothing," said Dan. "I havena' finished wi' that mare yet. Didst think I was going to trust mysen i' that thing o' yours again? I'll meet thee at Bleakridge, lad."

"And I think I'll go with uncle, too, Harold," said Maud.

Whereupon they both got into the trap.

Harold stared at them astounded.

"But I say——" he protested, beginning to be angry.

Uncle Dan drove away like the wind, and the stable-boy had all he could do to clamber up behind.

II

Now, at dinner-time that night, in the dining-room of the commodious and well-appointed mansion of the youngest and richest of the Etches, Uncle Dan stood waiting and waiting for his host and hostess to appear. He was wearing a Turkish tasseled smoking-cap to cover his baldness, and he had taken off his jacket and put on his light, loose overcoat instead of it, since that was a comfortable habit of his.

He sent one of the two parlormaids upstairs for his carpet slippers out of the carpet-bag, and he passed part of the time in changing his boots for his slippers in front of the fire. Then at length, just as a maid was staggering out under the load of those enormous boots, Harold appeared, very correct, but alone.

"Awfully sorry to keep you waiting, uncle," said Harold, "but Maud isn't well. She isn't coming down tonight."

"What's up wi' Maud?"

"Oh, goodness knows!" responded Harold gloomily. "She's not well—that's all."

"H'm!" said Dan. "Well, let's peck a bit."

So they sat down and began to peck a bit, aided by the two maids. Dan pecked with prodigious enthusiasm, but Harold was not in good pecking form. And as the dinner progressed, and Harold sent dish after dish up to his wife, and his wife returned dish after dish untouched, Harold's gloom communicated itself to the house in general.

One felt that if one had penetrated to the furthest corner of the furthest attic, a little parcel of spiritual gloom would have already arrived there. The sense of disaster was in the abode. The cook was prophesying like anything in the kitchen. Durand in the garage was meditating upon such of his master's pithy remarks as he had been able to understand.

When the dinner was over, and the coffee and liqueurs and cigars had been served, and the two maids had left the dining-room, Dan turned to his grandnephew and said—

"There's things as has changed since my time, lad, but human nature inna' one on 'em."

"What do you mean, uncle?" Harold asked awkwardly, self-consciously.

"I mean as thou'rt a dashed foo'!"

"Why?"

"But thou'lt get better o' that," said Dan.

Harold smiled sheepishly.

"I don't know what you're driving at, uncle," said he.

"Yes, thou dost, lad. Thou'st been and quarreled wi' Maud. And I say thou'rt a dashed foo'!"

"As a matter of fact——" Harold stammered.

"And ye've never quarreled afore. This is th' fust time. And so thou'st under th' impression that th' world's come to an end. Well, th' fust quarrel were bound to come sooner or later."

"It isn't really a quarrel—it's about nothing——"

"I know—I know," Dan broke in. "They always are. As for it not being a quarrel, lad, call it a picnic if thou'st a mind. But her's sulking upstairs, and thou'rt sulking down here."

"She was cross about the petrol," said Harold, glad to relieve his mind. "I hadn't a notion she was cross till I went up into the bedroom. Not a notion! I explained to her it wasn't my fault. I argued it out with her very calmly. I did my best to reason with her——"

"Listen here, young 'un," Dan interrupted him. "How old art?"

"Twenty-three."

"Thou may'st live another fifty years. If thou'st a mind to spend 'em i' peace, thoud'st better give up reasoning wi' women. Give it up right now! It's worse nor drink, as a habit. Kiss 'em, cuddle 'em, beat 'em. But dunna' reason wi' 'em."

"What should you have done in my place?" Harold asked.

"I should ha' told Maud her was quite right."

"But she wasn't."

"Then I should ha' winked at mysen i' th' glass," continued Dan, "and kissed her."

"That's all very well——"

"Naturally," said Dan, "her wanted to show off that car i' front o' me. That was but natural. And her was vexed when it went wrong."

"But I told her—I explained to her."

"Her's a handsome little wench," Dan proceeded. "And a good heart. But thou'st got ten times her brains, lad, and thou ought'st to ha' given in."

"But I can't always be——"

"It's allus them as gives in as has their own way. I remember her grandfather—he was th' eldest o' us—he quarreled wi' his wife afore they'd been married a week, and she raced him all over th' town wi' a besom——"

"With a besom, uncle?" exclaimed Harold, shocked at these family disclosures.

"Wi' a besom," said Dan. "That come o' reasoning wi' a woman. It taught him a lesson, I can tell thee. And afterwards he always said as nowt was worth a quarrel—*nowt!* And it isna'."

"I don't think Maud will race me all over the town with a besom," Harold remarked reflectively.

"There's worse things nor that," said Dan. "Look thee here, get out o' th' house for a' 'our. Go to th' Conservative Club, and then come back. Dost understand?"

"But what——"

"Hook it, lad!" said Dan curtly.

And just as Harold was leaving the room, like a schoolboy, he called him in again.

"I havena' told thee, Harold, as I'm subject to attacks. I'm getting up in years. I go off like. It isna' fits; but I go off. And if it should happen while I'm here, dunna' be alarmed."

"What are we to do?"

"Do nothing. I come round in a minute or two. Whatever ye do, dunna' give me brandy. It might kill me—so th' doctor says. I'm only telling thee in case."

"Well, I hope you won't have an attack," said Harold.

"It's a hundred to one I dunna'," said Dan. And Harold departed.

Soon afterwards Uncle Dan wandered into a kitchen full of servants.

60. **besom**, broom made of twigs. 68. **nowt**, nothing.

"Show me th' missis's bedroom, one on ye," he said to the crowd.

And presently he was knocking at Maud's door.

"Maudie!"

"Who is it?" came a voice.

"It's thy owd uncle. Can'st spare a minute?"

Maud appeared at the door, smiling and arrayed in a *peignoir*.

"*He's* gone out," said Dan, implying scorn of the person who had gone out. "Wilt come downstairs?"

"Where's he gone to?" Maud demanded.

She didn't even pretend she was ill.

"Th' Club," said Dan.

And in about a hundred seconds or so he had her in the drawing-room, and she was actually pouring out gin for him. She looked ravishing in that *peignoir*, especially as she was munching an apple, and balancing herself on the arm of a chair.

"So he's been quarreling with ye, Maud?" Dan began.

"No, not quarreling, uncle."

"Well, call it what ye'n a mind," said Dan. "Call it a prayer-meeting. I didn't notice as ye came down for supper—dinner, as ye call it."

"It was like this, uncle," she said. "Poor Harry was very angry with himself about that petrol. Of course, he wanted the car to go well while you were in it; and he came upstairs and grumbled at me for leaving him all alone and driving home with you."

"Oh, did he?" exclaimed Dan.

"Yes. I explained to him that of course I couldn't leave you all alone. Then he got hot. I kept quite calm. I reasoned it out with him as quietly as I could——"

"Maudie, Maudie," protested the old man, "thou'rt th' prettiest wench i' this town, though I *am* thy great-uncle, and thou'st got plenty o' brains—a sight more than that husband o' thine."

"Do you think so, uncle?"

"Ay, but thou hasna' made use o' 'em tonight. Thou'rt a foolish wench, wench. At thy time o' life, and after a year o' th' married state, thou ought'st to know better than reason wi' a man in a temper."

"But, really, uncle, it was so absurd of Harold, wasn't it?"

"Ay!" said Dan. "But why didst' na' give in and kiss him, and smack his face for him?"

"There was nothing to give in about, uncle."

"There never is," said Dan. "There never is. That's the point. Still, thou'rt nigh crying, wench."

"I'm not, uncle," she contradicted, the tears falling onto the apple.

"And Harold's using bad language all up Trafalgar Road, I lay," Dan added.

"It was all Harold's fault," said Maud.

"Why, in course it were Harold's fault. But nowt's worth a quarrel, my dear—*nowt*. I remember Harold's grandfeyther—he were th' second of us, your grandfeyther were the eldest, and I were the youngest—I remember Harold's grandfeyther chasing his wife all over th' town wi' a besom a week after they were married."

"With a besom!" murmured Maud, pained and forgetting to cry. "Harold's grandfather, not mine?"

"Wi' a besom," Dan repeated, nodding. "They never quarreled again—ne'er again. Th' old woman allus said after that as quarrels were for fools. And her was right."

"I don't see Harold chasing me across Bursley with a besom," said Maud primly. "But what you say is quite right, you dear old uncle. Men *are* queer—I mean husbands. You can't argue with them. You'd much better give in——"

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11. **peignoir**, French for *dressing-gown*.

"And have your own way after all."

"And perhaps Harold was——"

Harold's step could be heard in the hall.

"Oh, dear!" cried Maud. "What shall I do?"

"I'm not feeling very well," whispered Uncle Dan weakly. "I have these 'ere attacks sometimes. There's only one thing as'll do me any good—brandy."

And his head fell over one side of the chair, and he looked precisely like a corpse.

"Maud, what are you doing?" almost shouted Harold, when he came into the room.

She was putting a liqueur-glass to Uncle Dan's lips.

"Oh, Harold," she cried, "uncle's had an attack of some sort. I'm giving him some brandy."

"But you mustn't give him brandy," said Harold authoritatively to her.

"But I *must* give him brandy," said Maud. "He told me that brandy was the only thing to save him."

"Nonsense, child!" Harold persisted. "Uncle told *me* all about these attacks. They're perfectly harmless so long as he doesn't have brandy. The doctors have warned him that brandy will be fatal."

"Harold, you are absolutely mistaken. Don't you understand that uncle has only this minute told me that he *must* have brandy?"

And she again approached the glass to the pale lips of the old man. His tasseled Turkish smoking-cap had fallen to the floor, and the hemisphere of his bald head glittered under the gas.

"Maud, I forbid you!" And Harold put a hand on the glass. "It's a matter of life and death. You must have misunderstood uncle."

"It was you who misunderstood uncle," said Maud. "Of course, if you mean to prevent me by brute force——"

They both paused and glanced at Daniel, and then at each other.

"Perhaps you are right, dearest," said Harold, in a new tone.

"No, dearest," said Maud, also in the new tone. "I expect you are right. I must have misunderstood."

"No, no, Maud. Give him the brandy by all means. I've no doubt you're right."

"But if you think I'd better not give it him——"

"But I would prefer you to give it him, dearest, It isn't likely you would be mistaken in a thing like that."

"I would prefer to be guided by you, dearest," said Maud.

So they went on for several minutes, each giving way to the other in the most angelic manner.

"*And meantime I'm supposed to be dying, am I?*" roared Uncle Dan, suddenly sitting up. "You'd let th' old uncle peg out while you practice his precepts! A nice pair you make! I thought for see which on ye 'ud give way to the other, but I didn't anticipate as both on ye 'ud be ready to sacrifice my life for the sake o' domestic peace."

"But, uncle," they both said later, amid the universal and yet rather shamefaced peace rejoicings, "you said *nothing* was worth a quarrel."

"And I said right," answered Uncle Dan; "I said right. Th' divorce court is full o' fools as have begun married life by trying to convince the other fool—instead o' humoring him—or *her*. Kiss us, Maud."

ACME*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

In these days no man of genius need starve. The following story of my friend Bruce may be taken as proof of this assertion. Nearly sixty when I first knew him, he must have written

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already some fifteen books, which had earned him the reputation of "a genius" with the few who know. He used to live in York Street, Adelphi, where he had two rooms up the very shaky staircase of a house chiefly remarkable for the fact that its front door seemed always open. I suppose there never was a writer more indifferent to what people thought of him. He profoundly neglected the press—not with one of those neglects which grow on writers from reading reviews of their own works—he seemed never to read criticism, but with the basic neglect of "an original," a nomadic spirit, a stranger in modern civilization, who would leave his attics for long months of wandering and come back there to hibernate and write a book. He was a tall, thin man, with a face rather like Mark Twain's, black eyebrows which bristled and shot up, a bitten, drooping, gray moustache, and fuzzy gray hair; but his eyes were like owl's eyes, piercing, melancholy, dark brown, and gave to his rugged face the extraordinary expression of a spirit remote from the flesh which had captured it. He was a bachelor, who seemed to avoid women; perhaps they had "learned" him that; for he must have been very attractive to them.

The year of which I write had been to my friend Bruce the devil, monetarily speaking. With his passion for writing that for which his age had no taste—what could he expect? His last book had been a complete frost. He had undergone, too, an operation which had cost him much money and left him very weak. When I went to see him that October I found him stretched out on two chairs, smoking the Brazilian cigarettes which he affected—and which always affected me, so black and strong they were, in their yellow maize-leaf coverings. He had a writing-pad on his knee, and sheets of paper scattered all around. The room had a very meager look. I had not seen him for a year and more, but he looked up at me as if I'd been in yesterday.

"Hallo!" he said. "I went into a thing they call a cinema last night. Have you ever been?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has been going? Since about 1900."

"Well! What a *thing!* I'm writing a skit on it!"

"How—a skit?"

"Parody—wildest yarn you ever read."

He took up a sheet of paper and began chuckling to himself.

"My heroine," he said, "is an Octoroon. Her eyes swim, and her lovely bosom heaves. Everybody wants her, and she's more virtuous than words can say. The situations she doesn't succumb to would freeze your blood; they'd roast your marrow. She has a perfect devil of a brother with whom she was brought up, and who knows her deep dark secret and wants to trade her off to a millionaire who also has a deep dark secret. Altogether there are four deep dark secrets in my yarn. It's a corker."

"What a waste of your time!" I said.

"My time!" he answered fiercely. "What's the use of my time? Nobody buys my books."

"Who's attending you?"

"Doctors! They take your money, that's all. I've got no money. Don't talk about me!" Again he took up a sheet of manuscript, and chuckled.

"Last night—at that place—they had—good God!—a race between a train and a motor-car. Well, I've got one between a train, a motor-car, a flying machine, and a horse."

I sat up.

"May I have a look at your skit," I said, "when you've finished it?"

"It *is* finished. Wrote it straight

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56. **cinema**, moving-picture show.

off. D'you think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that?" He gathered the sheets and held them out to me. "Take the thing—it's amused me to do it. The heroine's secret is that she isn't an Octoroon at all; she's a De La Casse—purest Creole blood of the South; and her villainous brother isn't her brother; and the bad millionaire isn't a millionaire; and her penniless lover is. It's rich, I tell you!"

"Thanks," I said dryly, and took the sheets.

I went away concerned about my friend, his illness and his poverty, especially his poverty, for I saw no end to it.

After dinner that evening I began languidly to read his skit. I had not read two pages of the thirty-five before I started up, sat down again, and feverishly read on. Skit! By George! He had written a perfect scenario—or, rather, that which wanted the merest professional touching-up to be perfect. I was excited. It was a little gold-mine if properly handled. Any good film company, I felt convinced, would catch at it. Yes! But how to handle it? Bruce was such an unaccountable creature, such a wild old bird! Imagine his having only just realized the cinema! If I told him his skit was a serious film, he would say: "Good God!" and put it in the fire, priceless though it was. And yet, how could I market it without *carte blanche*, and how get *carte blanche* without giving my discovery away? I was deathly keen on getting some money for him; and this thing, properly worked, might almost make him independent. I felt as if I had a priceless museum piece which a single stumble might shatter to fragments. The tone of his voice when he spoke of the cinema—"What a *thing!*"—kept coming back to me. He was prickly proud, too—very difficult about money. Could I work it without telling him anything? I knew he never looked at a newspaper. But should I be justified in taking advantage of that—in getting the thing accepted and produced without his knowing? I revolved the question for hours, and went to see him again next day.

He was reading.

"Hallo! You again? What do you think of this theory—that the Egyptians derive from a Saharan civilization?"

"I don't think," I said.

"It's nonsense. This fellow——"

I interrupted him.

"Do you want that skit back, or can I keep it?"

"Skit? What skit?"

"The thing you gave me yesterday."

"That! Light your fire with it. This fellow——"

"Yes," I said; "I'll light a fire with it. I see you're busy."

"Oh, no! I'm not," he said. "I've nothing to do. What's the good of my writing? I earn less and less with every book that comes out. I'm dying of poverty."

"That's because you won't consider the public."

"How can I consider the public when I don't know what they want?"

"Because you won't take the trouble to find out. If I suggested a way to you of pleasing the public and making money you'd kick me out of the room."

And the words: "For instance, I've got a little gold-mine of yours in my pocket," were on the tip of my tongue, but I choked them back. "Daren't risk it!" I thought. "He's given you the thing. *Carte blanche—cartes serrés!*"

I took the gold-mine away and promptly rough-shaped it for the film. It was perfectly easy, without any alteration of the story. Then I was faced with the temptation to put his

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38. **carte blanche**, permission to act freely.

93. **cartes serrés**, cards shuffled.

name to it. The point was this: If I took it to a film company as an authorless scenario I should only get authorless terms; whereas, if I put his name to it, with a little talking I could double the terms at least. The film public didn't know his name, of course, but the inner literary public did, and it's wonderful how you can impress the market with the word "genius" judiciously used. It was too dangerous, however; and at last I hit on a middle course. I would take it to them with no name attached, but tell them it was by "a genius" and suggest that they could make capital out of the incognito. I knew they would feel it *was* by a genius.

I took it to an excellent company next day with a covering note saying: "The author, a man of recognized literary genius, for certain reasons prefers to remain unknown." They took a fortnight in which to rise, but they rose. They had to. The thing was too good in itself. For a week I played them over terms. Twice I delivered an ultimatum—twice they surrendered; they knew too well what they had got. I could have made a contract with two thousand pounds down which would have brought at least another two thousand pounds before the contract term closed; but I compounded for one that gave me three thousand pounds down as likely to lead to less difficulty with Bruce. The terms were not a whit too good for what was really the "acme" of scenarios. If I could have been quite open I could certainly have done better. Finally, however, I signed the contract, delivered the manuscript and received a check for the price. I was elated, and at the same time knew that my troubles were just beginning. With Bruce's feeling about the film how the deuce should I get him to take the money? Could I go to his publishers and conspire with them to trickle it out to him gradually as if it came from his books? That meant letting them into the secret; besides, he was too used to receiving practically nothing from his books; it would lead him to make inquiry, and the secret was bound to come out. Could I get a lawyer to spring an inheritance on him? That would mean no end of lying and elaboration, even if a lawyer would consent. Should I send him the money in Bank of England notes with the words: "From a lifelong admirer of your genius"? I was afraid he would suspect a trick, or stolen notes, and go to the police to trace them. Or should I just go, put the check on the table, and tell him the truth?

The question worried me terribly, for I didn't feel entitled to consult others who knew him. It was the sort of thing that, if talked over, would certainly leak out. It was not desirable, however, to delay cashing a big check like that. Besides, they had started on the production. It happened to be a slack time, with a dearth of good films, so that they were rushing it on. And in the meantime there was Bruce—starved of everything he wanted, unable to get away for want of money, depressed about his health and his future. And yet so completely had he always seemed to me different, strange, superior to this civilization of ours, that the idea of going to him and saying simply: "This is yours, for the film you wrote," scared me. I could hear his: "I? Write for the cinema? What do you mean?"

When I came to think of it, I had surely taken an extravagant liberty in marketing the thing without consulting him. I felt he would never forgive that, and my feeling toward him was so affectionate, even reverential, that I simply hated the idea of being wiped out of his good books.

At last I hit on a way that by introducing my own interest might break my fall. I cashed the check, lodged the money at my bank, drew my own check on it for the full amount, and, armed with that and the contract, went to see him.

He was lying on two chairs smoking his Brazilians and playing with a stray cat which had attached itself to him. He seemed rather less prickly than usual, and, after beating about the bushes of his health and other matters, I began:

"I've got a confession to make, Bruce."

"Confession!" he said. "What confession?"

"You remember that skit on the film you wrote and gave me about six weeks ago?"

"No."

"Yes, you do—about an Octoroon."

He chuckled. "Oh! ah! That!"

I took a deep breath, and went on:

"Well, I sold it; and the price of course belongs to you."

"What? Who'd print a thing like that?"

"It isn't printed. It's been made into a film—super-film, they call it."

His hand came to a pause on the cat's back, and he glared at me. I hastened on:

"I ought to have told you what I was doing, but you're so prickly, and you've got such confounded superior notions. I thought if I did you'd be biting off your nose to spite your own face. The fact is it made a marvelous scenario. Here's the contract, and here's a check on my bank for the price—three thousand pounds. If you like to treat me as your agent, you owe me three hundred pounds. I don't expect it, but I'm not proud like you, and I shan't sneeze."

"Good God!" he said.

"Yes, I know. But it's all nonsense, Bruce. You can carry scruples to altogether too great length. Tainted source! Everything's tainted, if you come to that. The film's a quite justified expression of modern civilization—a natural outcome of the age. It gives amusement; it affords pleasure. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, and we *are* cheap, and it's no use pretending we're not—not you, of course, Bruce, but people at large. A vulgar age wants vulgar amusement, and if we can give it that amusement we ought to; life's not too cheery, anyway."

The glare in his eyes was almost paralyzing me, but I managed to stammer on:

"You live out of the world—you don't realize what humdrum people want; something to balance the grayness, the—the banality of their lives. They want blood, thrill, sensation of all sorts. You didn't mean to give it them, but you have, you've done them a benefit, whether you wish to or not, and the money's yours and you've got to take it."

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited for the storm to burst.

"I know," I dashed on, "that you hate and despise the film——"

Suddenly his voice boomed out:

"Bosh! What are you talking about? Film! I go there every other night."

It was my turn to say: "Good God!" And ramming contract and check into his empty hand, I bolted, closely followed by the cat.

UNDER THE LION'S PAW

HAMLIN GARLAND

I

It was the last of autumn and first day of winter coming together. All day long the plowmen on their prairie farms had moved to and fro on their wide level fields through the falling snow, which melted as it fell, wetting them to the skin—all day, notwithstanding the frequent squalls of snow, the dripping, desolate clouds, and the muck of the furrows, black and tenacious as tar.

Under their dripping harness the horses swung to and fro silently, with that marvelous uncomplaining patience which marks the horse. All day the wild geese, honking wildly, as they sprawled sidewise down the wind, seemed to be fleeing from an enemy behind, and with neck out-thrust and wings extended, sailed down the wind, soon lost to sight.

Yet the plowman behind his plow, though the snow lay on his ragged great-coat, and the cold clinging mud rose on his heavy boots, fettering him like gyves, whistled in the very beard of the gale. As day passed, the snow, ceasing to melt, lay along the plowed land, and lodged in the depth of the stubble, till on each slow round the last furrow stood out black and shining as jet between the plowed land and the gray stubble.

When night began to fall, and the geese, flying low, began to alight invisibly in the near cornfield, Stephen Council was still at work "finishing a land." He rode on his sulky-plow when going with the wind, but walked when facing it. Sitting bent and cold but cheery under his slouch hat, he talked encouragingly to his four-in-hand.

"Come round there, boys!—Round agin! We got t' finish this land. Come in there, Dan! *Stiddy*, Kate—stiddy! None o' y'r tantrums, Kittie. It's purty tuff, but got a be did. *Tchk! tchk!* Step along, Pete! Don't let Kate git y'r single-tree on the wheel. *Once* more!"

They seemed to know what he meant, and that this was the last round, for they worked with greater vigor than before.

"Once more, boys, an' then sez I oats an' a nice warm stall, an' sleep f'r all."

By the time the last furrow was turned on the land it was too dark to see the house, and the snow was changing to rain again. The tired and hungry man could see the light from the kitchen shining through the leafless hedge, and he lifted a great shout, "Supper f'r half a dozen!"

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time he had finished his chores and started for supper. He was picking his way carefully through the mud, when the tall form of a man loomed up before him with a premonitory cough.

"Waddy ye want?" was the rather startled question of the farmer.

"Well, ye see," began the stranger, in a deprecating tone, "we'd like t' git in f'r the night. We've tried every house f'r the last two miles, but they hadn't any room f'r us. My wife's jest about sick, 'n' the children are cold and hungry——"

"Oh, y' want 'o stay all night, eh?"

"Yes, sir; it 'ud be a great accom——"

"Waal, I don't make it a practice t' turn anybudy away hungry, not on sech nights as this. Drive right in. We ain't got much, but sech as it is——"

But the stranger had disappeared. And soon his steaming, weary team, with drooping heads and swinging single-trees, moved past the well to the block beside the path. Council stood at the side of the "schooner" and helped the children out—two little half-sleeping children—and then a small woman with a babe in her arms.

"There ye go!" he shouted, jovially, to the children. "*Now* we're all right! Run right along to the house there, an' tell Mam' Council you wants sumpthin' t' eat. Right this way, Mis'—keep right off t' the right there. I'll go an' git a lantern. Come," he said to the dazed and silent group at his side.

"Mother," he shouted as he neared the fragrant and warmly-lighted kitchen, "here are some wayfarers an' folks who need sumpthin' t' eat an' a place t' snooze." He ended by pushing them all in.

Mrs. Council, a large, jolly, rather coarse-looking woman, took the children in her arms. "Come right in, you little rabbits. 'Most asleep, hey? Now here's a drink o' milk f'r each o' ye. I'll have s'm tea in a minute. Take off y'r things and set up t' the fire."

While she set the children to drinking milk, Council got out his lantern and went out to the barn to help the stranger about his team, where his loud, hearty voice could be heard as it came and went between the haymow and the stalls.

The woman came to light as a small, timid, and discouraged-looking woman, but still pretty, in a thin and sorrowful way.

"Land sakes! An' you've traveled all the way from Clear Lake t'day in this mud! Waal! waal! No wonder you're all tired out. Don't wait f'r the men, Mis'——" She hesitated for the name.

"Haskins."

"Mis' Haskins, set right up to the table an' take a good swig o' tea whilst I make y' s'm toast. It's green tea, an' it's good. I tell Council as I git old I don't seem to enjoy Young Hyson n'r Gunpowder. I want the reel green tea, jest as it comes off'n the vines. Seems t' have more heart in it some way. Don't s'pose it has. Council says it's all in m' eye."

Going on in this easy way, she soon had the children filled with bread and milk and the woman thoroughly at home, eating some toast and sweetmelon pickles, and sipping the tea.

"See the little rats!" she laughed at the children. "They're full as they can stick now, and they want to go to bed. Now, don't git up, Mis' Haskins; set right where you are an' let me look after 'em. I know all about young ones, though I'm all alone now. Jane went an' married last fall. But, as I tell Council, it's lucky we keep our health. Set right there, Mis' Haskins; I won't have you stir a finger."

It was an unmeasured pleasure to sit there in the warm, homely kitchen, the jovial chatter of the housewife driving out and holding at bay the growl of the impotent, cheated wind.

The little woman's eyes filled with tears which fell down upon the sleeping baby in her arms. The world was not so desolate and cold and hopeless, after all.

"Now I hope Council won't stop out there and talk politics all night. He's the greatest man to talk politics an' read the *Tribune*——How old is it?"

She broke off and peered down at the face of the babe.

"Two months 'n' five days," said the mother, with a mother's exactness.

"Ye don't say! I want 'o know! The dear little pudzy-wudzy!" she went on, stirring it up in the neighborhood of the ribs with her fat forefinger. "Pooty tough on 'oo to go gallivant'n' 'cross lots this way——"

"Yes, that's so; a man can't lift a mountain," said Council entering the door. "Mother, this is Mr. Haskins, from Kansas. He's been eat up 'n' drove out by grasshoppers."

"Glad t' see yeh!—Pa, empty that wash-basin 'n' give him a chance t' wash."

Haskins was a tall man, with a thin, gloomy face. His hair was a reddish brown, like his coat, and seemed equally faded by the wind and sun. And his sallow face, though hard and set, was pathetic somehow. You would have felt that he had suffered much, by the line of his mouth showing under his thin yellow mustache.

"Hain't Ike got home yet, Sairy?"

"Hain't seen 'im."

"W-a-a-l, set right up, Mr. Haskins; wade right into what we've got; 'tain't much, but we manage to live on it—she gits fat on it," laughed Council, pointing his thumb at his wife.

After supper, while the women put the children to bed, Haskins and Council talked on, seated near the huge cooking-stove, the steam rising from their wet clothing. In the western fashion Council told as much of his own life as he drew from his guest. He asked but few questions, but by and by the story of Haskins' struggles and defeat came out. The story was a terrible one, but he told it quietly, seated with his elbows on his knees, gazing most of the time at the hearth.

"I didn't like the looks of the country, anyhow," Haskins said, partly rising and glancing at his wife. "I was ust t' northern Ingyannie, where we have lots o' timber 'n' lots o' rain, 'n' I didn't like the looks o' that dry prairie. What galled me the worst was goin' s' far away acrosst so much fine land layin' all through here vacant."

"And the 'hoppers eat ye four years hand runnin', did they?"

"Eat! They wiped us out. They chawed everything that was green. They jest set around waitin' f'r us to die t' eat us, too. My God! I ust t' dream of 'em sittin' 'round on the bedpost, six feet long, workin' their jaws. They et the fork-handles. They got worse 'n' worse till they jest rolled on one another, piled up like snow in winter. Well, it ain't no use. If I was t' talk all winter I couldn't tell nawthin'. But all the while I couldn't help thinkin' of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin' that I ought o' had stead o' bein' out there in that cussed country."

"Waal, why didn't ye stop an' settle here?" asked Ike, who had come in and was eating his supper.

"Fer the simple reason that you fellers wantid ten 'r fifteen dollars an acre fer the bare land, and I hadn't no money fer that kind o' thing."

"Yes, I do my own work," Mrs. Council was heard to say in the pause which followed. "I'm gettin' purty heavy t' be on m' laigs all day, but we can't afford t' hire, so I keep rackin' around somehow, like a foundered horse. S' lame—I tell Council he can't tell how lame I am, f'r I'm jest as lame in one laig as t'other" And the good soul laughed at the joke on herself as she took a handful of flour and dusted the biscuit-board to keep the dough from sticking.

"Well, I hain't *never* been very strong," said Mrs. Haskins. "Our folks was Canadians an' small-boned, and then since my last child I hain't got up again fairly. I don't like t' complain. Tim has about all he can bear now—but they was days this week when I jest wanted to lay right down an' die."

"Wall, now, I'll tell ye," said Council, from his side of the stove, silencing everybody with his good-natured roar, "I'd go down and *see* Butler, *anyway*, if I was you. I guess he'd let you have his place purty cheap; the farm's all run down. He's ben anxious t' let t' somebuddy next year. It 'ud be a good chance fer you. Anyhow, you go to bed and sleep like a babe. I've got some plowing t' do, anyhow, an' we'll see if somethin' can't be done about your case. Ike, you go out an' see if the horses is all right, an' I'll show the folks t' bed."

When the tired husband and wife were lying under the generous quilts of the spare bed, Haskins listened a moment to the wind in the eaves, and then said, with a slow and solemn tone:

"There are people in this world who are good enough t' be angels an' only haff t' die to *be* angels."

II

Jim Butler was one of those men called in the West "land poor." Early in the history of Rock River he had come into the town and started in the grocery business in a small way, occupying a small building in a mean part of the town. At this period of his life he earned all he got, and was up early and late sorting beans, working over butter, and carting his goods to and from the station. But a change came over him at the end of the second year, when he sold a lot of land for four times what he paid for it. From that time forward he believed in land speculation as the surest way of getting rich. Every cent he could save or spare from his trade he put into land at forced sale, or mortgages on land, which were "just as good as the wheat," he was accustomed to say.

Farm after farm fell into his hands, until he was recognized as one of the leading landowners of the county. His mortgages were scattered all over Cedar County, and as they slowly but surely fell in he sought usually to retain the former owner as tenant.

He was not ready to foreclose; indeed, he had the name of being one of the "easiest" men in the town. He let the debtor off again and again, extending the time whenever possible.

"I don't want y'r land," he said. "All I'm after is the int'rest on my money—that's all. Now, if y' want 'o stay on the farm, why, I'll give y' a good chance. I can't have the land layin' vacant." And in many cases the owner remained as tenant.

In the meantime he had sold his store; he couldn't spend time in it; he was mainly occupied now with sitting around town on rainy days smoking and "gassin' with the boys," or in riding to and from his farms. In fishing time he fished a good deal. Doc Grimes, Ben Ashley, and Cal Cheatham were his cronies on these fishing excursions or hunting trips for chickens or partridges. In winter they went to northern Wisconsin to shoot deer.

In spite of all these signs of easy life Butler persisted in saying he "hadn't enough money to pay taxes on his land," and was careful to convey the impression that he was poor in spite of his twenty farms. At one time he was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but land had been a little slow of sale of late, so that he was not worth so much.

A fine farm, known as the Higley place, had fallen into his hands in the usual way the previous year, and he had not been able to find a tenant for it. Poor Higley, after working himself nearly to death on it in the attempt to lift the mortgage, had gone off to Dakota, leaving the farm and his curse to Butler.

This was the farm which Council advised Haskins to apply for; and the next day Council hitched up his team and drove down town to see Butler.

"You jest let *me* do the talkin'," he said. "We'll find him wearin' out his pants on some salt barrel somew'ers; and if he thought you *wanted* a place he'd sock it to you hot and heavy. You jest keep quiet; I'll fix 'im."

Butler was seated in Ben Ashley's store telling fish yarns, when Council sauntered in casually.

"Hello, But; lyin' agin, hey?"

"Hello, Steve! how goes it?"

"Oh, so-so. Too dang much rain in these days. I thought it was goin' t' freeze up f'r good last night. Tight squeak if I get m' plowin' done. How's farmin' with *you* these days?"

"Bad. Plowin' ain't half done."

"It 'ud be a religious idee f'r you t' go out an' take a hand y'rself."

"I don't haff to," said Butler, with a wink.

"Got anybody on the Higley place?"

"No. Know of anybody?"

"Wall, no; not eggsackly. I've got a relation back t' Michigan who's ben hot an' cold on the idee o' comin' West f'r some time. *Might* come if he could get a good lay-out. What do you talk on the farm?"

"Well, I d' know. I'll rent it on shares or I'll rent it money rent."

"Wall, how much money, say?"

"Well, say ten per cent, on the price —two-fifty."

"Wall, that ain't bad. Wait on 'im till 'e thrashes?"

Haskins listened eagerly to his important question, but Council was coolly eating a dried apple which he had speared out of a barrel with his knife. Butler studied him carefully.

"Well, knocks me out of twenty-five dollars interest."

"My relation'll need all he's got t' git his crops in," said Council, in the safe indifferent way.

"Well, all right; *say* wait," concluded Butler.

"All right; this is the man. Haskins, this is Mr. Butler—no relation to Ben —the hardest working man in Cedar county."

On the way home, Haskins said: "I ain't much better off. I'd like that farm; it's a good farm, but it's all run down, an' so'm I. I could make a good farm of it if I had half a show. But I can't stock it n'r seed it."

"Wall, now, don't you worry," roared Council in his ear. "We'll pull y' through somehow till next harvest. He's agreed t' hire it plowed, an' you can earn a hundred dollars plowin' an' y' c'n git the seed o' me, an' pay me back when y' can."

Haskins was silent with emotion, but at last he said: "I ain't got nothin' t' live on."

"Now don't you worry 'bout that. You jest make your headquarters at ol' Steve Council's. Mother 'll take a pile o' comfort in havin' y'r wife an' children 'round. Y' see, Jane's married off lately, an' Ike's away a good 'eal, so we'll be darn glad t' have y' stop with us this winter. Nex' spring we'll see if y' can't git a start agin." And he chirruped to the team, which sprang forward with the rumbling, clattering wagon.

"Say, looky here, Council, you can't do this. I never saw——" shouted Haskins in his neighbor's ear.

Council moved about uneasily in his seat and stopped his stammering gratitude by saying, "Hold on, now; don't make such a fuss over a little thing. When I see a man down, an' things all on top of 'm, I jest like t' kick 'em off an' help 'm up. That's the kind of religion I got, an' it's about the *only* kind."

They rode the rest of the way home in silence. And when the red light of the lamp shone out into the darkness of the cold and windy night, and he thought of this refuge for his children and wife, Haskins could have put his arm around the neck of his burly companion and squeezed him like a lover. But he contented himself with saying: "Steve Council, you'll git y'r pay f'r this some day!"

"Don't want any pay. My religion ain't run on such business principles."

The wind was growing colder, and the ground was covered with a white frost, as they turned into the gate of the Council farm, and the children came rushing out, shouting, "Papa's come!" They hardly looked like the same children who had sat at the table the night before. Their torpidity under the influence of sunshine and Mother Council had given way to a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness, as insects in winter revive when laid on the hearth.

III

Haskins worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic woman that she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the

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23. **Ben,** Benjamin F. Butler (1818-1893), a general and politician who ran for the presidency of the People's Party ticket in 1884. He was consequently well known in the West.

darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy drove a team all through the spring, plowing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man.

An infinitely pathetic but common figure—this boy on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he staggered with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden plowed and planted, and the house mended.

Council had given them four of his cows.

"Take 'em and run 'em on shares. I don't want a milk s' many. Ike's away s' much now, Sat'dys an' Sund'ys, I can't stand the bother anyhow."

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the new-comer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of re-renting or buying at the end of the term.

"It's a good bargain, an' y' want 'o nail it," said Council. "If you have any kind ov a crop, you c'n pay y'r debts, an' keep seed an' bread."

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife grew great almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and rustle and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

"Have ye seen the wheat t'day, Nettie?" he asked one night as he rose from supper.

"No, Tim, I ain't had time."

"Well, take time now. Le's go look at it."

She threw an old hat on her head—Tommy's hat—and looking almost pretty in her thin sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

"Ain't it grand, Nettie? Just look at it."

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of wealth, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

"Oh, I think—I *hope* we'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!"

"Yes; I don't know where we'd be t'day if it hadn't ben for Council and his wife."

"They're the best people in the world," said the little woman, with a great sob of gratitude.

"We'll be in the field on Monday, sure," said Haskins, gripping the rail on the fence as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came, bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briers, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his man toiled on. Tommy drove the harvester, while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field, shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till his anxious wife came out at ten o'clock to call him in to rest and lunch.

At the same time she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her husband kept at the shocking.

No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man thought himself a free man, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf a little farther from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within—these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this homelessness, and the fear of its coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

IV

" 'M, yes; 'm, yes; first rate," said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pig-pen, and the well-filled barnyard. "You're git'n quite a stock around yeh. Done well, eh?"

Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

"Yes, I've laid out a good deal of money during the last three years. I've paid out three hundred dollars f'r fencin'."

"Um-h'm! I see, I see," said Butler while Haskins went on:

"The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn ain't cost much in money, but I've put a lot o' time on it. I've dug a new well, and I——"

"Yes, yes. I see! You've done well. Stawk worth a thousand dollars," said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

"About that," said Haskins, modestly. "We begin to feel 's if we was git'n' a home f'r ourselves; but we've worked hard. I tell you we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we're goin' t' begin to ease up purty soon. We've been kind of plannin' a trip back t' *her* folks after the fall plowin's done."

"*Eggs*-actly!" said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. "I suppose you've kind o' cal'c'lated on stayin' here three years more?"

"Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you'll give me a reasonable show."

"Um-m! What do you call a reasonable show?"

"Wal' say a quarter down and three years' time."

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat, which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumerably. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, "Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay f'r the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it for before, two thousand five hundred, or *possibly* three thousand dollars," he added quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars," said Butler, in a careless and decided voice.

"*What!*" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why, that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course; and it's worth it. It was all run down then; now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But *you* had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work an' my money."

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all my——"

"Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sand-bag; he couldn't think; he stammered as he tried to say: "But—I never 'd git the use—— You'd rob me! More'n that: you agreed—you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at—"

"That's all right. But I didn't say I'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is doubled in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; an' now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or—git out."

He was turning away when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

"But *you've* done nothing to make it so. You hain't added a cent. I put it all there myself, expectin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' for myself an' babes—"

"Well, why didn't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?"

"I'm kickin' about payin' you twice f'r my own things—my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden."

Butler laughed. "You're too green t' eat, young feller. *Your* improvements! The law will sing another tune."

"But I trusted your word."

"Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides I didn't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it."

"I don't care if they do. It's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money—the work o' my hands and my wife's." He broke down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

"But I don't take it," said Butler coolly. "All you've got to do is to go on jest as you've been a-doin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten per cent on the rest."

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats near by, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plow; he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking time, with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

"I think you're a thief and a liar!" shouted Haskins, leaping up. "A black-hearted houn'!" Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap he caught a fork in his hands, and whirled it in the air. "You'll never rob another man, damn ye!" he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised—a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall there came a gush of faint, childish laughter and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sunbright head of his baby girl, as, with the pretty tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the dooryard. His hands relaxed; the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

"Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line agin; if y' do, I'll kill ye."

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs, drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny pile of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

THE MISSION OF JANE*

EDITH WHARTON

I

Lethbury, surveying his wife across the dinner table, found his transient glance arrested by an indefinable change in her appearance.

"How smart you look! Is that a new gown?" he asked.

Her answering look seemed to deprecate his charging her with the extravagance of wasting a new gown on him, and he now perceived that the change lay deeper than any accident of dress. At the same time, he noticed that she betrayed her consciousness of it by a delicate, almost frightened blush. It was one of the compensations of Mrs. Lethbury's protracted childishness that she still blushed as prettily as at eighteen. Her body had been privileged not to outstrip her mind, and the two, as it seemed to Lethbury, were destined to travel together through an eternity of girlishness.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

Since she never did, he always wondered at her bringing this out as a fresh grievance against him; but his wonder was unresentful, and he said good humoredly: "You sparkle so that I thought you had on your diamonds."

She sighed and blushed again.

"It must be," he continued, "that you've been to a dressmaker's opening. You're absolutely brimming with illicit enjoyment."

She stared again, this time at the adjective. His adjectives always embarrassed her; their unintelligibleness savored of impropriety.

"In short," he summed up, "you've been doing something that you're thoroughly ashamed of."

To his surprise she retorted: "I don't see why I should be ashamed of it!"

Lethbury leaned back with a smile of enjoyment. When there was nothing better going he always liked to listen to her explanations.

"Well—?" he said.

She was becoming breathless and ejaculatory. "Of course you'll laugh —you laugh at everything!"

"That rather blunts the point of my derision, doesn't it?" he inter-

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jected; but she pushed on without noticing:

"It's so easy to laugh at things."

"Ah," murmured Lethbury with relish, "that's Aunt Sophronia's, isn't it?"

Most of his wife's opinions were heirlooms, and he took a quaint pleasure in tracing their descent. She was proud of their age, and saw no reason for discarding them while they were still serviceable. Some, of course, were so fine that she kept them for state occasions, like her great-grandmother's Crown Derby; but from the lady known as Aunt Sophronia she had inherited a stout set of every-day prejudices that were practically as good as new; whereas her husband's as she noticed, were always having to be replaced. In the early days she had fancied there might be a certain satisfaction in taxing him with the fact; but she had long since been silenced by the reply: "My dear, I'm not a rich man, but I never use an opinion twice if I can help it."

She was reduced, therefore, to dwelling on his moral deficiencies; and one of the most obvious of these was his refusal to take things seriously. On this occasion, however, some ulterior purpose kept her from taking up his taunt.

"I'm not in the least ashamed!" she repeated, with the air of shaking a banner to the wind; but the domestic atmosphere being calm, the banner drooped unheroically.

"That," said Lethbury judicially, "encourages me to infer that you ought to be, and that, consequently, you've been giving yourself the unusual pleasure of doing something I shouldn't approve of."

She met this with an almost solemn directness. "No," she said. "You won't approve of it. I've allowed for that."

"Ah," he exclaimed, setting down his liquor glass. "You've worked out the whole problem, eh?"

"I believe so."

"That's uncommonly interesting. And what is it?"

She looked at him quietly. "A baby."

If it was seldom given her to surprise him, she had attained the distinction for once.

"A baby?"

"Yes."

"A—human baby?"

"Of course!" she cried, with the virtuous resentment of the woman who has never allowed dogs in the house.

Lethbury's puzzled stare broke into a fresh smile. "A baby I sha'n't approve of? Well, in the abstract I don't think much of them, I admit. Is this an abstract baby?"

Again she frowned at the adjective; but she had reached a pitch of exaltation at which such obstacles could not deter her.

"It's the loveliest baby—" she murmured.

"Ah, then it's concrete. It exists. In this harsh world it draws its breath in pain—"

"It's the healthiest child I ever saw!" she indignantly corrected.

"You've seen it, then?"

Again the accusing blush suffused her. "Yes—I've seen it."

"And to whom does the paragon belong?"

And here indeed she confounded him. "To me—I hope," she declared.

He pushed his chair back with an articulate murmur. "To *you*—?"

"To *us*," she corrected.

"Good Lord!" he said. If there had been the least hint of hallucination in her transparent gaze—but no: it was as clear, as shallow, as easily fathomable as when he had first suffered the sharp surprise of striking bottom in it.

It occurred to him that perhaps she was trying to be funny; he knew that there is nothing more cryptic than the humor of the unhumorous.

"Is it a joke?" he faltered.

"Oh, I hope not. I want it so much to be a reality—"

He paused to smile at the limitations of a world in which jokes were not realities, and continued gently: "But since it is one already—"

"To us, I mean—to you and me. I want—" her voice wavered, and her eyes with it. "I have always wanted so dreadfully . . . it has been such a disappointment . . . not to . . ."

"I see," said Lethbury slowly.

But he had not seen before. It seemed curious now that he had never thought of her taking it in that way, had never surmised any hidden depths beneath her outspread obviousness. He felt as though he had touched a secret spring in her mind.

There was a moment's silence, moist and tremulous on her part, awkward and slightly irritated on his.

"You've been lonely, I suppose?" he began. It was odd, having suddenly to reckon with the stranger who gazed at him out of her trivial eyes.

"At times," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"It was not your fault. A man has so many occupations; and women who are clever—or very handsome—I suppose that's an occupation too. Sometimes I've felt that when dinner was ordered I had nothing to do till the next day."

"Oh," he groaned.

"It wasn't your fault," she insisted. "I never told you—but when I chose that rose-bud paper for the front room upstairs, I always thought—"

"Well—?"

"It would be such a pretty paper—for a baby—to wake up in. That was years ago, of course; but it was rather an expensive paper . . . and it hasn't faded in the least . : ." she broke off incoherently.

"It hasn't faded?"

"No—and so I thought . . . as we don't use the room for anything . . . now that Aunt Sophronia is dead . . . I thought I might . . . you might . . . oh, Julian, if you could only have seen it just waking up in its crib!"

"Seen what—where? You haven't got a baby upstairs?"

"Oh, no—not *yet*," she said, with her rare laugh—the girlish bubbling of merriment that had seemed one of her chief graces in the early days. It occurred to him that he had not given her enough things to laugh about lately. But then she needed such very elementary things; she was as difficult to amuse as a savage. He concluded that he was not sufficiently simple.

"Alice," he said almost solemnly, "what *do* you mean?"

She hesitated a moment; he saw her gather her courage for a supreme effort. Then she said slowly, gravely, as though she were pronouncing a sacramental phrase:

"I'm so lonely without a little child—and I thought perhaps you'd let me adopt one. . . . . It's at the hospital . . . its mother is dead . . . and I could . . . pet it, and dress it, and do things for it . . . and it's such a good baby . . . you can ask any of the nurses . . . it would never, *never* bother you by crying . . ."

II

Lethbury accompanied his wife to the hospital in a mood of chastened wonder. It did not occur to him to oppose her wish. He knew, of course, that he would have to bear the brunt of the situation: the jokes at the club, the inquiries, the explanations. He saw himself in the comic rôle of the adopted father and welcomed it as an expiation. For in his rapid reconstruction of the past he found himself cutting a shabbier figure than he cared to admit. He had always been intolerant of stupid people, and it was his punishment to be convicted of stupidity. As his mind traversed the years between his marriage and this unexpected assumption of paternity, he saw, in the light of an overheated imagination, many signs of unwonted crassness. It was not that he had ceased to think his wife stupid: she *was* stupid, limited, inflexible; but there was a pathos in the struggles of her swaddled mind, in its blind reachings toward the primal emotions. He had always thought she would have been happier with a child; but he had thought it mechanically, because it had so often been thought before, because it was in the nature of things to think it of every woman, because his wife was so eminently one of a species that she fitted into all the generalizations of the sex. But he had regarded this generalization as merely typical of the triumph of tradition over experience. Maternity was no doubt the supreme function of primitive woman, the one end to which her whole organism tended; but the law of increasing complexity had operated in both sexes, and he had not seriously supposed that, outside the world of Christmas fiction and anecdotic art, such truisms had any special hold on the feminine imagination. Now he saw that the arts in question were kept alive by the vitality of the sentiments they appealed to.

Lethbury was in fact going through a rapid process of readjustment. His marriage had been a failure, but he had preserved toward his wife the exact fidelity of act that is sometimes supposed to excuse any divagation of feeling; so that, for years, the tie between them had consisted mainly in his abstaining from making love to other women. The abstention had not always been easy, for the world is surprisingly well-stocked with the kind of woman one ought to have married but did not; and Lethbury had not escaped the solicitation of such alternatives. His immunity had been purchased at the cost of taking refuge in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of his perceptions; and his world being thus limited, he had given unusual care to its details, compensating himself for the narrowness of his horizon by the minute finish of his foreground. It was a world of fine shadings and the nicest proportions, where impulse seldom set a blundering foot, and the feast of reason was undisturbed by an intemperate flow of soul. To such a banquet his wife naturally remained uninvited. The diet would have disagreed with her, and she would probably have objected to the other guests. But Lethbury, miscalculating her needs, had hitherto supposed that he had made ample provision for them, and was consequently at liberty to enjoy his own fare without any reproach of mendicancy at his gates. Now he beheld her pressing a starved face against the windows of his life, and in his imaginative reaction he invested her with a pathos borrowed from the sense of his own shortcomings.

In the hospital the imaginative process continued with increasing force. He looked at his wife with new eyes. Formerly she had been to him a mere bundle of negations, a labyrinth of dead walls and bolted doors. There was nothing behind the walls, and the doors led no whither; he had sounded and listened often enough to be sure of that. Now he felt like a traveler who, exploring some ancient ruin, comes on an inner cell, intact amid the general dilapidation, and painted with images which reveal the forgotten uses of the building.

His wife stood by a white crib in one of the wards. In the crib lay a child, a year old, the nurse affirmed, but to Lethbury's eye a mere dateless fragment of humanity projected against a background of conjecture. Over this anonymous particle of life Mrs. Lethbury leaned, such ecstasy reflected in her face as strikes up, in Correggio's

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99. **Correggio** (1494-1534), an Italian painter.

Night-piece, from the child's body to the mother's countenance. It was a light that irradiated and dazzled her. She looked up at an inquiry of Lethbury's, but as their glances met he perceived that she no longer saw him, that he had become as invisible to her as she had long been to him. He had to transfer his question to the nurse.

"What is the child's name?" he asked.

"We call her Jane," said the nurse.

III

Lethbury, at first, had resisted the idea of a legal adoption; but when he found that his wife could not be brought to regard the child as hers till it had been made so by process of law, he promptly withdrew his objection. On one point only he remained inflexible; and that was the changing of the waif's name. Mrs. Lethbury, almost at once, had expressed a wish to rechristen it. She fluctuated between Muriel and Gladys, deferring the moment of decision like a lady wavering between two bonnets. But Lethbury was unyielding. In the general surrender of his prejudices this one alone held out.

"But Jane is so dreadful," Mrs. Lethbury protested.

"Well, we don't know that *she* won't be dreadful. She may grow up a Jane."

His wife exclaimed reproachfully. "The nurse says she's the loveliest—"

"Don't they always say that?" asked Lethbury patiently. He was prepared to be inexhaustibly patient now that he had reached a firm foothold of opposition.

"It's cruel to call her Jane," Mrs. Lethbury pleaded.

"It's ridiculous to call her Muriel."

"The nurse is *sure* she must be a lady's child."

Lethbury winced; he had tried, all along, to keep his mind off the question of antecedents.

"Well, let her prove it," he said, with a rising sense of exasperation. He wondered how he could ever have allowed himself to be drawn into such a ridiculous business; for the first time he felt the full irony of it. He had visions of coming home in the afternoon to a house smelling of linseed and paregoric, and of being greeted by a chronic howl as he went upstairs to dress for dinner. He had never been a club-man, but he saw himself becoming one now.

The worst of his anticipations were unfulfilled. The baby was surprisingly well and surprisingly quiet. Such infantile remedies as she absorbed were not potent enough to be perceived beyond the nursery; and when Lethbury could be induced to enter that sanctuary, there was nothing to jar his nerves in the mild pink presence of his adopted daughter. Jars there were, indeed—they were probably inevitable in the disturbed routine of the household; but they occurred between Mrs. Lethbury and the nurses, and Jane contributed to them only a placid stare which might have served as a rebuke to the combatants.

In the reaction from his first impulse of atonement, Lethbury noted with sharpened perceptions the effect of the change on his wife's character. He saw already the error of supposing that it could work any transformation in her. It simply magnified her existing qualities. She was like a dried sponge put in water; she expanded, but she did not change her shape. From the standpoint of scientific observation it was curious to see how her stored instincts responded to the pseudo-maternal call. She overflowed with the petty maxims of the occasion. One felt in her the epitome, the consummation, of centuries of animal maternity, so that this little woman, who screamed at a mouse and was nervous about burglars, came to typify the cave-mother rending her prey for her young.

It was less easy to regard philosophically the practical effects of her borrowed motherhood. Lethbury found with surprise that she was becoming assertive and definite. She no longer represented the negative side of his life; she showed, indeed, a tendency to inconvenient affirmations. She had gradually expanded her assumption of motherhood till it included his own share in the relation, and he suddenly found himself regarded as the father of Jane. This was a contingency he had not foreseen, and it took all his philosophy to accept it; but there were moments of compensation. For Mrs. Lethbury was undoubtedly happy for the first time in years; and the thought that he had tardily contributed to this end reconciled him to the irony of the means.

At first he was inclined to reproach himself for still viewing the situation from the outside, for remaining a spectator instead of a participant. He had been allured, for a moment, by the vision of severed hands meeting over a cradle, as the whole body of domestic fiction bears witness to their doing; and the fact that no such conjunction took place he could explain only on the ground that it was a borrowed cradle. He did not dislike the little girl. She still remained to him a hypothetical presence, a query rather than a fact; but her nearness was not unpleasant, and there were moments when her tentative utterances, her groping steps, seemed to loosen the dry accretions enveloping his inner self. But even at such moments—moments which he invited and caressed—she did not bring him nearer to his wife. He now perceived that he had made a certain place in his life for Mrs. Lethbury, and that she no longer fitted into it. It was too late to enlarge the space, and so she overflowed and encroached. Lethbury struggled against the sense of submergence. He let down barrier after barrier, yielding privacy after privacy; but his wife's personality continued to dilate. She was no longer herself alone; she was herself and Jane. Gradually, in a monstrous fusion of identity, she became herself, himself, and Jane; and instead of trying to adapt her to a spare crevice of his character, he found himself carelessly squeezed into the smallest compartment of the domestic economy.

IV

He continued to tell himself that he was satisfied if his wife was happy; and it was not till the child's tenth year that he felt a doubt of her happiness.

Jane had been a preternaturally good child. During the eight years of her adoption she had caused her foster-parents no anxiety beyond those connected with the usual succession of youthful diseases. But her unknown progenitors had given her a robust constitution, and she passed unperturbed through measles, chicken-pox, and whooping-cough. If there was any suffering it was endured vicariously by Mrs. Lethbury, whose temperature rose and fell with the patient's, and who could not hear Jane sneeze without visions of a marble angel weeping over a broken column. But though Jane's prompt recoveries continued to belie such premonitions, though her existence continued to move forward on an even keel of good health and good conduct, Mrs. Lethbury's satisfaction showed no corresponding advance. Lethbury, at first, was disposed to add her disappointment to the long list of feminine inconsistencies with which the sententious observer of life builds up his favorable induction; but circumstances presently led him to take a kindlier view of the case.

Hitherto his wife had regarded him as a negligible factor in Jane's evolution. Beyond providing for his adopted daughter, and effacing himself before her, he was not expected to contribute to her well-being. But as time passed he appeared to his wife in a new light. It was he who was to educate Jane. In matters of the intellect, Mrs. Lethbury was the first to declare her deficiencies—to proclaim them, even, with a certain virtuous superiority. She said she did not pretend to be clever, and there was no denying the truth of the assertion. Now, however, she seemed less ready, not to own her limitations, but to glory in them. Confronted with the problem of Jane's instruction she stood in awe of the child.

"I have always been stupid, you know," she said to Lethbury with a new humility, "and I'm afraid I shan't know what is best for Jane. I'm sure she has a wonderfully good mind, and I should reproach myself if I didn't give her every opportunity." She looked at him helplessly. "You must tell me what ought to be done."

Lethbury was not unwilling to oblige her. Somewhere in his mental lumber-room there rusted a theory of education such as usually lingers among the impedimenta of the childless. He brought this out, refurbished it, and applied it to Jane. At first he thought his wife had not overrated the quality of the child's mind. Jane seemed extraordinarily intelligent. Her precocious definiteness of mind was encouraging to her inexperienced preceptor. She had no difficulty in fixing her attention, and he felt that every fact he imparted was being etched in metal. He helped his wife to engage the best teachers, and for a while continued to take an ex-official interest in his adopted daughter's studies. But gradually his interest waned. Jane's ideas did not increase with her acquisitions. Her young mind remained a mere receptacle for facts—a kind of cold-storage from which anything which had been put there could be taken out at a moment's notice, intact but congealed. She developed moreover, an inordinate pride in the capacity of her mental storehouse, and a tendency to pelt her public with its contents. She was overheard to jeer at her nurse for not knowing when the Saxon Heptarchy had fallen, and she alternately dazzled and depressed Mrs. Lethbury by the wealth of her chronological allusions. She showed no interest in the significance of the facts she amassed; she simply collected dates as another child might have collected stamps or marbles. To her foster-mother she seemed a prodigy of wisdom; but Lethbury saw, with a secret movement of sympathy, how the aptitudes in which Mrs. Lethbury gloried were slowly estranging her from her child.

"She is getting too clever for me," his wife said to him, after one of Jane's historical flights, "but I am so glad that she will be a companion to you."

Lethbury groaned in spirit. He did not look forward to Jane's companionship. She was still a good little girl; but there was something automatic and formal in her goodness, as though it were a kind of moral calisthenics which she went through for the sake of showing her agility. An early consciousness of virtue had moreover constituted her the natural guardian and adviser of her elders. Before she was fifteen she had set about reforming the household. She took Mrs. Lethbury in hand first; then she extended her efforts to the servants, with consequences more disastrous to the domestic harmony; and lastly she applied herself to Lethbury. She proved to him by statistics that he smoked too much, and that it was injurious to the optic nerve to read in bed. She took him to task for not going to church more regularly, and pointed out to him the evils of desultory reading. She suggested that a regular course of study encourages mental concentration, and hinted that inconsecutiveness of thought is a sign of approaching age.

To her adopted mother her suggestions were equally pertinent. She instructed Mrs. Lethbury in an improved way of making beef stock, and called her attention to the unhygienic qualities of carpets. She poured out distracting facts about bacilli and vegetable mold, and demonstrated that curtains and picture-frames are a hot-bed of animal organisms. She learned by heart the nutritive ingredients of the principal articles of diet, and revolutionized the cuisine by an attempt to establish a scientific average between starch and phosphates. Four cooks left during this experiment, and Lethbury fell into the habit of dining at his club.

Once or twice, at the outset, he had tried to check Jane's ardor; but his efforts resulted only in hurting his wife's feelings. Jane remained impervious, and Mrs. Lethbury resented any attempt to protect her from her daughter. Lethbury saw that she was consoled for the sense of her own inferiority by the thought of what Jane's intellectual companionship must be to him; and he tried to keep up the illusion by enduring with what grace he might the blighting edification of Jane's discourse.

V

As Jane grew up he sometimes avenged himself by wondering if his wife was still sorry that they had not called her Muriel. Jane was not ugly; she developed, indeed, a kind of categorical prettiness which might have been a projection of her mind. She had a creditable collection of features, but one had to take an inventory of them to find out that she was good-looking. The fusing grace had been omitted.

Mrs. Lethbury took a touching pride in her daughter's first steps in the world. She expected Jane to take by her complexion those whom she did not capture by her learning. But Jane's rosy freshness did not work any perceptible ravages. Whether the young men guessed the axioms on her lips and detected the encyclopedia in her eye, or whether they simply found no intrinsic interest in these features, certain it is, that, in spite of her mother's heroic efforts, and of incessant calls on Lethbury's purse, Jane, at the end of her first season, had dropped hopelessly out of the running. A few duller girls found her interesting, and one or two young men came to the house with the object of meeting other young women; but she was rapidly becoming one of the social supernumeraries who are asked out only because they are on people's lists.

The blow was bitter to Mrs. Lethbury; but she consoled herself with the idea that Jane had failed because she was too clever. Jane probably shared this conviction; at all events she betrayed no consciousness of failure. She had developed a pronounced taste for society, and went out, unweariedly and obstinately, winter after winter, while Mrs. Lethbury toiled in her wake, showering attentions on oblivious hostesses. To Lethbury there was something at once tragic and exasperating in the sight of their two figures, the one conciliatory, the other dogged, both pursuing with unabated zeal the elusive prize of popularity. He even began to feel a personal stake in the pursuit, not as it concerned Jane but as it affected his wife. He saw that the latter was the victim of Jane's disappointment—that Jane was not above the crude satisfaction of "taking it out" of her mother. Experience checked the impulse to come to his wife's defense; and when his resentment was at its height, Jane disarmed him by giving up the struggle.

Nothing was said to mark her capitulation; but Lethbury noticed that the visiting ceased and that the dressmaker's bills diminished. At the same time Mrs. Lethbury made it known that Jane had taken up charities; and before long Jane's conversation confirmed this announcement. At first Lethbury congratulated himself on the change; but Jane's domesticity soon began to weigh on him. During the day she was sometimes absent on errands of mercy; but in the evening she was always there. At first she and Mrs. Lethbury sat in the drawing-room together, and Lethbury smoked in the library; but presently Jane formed the habit of joining him there, and he began to suspect that he was included among the objects of her philanthropy.

Mrs. Lethbury confirmed the suspicion. "Jane has grown very serious-minded lately," she said. "She imagines that she used to neglect you and she is trying to make up for it. Don't discourage her," she added innocently.

Such a plea delivered Lethbury helpless to his daughter's ministrations; and he found himself measuring the hours he spent with her by the amount of relief they must be affording her mother. There were even moments when he read a furtive gratitude in Mrs. Lethbury's eye.

But Lethbury was no hero, and he had nearly reached the limit of vicarious endurance when something wonderful happened. They never quite knew afterward how it had come about, or who first perceived it; but Mrs. Lethbury one day gave tremulous voice to their discovery.

"Of course," she said, "he comes here because of Elise." The young lady in question, a friend of Jane's, was possessed of attractions which had already been found to explain the presence of masculine visitors.

Lethbury risked a denial. "I don't think he does," he declared.

"But Elise is thought very pretty," Mrs. Lethbury insisted.

"I can't help that," said Lethbury doggedly.

He saw a faint light in his wife's eyes; but she remarked carelessly; "Mr. Budd would be a very good match for Elise."

Lethbury could hardly repress a chuckle; he was so exquisitely aware that she was trying to propitiate the gods.

For a few weeks neither said a word; then Mrs. Lethbury once more reverted to the subject.

"It is a month since Elise went abroad," she said.

"Is it?"

"And Mr. Budd seems to come here just as often—"

"Ah," said Lethbury with heroic indifference; and his wife hastily changed the subject.

Mr. Winstanley Budd was a young man who suffered from an excess of manner. Politeness gushed from him in the driest seasons. He was always performing feats of drawing-room chivalry, and the approach of the most unobtrusive female threw him into attitudes which endangered the furniture. His features, being of the cherubic order, did not lend themselves to this role; but there were moments when he appeared to dominate them, to force them into compliance with an aquiline ideal. The range of Mr. Budd's social benevolence made its object hard to distinguish. He spread his cloak so indiscriminately that one could not always interpret the gesture, and Jane's impassive manner had the effect of increasing his demonstrations; she threw him into paroxysms of politeness.

At first he filled the house with his amenities; but gradually it became apparent that his most dazzling effects were directed exclusively to Jane. Lethbury and his wife held their breath and looked away from each other. They pretended not to notice the frequency of Mr. Budd's visits; they struggled against an imprudent inclination to leave the young people too much alone. Their conclusions were the result of indirect observation, for neither of them dared to be caught watching Mr. Budd; they behaved like naturalists on the trail of a rare butterfly.

In his efforts not to notice Mr. Budd, Lethbury centered his attentions on Jane; and Jane, at this crucial moment, wrung from him a reluctant admiration. While her parents went about dissembling their emotions, she seemed to have none to conceal. She betrayed neither eagerness nor surprise; so complete was her unconcern that there were moments when Lethbury feared it was obtuseness, when he could hardly help whispering to her that now was the moment to lower the net.

Meanwhile the velocity of Mr. Budd's gyrations increased with the ardor of courtship; his politeness became incandescent, and Jane found herself the center of a pyrotechnical display culminating in the "set piece" of an offer of marriage.

Mrs. Lethbury imparted the news to her husband one evening after their daughter had gone to bed. The announcement was made and received with an air of detachment, as though both feared to be betrayed into unseemly exultation; but Lethbury, as his wife ended, could not repress the inquiry, "Have they decided on a day?"

Mrs. Lethbury's superior command of her features enabled her to look shocked. "What can you be thinking of? He only offered himself at five!"

"Of course — of course —" stammered Lethbury — "but nowadays people marry after such short engagements—"

"Engagement!" said his wife solemnly. "There is no engagement."

Lethbury dropped his cigar. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Jane is thinking it over."

"*Thinking it over?*"

"She has asked for a month before deciding."

Lethbury sank back with a gasp. Was it genius or was it madness? He felt incompetent to decide; and Mrs. Lethbury's next words showed that she shared his difficulty.

"Of course I don't want to hurry Jane—"

"Of course not," he acquiesced.

"But I pointed out to her that a young man of Mr. Budd's impulsive temperament might—might be easily discouraged—"

"Yes; and what did she say?"

"She said that if she was worth winning she was worth waiting for."

VI

The period of Mr. Budd's probation could scarcely have cost him as much mental anguish as it caused his would-be parents-in-law.

Mrs. Lethbury, by various ruses, tried to shorten the ordeal, but Jane remained inexorable; and each morning Lethbury came down to breakfast with the certainty of finding a letter of withdrawal from her discouraged suitor.

When at length the decisive day came, and Mrs. Lethbury, at its close, stole into the library with an air of chastened joy, they stood for a moment without speaking; then Mrs. Lethbury paid a fitting tribute to the proprieties by faltering out: "It will be dreadful to have to give her up—"

Lethbury could not repress a warning gesture; but even as it escaped him he realized that his wife's grief was genuine.

"Of course, of course," he said, vainly sounding his own emotional shallows for an answering regret. And yet it was his wife who had suffered most from Jane!

He had fancied that these sufferings would be effaced by the milder atmosphere of their last weeks together; but felicity did not soften Jane. Not for a moment did she relax her dominion; she simply widened it to include a new subject. Mr. Budd found himself under orders with the others; and a new fear assailed Lethbury as he saw Jane assume prenuptial control of her betrothed. Lethbury had never felt any strong personal interest in Mr. Budd; but as Jane's prospective husband the young man excited his sympathy. To his surprise he found that Mrs. Lethbury shared the feeling.

"I'm afraid he may find Jane a little exacting," she said, after an evening dedicated to a stormy discussion of the wedding arrangements. "She really ought to make some concessions. If he *wants* to be married in a black frock-coat instead of a dark gray one—" She paused and looked doubtfully at Lethbury.

"What can I do about it?" he said.

"You might explain to him—tell him that Jane isn't always—"

Lethbury made an impatient gesture. "What are you afraid of? His finding her out or his not finding her out?"

Mrs. Lethbury flushed. "You put it so dreadfully!"

Her husband mused for a moment; then he said with an air of cheerful hypocrisy: "After all, Budd is old enough to take care of himself."

But the next day Mrs. Lethbury surprised him. Late in the afternoon she entered the library, so breathless and inarticulate that he scented a catastrophe.

"I've done it!" she cried.

"Done what?"

"Told him." She nodded toward the door. "He's just gone. Jane is out, and I had a chance to talk to him alone."

Lethbury pushed a chair forward and she sank into it.

"What did you tell him? That she is *not* always—"

Mrs. Lethbury lifted a tragic eye. "No; I told him that she always *is*—"

"Always *is*—?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. Lethbury made a call on his hoarded philosophy. He saw Jane suddenly reinstated in her evening seat by the library fire; but an answering chord in him thrilled at his wife's heroism.

"Well—what did he say?"

Mrs. Lethbury's agitation deepened. It was clear that the blow had fallen.

"He . . . he said . . . that we . . . had never understood Jane . . . or appreciated her . . ." The final syllables were lost in her handkerchief, and she left him marveling at the mechanism of woman.

After that, Lethbury faced the future with an undaunted eye. They had done their duty—at least his wife had done hers—and they were reaping the usual harvest of ingratitude with a zest seldom accorded to such reaping. There was a marked change in Mr. Budd's manner, and his increasing coldness sent a genial glow through Lethbury's system. It was easy to bear with Jane in the light of Mr. Budd's disapproval.

There was a good deal to be borne in the last days, and the brunt of it fell on Mrs. Lethbury. Jane marked her transition to the married state by a seasonable but incongruous display of nerves. She became sentimental, hysterical, and reluctant. She quarreled with her betrothed and threatened to return the ring. Mrs. Lethbury had to intervene, and Lethbury felt the hovering sword of destiny. But the blow was suspended. Mr. Budd's chivalry was proof against all his bride's caprices and his devotion throve on her cruelty. Lethbury feared that he was too faithful, too enduring, and longed to urge him to vary his tactics. Jane presently reappeared with the ring on her finger, and consented to try on the wedding-dress; but her uncertainties, her reactions, were prolonged till the final day.

When it dawned, Lethbury was still in an ecstasy of apprehension. Feeling reasonably sure of the principal actors he had centered his fears on incidental possibilities. The clergyman might have a stroke, or the church might burn down, or there might be something wrong with the license. He did all that was humanly possible to avert such contingencies, but there remained that incalculable factor known as the hand of God. Lethbury seemed to feel it groping for him.

At the altar it almost had him by the nape. Mr. Budd was late; and for five immeasurable minutes Lethbury and Jane faced a churchful of conjecture. Then the bridegroom appeared, flushed but chivalrous, and explaining to his father-in-law under cover of the ritual that he had torn his glove and had to go back for another.

"You'll be losing the ring next," muttered Lethbury; but Mr. Budd produced this article punctually, and a moment or two later was bearing its wearer captive down the aisle.

At the wedding-breakfast Lethbury caught his wife's eye fixed on him in mild disapproval, and understood that his hilarity was exceeding the bounds of fitness. He pulled himself together and tried to subdue his tone; but his jubilation bubbled over like a champagne-glass perpetually refilled. The deeper his drafts the higher it rose.

It was at the brim when, in the wake of the dispersing guests, Jane came down in her traveling-dress and fell on her mother's neck.

"I can't leave you!" she wailed, and Lethbury felt as suddenly sobered as a man under a douche. But if the bride was reluctant her captor was relentless. Never had Mr. Budd been more dominant, more aquiline. Lethbury's last fears were dissipated as the young man snatched Jane from her mother's bosom and bore her off to the brougham.

The brougham rolled away, the last milliner's girl forsook her post by the awning, the red carpet was folded up, and the house door closed. Lethbury stood alone in the hall with his wife. As he turned toward her, he noticed the look of tired heroism in her eyes, the deepened lines of her face. They reflected his own symptoms too accurately not to appeal to him. The nervous tension had been horrible. He went up to her, and an answering impulse made her lay a hand on his arm. He held it there a moment.

"Let us go off and have a jolly little dinner at a restaurant," he proposed.

There had been a time when such a suggestion would have surprised her to the verge of disapproval; but now she agreed to it at once.

"Oh, that would be so nice," she murmured with a great sigh of relief and assuagement.

Jane had fulfilled her mission after all; she had drawn them together at last.

A ONE-ACT PLAY

SPREADING THE NEWS*

Lady Gregory

Persons:

Bartley Fallon
Mrs. Fallon
Jack Smith
Shawn Early
Tim Casey
James Ryan

Mrs. Tarpey
Mrs. Tully
A Policeman (Jo Muldoon)
A Removable Magistrate

Scene: *The outskirts of a fair. An apple stall.* Mrs. Tarpey *sitting at it.* Magistrate *and* Policeman *enter.*

Magistrate. So that is the Fair Green. Cattle and sheep and mud. No system. What a repulsive sight!

Policeman. That is so, indeed.

Magistrate. I suppose there is a good deal of disorder in this place?

Policeman. There is.

Magistrate. Common assault?

Policeman. It's common enough.

Magistrate. Agrarian crime, no doubt?

Policeman. That is so.

Magistrate. Boycotting? Maiming of cattle? Firing into houses?

Policeman. There was one time, and there might be again.

Magistrate. That is bad. Does it go any farther than that?

Policeman. Far enough, indeed.

Magistrate. Homicide, then! This district has been shamefully neglected! I will change all that. When I was in the Andaman Islands, my system never failed. Yes, yes, I will change all that. What has that woman on her stall?

Policeman. Apples mostly—and sweets.

Magistrate. Just see if there are any unlicensed goods underneath—spirits or the like. We had evasions of the salt tax in the Andaman Islands.

Policeman. [*Sniffing cautiously and upsetting a heap of apples.*] I see no spirits here—or salt.

Magistrate. [*To* Mrs. Tarpey.] Do you know this town well, my good woman?

Mrs. Tarpey. [*Holding out some apples.*] A penny the half-dozen, your honor?

Policeman. [*Shouting.*] The gentleman is asking do you know the town! He's the new magistrate!

Mrs. Tarpey. [*Rising and ducking.*] Do I know the town? I do, to be sure.

Magistrate. [*Shouting.*] What is its chief business?

Mrs. Tarpey. Business, is it? What business would the people here have but to be minding one another's business?

Magistrate. I mean what trade have they?

Mrs. Tarpey. Not a trade. No trade at all but to be talking.

Magistrate. I shall learn nothing here.

[James Ryan *comes in, pipe in mouth. Seeing* Magistrate *he retreats quickly, taking pipe from mouth.*]

Magistrate. The smoke from that man's pipe has a greenish look; he may be growing unlicensed tobacco at home. I wish I had brought my telescope to this district. Come to the post office; I will telegraph for it. I found it very useful in the Andaman Islands.

[Magistrate *and* Policeman *go out left.*]

Mrs. Tarpey. Bad luck to Jo Muldoon, knocking my apples this way and that way. [*Begins arranging them.*] Showing off he was to the new magistrate.

[*Enter* Bartley Fallon *and* Mrs. Fallon.]

Bartley. Indeed it's a poor country and a scarce country to be living in. But I'm thinking if I went to America it's long ago the day I'd be dead!

Mrs. Fallon. So you might, indeed.

[*She puts her basket on a barrel and begins putting parcels in it, taking them from under her cloak.*]

Bartley. And it's a great expense for a poor man to be buried in America.

Mrs. Fallon. Never fear, Bartley Fallon, but I'll give you a good burying the day you'll die.

Bartley. Maybe it's yourself will be buried in the graveyard of Cloonmara before me, Mary Fallon, and I myself that will

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*From *Seven Short Plays* by Lady Gregory. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London. Application for permission to perform "Spreading the News" must be made to the owners.

10. **Agrarian crime,** i.e., crime arising from disputes over the question of putting the control of the land into the hands of the government. 22. **Andaman Islands,** in the Bay of Bengal, N.E. British India, used as a penal colony. 28. **salt tax,** i.e., tax on the export of salt from the islands.

be dying unbeknownst some night, and no one a-near me. And the cat itself may be gone straying through the country, and the mice squealing over the quilt.

Mrs. Fallon. Leave off talking of dying. It might be twenty years you'll be living yet.

Bartley. [*With a deep sigh.*] I'm thinking if I'll be living at the end of twenty years, it's a very old man I'll be then!

Mrs. Tarpey. [*Turns and sees them.*] Good morrow, Bartley Fallon; good morrow, Mrs. Fallon. Well, Bartley, you'll find no cause for complaining today; they are all saying it was a good fair.

Bartley. [*Raising his voice.*] It was not a good fair, Mrs. Tarpey. It was a scattered sort of a fair. If we didn't expect more, we got less. That's the way with me always; whatever I have to sell goes down and whatever I have to buy goes up. If there's ever any misfortune coming to this world, it's on myself it pitches, like a flock of crows on seed potatoes.

Mrs. Fallon. Leave off talking of misfortunes, and listen to Jack Smith that is coming the way, and he singing.

[*Voice of* Jack Smith *heard singing:*
"I thought, my first love,
There'd be but one house between you and me,
And I thought I would find
Yourself coaxing my child on your knee.
Over the tide
I would leap with the leap of a swan,
Till I came to the side
Of the wife of the red-haired man!"

[Jack Smith *comes in; he is a red-haired man, and is carrying a hayfork.*]

Mrs. Tarpey. That should be a good song if I had my hearing.

Mrs. Fallon. [*Shouting.*] It's "The Red-haired Man's Wife."

Mrs. Tarpey. I know it well. That's the song that has a skin on it!

[*She turns her back to them and goes on arranging her apples.*]

Mrs. Fallon. Where's herself, Jack Smith?

Jack Smith. She was delayed with her washing; bleaching the clothes on the hedge she is, and she daren't leave them, with all the tinkers that do be passing to the fair. It isn't to the fair I came myself, but up to the Five Acre Meadow I'm going, where I have a contract for the hay. We'll get a share of it into tramps today. [*He lays down the hayfork and lights his pipe.*]

Bartley. You will not get it into tramps today. The rain will be down on it by evening, and on myself, too. It's seldom I ever started on a journey but the rain would come down on me before I'd find any place of shelter.

Jack Smith. If it didn't itself, Bartley, it is my belief you would carry a leaky pail on your head in place of a hat, the way you'd not be without some cause of complaining.

[*A voice heard, "Go on, now, go on out o' that. Go on I say."*]

Jack Smith. Look at that young mare of Pat Ryan's that is backing into Shaughnessy's bullocks with the dint of the crowd! Don't be daunted, Pat; I'll give you a hand with her.

[*He goes out, leaving his hayfork.*]

Mrs. Fallon. It's time for ourselves to be going home. I have all I bought put in the basket. Look at there, Jack Smith's hayfork he left after him. He'll be wanting it. [*Calls.*] Jack Smith! Jack Smith!—— He's gone through the crowd——hurry after him, Bartley; he'll be wanting it.

Bartley. I'll do that. This is no safe place to be leaving it. [*He takes up fork awkwardly and upsets the basket.*] Look at that now! If there is any basket in the fair upset, it must be our own basket! [*He goes out to the right.*]

Mrs. Fallon. Get out of that! It is your own fault, it is. Talk of misfortunes and misfortunes will come. Glory be! Look at my new egg-cups rolling in every part——and my two pound of sugar with the paper broke——

Mrs. Tarpey. [*Turning from stall.*] God help us, Mrs. Fallon, what happened your basket?

Mrs. Fallon. It's himself that knocked it down, bad manners to him. [*Putting things up.*] My grand sugar that's destroyed, and he'll not drink his tea without it. I had best go back to the shop for more; much good may it do him!

[*Enter Tim Casey.*]

Tim Casey. Where is Bartley Fallon,

56. tramps, boats for transporting the hay.

Mrs. Fallon? I want a word with him before he'll leave the fair. I was afraid he might have gone home by this, for he's a temperate man.

Mrs. Fallon. I wish he did go home! It'd be best for me if he went home straight from the fair green, or if he never came with me at all! Where is he, is it? He's gone up the road [*jerks elbow*] following Jack Smith with a hayfork. [*She goes out to left.*]

Tim Casey. Following Jack Smith with a hayfork! Did ever any one hear the like of that. [*Shouts.*] Did you hear that news, Mrs. Tarpey?

Mrs. Tarpey. I heard no news at all.

Tim Casey. Some dispute I suppose it was that rose between Jack Smith and Bartley Fallon, and it seems Jack made off, and Bartley is following him with a hayfork!

Mrs. Tarpey. Is he now? Well, that was quick work! It's not ten minutes since the two of them were here, Bartley going home and Jack going to the Five Acre Meadow; and I had my apples to settle up, that Jo Muldoon of the police had scattered, and when I looked round again Jack Smith was gone, and Bartley Fallon was gone, and Mrs. Fallon's basket upset, and all in it strewed upon the ground——the tea here——the two pound of sugar there——the egg-cups there——Look, now, what a great hardship the deafness puts upon me, that I didn't hear the commincement of the fight! Wait till I tell James Ryan that I see below. He is a neighbor of Bartley's; it would be a pity if he wouldn't hear the news!

[*She goes out. Enter* Shawn Early *and* Mrs. Tully.]

Tim Casey. Listen, Shawn Early! Listen, Mrs. Tully, to the news! Jack Smith and Bartley Fallon had a falling out, and Jack knocked Mrs. Fallon's basket into the road, and Bartley made an attack on him with a hayfork, and away with Jack, and Bartley after him. Look at the sugar here yet on the road!

Shawn Early. Do you tell me so? Well, that's a queer thing, and Bartley Fallon so quiet a man!

Mrs. Tully. I wouldn't wonder at all. I would never think well of a man that would have that sort of a moldering look. It's likely he has overtaken Jack by this.

[*Enter* James Ryan *and* Mrs. Tarpey.]

James Ryan. That is great news Mrs. Tarpey was telling me! I suppose that's what brought the police and the magistrate up this way. I was wondering to see them in it a while ago.

Shawn Early. The police after them? Bartley Fallon must have injured Jack so. They wouldn't meddle in a fight that was only for show!

Mrs. Tully. Why wouldn't he injure him? There was many a man killed with no more of a weapon than a hayfork.

James Ryan. Wait till I run north as far as Kelly's bar to spread the news! [*He goes out.*]

Tim Casey. I'll go tell Jack Smith's first cousin that is standing there south of the church after selling his lambs. [*Goes out.*]

Mrs. Tully. I'll go telling a few of the neighbors I see beyond to the west. [*Goes out.*]

Shawn Early. I'll give word of it beyond at the east of the green.

[*Is going out when* Mrs. Tarpey *seizes hold of him.*]

Mrs. Tarpey. Stop a minute, Shawn Early, and tell me did you see red Jack Smith's wife, Kitty Keary, in any place?

Shawn Early. I did. At her own house she was, drying clothes on the hedge as I passed.

Mrs. Tarpey. What did you say she was doing?

Shawn Early. [*Breaking away.*] Laying out a sheet on the hedge. [*He goes.*]

Mrs. Tarpey. Laying out a sheet for the dead! The Lord have mercy on us! Jack Smith dead, and his wife laying out a sheet for his burying! [*Calls out.*] Why didn't you tell me that before, Shawn Early? Isn't the deafness the great hardship? Half the world might be dead without me knowing of it or getting word of it at all! [*She sits down and rocks herself.*] O my poor Jack Smith! To be going to his work so nice and so hearty, and to be left stretched on the ground in the full light of the day!

[*Enter Tim Casey.*]

Tim Casey. What is it, Mrs. Tarpey? What happened since?

Mrs. Tarpey. O my poor Jack Smith!

Tim Casey. Did Bartley overtake him?

Mrs. Tarpey. O the poor man!

Tim Casey. Is it killed he is?

Mrs. Tarpey. Stretched in the Five Acre Meadow!

Tim Casey. The Lord have mercy on us! Is that a fact?

Mrs. Tarpey. Without the rites of the Church or a ha'porth!

Tim Casey. Who was telling you?

Mrs. Tarpey. And the wife laying out a sheet for his corpse. [*Sits up and wipes her eyes.*] I suppose they'll wake him the same as another?

[*Enter* Mrs. Tully, Shawn Early, *and* James Ryan.]

Mrs. Tully. There is great talk about this work in every quarter of the fair.

Mrs. Tarpey. Ochone! cold and dead. And myself maybe the last he was speaking to!

James Ryan. The Lord save us! Is it dead he is?

Tim Casey. Dead surely, and the wife getting provision for the wake.

Shawn Early. Well, now, hadn't Bartley Fallon great venom in him?

Mrs. Tully. You may be sure he had some cause. Why would he have made an end of him if he had not? [*To Mrs. Tarpey, raising her voice.*] What was it rose the dispute at all, Mrs. Tarpey?

Mrs. Tarpey. Not a one of me knows. The last I saw of them, Jack Smith was standing there, and Bartley Fallon was standing there, quiet and easy, and he listening to "The Red-haired Man's Wife."

Mrs. Tully. Do you hear that, Tim Casey? Do you hear that, Shawn Early and James Ryan? Bartley Fallon was here this morning listening to red Jack Smith's wife, Kitty Keary that was! Listening to her and whispering with her! It was she started the fight so!

Shawn Early. She must have followed him from her own house. It is likely some person roused him.

Tim Casey. I never knew, before, Bartley Fallon was great with Jack Smith's wife.

Mrs. Tully. How would you know it? Sure it's not in the streets they would be calling it. If Mrs. Fallon didn't know of it, and if I that have the next house to them didn't know of it, and if Jack Smith himself didn't know of it, it is not likely you would know of it, Tim Casey.

Shawn Early. Let Bartley Fallon take charge of her from this out so, and let him provide for her. It is little pity she will get from any person in this parish.

Tim Casey. How can he take charge of her? Sure he has a wife of his own. Sure you don't think he'd turn souper and marry her in a Protestant church?

James Ryan. It would be easy for him to marry her if he brought her to America.

Shawn Early. With or without Kitty Keary, believe me it is for America he's making at this minute. I saw the new magistrate and Jo Muldoon of the police going into the post office as I came up—there was hurry on them—you may be sure it was to telegraph they went, the way he'll be stopped in the docks at Queenstown!

Mrs. Tully. It's likely Kitty Keary is gone with him, and not minding a sheet or a wake at all. The poor man, to be deserted by his own wife, and the breath hardly gone out yet from his body that is lying bloody in the field!

[*Enter Mrs. Fallon.*]

Mrs. Fallon. What is it the whole of the town is talking about? And what is it you yourselves are talking about? Is it about my man Bartley Fallon you are talking? Is it lies about him you are telling, saying that he went killing Jack Smith? My grief that ever he came into this place at all!

James Ryan. Be easy now, Mrs. Fallon. Sure there is no one at all in the whole fair but is sorry for you!

Mrs. Fallon. Sorry for me, is it? Why would anyone be sorry for me? Let you be sorry for yourselves, and that there may be shame on you forever and at the day of judgment, for the words you are saying and the lies you are telling to take away the character of my poor man, and to take the good name off of him, and to drive him to destruction! That is what you are doing!

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10. *ha'porth*, half penny worth. 14. **wake**, keep a vigil over the dead body. 20. **Ochone**, an exclamation, alas. 34. **Not a one of me knows**, I don't at all know.

SHAWN EARLY. Take comfort now, Mrs. Fallon. The police are not so smart as they think. Sure he might give them the slip yet, the same as Lynchehaun.

MRS. TULLY. If they do get him, and if they do put a rope around his neck, there is no one can say he does not deserve it!

MRS. FALLON. Is that what you are saying, Bridget Tully, and is that what you think? I tell you it's too much talk you have, making yourself out to be such a great one, and to be running down every respectable person! A rope, is it? It isn't much of a rope was needed to tie up your own furniture the day you came into Martin Tully's house, and you never bringing as much as a blanket, or a penny, or a suit of clothes with you, and I myself bringing seventy pounds and two feather beds. And now you are stiffer than a woman would have a hundred pounds! It is too much talk the whole of you have. A rope, is it? I tell you the whole of this town is full of liars and schemers that would hang you up for half a glass of whiskey. [*Turning to go.*] People they are you wouldn't believe as much as daylight from without you'd get up to have a look at it yourself. Killing Jack Smith indeed! Where are you at all, Bartley, till I bring you out of this? My nice, quiet little man! My decent comrade! He that is as kind and as harmless as an innocent beast of the field! He'll be doing no harm at all if he'll shed the blood of some of you after this day's work! That much would be no harm at all. [*Calls out.*] Bartley! Bartley Fallon! Where are you? [*Going out.*] Did anyone see Bartley Fallon?

[*All turn to look after her.*]

JAMES RYAN. It is hard for her to believe any such a thing, God help her!

[*Enter* BARTLEY FALLON *from right, carrying hayfork.*]

BARTLEY. It is what I often said to myself, if there is ever any misfortune coming to this world, it is on myself it is sure to come!

[*All turn round and face him.*]

BARTLEY. To be going about with this fork, and to find no one to take it, and no place to leave it down, and I wanting to be gone out of this.——Is that you, Shawn Early? [*Holds out fork.*] It's well I met you. You have no call to be leaving the fair for a while the way I have, and how can I go till I'm rid of this fork? Will you take it and keep it until such time as Jack Smith——

SHAWN EARLY. [*Backing.*] I will not take it, Bartley Fallon, I'm very thankful to you!

BARTLEY. [*Turning to apple stall.*] Look at it now Mrs. Tarpey; it was here I got it; let me thrust it in under the stall. It will lie there safe enough, and no one will take notice of it until such time as Jack Smith—

MRS. TARPEY. Take your fork out of that! Is it to put trouble on me and to destroy me you want? Putting it there for the police to be rooting out maybe. [*Thrusts him back.*]

BARTLEY. That is a very unneighborly thing for you to do, Mrs. Tarpey. Hadn't I enough care on me with that fork before this, running up and down with it like the swinging of a clock, and afeard to lay it down in any place. I wish I never touched it or meddled with it at all!

JAMES RYAN. It is a pity, indeed, you ever did.

BARTLEY. Will you yourself take it, James Ryan? You were always a neighborly man.

JAMES RYAN. [*Backing.*] There is many a thing I would do for you, Bartley Fallon, but I won't do that!

SHAWN EARLY. I tell you there is no man will give you any help or any encouragement for this day's work. If it was something agrarian now——

BARTLEY. If no one at all will take it, maybe it's best to give it up to the police.

TIM CASEY. There'd be a welcome for it with them, surely! [*Laughter.*]

MRS. TULLY. And it is to the police Kitty Keary herself will be brought.

MRS. TARPEY. [*Rocking to and fro.*] I wonder now who will take the expense of the wake for poor Jack Smith?

BARTLEY. The wake for Jack Smith!

TIM CASEY. Why wouldn't he get a wake as well as another? Would you begrudge him that much?

16-17. **bringing . . . blanket,** i.e., as a dowry. 21. **would have,** who possesses. 27-28. **you wouldn't . . . without,** whose statement that it was daylight you wouldn't believe unless, etc.

BARTLEY. Red Jack Smith dead! Who was telling you?

SHAWN EARLY. The whole town knows of it by this.

BARTLEY. Do they say what way did he die?

JAMES RYAN. You don't know that yourself, I suppose, Bartley Fallon? You don't know he was followed and that he was laid dead with the stab of a hayfork?

BARTLEY. The stab of a hayfork!

SHAWN EARLY. You don't know, I suppose, that the body was found in the Five Acre Meadow?

BARTLEY. The Five Acre Meadow!

TIM CASEY. It is likely you don't know the police are after the man that did it?

BARTLEY. The man that did it!

MRS. TULLY. You don't know, maybe, that he was made away with for the sake of Kitty Keary, his wife?

BARTLEY. Kitty Keary, his wife! [*Sits down bewildered.*]

MRS. TULLY. And what have you to say now, Bartley Fallon?

BARTLEY. [*Crossing himself.*] I to bring that fork here, and to find that news before me! It is much if I can ever stir from this place at all, or reach as far as the road!

TIM CASEY. Look, boys, at the new magistrate, and Jo Muldoon along with him! It's best for us to quit this.

SHAWN EARLY. That is so. It is best not to be mixed in this business at all.

JAMES RYAN. Bad as he is, I wouldn't like to be an informer against any man.

[*All hurry away except* MRS. TARPEY, *who remains behind her stall. Enter* MAGISTRATE *and* POLICEMAN.]

MAGISTRATE. I knew the district was in a bad state, but I did not expect to be confronted with a murder at the first fair I came to.

POLICEMAN. I am sure you did not, indeed.

MAGISTRATE. It was well I had not gone home. I caught a few words here and there that roused my suspicions.

POLICEMAN. So they would, too.

MAGISTRATE. You heard the same story from everyone you asked?

POLICEMAN. The same story—or if it was not altogether the same, anyway it was no less than the first story.

MAGISTRATE. What is that man doing? He is sitting alone with a hayfork. He has a guilty look. The murder was done with a hayfork!

POLICEMAN. [*In a whisper.*] That's the very man they say did the act; Bartley Fallon himself!

MAGISTRATE. He must have found escape difficult—he is trying to brazen it out. A convict in the Andaman Islands tried the same game, but he could not escape my system! Stand aside——Don't go far——Have the handcuffs ready. [*He walks up to* BARTLEY, *folds his arms, and stands before him.*] Here, my man, do you know anything of John Smith?

BARTLEY. Of John Smith! Who is he, now?

POLICEMAN. Jack Smith, sir, Red Jack Smith!

MAGISTRATE. [*Coming a step nearer and tapping him on the shoulder.*] Where is Jack Smith?

BARTLEY. [*With a deep sigh, and shaking his head slowly.*] Where is he, indeed?

MAGISTRATE. What have you to tell?

BARTLEY. It is where he was this morning, standing in this spot, singing his share of songs—no, but lighting his pipe—scraping a match on the sole of his shoe——

MAGISTRATE. I ask you, for the third time, where is he?

BARTLEY. I wouldn't like to say that. It is a great mystery, and it is hard to say of any man, did he earn hatred or love.

MAGISTRATE. Tell me all you know.

BARTLEY. All that I know—— Well, there are the three estates; there is Limbo, and there is Purgatory, and there is——

MAGISTRATE. Nonsense! This is trifling! Get to the point.

BARTLEY. Maybe you don't hold with the clergy so? That is the teaching of the clergy. Maybe you hold with the old people. It is what they do be saying, that the shadow goes wandering, and the soul is tired, and the body is taking a rest——The shadow! [*Starts up.*] I was nearly sure I saw Jack Smith not ten minutes ago at the corner of the forge, and I lost him again. Was it his ghost I saw, do you think?

MAGISTRATE. [*To policeman.*] Conscience-struck! He will confess all now!

BARTLEY. His ghost to come before me! It is likely it was on account of the fork! I to have it and he to have no way to defend himself the time he met with his death!

Magistrate. [*To policeman.*] I must note down his words. [*Takes out notebook.*] [*To Bartley.*] I warn you that your words are being noted.

Bartley. If I had ha' run faster in the beginning, this terror would not be on me at the latter end! Maybe he will cast it up against me at the day of judgment—— I wouldn't wonder at all at that.

Magistrate. [*Writing.*] At the day of judgment——

Bartley. It was soon for his ghost to appear to me——is it coming after me always by day it will be, and stripping the clothes off in the night time?—— I wouldn't wonder at all at that, being as I am an unfortunate man!

Magistrate. [*Sternly.*] Tell me this truly. What was the motive of this crime?

Bartley. The motive, is it?

Magistrate. Yes; the motive; the cause.

Bartley. I'd sooner not say that.

Magistrate. You had better tell me truly. Was it money?

Bartley. Not at all! What did poor Jack Smith ever have in his pockets unless it might be his hands that would be in them?

Magistrate. Any dispute about land?

Bartley. [*Indignantly.*] Not at all! He never was a grabber or grabbed from anyone!

Magistrate. You will find it better for you if you tell me at once.

Bartley. I tell you I wouldn't for the whole world wish to say what it was——it is a thing I would not like to be talking about.

Magistrate. There is no use in hiding it. It will be discovered in the end.

Bartley. Well, I suppose it will, seeing that mostly everybody knows it before. Whisper here now. I will tell no lie; where would be the use? [*Puts his hand to his mouth, and* Magistrate *stoops.*] Don't be putting the blame on the parish, for such a thing was never done in the parish before—— it was done for the sake of Kitty Keary, Jack Smith's wife.

Magistrate. [*To policeman.*] Put on the handcuffs. We have been saved some trouble. I knew he would confess if taken in the right way. [*Policeman puts on handcuffs.*]

Bartley. Handcuffs now! Glory be! I always said if there was ever any misfortune coming to this place it was on myself it would fall. I to be in handcuffs! There's no wonder at all in that.

[*Enter* Mrs. Fallon, *followed by the rest. She is looking back at them as she speaks.*]

Mrs. Fallon. Telling lies the whole of the people of this town are; telling lies, telling lies as fast as a dog will trot! Speaking against my poor respectable man! Saying he made an end of Jack Smith! My decent comrade! There is no better man and no kinder man in the whole of the five parishes! It's little annoyance he ever gave to anyone! [*Turns and sees him.*] What in the earthly world do I see before me? Bartley Fallon in charge of the police! Handcuffs on him! O Bartley, what did you do at all at all?

Bartley. O Mary, there has a great misfortune come upon me! It is what I always said, that if there is ever any misfortune—

Mrs. Fallon. What did he do at all, or is it bewitched I am?

Magistrate. This man has been arrested on a charge of murder.

Mrs. Fallon. Whose charge is that? Don't believe them! They are all liars in this place! Give me back my man!

Magistrate. It is natural you should take his part, but you have no cause of complaint against your neighbors. He has been arrested for the murder of John Smith, on his own confession.

Mrs. Fallon. The saints of heaven protect us! And what did he want killing Jack Smith?

Magistrate. It is best you should know all. He did it on account of a love affair with the murdered man's wife.

Mrs. Fallon. [*Sitting down.*] With Jack Smith's wife! With Kitty Keary!—— Ochone, the traitor!

The Crowd. A great shame, indeed. He is a traitor, indeed.

Mrs. Tully. To America he was bringing her, Mrs. Fallon.

Bartley. What are you saying, Mary? I tell you——

Mrs. Fallon. Don't say a word! I won't listen to any word you'll say! [*Stops her ears.*] Oh, isn't he the treacherous villain? Ohone go deo!

109. Ohone go deo, an exclamation.

BARTLEY. Be quiet till I speak! Listen to what I say!

MRS. FALLON. Sitting beside me on the ass car coming to the town, so quiet and so respectable, and treachery like that in his heart!

BARTLEY. Is it your wits you have lost, or is it I myself that have lost my wits?

MRS. FALLON. And it's hard I earned you, slaving, slaving——and you grumbling, and sighing, and coughing, and discontented, and the priest wore out anointing you, with all the times you threatened to die!

BARTLEY. Let you be quiet till I tell you!

MRS. FALLON. You to bring such a disgrace into the parish! A thing that was never heard of before!

BARTLEY. Will you shut your mouth and hear me speaking?

MRS. FALLON. And if it was for any sort of a fine handsome woman, but for a little fistful of a woman like Kitty Keary, that's not four feet high hardly, and not three teeth in her head unless she got new ones! May God reward you, Bartley Fallon, for the black treachery in your heart and the wickedness in your mind, and the red blood of poor Jack Smith that is wet upon your hand!

[*Voice of* JACK SMITH *heard singing:*

"The sea shall be dry,
  The earth under mourning and ban!
Then loud shall he cry
  For the wife of the red-haired man!"

BARTLEY. It's Jack Smith's voice——I never knew a ghost to sing before——. It is after myself and the fork he is coming! [*Goes back. Enter* JACK SMITH.] Let one of you give him the fork and I will be clear of him now and for eternity!

MRS. TARPEY. The Lord have mercy on us! Red Jack Smith! The man that was going to be waked!

JAMES RYAN. Is it back from the grave you are come?

SHAWN EARLY. Is it alive you are, or is it dead you are?

TIM CASEY. Is it yourself at all that's in it?

MRS. TULLY. Is it letting on you were to be dead?

MRS. FALLON. Dead or alive, let you stop Kitty Keary, your wife, from bringing my man away with her to America!

JACK SMITH. It is what I think—the wits are gone astray on the whole of you. What would my wife want bringing Bartley Fallon to America?

MRS. FALLON. To leave yourself, and to get quit of you she wants, Jack Smith, and to bring him away from myself. That's what the two of them had settled together.

JACK SMITH. I'll break the head of any man that says that! Who is it says it? [*To* TIM CASEY.] Was it you said it? [*To* SHAWN EARLY.] Was it you?

ALL TOGETHER. [*Backing and shaking their heads.*] It wasn't I said it!

JACK SMITH. Tell me the name of any man that said it!

ALL TOGETHER. [*Pointing to* BARTLEY.] It was *him* that said it!

JACK SMITH. Let me at him till I break his head!

[BARTLEY *backs in terror. Neighbors hold* JACK SMITH *back.*]

JACK SMITH. [*Trying to free himself.*] Let me at him! Isn't he the pleasant sort of scarecrow for any woman to be crossing the ocean with! It's back from the docks of New York he'd be turned [*trying to rush at him again*], with a lie in his mouth and treachery in his heart, and another man's wife by his side, and he passing her off as his own! Let me at him, can't you. [*Makes another rush, but is held back.*]

MAGISTRATE. [*Pointing to* JACK SMITH.] Policeman, put the handcuffs on this man. I see it all now. A case of false impersonation, a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. There was a case in the Andaman Islands, a murderer of the Mopsa tribe, a religious enthusiast———

POLICEMAN. So he might be, too.

MAGISTRATE. We must take both these men to the scene of the murder. We must confront them with the body of the real Jack Smith.

JACK SMITH. I'll break the head of any man that will find my dead body!

MAGISTRATE. I'll call more help from the barracks. [*Blows policeman's whistle.*]

BARTLEY. It is what I am thinking, if myself and Jack Smith are put together in the one cell for the night, the handcuffs will be taken off him, and his hands will be free, and murder will be done that time surely!

MAGISTRATE. Come on! [*They turn to the right.*]

[CURTAIN]

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

A Defense of Nonsense. 1. Exactly what are the two ways of looking at the world that Chesterton describes? Have you felt in either way about your place in the world?

2. Edward Lear (1812-88) was an artist and traveler whose *Book of Nonsense* has been the delight of children for two generations. It is almost as popular as Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, which was written by Charles L. Dodgson (1832-1898), a lecturer on mathematics at Oxford.

3. What distinction does Chesterton make between satire and nonsense? Which does the American newspaper cartoonist represent?

4. Have you read any of the books that Chesterton names as allegories? Do you see in them any of the allegory he discovers? Does the allegory make the book more or less interesting to you? Do you agree with Chesterton's explanation of wonder about common objects?

5. How far does this essay illustrate the statements about Chesterton (page 678)?

The Game. 1. This essay is so clearly developed that the best way to enjoy it is to reduce each section to a single sentence. (*a*) What evidence does the author present to support his bizarre views? (*b*) What evidence can you find on the other side? (*c*) What is the wittiest part of the essay?

2. The essay appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1914. Murray, Doyle, Wagner, Tesreau, Mathewson are no longer playing baseball. Who are the leading players today? Do Travers and Ouimet still play golf? Who are the champions of today in golf? McLoughlin soon wore himself out with his famous serve. Who are the foremost tennis players of today?

3. In comparing Strunsky and Chesterton, which deals more in paradox? Which is the wittier? The more persuasive? The more penetrating?

The Story of a Piebald Horse. 1. From the opening paragraphs what conception do you form of the narrator? What kind of story do you expect?

2. Does the stranger meet death accidentally? What dying message does he leave? Why does so long a time elapse before the message can be delivered?

3. Tandil is about two hundred miles south of Buenos Aires, to which the cattle would be driven for shipment.

4. Do you feel sorry or satisfied, or both, for Torcuato? Was the advice given the driver idealistic or practical?

5. From this story, what do you learn of the people of Argentina? Of their manner of life? Compare both with city life in this country.

6. Does this story illustrate any of the characteristics of Hudson (see pages 678-679)?

7. The volume from which this story is taken, *Tales of the Pampas*, contains five other stories of Patagonia. There should be reports also on the volumes referred to in the account of Hudson Do you think the praise there deserved? Be specific.

From One Generation to Another. 1. This one short story is an excellent specimen of Bennett's interest in fiction and his attitude toward life. It pictures the Five Towns with exactness of detail. It illustrates Bennett's detachment and humor. When you have completed the story, show what particular aspects of it bear out each of these statements.

2. What picture of the development of the Five Towns District is given in the first section? Can such a development be matched anywhere in America? How does this automobile of 1910 differ from an expensive American car today? Would Uncle Dan enjoy riding in an American car?

3. How much of the family history that Uncle Dan repeats do you think is authentic? Which account of the quarrel do you believe? Do you think Uncle Dan right in his statement that human nature hasn't changed? Was his ruse a wise one?

4. What parts or features of this story are humorous? Do you think it most valuable for its picture of the Five Towns, its truth to human nature, or its humor?

5. The volume from which this story is taken, *The Matador of the Five Towns*, contains fifteen other stories. The impression you form of Arnold Bennett as a result of reading them should be compared with the impression you derive from his great novels (see pages 671-672).

Acme. 1. What seems to be Bruce's opinion of the "movies"? What was his purpose in writing the skit? What features of movie stories does he satirize? What explains the success of his friend in selling the skit?

2. Why is the friend reluctant to reveal the transaction to Bruce? Why does Bruce stare at him during his explanation? Does the friend believe what he says about films? Do you? What does Bruce find in the cinema?

3. This is rare among Galsworthy's stories for its humor. How does it differ from the humor of Arnold Bennett? Edith Wharton?

4. Two of the most beautiful stories Galsworthy has ever written are *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* and *Awakening*, to be found in *The Forsyte Saga*. They should be read by everyone who wishes to know the imagination and sympathy of Galsworthy. How do they differ from this sketch? From his plays? How are they like his longer novels?

Under the Lion's Paw. This story is taken from *Main Traveled Roads.* 1. What do you learn from the first paragraphs of this story? From section I, who do you think will be the chief character? What do you expect him to do?

2. In section two, what sharp contrast is drawn between Council and Butler?

3. What feature of the trials of these pioneers seems to you hardest to bear? How does this life compare with that pictured by Hudson?

4. In the fourth section, what evidence is there that Haskins has won his fight? In what way does Butler live up to his character? In what sense does he triumph over Haskins? What higher victory does Haskins gain?

5. What characteristics of Garland are exhibited in this story (see page 676)? What features make it essentially American? These conclusions should by all means be illustrated in reports from the works mentioned in the account of Garland.

The Mission of Jane. 1. What are the relations of husband and wife as revealed in the first section? To what rank of society do they belong? How are you kept in suspense? What do you expect to happen next?

2. How does Lethbury convict himself of stupidity? How does his hatred of stupidity explain his relations with his wife?

3. As a baby, what effect does Jane have on Mrs. Lethbury? On Mr. Lethbury?

4. As a schoolgirl, what brightness does she display? In what respect was she stupid? Have you ever known a girl like her? Why would she be particularly irritating to Lethbury? Point out the most humorous parts of the description.

5. What is the most amusing part of Mr. Budd's courtship?

6. How does Jane accomplish her mission?

7. The humor of this story is very delicate but keen. How much of it is satire? How much of it is mere delight in the incongruous? How does it differ from Bennett's humor? Which story is the better told? The more subtly written?

8. This story is taken from *The Descent of Man.* Other volumes of short stories by Mrs. Wharton are *Tales of Men and Ghosts* and *Xingu and Other Stories.* The enthusiasts may try to pick out the most brilliant of the stories.

Review

From your study of these prose selections, draw up a paper comparing twentieth century prose with nineteenth century prose. Reread, in part, the selections from Carlyle to Huxley to find definite comparisons on subjects that interested the writers of each era, the way of looking at life in the two ages, and the prose style in each period.

Spreading the News. 1. *Spreading the News* has been one of the most popular plays in the repertory of the players of the Abbey Theater (see page 680). It consequently represents part of the aim and achievement of the Irish theater movement. Lady Gregory wrote it to put beside some highly poetic dramas which were playing at the time. It is consequently realistic in setting and comic or farcical in treatment. It was first produced during the Christmas season of 1904. Since then its reputation has traveled farther than that of many more ambitious plays of the time.

2. What notion do you get of the little Irish village where the incidents of the play occur? What phrases or speeches are most significant? What kind of story do you expect from the talk of the "Removable Magistrate"?

3. What is the disposition of Bartley Fallon? How does his wife differ from him? How does Jack Smith differ from him?

4. What petulant remark supplies the basis for the gossip or "news"? Which characters are most responsible for expanding it? Which additions seem to you most ridiculous? How do you think the mistakes were eventually cleared up?

5. Lady Gregory says of Bartley Fallon, "I felt I was providing him with a happy old age in giving him the lasting glory of that great crowning day of misfortune." Explain the statement.

6. The best way to enjoy the play is to act it out. Properly acted, it provides a laugh at nearly every speech.

7. Several reports should be made on the remaining plays in the volume from which this is taken, *Seven Short Plays.* Another comedy, *Hyacinth Halvey,* takes place among the same simple folk as this one. Some are tragic.

CHAPTER XVI

POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The First Quarter of the Century.

THE TRANSITION TO THE NEW CENTURY: Meredith and Hardy—William Ernest Henley—Francis Thompson—Other Poets.

RUDYARD KIPLING: "All Races from All Lands"—Phases of his Work—His Stories—His Poems.

THE RETURN OF VERSE NARRATIVE: Noyes and Masefield—Alfred Noyes—Noyes as a Poet.

JOHN MASEFIELD: A "Preface"—His Life—Three Groups of Poems—Subject-Matter—The Secret of his Power—Two Illustrations—*Reynard the Fox.*

THE NEW POETRY: Is There a "New" Poetry?—Free Verse—The Language of Poetry—Recent English Poets.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY: Many Voices—*The Spoon River Anthology*—Other Contemporary Poets.

SUMMARY.

The First Quarter of the Century. The transition to the twentieth century was not marked, in the history of English poetry, by the publication of any work as epochal as the *Lyrical Ballads* of the preceding century. Yet there are certain parallelisms between the period 1798-1825—the period of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats—and the first quarter of the present century. Among recent English poets we may distinguish three groups. To the first belong those whose verse is related, in the main, to that of the Victorian period. To the second belong several poets who have rediscovered the art of writing vigorous narrative verse and have achieved thereby a popularity suggesting that of Scott and Byron. The poets belonging to the third group, less clearly related to each other than the leaders of the romantic revolt in 1798 and following, nevertheless represent new and fresh impulses and may be differentiated quite sharply from the conservatives of the first group. Kipling is the greatest figure in the first group; Noyes and Masefield may be studied as representative of the second; the third includes many poets, most of them still writing; some of the leaders in the movement that they represent are Americans.

THE TRANSITION TO THE NEW CENTURY

Meredith and Hardy. While they wrote chiefly novels, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy were also poets of distinction. Poetry and the novel were, in both men, related, the poetry expressing in more succinct form their philosophy of life. Meredith's sonnets, a cycle called "Modern Love," are rich in thought and feeling. Other notable poems are the odes in praise of France (1898), and the poems collected under the titles *A Reading of Earth* (1888), and *A Reading of Life* (1901). His *Last Poems* appeared in 1910, after his death. As a poet, he reminds us of Emerson; nature, and the heart of man, are his subjects; and his verse, like Emerson's, is oracular, filled with concentrated wisdom, often difficult to follow. He is a rewarding, not an easy, poet.

The same remark applies to his great contemporary, Thomas Hardy, who published *Wessex Poems* in 1898; his dramatic trilogy, *The Dynasts,* in 1904, 1906, 1908; and, since 1910, several other volumes of poetry. Some of his poems are about characters in his novels. *The Dynasts,* which contains both prose and verse, is a study of the Napoleonic wars, cast in dramatic form, with nineteen acts. Part of it has been presented on the stage, but Hardy did not intend it to be acted. In it, as in all his poetry, he views history as a manifestation of a controlling will in the universe that both transcends and includes human activities. Napoleon, for example, is an instrument of this will, which is neither fate nor providence, but the force behind the blind struggle that is man's life, and which may some day acquire consciousness and direction. The poem is very difficult, but is important to the understanding of the philosophy of life set forth in Hardy's novels.

William Ernest Henley (1849-1903). Friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and associated with him in writing some dramas, W. E. Henley is remembered for several volumes of lyric verse. His poetry is filled with sharply etched descriptions of nature, suggesting in its vividness, gained through detail, some of the work of present-day poets. Several of his lyrics, notably "Invictus" and "A Late Lark Twitters," have become famous as expressions of the power of the human will to triumph over circumstance.

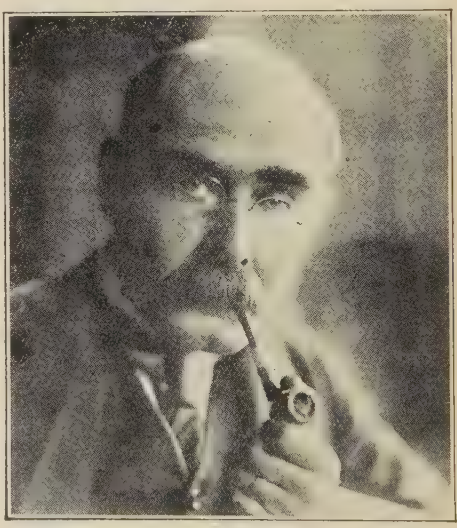
Francis Thompson (1859-1907). Both Hardy and Henley represent aspects of the conflict between knowledge and belief that we have already noted as one element in Victorian thought. In the poems of Francis Thompson we find passionate reiteration of the power of faith. Thompson was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but a change in plans led him to study medicine. Finding no satisfaction in this study, he devoted himself rather to reading poetry, studying the history of the Church, and indulging his love for music. He lived in extreme poverty until some friends who knew and loved his poetry induced him to publish it and also secured for him employment as a book reviewer. Thompson's most famous poem, "The Hound of Heaven," is a record of a deep spiritual experience, and suggests the religious mysticism of seventeenth century poems by Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan. In ode-like verse, in which stanza, rime, and length of lines fit with exquisite delicacy the changes in thought and mood, the poem tells of flight from the love of Christ, the vain effort to find satisfaction in nature and pleasure, the deep despair of his remorse, and the final sanctuary.

Other Poets. Other poets in this period of transition, among them Alfred Austin and Robert Bridges, wrote verse of excellent quality, reminiscent of older poetry, possessing beauty and finish rather than depth. As the century opened, the dominant literary figure was a man who excelled in both prose and poetry, Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-)

"All Races from All Lands." The increasing internationalism of literature described in the last chapter is well illustrated by the life and work of Rudyard Kipling. Born in Bombay in 1865, educated in England, a journalist in India, a traveler in China and Japan and in Australia and New Zealand, for some years a resident of Brattleboro, Vermont, with later experience in South Africa during the Boer War, his life in many lands and on the seven seas resembles that of Stevenson and Conrad, in that it is far removed from the long association with one place that was the experience of Wordsworth and Lamb a century ago or Hardy in recent times.

"All races" and "all lands" are represented in his writings, as in his life expe-



Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

RUDYARD KIPLING

rience. He is the poet of British imperialism, understanding, from personal observation, the many elements in Britain's far-flung empire. Most distinctive of his genius are the poems and stories of India, but he also wrote, in *Captains Courageous,* of the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts; he was the first to realize in fiction the romance of modern machinery, and fairyland was one of the provinces which his imagination ruled. As the poet of Imperial Britain, his writings were more influential in building the British federation of free peoples than parliamentary speeches and state papers, and in his "Recessional" he defined the responsibility of empire and rebuked mere lust for power.

Phases of His Work. Kipling's impulse to creative writing came through journalism. When he returned to India after his school days in England, his father, who was himself a writer, was connected with a school of art at Lahore. Some of the stories that made Kipling famous he first heard from his father, others were childhood recollections of tales told by his native nurse, still others he picked up from native workmen and sailors in every part of the world, or derived from his experience as a field correspondent with the British army in India.

In 1886 Kipling published *Departmental Ditties;* two years later *Plain Tales from the Hills* appeared, together with six other small volumes of Anglo-Indian tales. In 1889 he set out for England by way of Japan and the United States. His little volumes had been designed for the Anglo-Indian audience; they were not known elsewhere, and although he did journalistic work in San Francisco and New York, American publishers did not at first realize his genius. Meantime his books reached England, and their author was at once recognized as a new star of the first magnitude. His first novel, *The Light that Failed,* appeared in 1891, and in 1892 his first important volume of poems, *Barrack Room Ballads.* New ground was broken in the two *Jungle Books* (1894, 1895), in which he created the animal world of India as seen through human eyes. These two volumes constitute a new Aesop or cycle of beast fables, filled with intimate knowledge of animal life. In *Kim* (1901) he wrote a novel far superior to the earlier *Captains Courageous.* Finally, in the *Just So Stories, Puck of Pook's Hill,* and *Rewards and Fairies* (1902, 1906, 1910) he proved his understanding of the hearts of children.

Since 1910, Kipling has published more stories, two or three books about the war, and some letters. His final place in literature will rest on his short stories and his poems, and these are so closely related to each other that they must be considered almost as a single body of work.

His Stories. Kipling's fame is secure because of the astonishing vigor of his style and the fertility of his invention. The stories are of the utmost variety. Some are realistic accounts of life in India, such as "Without Benefit of Clergy"; others are written for children; a third group includes the famous stories of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd; a fourth group presents the animal world as animals themselves may be supposed to conceive it; while still another group deals with machinery, in which he creates a world as distinct as the world of animals. He can endow an engine with sentient life. In "With the Night Mail" we have an intensely realistic prophecy of the trans-Atlantic air service, a prophecy that is now reality as applied to the airmail service across the American continent.

His Poems. The realism, vitality, and sense of abounding life that inform Kipling's prose tales are also qualities of his poetry. "Tommy Atkins," the British soldier, is the hero of much of this ballad-like verse. Poems like "Mandalay," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," and "Danny Deever" appealed strongly to a public grown tired of the prettiness of Tennyson and Swinburne, and they continue to appeal to all who love strongly marked rhythms, vigor of thought, and the masculine virtues. Besides the poems of soldier and Indian life there are patriotic pieces, filled with confidence in Britain's destiny. He dislikes what he calls "little Englandism" and "the sheltered life." He makes abstract themes like imperialism living realities, just as he makes an electric cable or a steam engine the subject for a song. The finer shades of

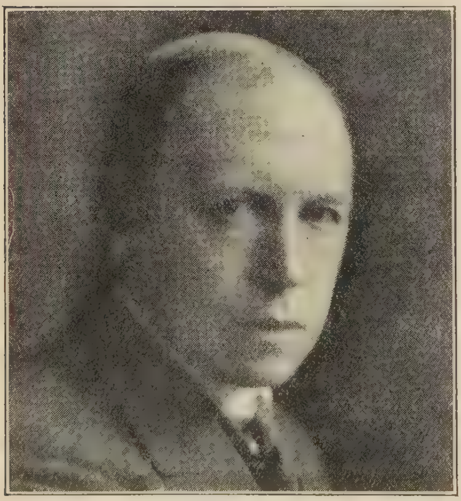
Poets

character and style he lacks. Except in rare cases, as in the "Recessional," he does not deal with spiritual matters. But he has an intense sympathy with life; he sings, like Browning, of "manhood's prime vigor"; he stimulates the feeling and the imagination of thousands on whom the art of Tennyson and the intellectual subtlety of Meredith are utterly lost.

THE RETURN OF VERSE NARRATIVE

Noyes and Masefield. Despite the growing popularity of the novel and the short story, two poets of the present day have restored the verse narrative to something of the place it held a hundred years ago when Scott and Byron were writing. Alfred Noyes has written very popular ballads and stories of Robin Hood and of Shakespeare's time. John Masefield has inherited the gift for telling stories, contemporary in subject-matter, with the manner and the realism of Chaucer.

Alfred Noyes (1880-). In his love of England and his mastery of rollicking ballad measures, Alfred Noyes suggests Kipling. Like Kipling, also, he matured early and has not grown up. After completing his education at Oxford he announced that he would make poetry his profession and that he would make a living by it. By 1910 he had published several volumes of verse, and in that year issued an edition of his works in two volumes. These volumes included some of his most popular poems, such as the ballad-romance called "Forty Singing Seamen," and the long metrical romance *Drake*, which he calls "an English epic." *Robin Hood* and *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* appeared in 1912, and since that time he has published several other volumes, including the third volume of his complete works.



ALFRED NOYES © E. O. Hoppe

Noyes as a Poet. In ballads like "The Highwayman" and "Forty Singing Seamen" Noyes attains a fluency and dramatic vigor that are irresistible. He is a master of pungent and swinging melody. "The Highwayman" is tragic, filled with tense emotion, a dramatic short story in verse. In "Forty Singing Seamen" he makes use of the fabulous yarns about Prester John to tell a story of some wandering sailors and their preposterous adventures. *Drake* is more ambitious. It tells, in the style of romantic epic, the deeds of the great sailor, it is filled with English love of the sea, it seeks to revive the spirit of the Elizabethan age. In *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* we are in the presence of Ben Jonson and his friends who made that tavern famous; the most thrilling of the stories is that which tells of Marlowe's tragic death. In all this verse we come upon lyrical and descriptive passages of great beauty; his poems are most effective when read aloud; music of sound and beauty of phrasing are his qualities rather than skillful characterization and depth of thought. He is deficient in ideas and in spiritual perception; when he uses some theme growing out of modern life he fails to move us. He sees life as drama or picture or movement; he does not penetrate beneath the surface.

JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

A "Preface." Noyes presents some of the outward aspects of Elizabethan times; we turn now to a poet who brings with him a new sheaf of Canterbury tales. The best introduction to John Masefield may be found in his own words. The Preface to the first volume of his collected works (1918) gives some facts about his reading and his early poems; "A Consecration," the first poem in that volume, dedicates his songs to the sailor, the stoker of steamers, the chantyman, not to the "portly potentates goodly of girth"; "Biography," a poem in *The Story of a Roundhouse*, protests against the idea that the life of a man consists in "lists of dates and facts" concerning him—

> They raise no image of the heart and head,
> The life, the man alive, the friend we knew.

The true biography, he says, is that of the spiritual growth of a man—

> Those hours of life that were a bursting fount,
> Sparkling the dusty heart with living springs.

His Life. Following such a statement, we need not much concern ourselves with the facts and records of John Masefield's life. His real life, "the dates that made me," we find in his poems, and their revelation is one of growth. He was a sailor as a boy, and *Dauber*, his great poem about the painter who achieved manhood although his dream of art was never realized, contains a memorable description of the terrors of the sea that beats about Cape Horn, a description whose truth proceeds from Masefield's own experience. He landed in New York penniless, found employment in a carpet factory in Yonkers, and there at 8 Maple Street his life began, one Sunday afternoon, when he first read Chaucer.

In the "Preface," he tells us that as a child he wrote a poem about a pony named Gypsy and another about a Red Indian; he read a few poems, chiefly from newspapers; later came Longfellow, Scott, and Percy's ballads; but he read little and wrote little until that day in Yonkers in 1896. In Chaucer he found "a new world of wonder and delight"; he speaks of "a feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance and had then suddenly entered upon it." He "had never realized, until then, what poetry could be."

A year later he was in London, learning the craft of writing, reading incessantly. *Salt-Water Ballads*, based on memories of his life at sea, came out in 1902. He published some short stories, a play named *The Tragedy of Nan* (1909), and some novels. In 1911-1913 he wrote the great narrative poems, *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, *Dauber*, and *Daffodil Fields*.

Then came the war. Unlike some of the other poets of the time, Masefield was not made inarticulate by the appalling conflict. In 1914 he wrote the greatest poem of that year, "August, 1914," a poem filled with the fragrance of the ancient land, the heart-break of separation, the sober courage of plain men and women. It is a new and diviner elegy, suggesting Gray, but enriched by a deeper suffering and love. He went to places where war raged, and *Gallipoli* (1916), one of the most remarkable books of personal experience brought forth by the war, and *The Old Front Line*, resulted. Since the war, *Enslaved*, a book of poems, and *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, both long narrative poems, have appeared.

"Chaucer and Shakespeare," he said, "some lines of Gray, of Keats, of Wordsworth and of William Morris, the depth, force, beauty, and tenderness of the English mind, are inspiration enough, and school enough and star enough to urge and guide in any night of the soul, however wayless from our blindness, or black from our passions and our follies."

Three Groups of Poems. We may set aside, in this introductory sketch, Masefield's novels and dramas, and his prose works; he is primarily a poet. His poetry falls within a three-fold classification: ballads, chiefly of the sea; dramatic narrative poems; and personal poems. To the first belong, chiefly, *Salt-Water Ballads*, and *Ballads*, written early in his career. To the second belong the dramatic narrative poems (1911-1913) mentioned in the account of his life above, and also the recently published *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*. In the third group we may place the very large body of lyrical and descriptive poetry, including his sonnets.

All these poems are highly original in treatment, and this originality is not due to any violent break with verse-forms long known in English poetry. Though he does not use traditional ballad stanzas, the lyrical element of true ballads is strongly realized. In *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow of the Bye Street*, he uses verse that reminds us of Chaucer; in *Daffodil*

Fields we come upon a modified Spenserian stanza; his sonnets are of the Shakespearean form. Other illustrations might easily be given to show that outwardly Masefield's poetry is not "new" in the sense of breaking with the traditional forms. The first observation to be made, as we read these ballads and narratives and sonnets, is that a great poet is distinguished not because of the "originality" of his verse but by the substance of his writing.

Subject-Matter. Like all great poets, Masefield writes of nature and man. The nature element is generally closely connected with the sea, which so powerfully affected his youthful mind, before he had read poetry or knew that he was destined to write poetry. This fascination is expressed, briefly, in "Sea Fever"; it is everywhere woven into the tissue of his work. His attitude toward the sea is not romantic, as in Byron or Noyes, but intensely realistic. He describes the power of the sea, its treachery as well as its loveliness, yet in its cruelty and its power are also beauty. The same realism pervades his landscape descriptions, as in *Reynard the Fox*.

As to man, once more the trait is realism, especially in the faithful delineation of rough and humble lives. In "A Consecration" he says that he will fashion his songs not of princes and potentates and bemedaled commanders, but of the scorned, the rejected, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, in the rain and the cold. The ballads tell of sailors; the *Everlasting Mercy* is a story of the conversion of a poacher; the *Widow in the Bye Street* represents "the seemingly worthy woman made heartbroken, for no apparent reason"; Dauber appears to be a weakling, trying to do the impossible; he is the butt of jokes, the object of contempt.

In language also Masefield is a realist. He uses words of utmost plainness, even brutal words at times. He avoids all "poetic" diction, all reference to classical myths, all signs of learning. His style is bare, unadorned, what is sometimes called prosaic. The marvel of his genius is that this stark realism of language takes on beauty as he writes.

The Secret of His Power. But these observations do not disclose the secret of Masefield's power. Other poets have written of the outcasts and the failures, about the humble man who toils terribly, with tragedy ever stalking by his side; others have written without illusion about nature, or have used plain words devoid of poetic association and have sought to say the thing exactly as it is.

Masefield seizes upon the crisis that evokes character. He sees the beauty underneath the uncouth and inarticulate life, the beauty that transcends the tragedy. His sonnets are a cycle of poems in praise of beauty. In one of these sonnets he says that if he could get beyond the surfaces of personality, the hidden marvels of cells at work in the brain—

If pressing past the guards in those gray gates,
The brain's most folded intertwisted shell,
I might attain to that which alters fates,
The King, the supreme self, the Master Cell,
Then, on Man's earthly peak, I might behold
The unearthly self beyond, unguessed, untold.

It is this "earthly peak," the Master Cell, that Masefield wishes to understand, in order to realize the unearthly self beyond.

Two Illustrations. Of this characteristic that runs through Masefield's work two illustrations may be given. In "The River," he tells of the approach of a ship, from half across the world, to port. As it is towed up the river, it is suddenly grounded with a shock that throws a great steel mast across the forecastle door. Trapped within are some tired sailors. At first there is no alarm. The river is shallow, the sun is shining, the shore is but a short distance away. The tug steams to port to get dynamite so that the door may be blown open and the men released. The captain, outside, reassures the men and they settle down, smoking, talking, some of them dozing. All but one. For some reason this one man sits down astride a manhole leaded in the floor and begins to dig at the lead with his knife. His mates jeer, his knife is worn out; one sells him another knife for twenty times its cost. Meantime, the ship slowly settles in the silt and sand of the river bed. The men on deck jump to their boats before "the river's rotten heart" absorbs the wreck. Just at the perilous instant when the ship is sinking beneath the surface, the digger's work is done, and he plunges into the dark hold, filled with water, and after what seems an eternity shoots up through a hatchway to life and air, the only survivor of that company.

In this story there are just two characters. One is the River, "mad as the wind, as merciless as flame," so terrible that when the tiger, at night, came down to its brink, he watched it intently as if he studied its power. "You would have thought he slept but for his ghastly eye and stiffened hair," until terrified in the presence of a hate more fell than his, he bounded roaring back to the jungle. The other character is the "digger," unnamed, silent, purposeful, surrounded by jeering comrades who feel no fear, pitting half unconsciously his wits, some hidden impulse, against the cruelty of nature, and escaping, the victor in that terrible and silent struggle.

Our second example is of a wholly different type. In *Dauber*, Masefield tells of a boy, slight in build, unused to work or hardship, who has shipped as a common sailor in order to learn how to paint the sea in all its changing moods. He had been brought up to an expectation that he would continue to manage the farm that had been in his family for generations. Following some hidden impulse he wished to break with this even life, to become a painter of beauty; this beauty he sought to master, wherever the search might lead him. Yet he gives no sign of what men call genius. All the sailors despise him; they call him "Dauber" and the name seems not inappropriate. They play tricks, destroy his work, send him to the captain to be bullied while they jeer, but he does the work assigned him, and, in free hours, tries to realize in colors the mysterious and ever changing beauty of the sea. When they round Cape Horn, he achieves manhood and the respect of that rough crew by his determination and bravery in the midst of the terrors of sea and storm. The sailors, finding him no weakling, receive him as one of themselves. They think he will conform to the outward standards of life and give up the foolish dream. Yet he does not give up. He will be a painter. He will have nothing of modern art's "gleams or grimaces," but reality. He will paint the strange new beauty "of passionate men in battle with the sea." Finally, just before they reach Valparaiso, haven after months of toil, another storm comes. Dauber, aloft, misses his footing and falls to the deck. " 'It will go on,' he cried aloud, and passed."

It is not the story, not the series of external events however brilliantly told, that marks Masefield's power, but this power to look beneath the surface to the master impulse that determines character and fate.

Reynard the Fox. We may take, as an example of Masefield's maturest art, *Reynard the Fox*, published in 1919. This is a long narrative, in four accent couplets, telling the story of a fox hunt. The poem opens with a series of characterizations of the various people who come to the meet, portraits which for humor and insight match those of Chaucer's *Prologue*. As in Chaucer, proper attention is given to the horses ridden by the participants in this new pilgrimage. A little girl is very proud of her pony, which is like a feather bed on four short sticks. "A pommle cob comes trotting up, round bellied like a drinking cup." The riders, too, are picturesque. Nick Wolvesey, on a hired hack, rides so badly that one could see sun, moon, stars, and all the great green earth between him and his saddle. A clergyman has a loose mouth that opens like a gate to pass the wagons of his speech. The portrait of the jolly parson may be compared with Chaucer's description of the monk. One of the women "was no sister to the hen"; another sang mild and pretty songs of sunsets, heaven, and lover's wrongs; still another was never "Darling Joan'd" nor "dearie'd." Thus are we introduced, in a series of clearly etched portraits, to a great and various company.

The spirited story of the hunt itself, and especially the skill with which the point of view of the fox is given, maintains the high level of this prologue. The fox is the hero. His dangers, narrow escapes, the heart-breaking final dash for safety we follow as eagerly as the story of any human danger. Here is a new Chaucer, with a new sheaf of tales, and in the whole body of his work we find the all-embracing sympathy and keen insight of the elder poet. We also find in him, as in Chaucer, capacity for growth, a constantly increasing range and power.

THE NEW POETRY

Is There a "New" Poetry? We hear much of late about a "new" poetry. Some present-day poets and their friends announce a complete break with all tradition. They talk of "free" verse, polyphonic prose, imagism, symbolism, and of other things unknown to the generation of Pope or even of Wordsworth. Some of the things that are thus heralded are in reality not new. It was Sidney, in the age of Elizabeth, who proclaimed that "it is not riming and versing that maketh a poet." Milton was a careful student of the subtle effects to be gained through unobtrusive rime, and the effects of lines free in accent and meter. Whitman's verse has all the irregularities and eccentricities, on occasion, that any modern radical could desire, and he even went so far as to reject Shakespeare because he thought him feudal, not democratic, in his outlook on life.

Yet if we take into account the large amount of excellent verse now being produced on both sides of the Atlantic, the renewed interest taken in poetry by the reading public, and the differences that separate the work of John Masefield from his contemporaries Kipling and Noyes, we shall find reason for the belief that we are entering upon a renaissance of poetry. This new poetry is realistic in style, like modern prose; it reflects the life of today with sympathy and penetration. Masefield writes about a "Dauber," not about an imaginary Ulysses, and in this preference for the story drawn from life today he is representative of many other poets.

Free Verse. Besides realism of subject-matter, recent verse is marked by certain experiments in form. Some writers, for example, not content with rejecting stanza and rime, substitute paragraph-like sections consisting of lines of irregular length, with no such metrical patterns as the old iambic or trochaic verse supplied. Some of them even abandon the time-worn custom of beginning each line with a capital letter. When prose is merely printed in some peculiar style and is called "free" verse, the result is not poetry. There is, however, a sense in which verse that apparently disregards all the usual conventions may be highly poetic. When vigor of imagination and feeling transcends the restrictions of rime and accent, and finds expression in cadences that grow out of powerful emotion, we do not find fault because it is not put in some conventional stanza. On the other hand, it must be remembered that a great poet who uses a recognized form, such as the Spenserian stanza or the sonnet, stamps these coins in the mint of his own personality. It is instructive to compare sonnets by Shakespeare, Milton, and Masefield. Each is distinct, expressing the rhythms heard by the poet in the way peculiar to the genius of that poet. The great poet transcends form even while he seems to obey it; "it is not riming and versing that maketh a poet," nor free-versing.

The Language of Poetry. As in theme, so in language contemporary poetry seeks realism. Language is a living organism; it changes slowly but surely in successive epochs. The language of poetry tends to conservatism; when, therefore, the gap between everyday speech and poetic speech becomes too wide, an adjustment is necessary. Such an adjustment took place in Wordsworth's time, and the process is being repeated today. Thus, we expect to find in the older English poetry the so-called "solemn" forms of the personal pronoun, such as "thee" and "thou," or such forms as "giveth" for "gives," and many other usages now archaic. Present-day poets avoid such words. They avoid, also, references to classic myths and divinities, references to the muses, and many other conventions of the past. They use the language of every day.

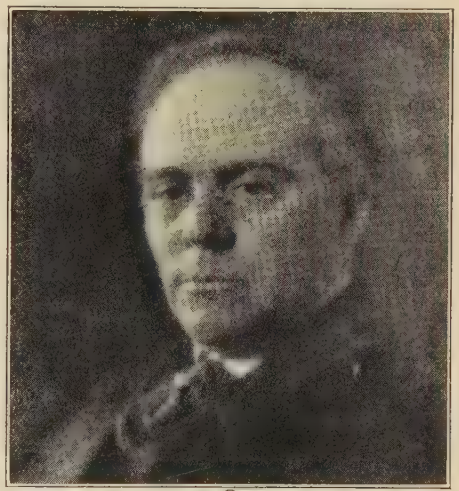
Here, too, as in the case of free verse, we have only part of the truth. It is better to call a spade a spade than to speak of it as a useful implement of husbandry. But one is not always talking about spades. He who thinks that realism in language is merely a matter of slang, profanity, inaccurate syntax, and plain vulgarity, is far from the truth. Precision, concreteness, vitality of expression, are the true objects of poetic realism in language today. Writers have found—once more, since it is no new truth—that a line which contains no picturesque or unusual or archaic word may more surely convey the picture, define the character, voice the feeling, than whole stanzas written in an artificial language.

Recent English Poets. Illustrations of these elements in contemporary poetry may be found in the anthologies of *Georgian Poetry* and *Oxford Poetry* published at intervals since 1910. Men like Yeats and Synge, who were instrumental in the renaissance of Irish literature and drama, are also interested in the study of new rhythms in verse. Only a few other poets may be named here. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) wrote poems during the World War, in which he lost his life, that express with sincerity the love of England and the beauty of self-sacrifice for one's country. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1880-) took for his first theme the struggle for daily bread, and wrote about it in simplicity and truth. In studies of the life of laborers and humble people he brings out the humor and romance as well as the hardships of their lives. "Between the Lines," a poem typical of his genius, tells the thoughts of a soldier who had been a dry goods clerk and now lies mortally wounded in No Man's Land. These poets and a number of others who belong to the period since 1910 are interesting more for their special qualities, shown in poems that deal with separate scenes and characters, than for sustained and many-sided achievement.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY

Many Voices. In America a similar revival of interest in poetry is under way. In 1912 Harriet Monroe founded *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse,* in Chicago. In its pages have appeared many excellent poems, and it has been a constant source of encouragement to young poets. Amy Lowell's volumes of poetry contain excellent examples of free verse, together with poems in every variety of form and covering a wide range of subjects. Willa Cather is a poet as well as an excellent novelist, and Sara Teasdale, Edith Thomas, Margaret Widdemer, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and many others have written lyrics of great beauty. Examples of their work may be found in the anthologies edited with fine discrimination by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, herself a poet, and called *The Little Book of Modern Verse* (1913, 1919).

The Spoon River Anthology. An anthology of a very different kind was published in 1915. Its author, Edgar Lee Masters (1869-), who is a lawyer living in Chicago, had previously published poems, dramas, and essays without attracting particular attention, but the *Spoon River Anthology* rivaled the novels of the year in popularity. It consists of epitaphs supposed to represent the real characters of the former citizens of an Illinois village, now buried in the village cemetery. The plan of the book is highly original, and the poems, written in free verse and in a style devoid of ornament, are vivid presentations of real life. One source of their popular appeal is that they seem to characterize all the people in an average small town. But most of them are stories of thwarted love, ignoble feuds, diseased wills, and worse. Such a distortion is not corrected by the few "characters" of beauty that are introduced, principally toward the end of the book. Despite its limitations, it is a work that is likely to endure because of the



© *Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago*
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

precision of its style and its mordant irony.

Other Contemporary Poets. Many other poets have, like Masters, won contemporary popularity through their emphasis on the realism of contemporary speech and subject-matter. Among these is Vachel Lindsay (1879-), whose "General Booth Enters Heaven," "The Congo," and "The Santa Fe Trail" are interesting because of their vigor and picturesqueness and because they are intended to be read aloud in a company, the audience joining in various refrains. Robert Frost (1875-) holds that poetry reproduces "the tones of actual speech," but he is a more careful artist than Lindsay. He describes the snowy woods and hills of New England, the isolation of the farmhouse, and the reticent people who live there. Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-) writes also of New England life, notably in sketches of very definite personalities, such as "Richard Cory," "Miniver Cheevy," and "Flammonde." His poem on Lincoln is one of many fine tributes that the life and character of the great American have inspired, and in "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" we have a portrait of Shakespeare. His *Collected Poems* (1921) gives an opportunity for the study of a body of poetry of considerable extent, distinguished for the fine workmanship that accompanies the outward simplicity and economy of his style.

SUMMARY

As we review the poetry thus far produced in the twentieth century, we are impressed by the amount of it, by the number of excellent craftsman who are at work, and, most of all, by the increasing interest, on the part of the public, in reading it. In comparison with its accuracy, its finished art, its faithfulness to the ideal of seeking the precise word or phrase to convey its impression of life, most of our hastily written and hastily read novels seem sprawling and ineffective. Yet the novel probably remains the greater form of English literary art in the last half century, because in the work of a few men—Meredith and Hardy among the older writers, and Galsworthy and Conrad of late—it comes more nearly to supplying that interpretation of life without which literature is meaningless. Too many recent poems are fragments, exquisite fragments, indeed, but lacking in creative power. They are photographic. The improvement gained by sharpness of outline is like the improvements in the photographic lens. But the lens does not create, and great art is creative.

We have a new poetry, but the Poet has not yet appeared. That he will appear, in due time, is one great teaching of the history of literature. Whenever the racial life has reached a peak of vital significance, the great exponent thereof has come. In this book we have dealt with the story of literature in the English tongue through many centuries. That story began with *Beowulf*, in days before there was an English nation. In that old poem we find an interpretation of the meaning of life as it appeared to the poet. He dealt with the facts at his command, and with things that he thought were facts although we now know that they were not. But he did not rest merely with an objective presentation of these materials, real or imagined. He interpreted, through his story, life itself. So it has been at other times; with Shakespeare, for example, who discerned the divine in the human soul; with Milton, who dealt with the relation of the human soul to the divine, and with Wordsworth, who saw the divinity that binds man and nature.

In our time life has become infinitely more complex. It is more difficult to find the interpretation. Yet this interpretation, for every great period, is precisely the most important thing in the world. It is that Master Cell of which Masefield writes, which alters fates and controls the destiny, not of the individual alone but of the race; it is the means by which we may understand not only man's earthly self but "the unearthly self beyond, unguessed, untold."

Of the relation of the poet to this interpretation of life we have found many examples in this book. It may be summed up in a passage written by Shelley in 1820 and first published, a century later, when the poet's body had long since returned to the dust. He speaks of the inevitable connection between the truth visioned by the creative intelligence and national prosperity and freedom. Those who have gained this insight, he says, already have "a predestined existence among posterity"; their teachings are "Eternity warning Time."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1890-1924)

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS
1891.	Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*	1891.	Garland's *Main Traveled Roads* Wilkins's *New England and Other Stories* Lowell dies
1892.	Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* Tennyson dies	1892.	Howells's *Quality of Mercy* Garland's *Prairie Folk* Gladstone for fourth time prime minister of England
1893.	Russell's ("A.E.'s") *Homeward: Songs by the Way* Bridges's *Shorter Poems* Hudson's *Idle Days in Patagonia* Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* Thompson's *Poems*		
1894.	Kipling's *Jungle Book* Stevenson dies		
1895.	Davidson's *Ballads and Songs* Wells's *Time Machine*	1895.	Allen's *Kentucky Cardinal* Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* Unionist party, loyal to union of England and Ireland, gains control
1896.	Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvie* Housman's *Shropshire Lad*		
1897.	Jones's *Liars* Watson's *Hope of the World*	1897.	A. E. Robinson's *Children of the Night*
1898.	Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* Henley's *Hawthorn and Lavendar* Shaw's *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant* Wells's *War of the Worlds*	1898.	Churchill's *Celebrity* Deland's *Old Chester Tales* Spanish-American War Gladstone dies
1899.	Yeats's *Wind among the Reeds*	1899.	Markham's *Man with the Hoe* Marconi sends wireless message across the English Channel
		1899-1902.	Boer War
1900.	Shaw's *Three Plays for Puritans*	1900.	Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*
1901.	Kipling's *Kim*	1901.	Churchill's *Crisis* Moody's *Poems* Edward VII
1902.	Belloc's *Path to Rome*	1902.	Wister's *Virginian*
1903.	Barrie's *Admirable Crichton* Conrad's *Nostromo* Noyes's *Poems* Shaw's *Man and Superman*	1903.	Allen's *Mettle of the Pasture* Wright brothers fly in power-driven airplane in North Carolina

(Continued on next page)

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1890-1924)—Continued

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS
1904.	Barrie's *Peter Pan* Conrad's *Chance*	1904.	Herrick's *Common Lot*
1905.	Synge's *Riders to the Sea*	1905.	Wharton's *House of Mirth*
1906.	Galsworthy's *Man of Property* Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*	1906.	Churchill's *Coniston* Fitch's *The Truth* Moody's *Great Divide* O. Henry's *Four Million* Liberals gain control of government in England, and try to improve condition of lower classes
		1907.	Mrs. Wharton's *Madame de Treymes*
1908.	Chesterton's *Orthodoxy* Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* Bennett's *Old Wives Tales* Noyes's *Drake*	1908.	Churchill's *Mr. Crewe's Career* Herrick's *Master of the Inn* and *Together* Parliament provides pensions for old people
1909.	Galsworthy's *Strife* Wells's *Tono-Bungay*	1909.	Peary discovers North Pole
1910.	Bennett's *Clayhanger* Galsworthy's *Justice* Gibson's *Daily Bread* Kipling's *Rewards and Fairies* Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy*	1910.	Garland's *Other Main Traveled Roads* O. Henry's *Strictly Business* Robinson's *Town down the River*
1911.	Wells's *New Machiavelli*	1911.	Wharton's *Ethan Frome* George V
1912.	Masefield's *Dauber* De la Mare's *Peacock Pie* Yeats's *Land of Heart's Desire*	1912.	Parliament establishes minimum wage for miners
1913.	Masefield's *Daffodil Fields* Noyes's *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*	1913.	Cather's *O Pioneers* Lindsay's *General William Booth Enters Heaven* Wharton's *Custom of the Country*
		1914.	Frost's *North of Boston* Lindsay's *Congo and Other Poems* Strunsky's *Post Impressions* Home Rule granted to Ireland United States opens Panama Canal Tarkington's *Penrod*
		1914-1918.	World War
1915.	Aldington's *Images Old and New*	1915.	Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* Sandburg's *Chicago Poems* Tarkington's *Turmoil*
1916.	Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*	1916.	Frost's *Mountain Interval* Robinson's *Man against the Sky*
		1917.	Lindsay's *Chinese Nightingale* Garland's *Son of the Middle Border* Millay's *Renascence and Other Poems* United States enters the World War

(Continued on next page)

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE (1890-1924)—Continued

	ENGLISH LITERATURE		AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORICAL EVENTS
1918.	Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* Wells's *Joan and Peter*	1918.	Beebe's *Jungle Peace* Cather's *My Antonía* Women given vote by Parliament
		1919.	Hergesheimer's *Java Head* O'Neill's *Moon of the Caribbees and Other Plays of the Sea*
1920.	Conrad's *Rescue* Gibson's *Neighbors* Masefield's *Reynard the Fox*	1920.	Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett* Lewis's *Main Street* O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* Wharton's *Age of Innocence* National prohibition in United States Nineteenth Amendment gives women the vote in United States
1921.	Wells's *Outline of History*	1921.	Garland's *Daughter of the Middle Border* Tarkington's *Alice Adams*
1922.	Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga,* and *Loyalties* Housman's *Last Poems*	1922.	Irish Free State established
1923.	Bennett's *Riceyman Steps* Shaw's *Saint Joan* produced by Theater Guild in New York City	1923.	Frost's *New Hampshire*
1924.	Conrad's *Rover* Yeats's *Complete Works*	1924.	Labor ministry governs Great Britain

PRESENT DAY VERSE

INVICTUS

William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

WHERE FORLORN SUNSETS

William Ernest Henley

Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade
On desolate sea and lonely sand,
Out of the silence and the shade
What is the voice of strange command
Calling you still, as friend calls friend
With love that cannot brook delay,
To rise and follow the ways that wend
Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street,
A roaring reach of death and life,
Of vortices that clash and fleet
And ruin in appointed strife,
Hark to it calling, calling clear,
Calling until you cannot stay
From dearer things than your own most dear
Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,
Out of the sight of lamp and star,
It calls you where the good winds blow,
And the unchanging meadows are.
From faded hopes and hopes agleam,
It calls you, calls you night and day,
Beyond the dark into the dream
Over the hills and far away.

A LATE LARK TWITTERS

William Ernest Henley

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

IN ROMNEY MARSH

John Davidson

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the South sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

In Romney Marsh. 2. South, south wind.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapor flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed;
The roses filled heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;
The swinging waves pealed on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Down's low crest
The crimson bands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank; like flashes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down;
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

WINNOWERS*

Robert Bridges

Betwixt two billows of the downs
The little hamlet lies,
And nothing sees but the bald crowns
Of the hills, and the blue skies.

Clustering beneath the long descent
And gray slopes of the wold,
The red roofs nestle, oversprent
With lichen yellow as gold.

We found it in the midday sun
Basking, what time of year
The thrush his singing has begun,
Ere the first leaves appear.

High from his load a woodman pitched
His faggots on the stack;
Knee-deep in straw the cattle twitched
Sweet hay from crib and rack;

And from the barn hard by was borne
A steady, muffled din,
By which we knew that threshéd corn
Was winnowing, and went in.

The sunbeams on the motey air
Streamed through the open door,
And on the brown arms moving bare,
And the grain upon the floor.

One turns the crank; one stoops to feed
The hopper, lest it lack;
One in the bushel scoops the seed;
One stands to hold the sack.

We watched the good grain rattle down,
And the awns fly in the draft;
To see us both so pensive grown,
The honest laborers laughed.

Merry they were, because the wheat
Was clean and plump and good,
Pleasant to hand and eye, and meet
For market and for food.

It chanced we from the city were,
And had not gat us free
In spirit from the store and stir
Of its immensity;

But here we found ourselves again.
Where humble harvests bring
After much toil but little grain,
'Tis merry winnowing.

SONG

William Watson

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears,
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears.
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

---

*By permission of the author, and John Murray, London.
Winnowers. 7. **oversprent**, sprinkled.

30. **awns**, the beard of the wheat, chaff. 38. **gat**, got.

THE KEYBOARD

William Watson

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
  Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
  For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
  Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
  With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,
  All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolor till the Queen
  Back to court is come;
Dumb the throats of thunder,
  Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
  Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,
  Ebon slaves and white,
When the Queen was on her throne
  How you sang tonight!
Ah, the throats of thunder!
  Ah, the dulcet lips!
Ah, the gracious tyrannies
  Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
  All your voices now;
Was it then her life alone
  Did your life endow?
Waken, throats of thunder!
  Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
  By her finger-tips.

ENGLAND MY MOTHER

William Watson

I

England my mother,
Wardress of waters,
Builder of Peoples,
  Maker of men—

Hast thou yet leisure
Left for the muses?
Heed'st thou the songsmith
  Forging the rime?

Deafened with tumults,
How canst thou hearken?
Strident is faction,
  Demos is loud.

Lazarus, hungry,
Menaces Dives;
Labor, the giant,
  Chafes in his hold.

Yet do the songsmiths
Quit not their forges;
Still on life's anvil
  Forge they the rime.

Still the rapt faces
Glow from the furnace;
Breath of the smithy
  Scorches their brows.

Yea, and thou hear'st them?
So shall the hammers
Fashion not vainly
  Verses of gold.

II

Lo, with the ancient
Roots of man's nature
Twines the eternal
  Passion of song.

Ever love fans it,
Ever life feeds it,
Time cannot age it,
  Death cannot slay.

Deep in the world-heart
Stand its foundations,
Tangled with all things,
  Twin-made with all.

Nay, what is nature's
Self, but an endless
Strife toward music,
  Euphony, rime?

Trees in their blooming,
Tides in their flowing,
Stars in their circling,
  Tremble with song.

God on His throne is
Eldest of poets;
Unto His measures
  Moveth the whole.

---

12. **Demos**, the populace. 13. **Lazarus**, the beggar in the parable of the rich man (Dives, line 14), and the beggar, in *Luke* xvi.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

Francis Thompson

What heart would have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?—
"God was my shaper
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"IN NO STRANGE LAND"

Francis Thompson

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But when so sad thou canst not sadder,
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesaret, but Thames!

"LOVELIEST OF TREES"

A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stand about the woodland ride,
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

REVEILLÉ

A. E. Housman

Wake! The silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake! The vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up! 'Tis late for lying;
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying,
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

---

19. **Jacob's Ladder.** *Genesis* xxviii. 20. **Charing Cross**, a busy part of London. 24. **Gennesaret**, the Sea of Galilee (*Matthew* xiv, 34).

Reveillé. 8. **Straws**, strews.

Up, lad; thews that lie and cumber
  Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
  Were never meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
  Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad; when the journey's over,
  There'll be time enough to sleep.

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

RUDYARD KIPLING

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

RUDYARD KIPLING

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride.
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Kahn, the son of the Ressaldar:
"If you know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
"But he must go to Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
"By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
"For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
"There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick when never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride!"

---

7. **lifted**, stolen. 8. **calkins**, the sharp points projecting downward on a horseshoe. They prevent slipping.

It’s up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho’ never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
“’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so long alive:
“There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
“But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
“If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
“The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row.
“If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
“The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.”
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “Do good to bird and beast,
“But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
“If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
“Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a thief could pay.
“They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
“The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
“But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
“The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog and call them up!
“And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
“Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my own way back!”
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf and grey wolf meet.
“May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
“What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?”
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by the blood of my clan:
“Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God, she has carried a man!”
The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled against his breast;
“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but she loveth the younger best.
“So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
“My ’broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.”
The Colonel’s son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,
“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he; “will ye take the mate from a friend?”
“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for the risk of a limb.
“Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my son to him!”
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads a troop of the Guides,
“And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
“Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
“So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all her foes are thine,
“And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace of the Border-line.
“And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
“Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.”

---

33. **slugged,** became slow or heavy. 54. **byres,** cow houses.

67. **lifter,** thief. 74. **ling,** heather.

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
"Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

GUNGA DIN

Rudyard Kipling

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!
"You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
"Hi! Slippy *hitherao!*
"Water, get it! *Panee lao*
"You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
"You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
"You put some *juldee* in it
"Or I'll *marrow* you this minute
"If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green;
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-ranks shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.

---

12. **bhisti**, an Indian watercarrier.

16. **Panee lao**, bring water quickly. 27. **Harry By**, O brother. 32. **juldee**, be quick. 33. **marrow**, hit. 41. **mussick**, water skin.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green.
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
"'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
"'E's chawin' up the ground,
"An' 'e's kickin' all around:
"For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen.
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

DUSK*

"A. E."

Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress;
Each chimney's vapor, like a thin gray rod,
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break, or seem to break, their line,
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the calm of God.

. . . .

Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod;
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls
Into the vast of God.

THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL*

"A. E."

I pitied one whose tattered dress
Was patched, and stained with dust and rain;
He smiled on me; I could not guess
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, "The royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light;
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

"The breath of Joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it."

THE HOST OF THE AIR†

William B. Yeats

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake,
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of the night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget, his bride.

---

70. **dooli**, a low litter slung on a bambo pole.

*From George William Russell's *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

†From William Butler Yeats's *Selected Poems*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place
And Bridget, his bride, among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him
And many a sweet thing they said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget, his bride,
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
And out of his dream he awoke;
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

A GREETING

William H. Davies

Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend—
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you birds whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you shady bowers,
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk—
Be't calico or silk;
Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.

DAYS TOO SHORT

William H. Davies

When primroses are out in spring,
And small, blue violets come between;
When merry birds sing on boughs green,
And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken rimméd moon—
When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

THE MOON

William H. Davies

Thy beauty haunts me, heart and soul,
Oh, thou fair Moon, so close and bright;
Thy beauty makes me like the child
That cries aloud to own thy light—
The little child that lifts each arm
To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes—
Who worships thee till music fails
Is greater than thy nightingales.

THE SOLDIER

Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed—
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learned of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THE DEAD

Rupert Brooke

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth;
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance,
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

SONG

Rupert Brooke

"Oh! Love," they said, "is king of kings,
And Triumph is his crown.
Earth fades in flame before his wings,
And sun and moon bow down."
But that, I knew, would never do;
And heaven is all too high.
So whenever I meet a queen, I said,
I will not catch her eye.

"Oh! Love," they said, and "Love," they said,
"The gift of Love is this:
A crown of thorns about thy head,
And vinegar to thy kiss!"
But Tragedy is not for me;
And I'm content to be gay.
So whenever I spied a Tragic Lady,
I went another way.

And so I never feared to see
You wander down the street,
Or come across the fields to me
On ordinary feet.
For what they'd never told me of,
And what I never knew—
It was that all the time, my love,
Love would be merely you.

Noyes

THE BARREL-ORGAN*

Alfred Noyes

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;

---

*From Alfred Noyes's *Collected Poems I.* Reprinted by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers.

Alfred Noyes

And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the moon.
And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
To remember and to recompense the music evermore
For what the cold machinery forgets . . .

Yes; as the music changes,
Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
Through all the moods that pass;
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of
The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;
And there *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into —*a dance!*—

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare, and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, to-whoo,* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout, and all the chestnut spires are out,
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
In the land where dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream
Of the City when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
And pulses with the sunset glow?

65. A Che, etc. See note 1 on this poem, page 775.

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone
In the City as the sun sinks low,
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone,
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known;
They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman, and her smile is very bland
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jeweled hand
Is clenched a little tighter, and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a rowing man that listens and his heart is crying out
In the City as the sun sinks low,
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute gun, the counting, and the long disheveled rout,
For the howl along the towpath and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And his hand begins to tremble and face to smolder red
As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep; it's ringing in her ears,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,
Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,
Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,
And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with tears
For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
Though the music's only Verdi, there's a world to make it sweet,
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses;
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May!)

If anyone should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is—
My own love, my true love
Is coming home today.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
(*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
While the sky burns blue above;

On the other side the street you'll find it shady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London!*)
But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
And tell her she's your own true love.

---

83. **Isis**, the river that flows through Oxford on which the boat-races are rowed.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet
As it dies into the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again.
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,
Bisects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets;
And the wheeling world remembers all
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
Once more the knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance
Till once, once more, the shattered foe
Has whirled into—*a dance!*

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
Come down to Kew in lilac time (*it isn't far from London!*)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac time (*it isn't far from London!*)

THE MOON IS UP*

Alfred Noyes

The moon is up; the stars are bright;
The wind is fresh and free!
We're out to seek for gold tonight
Across the silver sea!
The world was growing gray and old;
Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,
The courtly smiles and lies!
God, let thy singing Channel breeze
Lighten our hearts and eyes!
Let love no more be bought and sold
For earthly loss or gain;
We're out to seek an Age of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
Our El Dorado gleams,
Revealing—as the skies unfold—
A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

A CONSECRATION†

John Masefield

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laureled to lap the fat of the years—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medaled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,

---

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†From John Masefield's *Poems and Plays.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

8. **Spanish Main**, the sea adjacent to the north coast of South America. 17. **Cathay**, China.

A Consecration. 9. **koppie**, kopji or hill.

The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired look-out.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mold.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told. *Amen.*

LAUGH AND BE MERRY*

JOHN MASEFIELD

Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time,
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rime,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars, the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

IN A RESTAURANT†

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

He wears a red rose in his buttonhole,
A city-clerk on Sunday dining out;
And as the music surges over the din,
The heady quavering of the violin
Sings through his blood, and puts old cares to rout,
And tingles, quickening, through his shrunken soul,
Till he forgets his ledgers, and the prim
Black, crabbed figures, and the qualmy smell,
As, in eternities of summer days,
He dives through shivering waves, or rides the swell
On rose-red seas of melody aswim.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL‡

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

What were his dreams who wove this colored shawl—
The gray, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak winter at young April's call
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the ancient intricate design
Of softly-glowing hues and exquisite lines—

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14. **chantyman**, a sailor-singer.

*From John Masefield's *Poems and Plays*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

†From Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's *Poems, 1904-1917*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

‡From Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's *Neighbors*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first, in the flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager tilted head
And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red,
Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

THE LISTENERS

Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
  Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
  Of the forest's ferny floor.
And a bird flew up out of the turret
  Above the Traveler's head;
And he smote upon the door again a second time.
  "Is there anybody here?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveler;
  No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
  Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
  That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
  To that voice from the world of men;
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
  That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in the air stirred and shaken
  By the lonely Traveler's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
  Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
  'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
  Louder, and lifted his head—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
  That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
  Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
  From the one man left awake.
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
  And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
  When the plunging hoofs were gone.

THE TAILOR

Walter de la Mare

Few footsteps stray when dusk droops o'er
The tailor's old stone-linteled door.
There sits he stitching, half asleep,
Beside his smoky tallow dip.
"Click, Click," his needle hastes, and shrill
Cries back the cricket 'neath the sill.
Sometimes he stays, and o'er his thread
Leans sidelong his old tousled head;
Or stoops to peer with half-shut eye
When some strange footfall echoes by;
Till clearer gleams his candle's spark
Into the dusty summer dark.
Then from his crosslegs he gets down,
To find how dark the evening's grown;
And hunched-up in his door he'll hear
The crickets whistling crisp and clear;
And so beneath the starry gray
Will mutter half a seam away.

SILVER

Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

TARTARY

Walter de la Mare

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

IMAGES

Richard Aldington

Like a gondola of green, scented fruits
Drifting along the dank canals at Venice,
You, O exquisite one,
Have entered into my desolate city.
The blue smoke leaps
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.
So my love leaps forth toward you,
Vanishes and is renewed.
A rose-yellow moon in a pale sky
When the sunset is faint vermilion
In the mist among the tree boughs
Art thou to me, my beloved.
A young beech tree on the edge of a forest
Stands still in the evening,
Yet shudders through all its leaves in the light air
And seems to fear the stars—
So are you still and so tremble.
The red deer are high on the mountain;
They are beyond the last pine trees.
And my desires have run with them.
The flower which the wind has shaken
Is soon filled again with rain;
So does my heart fill slowly with tears,
O Foam-Driver, Wind-of-the-Vineyards,
Until you return.

RICHARD CORY

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him;
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—
And admirably schooled in every grace;
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

FLAMMONDE*

Edwin Arlington Robinson

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,
With news of nations in his talk

---

*From Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Collected Poems.* Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And something royal in his walk,
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one of kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
And what he saw we wondered at—
That none of us, in her distress,
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold,
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends.
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him—
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways,
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest—
Rarely at once will nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

THE DARK HILLS*

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

THE RUNAWAY

Robert Frost

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say, "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and gray,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with a clatter of stone,
And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh! I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

THE ONSET

Robert Frost

Always the same when on a fated night
At last the gathered snow lets down as white
As may be in dark woods and with a song
It shall not make again all winter long—
Of hissing on the yet uncovered ground—
I almost stumble looking up and round,
As one who, overtaken by the end,
Gives up his errand and lets death descend
Upon him where he is, with nothing done
To evil, no important triumph won
More than if life had never been begun.

Yet all the precedent is on my side—
I know that winter-death has never tried
The earth but it has failed; the snow may heap
In long storms an undrifted four feet deep
As measured against maple, birch, and oak;
It cannot check the Peeper's silver croak;
And I shall see the snow all go down hill
In water of a slender April rill
That flashes tail through last year's withered brake

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*From Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And dead weeds like a disappearing snake.
Nothing will be left white but here a birch
And there a clump of houses with a church.

GOD'S WORLD

Edna St. Vincent Millay

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers—
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind blow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Henley

Invictus; Where Forlorn Sunsets; A Late Lark Twitters. The three poems from Henley represent three distinct types. (*a*) What is the thought of "Invictus"? The feeling? (*b*) "Where Forlorn Sunsets" expresses the lure of a road winding over the hills into the distance. In what two places does Henley find the lure? How does he apply it to things in the mind? How much does the rhythm contribute to the mood? (*c*) "A Late Lark Twitters" is a singularly beautiful specimen of free verse; that is, verse without regular meter or rime. Has it beauty of rhythm? Of picture? Of mood? Compare it with "Crossing the Bar" and "Epilogue to Asolando" in thought and feeling.

Davidson and Bridges

1. "The Winnowers" and "In Romney Marsh" present pictures of two different sections of England. One is the wheat growing interior. The other is the coast of Kent, not very far from the place where the Normans landed in 1066. The ancient churches are in contrast with the very modern telegraph wire.

2. Robert Bridges (1844-) has been poet laureate of England since 1913. He is a graduate of Oxford, and his poetry generally has the fine restraint of the classics. John Davidson (1857-1909) made a sudden reputation in 1895 with *Ballads and Songs,* but later the neglect of the public cast him into deep despair.

3. Which of these scenes is most unlike America? How does the mood of the two poets differ?

Watson, Thompson, and Housman

1. William Watson (1858-) gained his fame in 1890 by "Wordsworth's Grave," in which he praised Wordsworth, Milton, Shelley, and other poets. It is thought that his anti-imperialist poems kept him from becoming poet laureate in 1913.

2. Francis Thompson (1859-1907) was famous at the same time as John Davidson (about 1895) and was equally poverty-stricken.

3. Of the first two Watson poems, which is the more spontaneous? In which is the figure of speech the more appropriate and better developed?

4. In "England My Mother" what forces making against poetry does Watson discover in contemporary life? What others might he have discovered if he had grown up in America?

5. How does Watson express the fundamental nature of poetry? Have earlier poets felt this feature of poetry? Prove by quoting from poems in this book. Can you find in men and women of today or in nature any evidence that poetry is so fundamental? This might make a very good paper to be read in class.

6. How do Thompson's poems reveal his religious nature?

7. In what way is Housman's belief about nature the exact opposite of Thompson's? What are the finest examples of phrasing in these poems?

Kipling

When Earth's Last Picture. 1. What is the figure running through this poem? In what sense does it express the creed of the realist?

A Ballad of East and West. 1. This virile ballad deals with the northwest frontier of India. The British forces at the border forts had constantly to fight against the depredations of the native outlaws. Peshawar is the capital of the province.

2. How many characteristics of Kipling mentioned in the text (pages 744-745) can you illustrate from this one poem? In subject and treatment how does it differ from Tennyson? Can you explain why this poem established Kipling's reputation?

3. In what measure is this ballad written? Compare with "When Earth's Last Picture."

Gunga Din. 1. This monologue is spoken in the native cockney dialect of a British soldier who has served in India. Aldershot is a famous military camp southwest of London.

2. What other characteristics of Kipling come out in this barrack-room ballad? What traits of the British soldier are embodied in the tale?

Why is "Gunga Din" written in lines of irregular length? Compare Kipling's rhythms with those of Housman.

Russell ("A. E.") and Yeats

1. What religious element is there in Russell's love of nature? Do you know of any ragged American who could think of the Milky Way as a garment for himself and take joy in it? What ideals in America make this unusual?

2. Just as the poems from Russell represent something of the spirit of the Irish, the selection from Yeats is based upon one of their superstitions. The "host of the air," called "Sidhe (shē)," are fairies who are thought to bewitch young men or women. To do so they may take any form they please. The person bewitched may return in seven or fourteen years, or may remain with them forever, but a body in his likeness is left in his place. An Irishman blesses the Sidhe if they are heard or seen because his own dead may be among them. What forms do the Sidhe take in this poem? How long do you suppose O'Driscoll was under their influence? Do you think he got back Bridget?

3. Contrast Russell and Yeats with Kipling.

Davies

1. William Henry Davies (1870-) is a Welsh poet, but for six years he was an American tramp. In Canada he lost a foot while he was trying to ride the brake-beams.

2. What evidence is there in these poems of his childlike simplicity? How does his love of nature differ from that of Russell and Yeats?

Brooke

1. Point out the differences between the two sonnets in thought and feeling. Compare them with other great sonnets in this volume.

2. Brooke's "Song" represents normal life. How does he show that the romantic and the pessimistic way of looking at life are false? What reveals his own healthy nature?

Noyes

The Barrel-Organ. 1. The barrel-organ is the common street organ or hurdy-gurdy. Noyes alludes to several tunes commonly heard. In *La Traviata*, one of the weaker operas of the famous Italian Verdi (1813-1901), the heroine sings a sad song near her death in the last act, bidding farewell to her dreams of happiness ("*addio, del passato*"). In *Il Trovatore*, a more beautiful opera of Verdi, a gypsy sings of the burning of her mother at the stake ("*Stride la Vampa*"). The *A che la morte* is the famous *Miserere* of the piece. Why is the hurdy-gurdy becoming rare in America? What effect does the music in moving-picture theaters produce on the audience? Where else in America do we commonly hear music?

2. By "the City" Noyes means the heart of London. Piccadilly Circus is one of the busiest sections in the West End. Kew is a park and botanical garden some ten miles out on the Thames River.

3. What three or four main divisions do you find in the poem? What common idea runs through them all? Why does Noyes introduce so few ideas? Why is there so much repetition of phrases?

4. What features of Noyes's poetry (see page 746) are found in this selection?

The Moon Is Up. What is the El Dorado that Noyes seeks in "The Moon Is Up"? In what ways is it better than the old world we know? Compare it rhythmically with the longer poem.

Masefield

1. How much of "A Consecration" could be echoed by Kipling? How much of it is different from the ideals of earlier English poetry? How does it illustrate the dominance of democracy today?

2. Describe exactly the feeling of the poet in "Laugh and Be Merry" by comparing it with Davies's "A Greeting," Housman's "Reveillé," and Thompson's "The Kingdom of God."

3. Masefield is a master of rhythm. What meters does he employ in these poems? Which lines have the most beautiful cadence?

Gibson

How do the poems from Gibson express the democratic element in contemporary poetry?

de La Mare

1. One of the best ways to enjoy "The Listeners" is to read it over many times. What is the time of day? The place? Who is the Traveler? Why has he come? What gives the poem a supernatural atmosphere?

2. Explain clearly the difference in feeling between de La Mare in "The Tailor" and Gibson in "The Paisley Shawl." Which poet suggests more by language?

3. What gives the magical atmosphere to "Silver"? Which are the most beautiful phrases?

4. What gives to "Tartary" its mood of bluster and self-glorification? How does this pride in his own domain reach its climax?

5. How does de La Mare differ from Gibson, Masefield, Kipling (and any other poets you choose) in this Part?

Aldington

1. "Images" is a fine specimen of *imagist* poetry. Its ideal is to use the "language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word, not the nearly exact, nor the merely decorative word." What phrases best exemplify this effort? Is vague or nebulous diction common among poets in this volume?

2. This is also "free-verse," a verse-form based upon cadence. It is built upon "the rhythm of the speaking voice with its necessity for breathing, rather than upon strict metrical system." "The group of lines constitutes the unit, which is a rhythmic movement returning upon itself, like the swing of a balanced pendulum." Point out the cadence in each image. Is there such a cadence in Henley's "A Late Lark Twitters" (page 756)? Does this free movement fit the thought more closely than the metrical poetry? Illustrate by poems in this part.

Robinson

1. In "Richard Cory" who is the speaker? Give all the reasons why he envies Richard Cory. What guess can you give for Richard Cory's suicide?

2. What position do you think the speaker in "Flammonde" occupies? How do you explain the fact that Flammonde, a stranger, was accepted in the best families? What instances of his benevolence reveal his character? What did his aloofness keep hidden? Can you imagine what grief or accident has kept him from winning his proper place in the world? For what is he now remembered in Tilbury Town?

3. From these two poems what conception do you form of Tilbury Town? What English poet does Robinson most resemble? How does he differ from that poet?

4. Compare "The Dark Hills" with Tennyson's "Bugle Song" (page 474).

5. There should be a report from Robinson's *The Man Against the Sky.* "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" will repay study.

Frost

1. In these poems, what interests of the poet are revealed? What sympathies? What beliefs about life? How far do they illustrate the statements in the text (page 752)?

2. Compare the language of Frost with that of Robinson and Masters. In what ways is it genuinely poetic?

3. It would be well to review the poems included in earlier volumes of this series: "The Tuft of Flowers," "Birches," "The Woodpile," "Mending Wall," and "The Death of the Hired Man."

Millay

1. Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-) is one of the most brilliant lyric poets of this generation. She was born in Rockland, Maine, is a graduate of Vassar, and lives in New York and abroad.

2. Does she have the penetrating emotion and the aspiration of great lyric poets like Shelley? Illustrate your answer.

3. Reports should deal with "Renascence," her most famous poem, written when she was nineteen, and with *Aria di Capo*, a short poetic play.

Review

1. Draw up a list of the poets in this section who sing of nature. What different feelings about nature do you find? Illustrate each. Are any of these ways new; that is, are they different from the feeling expressed by Milton, Wordsworth, or Shelley? Do the American poets in this generation differ from the English poets in this respect?

2. Draw up a similar list for the poets who portray human nature. Compare with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browning, or other poets. Make a careful comparison of English and American poets in this group.

3. From both American and British poets select illustrations of the various characteristics of this era set down on pages 750-752. This should be worked up into a paper or written report.

READING LIST

BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE—TWENTIETH CENTURY

I. British Writers

A. General Works—History and Criticism

Archer, William: *Poets of the Younger Generation.*

Cooper, F. T.: *Some English Story Tellers; a Book of the Younger Novelists.*

Cunliffe, J. W.: *English Literature during the Last Half Century.*

Newbolt, Sir Henry: *A New Study of English Poetry.*

Phelps, William Lyon: *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century.*

Wilkinson, Marguerite: *New Voices.*

B. Collections

(The names given refer to the editors of the volumes.)

Braithwaite, W. S.: *Book of Modern British Verse.*

Cooke, John: *Dublin Book of Irish Verse. Georgian Poetry.*

Untermeyer, Louis: *Modern American Poetry.*

Untermeyer, Louis, *Modern British Poetry.*

Monroe, Harriet, and Henderson, Alice Corbin: *The New Poetry* (1917, 1923).

C. Dramatists

Granville Barker (1877-). Actor, manager, and dramatist; presented Hardy's *Dynasts* in 1914; experimenter with new effects in lighting and scenery of stage; wrote *The Madras House* (1910), *Anatol* (1911), and *The Morris House,* a dramatization of Stevenson's *The Wrong Box* (1916).

John Drinkwater (1882-). Dramatist; manager of Pilgrim Players and Birmingham Repertory Theater Company. Chief dramas: *Abraham Lincoln* (1918); *Mary Stuart* (1921). He has also published several volumes of poetry; collected edition in *Poems* (1917).

Lord Dunsany (1878-). Interested in Irish literary renaissance, but his plays are very different from those of Yeats and Synge in subject and style; they have little to do with Irish life or folk-lore. Highly romantic plays and stories: *Five Plays* (1914); *Fifty-one Tales* (1915); *Plays of Gods and Men* (1917).

St. John Ervine (1883-). Born in Belfast; manager of Abbey Theater, Dublin. Dramas: *Jane Clegg* (1911); *John Ferguson* (1914). Also a novelist.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-). An actor and dramatist. Best plays: *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893); *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899); *Iris* (1901); *Letty* (1903); *Mid-Channel* (1909).

D. Essayists and Critics

Max Beerbohm (1872-). Caricaturist; essayist. Collections of essays: *More* (1899); *Yet Again* (1909); *And Even Now* (1920). Short stories: *Seven Men* (1919).

E(dward) V(errall) Lucas. Mr. Lucas is reader for a publishing house in London. Some of his most entertaining essays appear in *The Open Road* (1899); *Old Lamps for New* (1911), and *A Little of Everything* (1912). For other of his works see Book Three of this series, page 472.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863-). Educated at Oxford; professor of poetry at Cambridge University since 1912. Important books are *On the Art of Writing* (1916); *On the Art of Reading* (1920). He also writes novels and poems.

E. Writers of Fiction

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1869-). Physician, traveler, novelist, creator of Sherlock Holmes. For a reading list see Book Two, page 308, of this series.

Maurice Hewlett (1861-). Historical romances: *The Life and Death of Richard-Yea-and-Nay* (1900); *The Queen's Quair* (1904). The first deals with the time of Richard I; the second is the *quair,* or book, of Mary Stuart.

Sheila Kaye-Smith. Realistic stories of Sussex; small love interest. *Tamarisk Town* (1919); *Joanna Godden.*

William J(ohn) Locke (1863-). Romantic novels: *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* (1905); *The Beloved Vagabond* (1906); *The Broad Highway.*

Katherine Mansfield (Mrs. J. Middleton Murry). Writer of short stories, poems, and literary criticisms. She died in 1923. *In a German Pension; Bliss* (1921); *The Garden Party* (1923).

Eden Phillpotts (1862-). His novels of Dartmoor resemble the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy in realism, excellent characterizations, and structure. Two of his best novels are *Children of the Mist* (1898) and *The Secret Woman* (1905).

May Sinclair. Her best novel is *The Divine Fire* (1904).

Hugh Walpole (1884-). Born in New Zealand, educated in England. During the

World War he served with the Russian Red Cross. *Jeremy* (1919); *Jeremy and Hamlet* (1923).

F. Poets

RICHARD ALDINGTON (1892-). Represents "imagist" ideals; "An 'Image,'" he says, "is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time." He advises the use of concrete images, with the "hardness as of cut stone." See examples of his poetry on page 771 of this volume. For further reading consult *Images Old and New* (1915) and *Images of War* (1919).

PADRAIC COLUM (1881-). Wrote plays for the Abbey Theater. *Wild Earth and Other Poems* (1916); *Dramatic Legends and Other Poems* (1922). He has also written several books of legends.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT (1862-). Educated at Oxford; practiced law until 1899. Writer of sea poetry (*Songs of the Sea*, 1904; *Songs of the Fleet*, 1910; *The Book of the Blue Sea*, 1914), and a valuable study of poetry (*A New Study of English Poetry*, 1917).

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES (1870-). Born in Wales; eight years a tramp in America; worked on cattle-boats to pay passage across Atlantic. *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* (1908); *Collected Poems* (1916); *The Song of Life* (1920).

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-). Famous for poems about children. *A Child's Day* (1911); *Peacock Pie* (1913); *Poems* (1920); *Down-adown Derry* (1922).

SIEGFRIED SASSOON (1866-). Served in France and in Palestine during the World War. *War Poems* (1919).

JAMES STEPHENS (1882-). George W. Russell ("A.E.") discovered his ability as a writer. His stories and poems are filled with "Irish magic": *The Crock of Gold*, a story (1912), and *Songs from the Clay* (1914) are representative. He has also collected *Irish Fairy Tales* (1920). *Deirdre* is his latest novel (1923).

II. AMERICAN WRITERS

A. General Works—History and Criticism

Cambridge History of American Literature. Volumes III and IV contain bibliographies.

CHANDLER, F. W.: *Aspects of Modern Drama*

CLARK, BARRETT H.: *The British and American Drama of Today.*

COOPER, FREDERICK TABER: *Some American Story-Tellers.*

DICKINSON, THOMAS H.: *The Case of American Drama* and *The Insurgent Theater.*

LOWELL, AMY: *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.*

LOWES, JOHN LIVINGSTON: *Convention and Revolt in Poetry.*

PERRY, BLISS: *The American Spirit in Literature.*

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON: *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century.*

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS: *The New Era in American Poetry.*

B. Collections

BRAITHWAITE, W. S.: *Anthology of Magazine Verse and Yearbook of American Poetry* (yearly since 1914).

CLARKE, G. H.: *Treasury of War Poetry* (1917, 1919).

KREYMBORG, ALFRED: *Others.*

RICHARDS, G. M : *High Tide; The Melody of Earth; Star Points.*

RITTENHOUSE, JESSIE: *The Little Book of Modern Verse; The Second Book of Modern Verse.*

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS: *Modern American Poetry.*

C. Dramatists

RACHEL CROTHERS. Born in Bloomington, Illinois. *The Three of Us* (1916); *He and She* (1917); *Nice People.*

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY (1871-). Born in England; actor and manager in the United States. *The Servant in the House* (1909).

PERCY MACKAYE (1875-). Born in New York; studied at Harvard and in Europe; teacher. *The Scarecrow* (1908); *Tomorrow* (1911); *Poems and Plays* (1916); *This Fine-Pretty World* (1923).

AUGUSTUS THOMAS (1859-). Born in St. Louis; as a boy greatly interested in drama, and organized an amateur company. Chief plays: *Alabama* (1905); *The Witching Hour* (1908); *As a Man Thinks* (1911); *Arizona* (1914); *In Mizzoura* (1916).

STUART WALKER. Associated for some years with David Belasco; since 1914 producer of his own plays, with a traveling company, called "The Pormanteau Theater."

D. Essayists and Critics

RAY STANNARD BAKER (1870-). Editor and director of press bureaus. Famous for essays on country life published under pen name of "David Grayson": *Adventures in Contentment* (1907); *Adventures in Friendship* (1910).

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837-1921). After 1874 lived on a farm. Many volumes of essays on nature subjects, with some critical essays. *Wake Robin* (1871); *Birds and Poets* (1877); *Whitman* (1896); *Literary Values* (1904); *Accepting the Universe* (1920); *My Boyhood* (1922).

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS (1857-).

Born in Illinois; pastor of First Church (Unitarian), Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1894. Follows tradition of Lamb. *The Gentle Reader* (1903); *The Pardoner's Wallet* (1905); *Among Friends* (1910); *The Cheerful Giver* (1923).

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (1860-). Born in England. Student of animal life. *Wild Animals I Have Known* (1898).

ENOS A. MILLS (1870-1922). Worked on a ranch in Kansas; later went to Long's Peak, Colorado, where he lived for many years. His books are similar to those of Burroughs. See *The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine* (1914) and *The Story of Scotch,* a dog story (1916).

BLISS PERRY (1860-). Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and professor at Harvard. Representative essays, chiefly literary: *The Amateur Spirit* (1904); *Park St. Papers* (1909); *The American Mind* (1912).

SIMEON STRUNSKY (1879-). Born in Russia; graduated at Columbia in 1900; journalist; editorial writer, New York *Evening Post,* 1906-1924. *Belshazzar Court, or Village Life in New York City* (1914); *Sinbad and His Friends* (1921).

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852-). Born in Pennsylvania; professor at Princeton for many years. Writer of essays, stories, and poems. *Collected Works* (1920).

E. Writers of Fiction

JAMES LANE ALLEN (1849-). Scenes of his stories are laid in Kentucky, his native state. Lover of nature; has a richly decorated style. *A Kentucky Cardinal* (1895); *The Choir Invisible* (1897); *The Mettle of the Pasture* (1903).

GERTRUDE ATHERTON (1859-). Native of San Francisco. Novelist and short story writer. *Senator North* (1900); *The Conqueror* (1902); *Ancestors* (1907).

ALICE BROWN (1857-). Born in New Hampshire; writes for the *Youth's Companion;* stories of New England life. Representative short stories in *Tiverton Tales* (1899). Drama: *Children of Earth* (1915).

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT (1849-). Born in England; moved to Knoxville, Tennessee in 1865. *That Lass o' Lowrie's* (1877); *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886); *Editha's Burglar* (1888); *T. Tembarom* (1913); *The Secret Garden* (1914); *The Head of the House of Coombe* (1922.)

JAMES BRANCH CABELL (1879-). Born in Richmond, Virginia; protester against "realism"; his writings include romances of medieval times and comedies of Virginia life. Medieval tales deal with an imaginary province in France. Elaborately artificial style.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE (1844-). Born in New York; famous for stories of Louisiana, his later home. *Old Creole Days* (1879); *The Grandissimes* (1880); *Madame Delphine* (1881); *Lovers of Louisiana* (1918).

WINSTON CHURCHILL (1871-). Writer of historical romances and novels of present day life. *The Celebrity* (1898); *Richard Carvel* (1899); *The Crisis* (1901); *Coniston* (1906); *Mr. Crewe's Career* (1908); *The Inside of the Cup* (1913); *A Far Country* (1915).

MARGARET DELAND (1857-). Famous for stories of "Old Chester." *John Ward, Preacher* (1888); *Old Chester Tales* (1898); *Dr. Lavendar's People* (1903); *The Awakening of Helena Richie* (1906); *The Iron Woman* (1911).

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER (1879-). *The Bent Twig* (1915); *The Brimming Cup* (1921); *Rough-Hewn* (1922); *The Home-Maker* (1924).

JOHN FOX, JR. (1862-1919). *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* (1903); *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (1908).

MARY WILKINS FREEMAN (1862-). Short stories and novels of New England life. *A Humble Romance* (1887); *A New England Nun* (1891); *The Portion of Labor* (1901).

ZONA GALE (1874-). Journalist in Wisconsin and New York. *Friendship Village* (1908); *Miss Lulu Bett* (1920—dramatized in 1921).

KATHERINE FULLERTON GEROULD (1879-). Influenced by Henry James and Mrs. Wharton. Writer of short stories and essays.

ELLEN GLASGOW (1874-). Writer of stories portraying life in Virginia. *The Romance of a Plain Man* (1909); *The Miller of Old Church* (1911); *Life and Gabriella* (1916).

ROBERT HERRICK (1868-). Novels and stories criticizing American life. *The Common Lot* (1904); *Together* (1908).

JACK LONDON (1876-1916). Born in San Francisco; sailor and explorer; tramped through United States and Canada as a student of social and economic conditions; war correspondent in Russo-Japanese War. *The Call of the Wild* (1903); *The Sea-Wolf* (1904).

MEREDITH NICHOLSON (1866-). Born in Indiana. Best novel: *The House of a Thousand Candles* (1905). In *The Valley of Democracy* (1918) are essays describing the Middle West.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853-1922). Born in Virginia; lawyer; diplomatist. Many stories in negro dialect. *In Ole Virginia* (1887) is representative.

ERNEST POOLE (1880-). Born in Chicago, but has lived chiefly in New York. During the World War he was a correspondent in Germany, France, and Russia. Novels: *The Harbor* (1915); *His Family* (1917); *Beggar's Gold* (1921); *Danger* (1923). See also *The Dark People* (1918), stories of the Russian Revolution.

UPTON SINCLAIR (1878-). Born in Baltimore; investigator of labor conditions; socialist. *The Jungle* (1906).

Kate Douglas Wiggin (1859-1924). Born in Philadelphia, but lived in Massachusetts and in California. *The Bird's Christmas Carol* (1888); *Timothy's Quest* (1890); *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1903); *Rose o' the River* (1905). Drama: *The Old Peabody Pew* (1917); *Mother Carey's Chickens* (1915).

Owen Wister (1860-). Born in Philadelphia; lawyer; novelist since 1891. Best works: *The Virginian* (1902); *Lady Baltimore* (1906).

F. Humorists

George Ade (1866-). Best plays: *The County Chairman* (1903); *The College Widow* (1904). His reputation rests mainly on his modern fables: *Fables in Slang* (1900); *More Fables* (1900); *Forty Modern Fables* (1901); *Ade's Fables* (1914); *Hand-Made Fables* (1920).

John Kendrick Bangs (1862-1922). Many volumes of humorous sketches, stories, and plays. *A House-Boat on the Styx* (1895) is typical.

Gelett Burgess (1866-). Humorous illustrations accompany his sketches. Inventor of the "Goops."

Finley Peter Dunne (1867-). Born in Chicago; newspaper work in Chicago and New York. "Mr. Dooley" supplies humorous and satirical comments on American life since 1898.

Don Marquis (1878-). Born in Illinois, author of the column called "The Sun Dial," in the New York *Evening Sun*. Best work is *Hermione and her Little Group of Serious Thinkers* (1916); *Preface* (1919).

Christopher Morley (1890-). Born in Pennsylvania; author of column, "The Bowling Green," in New York *Evening Post* (1920-1924). Essayist and humorist. Representative works: *The Haunted Bookshop; Where the Blue Begins.*

G. Poets

Conrad Potter Aiken (1889-). Born in Savannah, Georgia. Seeks to get effects of music, especially the symphony, in his verse; compare Lanier's theories of verse. He seeks "absolute poetry," by which he means avoidance of emotions and ideas not for their own sakes but the use of them in order to gain what he calls their "resonance." Has published several volumes of poetry since 1916.

Stephen Vincent Benét (1898-). Several volumes of poetry (1915-1920), and a novel, *The Beginning of Wisdom* (1921).

William Rose Benét (1886-). Editor and poet. *Merchants from Cathay* (1913); *The Falconer of God* (1914).

Witter Bynner (1881-). Editor and poet.

Bliss Carman (1861-). Born in New Brunswick, Canada; moved to United States, 1889; teacher, editor, civil engineer, poet. *Collected Poems* (1905); *Echoes from Vagabondia* (1912).

Thomas Augustus Daly (1871-). Newspaper man in Philadelphia. Noted for verses in Irish and Italian dialects. *McAroni Ballads* (1919).

John Emil Fletcher (1886-). Born in Arkansas. He seeks to combine the arts of painting and music with poetry. Several volumes of verse (1915-1921), especially *Irradiations* (1916); *Goblins and Pagodas* (1916); *Breakers and Granite* (1921); *Prelude and Symphonies* (1922).

Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918). Journalist and teacher. Killed in action, 1918. His poems and letters collected and published in 1918.

Alfred Kreymborg (1883-). Born in New York, of Danish ancestry; expert chess player; his journal, *The Globe* (1914), devoted to free verse. Collected poems by radical poets in three volumes named *Others*, in 1916, 1917, 1918. Rejects all conventions and forms in poetry.

Edwin Markham (1852-). Born in Oregon; teacher in California until he won fame by the publication of *The Man with the Hoe*. 1899; since then a resident of New York; lecturer and poet.

Josephine Preston Peabody. Born in New York. Has published many collections of poems, notably *The Singing Leaves* (1903), *The Singing Man* (1911), and *Harvest Moon* (1916). Famous also for her plays, such as *Marlowe* (1901); *The Piper* (1909); *The Wolf of Gubbio*, 1913.

Ezra Pound (1885-). Born in Idaho; has lived much abroad, especially in Italy and in England. Differs from most of the "new" poets in that he prefers medieval themes, which, however, he treats in very radical fashion. He regards poetry as "inspired mathematics" giving us "equations" for human emotions. Collected poems, *Umbra* (1920).

James Whitcomb Riley (1853-1916). Born in Indiana and called "The Hoosier Poet." Master of dialect verse. Complete works, ten volumes, 1916.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916). Served in French army prior to entrance of United States into World War, and was killed in action (1916). *Poems* (1916) contains "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."

Sara Teasdale (1884-). Writer of love lyrics; famous for simplicity and emotional intensity. *Rivers to the Sea.*

Eunice Tietjens (1884-). Born in Chicago; associate editor of *Poetry;* traveled in China. *Profiles from China* (1917); *Body and Raiment* (1919); *Jake* (1921).

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